

file

#23

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

MARCH 8, 1949

6:30 - 7 PM PST

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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, 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!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

FIBBER & MOLLY
3/8/1949

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Tonight, I'd like to ask you to take a look at the china cabinet in your dining room. Maybe it looks a little dull. Maybe if you get close, you can see fingermarks and smudges on it.

Well, with Johnson's Cream Wax ... you can whisk those smudges away in a few seconds. Johnson's Cream Wax is a furniture polish that cleans so quickly ... dries so quickly ... polishes so quickly -- that using it is practically as easy as dusting.

So with Johnson's Cream Wax, you can clean and polish that whole dining room cabinet of yours ... ~~you can~~ give every inch of its surface a beautiful luster ... in just a few minutes. That's because Johnson's Cream Wax not only cleans fast. It dries fast! So you can polish it almost immediately. There's no sticky oil to catch dust.

Tomorrow, ask for Johnson's Cream Wax. Use it for all your furniture. Watch it clean so quickly ... dry so quickly ... polish so quickly that using it is almost as easy as dusting. ~~Get this wax ... this beauty-bringing cream-wax ...~~ ^{Johnson's Cream Wax} the fastest wax polish you can buy.

~~Johnson's Cream Wax~~

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

● MCGEE & MOLLY
3/8/49

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WILCOX: THE HISTORY OF MANKIND IS FULL OF UNSOLVED MYSTERIES. AND, WHAT IS PERHAPS THE MOST BAFFLING PUZZLE OF ALL IS "WHY WOULD ANY INTELLIGENT ORGANIZATION LIKE THE WISTFUL VISTA ELKS CLUB, MAKE MR. FIBBER MCGEE ITS FINANCIAL SECRETARY?" WE'LL HEAR MORE ABOUT THIS, AS WE JOIN --
---FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.!!!!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: TYPING, HUNT AND PECK, ... CARRAIGE RETURN:

FIB: Hey, Molly, how do you spell "auspicious".
MOL: How have you got it?
FIB: A.U.S.P.I.S.H.O.U.S. But it don't look right.
MOL: How are you using it?
FIB: It's in my speech. See--when I say "ON THIS AUSPICIOUS OCCASION, WE --
MOL: Wait a minute! What speech? 'ARE YOU TYPING OUT A SPEECH?
FIB: Why sure. Didn't I tell you? Tonight's the big ceremony. At the Elk's Club. We burn the mortgage. All paid up.
MOL: But why do YOU have to make a speech. Or does everybody?
FIB: Why my gosh, kiddo, as Financial Secretary of the Elks I'm officially in charge of the whole shindig. I'm the guy that he lights the fire, tosses the mortgage onto it and hands the key of the building to the Grand Exalted Ruler.
MOL: Sweetheart, I love you. But I don't know why anybody ever picked you as a Financial Secretary. It's like Lassie giving advice to Lionel Barrymore. Why you can't even keep your check stubs straight!

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FIB: Nevertheless, kiddo, the Elk's think I'm doin' all right. Look at this note I got from 'em yesterday. See this? It says, "YOUR LAST FINANCIAL REPORT WAS SO APPEALING THAT WE ARE HOLDING A SPECIAL MEETING TO GO OVER IT AGAIN."

MOL: "APPEALING"? That says "APPALLING" McGee!

FIB: Well those guys can't spell....Anyhow, I gotta get busy with this speech, if you'll excuse me.

SOUND: HESITANT TYPING:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) WE....ARE....GATHERED..HERE...TONIGHT..TO
...s.e.l.a.b.r.a.i.t.....CELEBRATE.....

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: How long have the Elk's been in that club house?

FIB: Since they ~~were founded~~ ^{built it}, I guess...about 1867. Why?

MOL: Aren't you getting the mortgage paid off just in time for the termites to take over? That building has worn out three cornerstones.

FIB: Well, and as financial secretary -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor La Trivia, McGee. Do come in, your Honor!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE:

GALE: Thank you, Molly. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. Just writing out my speech for tonight. You gonna be present at the mortgage burning?

