

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

22.
Revised.

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

MUSIC: 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, Bea
Benadaret, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The Script is by
Don Quinn and Phil Leslie. Music by the King's Men and
Billy Mills' Orches. FOR

MUSIC: ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:
JOHNSON'S WAX

MARCH 1, 1949.

6:30 - 7:00 P.S.T.

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY:
MARCH 1st, 1949.

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

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

WILCOX: MOLLY!!! (OFF PLAT) It's brighter ... (ON) It's

MUSIC: ORCH: THEME... FADE FOR: better than any! That's me

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, Bea
Benadaret, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The Script is by
Don Quinn and Phil Leslie. Music by the King's Men and
Billy Mills' Orchestra. Lighter glow ... and you get it

MUSIC: ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

Second, it's a longer-wearing glow. Actually the fine
and luster of your linoleum lasts almost twice as long,
because 1949 Glo-Coat covers the surface with a tougher
finish ... soiled-salags wipe up without harming the
floor wax finish.

Third, Glo-Coat is easier to apply. It spreads more
uniformly. In addition, Glo-Coat now goes farther.
Ask your dealer for the 1949 Glo-Coat. It's longer
wearing ... easier to apply. And ... most important,
Glo-Coat's got a new glow that makes it brighter than
ever ... better than any. You get new beauty in your
kitchen.

MUSIC: ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

-SR-
-SR-

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY:
MARCH 1st, 1949.

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: (A LITTLE OFF MIKE) It's brighter... (ON) It's brighter than ever ... better than any! That's the news about the self polishing floor wax, 1949 Glo-Coat! In kitchens from coast to coast women are finding out that 1949 Glo-Coat gives them three major improvements. First, you now get almost twice the shine on your linoleum ... twice the shine you used to get. That new glow in Glo-Coat is a brighter glow ... and you get it without rubbing or buffing. Second, it's a longer-wearing glow. Actually the fine wax luster of your linoleum lasts almost twice as long. Because 1949 Glo-Coat covers the surface with a tougher finish ... ~~spilled things wipe up without removing the bright wax finish.~~ Third, Glo-Coat is easier to apply. It spreads more uniformly. In addition, Glo-Coat now goes farther. Ask your dealer for the 1949 Glo-Coat. It's longer wearing ... easier to apply. And ... most important, Glo-Coat's got a new glow that makes it brighter than ever ... better than any. ~~You get new beauty in your kitchen.~~

MUSIC: ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

WILCOX: IF YOU KNOW THE PARTY WHO LEFT A 1925 SEDAN, WITH PLEATED FENDERS, THREE FLAT TIRES, AND ALL THE PAINT CHIPPED OFF, IN FRONT OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA NIGHT BEFORE LAST, PLEASE TELL HIM TO COME PICK IT UP. BECAUSE OUT AT THE CURB, LOOKING IT OVER FOR THE FOURTH TIME, AND VERY ANNOYED ABOUT IT, ARE THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE AT 79 --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Look at this broken-down jalopy still sittin' here, Molly! Somebody's got a lot of crust leavin' this rusty hunk of busted junk in front of our house!

MOL: I wouldn't even have known it was an automobile, if it didn't have that foxtail on the radio aerial.

FIB: That ain't even the aerial. That's part of the bumper stickin' up. What a heap! Every time I kick this crate something falls off of it!

SOUND: KICK IT - CLATTER OF FALLING METAL

MOL: Kick it again - maybe it'll just disintegrate.

FIB: You know what I gotta good notion to do? I got a good notion to call the cops!

MOL: The cops? Who would you have them arrest? Us?

BEA: I'll bet you're wondering how I know your name because
FIB: Of course not. They can hide out in the shrubbery here and whoever abandoned this old jalopy and left it, when he doesn't come back to pick it up, they can slap the handcuffs on him, and jug the guy like a gallon of cider! See?

MOL: (PAUSE) No. No, I didn't quite get that.

FIB: Look - nobody's gonna get away with leavin' a pile of junk like this in front of our house and -- Hey, do we know this gal coming here? She looks like she's gonna speak to us.