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GALE: Well, naturally. After all, I am Chairman of the Charities Committee.

MOL: What's Charity got to do with this occasion, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Charity, is what we Elks must have in our hearts when we consider the activities of our Financial Secretary. Also Faith, and Hope.

FIB: OH YEAH? WELL, I AIN'T DONE SO BAD, LA TRIVIA. WITH ME AS FINANCIAL SECRETARY, WE GOT THE MORTGAGE PAID OFF, DIDN'T WE?

MOL: I don't know why you had to hurry with it. It's only run since 1867. It was sort of a race, wasn't it boys, to see who got the building first - the Bank, or dry rot?

GALE: Well, frankly, Molly, the Elk's Club may be a little decrepit, but at least - and at last - it's ours.

FIB: Yeah. (LAUGHS) You should'a seen Old MacDonald at the Third National Bank's face when I made the final payment and he had to hand me the paid-off mortgage! Like he'd caught me in a fish hatchery with a trout rod. HEY, YOU LIKE TO FISH, LA TRIV?

MOL: Of course he does, McGee. Every one says the Mayor is quite an angler.

FIB: Every politician is, but does he like to fish?

GALE: I do indeed, McGee. Particularly deep sea fishing. Last year off the coast of Florida I caught a 250 pound swordfish.

MOL: Heavenly days, what a whopper!

GALE: Yes, it was really only 200 pounds.

FIB: I didn't know you were on a fishin' trip in Florida last year, La Triv. And you never said anything about catchin' a big swordfish.

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GALE: Well, frankly, I was down there on official business and should not have taken the time to go fishing. That's why I kept it under my hat.

MOL: A TWO HUNDRED POUND SWORDFISH? That must have been quite a trick!

FIB: What 'dja do, La Triv? Saw the sword off first?

GALE: Why should I have sawed off the sword?

MOL: So you could get it under your hat. You must have been wearing a cowboy hat, because my goodness - 200 pounds of ---

FIB: I'll bet you sure felt silly, La Triv, walkin' along the street with your hat full o' swordfish! My gosh, didn't it DRIP all over you?

GALE: Oh don't be ridiculous! I wasn't WEARING THE HAT WHEN... I mean, when I said "I kept it under my hat", I was merely -

MOL: It isn't US who are being ridiculous, Mr. Mayor. It's YOU. The idea, trying to hide a two hundred pound swordfish under your hat!!! That was childish!!! With the tail sticking out one side and the bill sticking out the other -

GALE: I TELL YOU THE FISH WAS NOT UNDER FAT! I MEAN I WASN'T TRYING TO CONSWORD THE SEALFISH! CONCEAL THE FORDFISH...LOOK!! WHEN I SAID----

FIB: Hey hey hey...take it easy, La Triv! You're talkin' to another fisherman, boy! We're ALL a little eccentric. WHO CARES HOW YOU CARRY YOUR FISH..? IN YOUR HAT, OR UP YOUR PANTS LEG, IT'S YOUR BUSINESS HOW YOU GET IT HOME. GEE WHIZZ, --

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MOL: Yes, don't think we're criticising you, Mr. Mayor. Heavenly days, if you think you can carry a 200 pound fish in a size 7½ fedora, why more power to you! And you'll need more power. Why, my goodness----

GALE: (YELLS) I TELL YOU I DIDN'T HARRY A CAT...GARRY A HOOR IN A TISH...GARRY A FISH IN MY HOOT...HAT..WHEN I SAID I KEPT A SWORD HAT UNDER MY FIDELMA...MY FIDOOTSY...NOBODY COULD PUT A 200 - HAT SWORD UNDER A FISH-PUT!!! I MEAN NOBODY...I DIDN'T TRY TO..YOU SAID I WAS...WE...YOU...I.. (PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes, boy?

GALE: The day I caught that swordfish, I was wishing you were there on the boat with me. I'd have loved having you do what my guide did.

MOL: Isn't that nice!

FIB: What did he do?

GALE: He fell overboard and was eaten by a shark. WELL, I'LL SEE YOU AT THE ELKS TONIGHT. Good day.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Boy that guy takes the bait, don't he?

MOL: Yes. What kind do you suppose he took?

FIB: Well, for swordfish, I suppose some salt pork or some. HEY..DON'T DO THAT TO ME, KIDDO..!!

MOL: (LAUGHS) All right. Finish your speech, dearie.

FIB: OKAY.

SOUND: TYPING INTO:

MUSIC: ORCH: "SOMEONE LIKE YOU"

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ALONG PAVEMENT

MOL: We'd better hurry, McGee. We wouldn't want the Elks to burn that mortgage before their Financial Secretary got there.

FIB: THEY WOULDN'T DARE!

MOL: They wouldn't?

FIB: No sir. The Financial Secretary is too important of a job for the guy that he's it to get left out of them burning the mortgage which I'm the guy got it paid off before I get there, isn't he?

MOL: A very interesting question. Incidentally, isn't the Financial Secretary sort of out of a job after the mortgage is burned?

FIB: NAH, I got a lotta new projects to offer. For one thing, I'm gonna suggest the Elks get a few herds of bees and raise honey. Lots of money in honey, Honey. If we had maybe even one big herd of bees --

MOL: It's "swarm".

FIB: Well, take your coat off, kiddo. BUT AS I WAS SAYING, bees are awful interesting little insecs. My gosh, when a bee that's lived for fifty years can fly twenty-five thousand miles without stopping --

MOL: WHAT WAS THAT? A FIFTY YEAR OLD BEE FLEW TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT A REST?

FIB: Certainly. It was in all the papers the other day. Big headlines...says: "BEE, FIFTY, FLIES NON-STOP AROUND WORLD." That's why I think if the Elks had a big herd of bees --

MOL: Hold it, McGee. Here comes somebody, and it looks like the Old Timer.

FIB: Well, if it looks like him, it's him, all right. ~~He's got a face that only a mother could love, and she'd have to be prejudiced. He's the homeliest old...HIYA,~~ OLD TIMER!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: Hello, Johnny...Hello, Daughter. Where ya goin', pitcher show?

MOL: No, we're on our way to the Elk's Club, Mr. Old Timer. They're burning the mortgage tonight.

OLD M: I'll go with you, kids. I loooooove bonfires!

FIB: Good! I'm making a speech, too.

OLD M: BUT - I HATE speeches! Love to go, Johnny, but I can't make it. I'm restlin' tonight.

MOL: You? WRESTLING?

OLD: Yeup. I'm defendin' my title against Seductive Sidney, the Blond Bonecrusher. I'm heavyweight champ, see, and --

FIB: YOU'RE THE HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLING CHAMPION?

OLD: Sure. But in wrestlin', Johnny, who ain't?

MOL: Isn't it a little early to go to the stadium? The wrestling bouts don't start till eighty-thirty, do they?

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OLD: No, but we gotta rehearse, Daughter. Ye see, after we decide who's gonna win, we rehearse about an hour, and then practice our face-makin' and groanin' fer while.

I ever tell ye 'bout when I wrestled Matface MacGowan, the Edinburgg Undertaker?

FIB: No, and I don't think we've got time to--

OLD: WELL SIR, MATFACE MACGOWAN ALWAYS COME INTO THE RING PLAYIN' THE BAGPIPE, ALL DRESSED UP IN THEM PLAID SKIRTS.

In wrestlin' you gotta be a character or ye don't git noplase, see --

MOL: Yes, we--

OLD: WELL SIR, THIS NIGHT MATFACE MACGOWAN GITS ME WITH A SCHOOLBOY TRIP. I ROLLS OUT OF IT AND GITS HIM IN A BOSTON CRAB. HE GOTCH TOE-HOLDS ME...I ARM-STRETCH HIM, AND THERE WE ARE, TANGLED UP LIKE A SACKFUL OF OCTOPUSES.