MOL: Oh yes. We saw her last week, McGee, and -

BEA: Well, good gracious, if it isn't Mr. and Mrs. McGee! Hello Mr. and Mrs. McGee! I didn't know you lived here, do you? My, it certainly is a small world, isn't it.

MOL: Just small!

MOL: Yes - yes, it is, Mrs. - uh -

MOL: It's not my car anyhow, it's my sister Thelma's... and I don't even have a driver's license, so it's not my problem! His fender.

MOL: Well, I hope Thelma wasn't angry about her bumper.

BEA: Thelma? My sister Thelma? Do you know Thelma??

FIB: Oh no, no, we don't know her...we just heard you...

BEA: I'll bet you're wondering how I knew your name because we've never really been properly introduced at all, not at all. So I just said to Mr. Kremer...you know Mr. Kremer..at the drug store..Kremer's Drug Store..

FIB: (PAUSE) Oh, did you have an accident with your car? Kremer? Oh us! Oh no, no, this isn't our car, Mrs..... uh....Mrs. uh....

BEA: Oh, the way people drive these days is just awful! I was driving down town yesterday and when I pulled out of a safety zone to make a U-turn, a man banged right into my front bumper with his back fender! My front bumper.

FIB: Well, you can't trust a man driver, sis. Try to dry your nail polish and they think you're signaling for a turn.

BEA: You should have heard him scream about one little old fender torn off! But I showed him, I just drove on! It's not my car anyhow, it's my sister Thelma's....

MOL: and I don't even have a driver's license..so it's not my problem! His fender.

MOL: Well, I hope Thelma wasn't angry about her bumper.

BEA: Thelma? My sister Thelma? Do you know Thelma??

FIB: Oh no, no, we don't know her...we just heard you...

OLD MAN: It'd never run, son. I can tell by lookin' at it. You got to take those fenders off and drive 'em down the humpers, son. Then you take a pair of... the back end, hook up twin sets t' the the deal up...

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BEA: I must go tell Thelma I saw you! It's so nice running into old friends this way, and I do wish you'd call me up sometime, Mrs. McGee. I'm in the phone book, you know. The book. Goodbye! and then, Johnny. Beats

MOL: Goodbye, uh...Thelma's sister! I was younger. Had my

FIB: You know, I'm beginning to look forward to these little visits with her, Molly. It's so soothing to the nerves when she leaves!

MOL: She is a little garrulous, isn't she?

FIB: Talks too much, too. But I got other problems right now, kiddo. This dadratted junk heap here is...Hey, you suppose any of those tires are worth pryin' offa there?

MOL: No, they're in ribbons, McGee. Just look at them... those casings are as full of old rips as a Legion...but Convention!

FIB: Well, doggone it, there must be a law against leavin' - Oh look who's here...the Old Timer!

MOL: Yes..hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD MAN: Hello there kids! Hello, daughter..Hello...Hey, where ja git the hotrod, Johnny? Looks like you built it yerself.

FIB: No, no...this is no hotrod. It's just a pile...

OLD MAN: It'll never run, son.. I can tell by lookin' at it. You got to take them fenders off and drop the spring hangers, see. Then you tack a pair of chrome jets on the back end, hook up twin pots to the intake and supe the deal up so....

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FIB: Hey, hey, hey...cut it out! This is just a pile of junk that -...Say, where'd you get all that hotrod talk? You been runnin' with the high school crowd?

OLD MAN: Oh, I still drive a drag now and then, Johnny. Useta drive in all the big races when I was younger. Had my own crew to take care of my car. At one time I had me the greatest grease monkey in the business!

FIB: Aw, what could be so great about a job like that?

OLD MAN: He was the only grease monkey in town, Johnny, with a tail two foot long. Got him from a circus. He useta hang by his tail from the crankshaft and grease all four wheels at once!

MOL: Well, he should have been cheap help, all right. He probably worked for peanuts.

OLD MAN: (CHUCKLES) HEHEHEH, THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, DAUGHTER...but I'll ignore it! Yep, this monkey was mighty smart, kids. My brother Calvin useta lead him to school on a leash every day, but he got too smart, finally. When they come home one day with the monkey leadin' Calvin on a leash, Poppa sold him. The monkey, that is. We kept Calvin.

FIB: Well, look, that's very interesting, but...

-SR-

FIB: Yeah, but gee whiz -
MOL: Here. Here's the phone. Call the boys in blue.
FIB: Okay.
MOL: It's always the ones who holler COSSACK at the cops who are the first to holler "copper" when there's a noise in the basement. Go ahead. Call 'em.
FIB: I will if you'll pipe down for a minute, Loveboat.
MOL: All right.
FIB: Matter of fact, I've changed my mind. I ain't even gonna call the cops. I'm going right to the top with this. I'M callin' La Trivia.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

MOL: The Mayor? Isn't this a rather trivial affair to -
FIB: (IN PHONE) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE CITY HALLLLO! IS THAT YOU, MYRT?
MOL: Oh dear.....
FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YEAH, I WANNA TALK T THE MAYOR. GIVE HIM A RING, WILLIYA?

SOUND: DOOR BELL

FIB: Thanks, Myrt.

MOL: McGee, that was the door bell....COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: WE GOT A BAD CONNECTION, MYRT....IT'S FULLA NOISES. CLEAR IT UP, WILLIYA. (DOOR CLOSE) THAT'S BETTER. HELLO.....

SOUND: HELLO.....

GALE: Hello.

MOL: Hello.

FIB: HEY..GET OFF THE LINE, LADY. I'M TALKIN' TO THE MAYOR.
MOL: Okay, Mister.
FIB: HELLO, THIS YOU, LA TRIVIA?
GALE: YES..THIS IS I. HOW ARE YOU, MCGEE?
FIB: Fine, kid. Recognized my voice, eh?
GALE: Yes. Your voice, and the back of your head.
MOL: McGee, the Mayor is right here with -
FIB: Quiet, Molly, I'm talking to the Mayor. HEY LA TRIV. I GOT A SQUAWK.
GALE: You usually have.
FIB: WELL, THIS IS LEGIT, KID. THERE'S BEEN A OLD WRECK OF A CAR LEFT IN THE STREET OUT IN FRONT OF MY PLACE AND I WANT THE CITY TO HAUL IT AWAY.
GALE: I'll refer it to the proper department, McGee. Is that all?
FIB: That's all, La Triv. Thanks a lot.
GALE: Not at all. As Mayor of this community I suppose it is my duty to listen to complaints and separate the real ones from the stupid ones. And I know which kind this is.
FIB: You said it! It sure is! Okay kid. So long.
GALE: Good day.
MOL: Good day, Your Honor.
SOUND: DOOR SLAM .. RECEIVER UP
FIB: Remember Uncle Dennis, kid? Better known as Uncle Gaynor Martini, the Olive Diver?

FIB: Hey, who just came in? - I heard the door slam.

MOL: Mice, I guess.

FIB: Well, I just talked to La Trivia at the City Hall, kid.
He says -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

GALE: One question, McGee..how long did you say that car had
been there?

FIB: Two days, at least, La Triv.

GALE: Thank you.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: I will say for La Trivia, he's Jerry at-the-rat-hole
when it comes to a - (PAUSE) HEY!!

MOL: Yes?

FIB: HOW'D HE GET HERE SO QUICK? MY GOSH, I JUST TALKED
TO HIM AT THE CITY HALL! I GUESS I SWING MORE WEIGHT
DOWN THERE THAN I THOUGHT.

MOL: You swing more weight almost everywhere than you think,
dearie. Incidentally, or NOT so incidentally, your
pants need pressing.

FIB: Well, I been very busy and I haven't had time to -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hiyah, Pal. Hey, have you got relatives
visiting here?

MOL: No, Mr. Wilcox. The last relative we had visiting here
was Uncle Dennis.

FIB: Remember Uncle Dennis, kid? Better known as "Half-
Gaynor Martini, the Olive Diver"?