FIB: Yes, that's a very interes--

OLD: SUDDENLY, I SETS UP A BEAL, GIVE HIM AN AIRPLANE SPIN, AND LETS HIM GO, AND WHOA NELLIE HE DISAPPEARS. I DUNNO WHERE HE WENT. THEN I SEEN HIM - LAYIN' THERE WITH HIS LEG BACK OF HIS NECK AND THAT LITTLE PLAID PETTICOAT OF HIS, THAT...ER...

MOL: KILT?

OLD: Nope. But he'll walk backwards the rest of his life.

WELL...I DON'T WANNA BE LATE FOR REHEARSAL, KIDS...

SO LONG!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP AND FADE AGAIN

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FIB: Come on, Molly ... boyoboy, look at the crowd in front of the Elks! Looks like even the delinquent members, musta come tonight.

SOUND: CROWD MURMUR - FADING IN

MOL: But why are they all ganged around outside, McGee?

FIB: That's where we're gonna burn the mortgage, kiddo. Right on the front steps.

MOL: Oh, look - there's Mayor La Trivia, and Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Sure, Wilcox is gonna introduce me, see - then I light the fire - make my speech - throw the mortgage on and oh-oh, let's duck! Here comes that gabby dame that's always -- too late!

BEA: Oh, Mr. and Mrs. McGee, I've been looking all over for you and I just knew I'd find you here some place, because here you are! I just knew!

MOL: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. ---

BEA: I've got a terrible problem, Mr. McGee, just terrible - and I've been going around in circles all day trying to get straightened out and all at once I remember you. Remember me?

FIB: Oh sure, I never forget a face, sis - especially one that opens and closes that fast.

BEA: Well, this is awfully confidential and I wouldn't bother you with it at all, Mr. McGee, but I always say if you can't go to your friends when you've got a problem, then what's the use of having them! Problems!

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MOL: Yes, if Mr. McGee can help you, he'll -

FIB: Sure, I gotta get up on the steps there and burn a mortgage, sis, but what is it you -

BEA: Like my sister Thelma said, when I asked her about it - She thought the whole thing over and she said "Well sir, I don't know." She didn't know.

FIB: Does she - uh - always solve your problems that easy?

BEA: Who?

MOL: Thelma.

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

FIB: Oh no, no! We just - you just - no, we just -

BEA: OHH, I'm so glad I came to you with my problem, Mr. McGee. ^{My problem} ~~Just~~ glad! I wish I remembered what it was. Wait till I tell Thelma. Goodbye now, I'll give you a ring, goodbye!

MOL: Goodbye.

FIB: Give us a ring, she says! I already got a ring - in my ears! She's the -

WIL: (OFF) HERE HE IS NOW, FOLKS! HEY, FIBBER! HEY, PAL! COME ON UP FRONT HERE!

FIB: Come on, Molly. OKAY, FELLAS!

VOICES: "Hurry up, McGee"..."Up front, secretary"..."Didja bring the mortgage, McGee?" Etc.

MOL: All right, let the secretary through please! Thank you. Let him through, please! The Financial Secretary. Hello, Mr. Wilcox - Mr. Mayor!

SOUND: AD LIB HELIOS GALE AND HARLOW AND FIB:

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FIB: (VERY BIG MAN) All right, fellows, I'll take over now! I'm in charge here!

WIL: Look, Pal - we've got the wood all stacked here on the steps see. I'll introduce you with a short speech and then you touch off the bonfire and -

FIB: Migosh, who stacked this kindling, Wilcox? That fire's not gonna burn stacked that way! Who stacked it? (RATTLE OF KINDLING)

WIL: The janitor did it. HEY, OLEY! MR. MCGEE WANTS YOU!

OLEY: (FADING IN) Don't get in an uproar. I'm right here. Don't hafta be here, you know. Off duty at five o'clock. Donatin' my time tonight, you know.

FIB: Okay, but migosh, Oley, this won't burn! Where'd you ever learn to build a fire out of sticks?

OLEY: In the Boy Scouts - Stockholm Troop 3, McGee. 20 years before you were born.