MOL: Now, McGee. Don't pick on Uncle Dennis. After all, he
has a heart of gold.

FIB: He must have a nickel-plated liver, too. WHY'D YOU ASK,
DID WE HAVE ANY VISITORS, JUNIOR?

WIL: Well, I just thought if that old junk car out there
belonged to somebody you know, I'd keep my mouth shut.

MOL: That was very tactful of you, Mr. Wilcox. But we don't
know who left it there, and McGee has already put in a
complaint to the city about it.

FIB: Somebody had a lotta nerve, using the street in front of
our house for a junk yard!

WIL: Well, you know how some people are, Pal. No feeling for
appearances. They don't keep up with things. I heard
the other day of a woman in Pennsylvania who still uses
an old fashioned mop and scrub brush on her linoleum!!!

FIB: NO...!!

MOL: THAT'S RIDICULOUS!!!! YOU'RE JUST MAKING THAT UP!

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WIL: No, really. One of our salesmen in Pennsylvania is sending me photographs of this woman ACTUALLY SCRUBBING HER LINOLEUM!!

FIB: You mean she'd never heard of --?

WIL: Apparently not. And when our man showed her and her husband how to use Johnson's Self-polishing Glocoat with the New Glow and how easy it was, and how it dried in 20 minutes or less to a lovely, protective gloss without any rubbing or buffing, you know what she did? She took the shotgun down off the deer antlers and shot him in the leg.

MOL: SHE SHOT A WAX SALESMAN? WHY THAT'S A MISDEMEANOR!

FIB: It's at least disorderly conduct.

WIL: NO NO NO. She didn't shoot the salesman. She shot her husband.

MOL: She'll have to learn to control these urges, and I speak as one who knows!

FIB: Well, why did she shoot her husband, Junior?

WIL: Because he'd always known about Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat and had never told her about it. He was afraid if her housework was too easy she'd have too much leisure to read the catalogs and get to wanting things.

MOL: WELL, GOOD FOR HER... He had it coming.

WIL: Yep - then she sent her husband to the hospital, Glocoated her linoleum again (just for the fun of it) - and spent the rest of the week ordering stuff out of the catalog with his \$300 accident insurance. Well, I've got to get along. Got to meet my cousin, Big Blowhard Wilcox.

FIB: Big Blowhard Wilcox? What does he do, Juney?

WIL: He's a glass blower and he's making me a 40-gallon aquarium. My guppies just had puppies. See you later.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Gee, is it ever a sneezy old crate!! Whose is it, Mister? You think that was a true story he told us, McGee?

FIB: I dunno. Anything can happen in Pennsylvania. Awful big state. I ever tell you about when I and Milton Spilk were workin' in a shingle mill in Pennsylvania?

MOL: You and Milton who?

FIB: Spilk. Well, sir, one day Milt fell into the machinery and got aliced up pretty bad. The doctor said it was the worst case of shingles he ever saw.

MOL: What a horrible thing to joke about!

FIB: Yes, but on the other hand, why cry over Milt Spilk?

MOL: That's why I always - Hey where you going? Upstairs to sort the laundry. (FADE OUT) If you hear from the Mayor about that car, let me know....

FIB: Okay, Tootsie. Ahh, there goes a good kid! And lucky too. She knew when she loaned me that two bucks to buy our marriage license - She'd get it back. And she will too! Why I'll-----

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN:

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:

TEE: Hi, mister. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh, hello there, Teeny - come in.

TEE: Okay. Hey, whose awful lookin' car is that out there?

Gee, is it ever a creepy old crate!!! Whose is it, Mister?

Hm? Whose?

FIB: I don't know whose car it is and if I did, I'd rub his face into it so deep he'd have rusty bolts comin' out of his ears for a week! Somebody dumped that heap there and left it and I been tryin' to get rid of it all day.

TEE: O boy I wish me and Willie Toops had that old car. Can we have it, mister? We'll take it! Hm? Can we?

FIB: If you can get that thing out of here, sis, you're welcome to it.

TEE: Oboy!

FIB: What would you and Willie do with it, anyhow? Build a sandpile in the back seat?

TEE: Oh no, we'd sell it for junk, mister. Willie's uncle is a junkman and he'd pay us plenty for a -

FIB: SELL IT FOR JUNK!! OMIGOSH, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!!

WHY, THE METAL ALONE OUGHTA BE WORTH -- (CLEARS THROAT)

Uhh -- look, sis. I - uh - I just thought of somethin'.

TEE: Oh-oh! Here it comes.

FIB: Oh no - no - that's very sweet of you, Teeny, but - well, you don't hafta stick around. You -

TEE: Oh, I can wait! I'll wait all day - I'll give him my nickel to -

FIB: You see...well, it...it wouldn't be right to let you sell a car that I could sell mys - er, I mean that we don't know who it belongs to, would it?

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well...if you sold it...I mean -- well, just suppose that's the only car the poor guy's got, see?

TEE: Yeah, he's in trouble, isn't he?

FIB: Sure he is - suppose he needs it - suppose his little children are crying for milk, and he hasn't got any way to get out to the dairy.

TEE: They deliver.

FIB: But how would they know where? Even WE don't know the guy. Suppose he comes and he says to me, "Where's my car?" he says. And I says "I gave it to Teeny. She sold it for junk to Willie Toopses uncle" I says. Why, the poor guy would be heartbroke!

TEE: (TOUCHED) Gee, mister - you sure tell it sad! I - I couldn't take that poor man's car. His littul childrun! No milk!

FIB: Good. Now you run along and -

TEE: I'll stay till he comes after it, Mister! I got a nickel - I'll give it to him for milk for his childrun.

FIB: Oh no - no - that's very sweet of you, Teeny, but - well, you don't hafta stick around. You -

TEE: Oh, I can wait! I'll wait all day - I'll give him my nickel to -

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FIB: Look sis! That's a very sweet thought - but - well, I gotta phone call to make. Here - why doncha take this buck and go down to Kremer's Drug Store and slug yourself some sodas?

TEE: Well - since you put it that way - okay. Thank you, Mr. McGee. And here - this is for you. You'll need this.

FIB: Me? What is it?

TEE: A business card. Willie Toopses uncle, *the junkman* He'll come right over when you call him as soon as I get out of the house. And me and Willie get a cut on all the business we throw him. So long, mister.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why, that sharp little - Oh well, where's the phone? Here's where I make myself a few -

MUSIC: ORCH AND KING'S MEN: "IT'S WHATCHA DO WITH WHATCHA GOT"
(APPLAUSE)

-SR-

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MOL: If you were looking THIRD SPOT deep out front, Gastor -

MOL: McGee, you've been staring out the front window for twenty minutes. Has someone come for that old jalopy? I hope.

FIB: Not yet - but somebody's gonna!

MOL: Good! Who?

FIB: A junk man, kiddo! A bright idea of mine that's not only gonna unclutter our curb, but also pay us enough cash dough to take us to dinner, and a movie and maybe buy you a new Easter bonnet!

MOL: McGee! How wonderful! You think of the most amazing things. Eventually.

FIB: (MODESTLY) Well, I guess I just happen to have a talent for sharp thinking, kiddo! I was analyzing the situation, *and the guy -* and suddenly it --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Oh-oh, this may be him. Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

DOC: MOLLY! I JUST SAW THE CAR! WHEN WAS THE ACCIDENT? WHAT DID HE HIT? IS HE BADLY HURT? WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME THE MINUTE HE -

FIB: Hey, hey, hey, take it easy, Fee Hungry! I'm okay - I'm not hurt. Get that "we'll-operate-in-the-morning" look out of your eye and relax.

DOC: (DISGUSTED) Ohh fine! Not a scratch on him! That's even worse than I thought!

MOL: If you were looking at that heap out front, doctor - that under-slung fright that looks like it was slung under a freight - that's not even our car. Somebody abandoned it there.

DOC: Well, I'm a little relieved, kids. When I saw that thing out front, I thought, "Well, this is it! Little Paper-Brain has finally met somebody more lead-footed and pig-headed than he is!"