FIB: Oh. Well, you had the sticks all wrong. (RATTLE OF KINDLING) You're supposed to lay 'em this way, see. (RATTLES STICKS)

OLEY: That's the way I had 'em. You messed 'em up.

FIB: No, no, you had 'em north and south. (RATTLES STICKS) You gotta lay 'em east and west.

MOL: Maybe he's a southpaw, dearie.

OLEY: 60 years I been layin' fires. I'm off duty, you know. 5 o'clock. Donatin' my time.

SOUND: IMPATIENT CROWD NOISES:

THIS MAN HAS LONG BEEN A STEERING MEMBER OF OUR CLUB

WIL: Uh, look. Pal - the crowd is a little impatient. While you're checking the kindling, I'll start introducing you. Okay?

MOL: Yes, go ahead, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Sure, and look, Junior - make it jist as big as you like, boy! Anything you say about me - I'll live up to it!..... Pile some more wood over here, willya, Oley?

OLEY: (FADING) ~~Donate my time.~~ Always more wood. *Donate my time*

WIL: BROTHER ELKS...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! YOU ALL KNOW WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR TONIGHT!

~~SOUND: CHEERS:~~

WIL: AS A LONG TIME MEMBER OF THIS CLUB, AND AS SALES MANAGER IN THIS TERRITORY FOR S. C. JOHNSON AND SON, OF RACINE, WISCONSIN - MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, THE WAX MADE ESPECIALLY TO CLEAN AND ~~SHINE~~ ^{polish} YOUR ~~WAX~~ ^{furniture} COLORED WOODWORK AND KITCHEN EQUIPMENT - IT IS MY PRIVILEGE TONIGHT TO INTRODUCE YOUR FINANCIAL SECRETARY!

MOL: Wait for the applause, dearie.

FIB: Okay.

WIL: Not yet, kids. FRIENDS, THIS MAN NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION -

OLEY: Ay wouldn't give it to him, either. Sixty years I lay fires.

~~SOUND: BOMPS A LOAD OF WOOD~~

WIL: WIDELY KNOWN AS A MAN WHOSE WIFE HAS LONG REALIZED THE BENEFITS OF JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX - A MAN WHOSE WIFE KNOWS HOW CREAM WAX GIVES A LUSTER THAT DUST CAN'T CLING TO - THIS MAN HAS LONG BEEN A STERLING MEMBER OF OUR CLUB!

FIB: Thanks, Junior. "Brother El -

WIL: Please, Pal! Not till I mention your name! FOLKS, WE MADE A WISE CHOICE FOR FINANCIAL SECRETARY - A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO GET A LOT DONE WITH A LITTLE WORK - JUST LIKE A HOUSEWIFE WHO KNOWS THAT WITH JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, SHE CAN KEEP A RICH MELLOW LUSTER ON HER KITCHEN EQUIPMENT AND WOODWORK WITH JUST AN OCCASIONAL BUFFING! I GIVE YOU NOW - MR. FIBBER MCGEE!

~~SOUND: CHEERS: A FEW GOOD NATURED BOOS .. SCATTERED APPLAUSE~~

FIB: BROTHER ELKS, LADIES AND GENTS. I GOT A SHORT SPEECH TO MAKE TONIGHT - But first, who's got a match?

VOICES: "Yeah, start the bonfire!" ... "Burn the mortgage" ... "Burn the speech, too!"

MOL: I don't have a match, McGee. Maybe if I smoked cigars -

WIMP: Here's a match, Mr. McGee.

MOL: For goodness sake, it's Mr. Wimple!

FIB: Migosh, I didn't see you there, Wimp. Thanks, kid. Stick around, we're gonna have quite a bonfire, boy!

WIMP: Yes, I brought something else besides matches, too, Mr. McGee.

MOL: What, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: (LOWERS VOICE) Look! Marshmallows!

MOL: Why, Mr. Wimple - how thoughtful!

WIMP: (SOFTLY) Don't tell anybody - there's not enough for everyone. (CHUCKLES)

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FIB: Okay, let's go! Got some coal oil, Oley?

OLEY: Red can, there. Don't hafta do this, you know. Donatin' my time.