MOL: Oh now, doctor - he doesn't have such a heavy foot.

DOC: Oh, no? I was with him when he bought his last car, and I noticed that by the time we got home, all the horsehair in the upholstery had turned white.

FIB: Look who's talkin' about other people's drivin'! Who was it cut that corner too sharp at Fourteenth and Oak and the door handle chopped three brass buttons off the front end of a policeman? Hey, come to think of it, that was me, wasn't it?

That's for me, kids. I'm expecting you to be right back, Doc.

I'll miss you. No kidding, Molly, when I saw that twisted-up pile of antique metal out there, I was really worried. I thought McGee had gone to sleep at the wheel and driven under the first sign of a parade.

MOL: If you were looking at that heap out front, doctor - that under-slung fright that looks like it was slung under a freight - that's not even our car. Somebody abandoned it there.

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DOC: Yes it was. In fact, I was telling Miss Tremayne
last night -

MOL: Ohh, Fifi Tremayne! How is your romance coming, doctor?

FIB: Yeah, how's the race between you and La Trivia comin'
along, Doc? You both still neck and neck with Fifi -
or won't she sit in the porch swing these cold nights?

DOC: That - you nosey little gossip-hunter - is none of your
business! I've been meaning to ask you though, Molly,
if you know anything that's good for removing lipstick.

FIB: Stop bragging!

MOL: Lipstick? (CHUCKLES) Well, frankly, doctor - and this
goes clear back to our courtship days - the best
lipstick remover I've ever known is McGee. (CHUCKLES)

DOC: Good. One of my patients left hers on my chair and
I've got a smudge on my best pair of slacks. I'll bring
them over and -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: That's for me, kiddo. I'M expecting a guy.(FADE)
Be right back, Dockey.

DOC: I'll miss you. No kidding, Molly, when I saw that
twisted-up pile of antique metal out there, I was
really worried. I thought McGee had gone to sleep at
the wheel and driven under the first six elephants of
a parade.

FIB: And, you old Doc! Really a warm hearted old character.
You notice how sympathetic he got when he thought there
was a chance to do a little embroidery on my rose petal
shirt?

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DOC: Yes it was. In fact, I was telling Miss Tremayne
last night -

MOL: Ohh, Fifi Tremayne! How is your romance coming, doctor?

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You notice how sympathetic he got when he thought there
was a chance to do a little embroidery on my rose petal
shirt?

MOL: No, doctor...we don't even know who left it here, more's the pity. If I did, I'd give him a piece of my mind that would ...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM .. OFF

FIB: (FADE IN, BRISKLY) Well, that's that, kiddo. I got rid of that jalopy. And the guy paid me twenty-seven and a half bucks for it.

MOL: Twenty-seven fifty!!

FIB: Yep! I asked for thirty-five and he offered me thirty, so, as long as we were only five bucks apart on the deal, we split the difference at twenty-seven fifty.

DOC: What a business man! Take off your socks and let's see if you can count up to eighteen, on your fingers and toes.

MOL: Did he pay you in cash, McGee?

FIB: Take a look, snooky ... these ain't dandelion greens! He said I was ... OH YOU GOTTA GO, DOC?

DOC: Yes, I have to get over to the hospital. One of the wards is badly ventilated.

MOL: Well, what can you do about it, doctor?

DOC: Patch him up. This is Eddie Ward, one of my internes. He sat on a rake. Well, so long, children.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ahh, good old Doc! Really a warm hearted old character. You notice how sympathetic he got when he thought there was a chance to do a little embroidery on my rose petal skin?

MOL: I think he was genuinely perturbed when he saw that old wreck out there, dearie. What did the junkman say when ...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

DOC: Say ... did I walk over here or did I drive?

MOL: You drove, doctor. I saw your car pull up.

DOC: Well- it's gone now. Let me use your phone to report this to the police. They'll ...

FIB: OH...MY GOSH....Hey, Fatso....

DOC: Yes? ...