FIB: Okay, stand back, folks.

SOUND: SPLASHES KEROSENE ON WOOD

MOL: McGee! That's a lot of kerosene! You splashed it all over everything!

FIB: Don't worry, it'll all burn right off.
(SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCH) LET'S HAVE A CHEER, FOLKS!
HERE WE GO!

SOUND: BIG CHEER .. ROAR OF FLAME

FIB: Well, it's lit now, kiddo. BROTHER ELKS! LADIES AND GEEE .. OMIGOSH, IT'S SPREADING!

MOL: MCGEE, WATCH IT, THE PORCH IS CATCHING!

ALARMED SHOUTS FROM CROWD

FIB: HEY! STOMP IT OUT, SOMEBODY!

GALE: BEAT IT AWAY FROM THE DOOR, SOMEBODY! THE FIRE! BEAT IT OUT!

OLEY: I been layin' fires for sixty years. Says it won't burn.

CROWD YELPS - RUSHING AROUND - SHOUTS

FIB: OMIGOSH, WHO'D EVER THINK --

WIL: GET A FIRE EXTINGUISHER! GET A FIREMAN!

MOL: THE DOOR, MCGEE! THE WHOLE FRONT IS CATCHING!

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FIB: CALL THE FIREMEN - CALL THE POLICE - DRAG OUT THE THROWNET!
NEVER MIND, HERE THEY COME!

SOUND: FIRE SIRENS COMING IN FAST AND LOUD..CROWD YELLS..RUNNING FEET...CRACKLING FLAMES, INTO:

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN - "CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM"

T

SOUND: SIRENS OFF AND FADING OUT

FIB: Migosh, it went so fast, Molly! Didn't even have time to save my own pool cue!

MOL: Well, it looks like you'd hold your next meeting of the Elks in a pile of ashes, dearie!

FIB: AIN'T THIS AWFUL? Imagine that dumb janitor lettin' this fire get outa control like that?

SOUND: CROWD MURMUR

FIB: Hey!! (LOWERS VOICE) What's everybody lookin' at me for? Looka the way they're muttering. ARE THEY BLAMING ME FOR THIS?

MOL: Who should they blame? Mrs. O'Leary's cow?

FIB: No, but my gosh, I didn't mean to let...HEY, DOC!! DOC GAMBLE!!...COME HERE A MINUTE!

FIB: Yeah...but I'm the Financial Secretary.

MOL: Say, Doctor...was anybody hurt in the fire?

DOC: No, Molly. Nobody was hurt. Except Wallace Wimple.

FIB: WALLY WIMPLE...DID HE GET BURNED, DOC?

DOC: No, he was trying to get a stick to roast marshmallows on and fell out of a tree. Just minor contusions. This is kind of a silly situation, isn't it, McGee?

FIB: Yeah...I...I...my gosh, Doc...I...I dunno what to say...

MOL: Oh, now don't take it too much to heart, McGee. After all, this building has been on borrowed time for thirty years.

DOC: Yes, they were going to put a lightning rod on it last year, but the roof wouldn't hold it.

FIB: Yeah, but...well, where are the Elks gonna meet now, Doc?

DOC: Relax, my boy. The Loyal Order of Moose have already offered us temporary quarters.

MOL: You mean the Elks will meet at the Moose lodge? That's where the Lions meet, too. Heavenly days. All the wives will have to have hunting licenses that I to find their husbands! I always thought-- OH, MCGEE, DON'T LOOK SO UNHAPPY...THEY OUGHT TO THANK YOU FOR GETTING RID OF THIS FIRETRAP!

FIB: Yeah...but I'm the Financial Secretary. I gotta find a way to get us a new building.

DOC: Well, we needed it, sonny boy. You know we had to give up playing darts in there. They kept going thru the wall and stabbing pedestrians. Look...

FIB: Yeah...?

DOC: At the next regular meeting, I'll get up and propose a vote of thanks to our Financial Secretary. Personally, I think you've done a splendid day's work. You might get twenty years for arson, of course, but at least we don't have to hold any more meetings under a leaky roof.