FIB: I TOLD THAT JUNKMAN TO TAKE THE CAR TO THE LEFT OF THE DRIVEWAY....I MEANT TO THE LEFT AS YOU FACE THE STREET, HE MUST OF.....OH MY GOSH!!!!

DOC: WAIT A MINUTE, YOU LITTLE BANDIT...YOU MEAN YOU SOLD MY CAR TO THAT JUNKMAN? WELL, CHASE HIM....GET IT BACK!! GET A MOVE ON...!

MOLLY: HURRY, MCGEE.... BEFORE THEY BREAK IT UP FOR JUNK!!

FIB: I..I..CAN'T....I DON'T KNOW WHERE HIS JUNKYARD IS...

DOC: WELL, WHAT'S HIS NAME, STUPID? THINK!! HURRY UP!!

FIB: I can't!! I dunno his name. I..I..gave his business card back to him because he said it was the only one he had...

MOL: Oh dear.....this is terrible!...WHERE DID YOU GET HIS CARD, MCGEE?

FIBBER & MOLLY
3/1/1949

CLOSING COMMERCIAL -

(REVISED)

-25-

Remember to try 1949 Glo-Coat. Glo-Coat's got a new
FIB: From the little girl across the...HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!!!!
SOUND: DOOR OPEN
FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) HEY TEENY!!...HEY SIS!...COME HERE A
MINUTE!!
TEE: (FADE IN) Hi, Mister...whatcha want? Hmm? Whatcha
want? Hmm?
FIB: LOOK, SIS..GET THIS!..IT'S IMPORTANT..WHAT'S THE NAME OF
WILLIE TOOPSES UNCLE....THE JUNKMAN YOU TOLD ME ABOUT...
WHAT'S HIS NAME?
TEE: Why, Mister?
DOC: BECAUSE HE TOOK MY CAR BY MISTAKE, LITTLE GIRL!...AND IF
I DON'T GET IT BACK, IT'LL COST MR. McGEE A THOUSAND
DOLLARS!!
TEE: Oh, boy...(GIGGLES) HEY WILLIE...COME HERE A MINUTE...!!
THERE'S A DEAL COOKING!! Well, Mr. McGee, let's talk
business.
FIB: (GROANS)
ORCH: "HOLD ME" ... FADE FOR:

FIBBER & MOLLY
3/1/1949

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL -

(2ND REVISION)

WILCOX: Remember to try 1949 Glo-Coat. Glo-Coat's got a new
glow that means you get a brighter, more lustrous glow on
your linoleum a longer-lasting glow. And it's
easier for you to get that bright finish...because 1949
Glo-Coat spreads more uniformly, and goes farther.
Ask your dealer for the self polishing floor wax, Glo-
Coat....in the same familiar yellow container with the
bright red band. That's 1949 Glo-Coat ... brighter than
ever better than any.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR

(SWITCH TO HITON)

MOL: Well, thank goodness, Doctor Gamble got his car back before they did anything to it, McGee.

FIB: Yeah, and just in time, too. You know the junkman was a patient of Doc's - and his wife was expecting a baby any minute.

MOL: Oh, really?

FIB: Yep, so when they located Doc's car, the junkman jumped in it and delivered Doc right to the hospital himself. Which was quite a switch.

MOL: How do you mean - a switch?

FIB: Well, gee whiz, kiddo - whoever heard of a patient delivering the doctor? (LAUGHS.....PAUSE) 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. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

FIBBER & MOLLY
3/1/1949

LAING: If you own a piano, you certainly want to keep it in beautiful condition. Here's a way to do it...and do it fast. Polish your piano with Johnson's Cream Wax. The amazing polish that cleans so quickly...dries so quickly.. polishes so quickly, that using it is practically as easy as dusting.

A couple of minutes -- that's all the time it takes to do the job. Because Johnson's Cream Wax not only cleans in a moment. It dries in a moment. And it polishes in a moment to a hard satin-smooth finish...with no sticky oil left to catch dust.

Tomorrow ask for Johnson's Cream Wax -- the fastest wax polish you can buy.

ORCH: THEME UP

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY...

MARCH 8, 1949
(CHIMES)