MOL: Thank you, Doctor...you're a real friend!

FIB: A real friend, my clavicle! Gonna send me up for twenty years.

DOC: Bosh...you can prove it was accidental.

FIB: I CAN?...I CAN? HOW CAN I? TELL ME?

DOC: I can testify that I have been ^{on}camping ^{trips} with you any number of times, and you've never been able to start a fire yet. La Trivia can support that testimony too, because...HEY, LA TRIVIA...come here!

FIB: Yeah...come here, La Triv. Hey can you testify that I -

GALE: MCGEE...DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU...SINGLE-HANDED HAVE DESTROYED THE ELKS CLUB?

MOL: Oh, now Mr. Mayor - any fox terrier with a hot breath could have touched off that building. It was -

FIB: HEY...MY GOSH..WAIT A MINUTE!!!! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING. LOOK'...LOOK AT THIS?

GALE: What is that?

FIB: IT'S THE MORTGAGE.... I FORGOT TO THROW IT ON THE FIRE... I KEPT MY HEAD!! WE STILL GOT THE MORTGAGE...AIN'T THAT WONDERFUL?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well, now look fellas...I don't...you don't have to...

SOUND: CROWD MURMUR:

FIB: NOW WAIT...WHAT'S ALL THAT MOB COMIN' THIS WAY FOR? THEY AIN'T GONNA....ARE THEY?

GALE: No. They want to carry you home...

MOL: CARRY HIM HOME!!! NOW JUST A MINUTE THERE, BOYS...I WON'T.....

GALE: ON THEIR SHOULDERS..

DOC: WHAT WAS THAT?

FIB: ON THEIR SHOULDERS?

GALE: Yes...as Financial Secretary, McGee...you know,
of course, that this building was insured to the hilt!...
ALL RIGHT, BOYS...HOIST HIM UP!

CROWD: UP YOU GO, McGEE! COME ON, BOY!!

FIB: (HAPPILY) Aw now, fellas...gee whizz...it was
nothing..really...

GALE: COME ON, MRS. MCGEE...COME ON, DOCTOR...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS MARCHING OFF

CROWD: (SINGS) Oh, MCGEE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW...

(FADE OUT) MCGEE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

MCGEE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
A jolly good fellow is he!
~~AND A PERSONAL.....~~ (INTO)

ORCH: "EVERYWHERE YOU GO" - FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
3/8/49

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You know the smudges and film that collect on
your furniture? You can whisk them off in a
few seconds....then polish that furniture to
a high luster in a few seconds more. Yes,
that's how easy it is with Johnson's Cream
Wax. Johnson's Cream Wax cleans so quickly..
dries so quickly....polishes so quickly that
using it is practically as easy as dusting.
Get Johnson's Cream Wax tomorrow. It's the
fastest wax polish you can buy.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC FADE FOR:

TAG

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MOL: Well, dearie,...it all turned out well after all, didn't it.

FIB: Yeah...it's okay till tomorrow at least. Hey, help me get this suitcase packed, willya?

MOL: Suitcase? Where are you going?

FIB: I dunno. But I'm not gonna be here tomorrow.

MOL: What happens tomorrow?

FIB: That's when they find out I forgot to pay the premium on the fire insurance!

MOL: Oh no!....

FIB: Yeah...goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

MUSIC: SIGNOFF AND PLAYOFF:

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 MCGEE AND MOLLY.
MARCH 8TH, 1949.

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TAG COMMERCIAL:

LAING: Be sure to try 1949 Glo-Coat. Glo-Coat has a new glow that gives your linoleum a brighter, more beautiful luster ... a longer-lasting glow. And it's easier for you to get that bright finish ... because Johnson's 1949 Glo-Coat now spreads more uniformly. And it goes farther, too. Ask your dealer for 1949 Glo-Coat ... in the same familiar yellow container with the bright red band. That's 1949 Glo-Coat ... brighter than ever ... better than any.

MUSIC: ORCH:...MUSIC UP FULL:

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

-SR-