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(REVISED)

#27

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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

APRIL 5, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

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, Dick Le Grand, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra. For further information about this program, read the interesting two-part story by Robert Yoder starting in the Saturday Evening Post, out tomorrow!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR--

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OFFICIAL

FIBBER AND MOLLY  
4-5-49

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX:

*Fibber & Molly will give us in a moment*  
You have heard me tell you how wonderful the new 1949

Glo-Coat is. Tonight, I want to tell you about the biggest bargain in beauty ever offered by the makers of Johnson's Wax. It is the twin-can sale, and here's what that means. When you go to the store tomorrow, you can get a can of Johnson's 1949 Glo-Coat at half price when you buy one can at the regular price. Either pints or quarts ... they're welded together ... take your choice. You save 29¢ on the twin pints; you save 49¢ on the twin quarts.

Frankly, Johnson offers you this bargain for just one reason ... we want you to find out for yourself now how much better the new 1949 Glo-Coat is ... how much more brightly your floors will shine ... how much longer the shine will last ... how quickly you can transform all of your floors and linoleum.

Everybody likes beautiful floors ... everybody likes a real bargain. Now you can get both. You save 29¢ on every pair of pints ... 49¢ on every pair of quarts ... and every drop is wonderful 1949 Glo-Coat.

One thing more. After you see that new 1949 glow, if you are not convinced that the new Glo-Coat is the finest self-polishing wax you have ever used, we will refund every cent you paid, plus postage.

Will you do this right now? Because this offer is limited, make a note on your shopping list to order twin cans of Glo-Coat from your dealer tomorrow.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

KREM:

Yes, and the service I give you, (REVISED)

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WILCOX:

IT WAS A GINCH TO BE A DRUGGIST IN GRANDPA'S DAY! A JUG OF CREOSOTE, A BOTTLE OF WINTERGREEN, A COUPLE OF MUSTARD PLASTERS, A JAR OF LEECHES AND YOU WERE IN BUSINESS. BUT NOW, -- OHHHHH, BROTHER!!!

NOW A DRUGGIST MUST RUN A COMBINATION DEPARTMENT STORE, HOSPITAL, BOOK-NOOK, CANDY KITCHEN, POST OFFICE AND SHORT-ORDER RESTAURANT. BUT HE STILL MUST HANDLE A FEW LEECHES. AND HERE IS ONE OF THEM WITH HIS WIFE, IN KREMER'S DRUG STORE IN WISTFUL VISTA, AS WE MEET--

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY! --

(APPIAUSE)

FIB:

- and after you fix that fountain pen, Kremer, as per the guarantee, and trade me some razor blades for this tobacco, Doc gimme for Christmas that's stale, and gimme one of them little wipers to wipe my glasses on, you can wrap a little adhesive tape around the neck o' this bottle. It leaks.

KREM:

This cleaning fluid? You don't buy that here, McGee. I don't handle that brand.

MOL:

Oh he bought that at the drug store down the street, Mr. Kremer. They're having a one-cent sale. A dollar a bottle or two for one-ninety-nine.

FIB:

Yeah- you gonna fix it, or not? The business I give you, you'd think I might get a little service around here.

KREM: Yes, and the service I give you, you'd think I'd get a little business. (WEARILY) All right, I'll fix it for you. (FADE) I'll be back in a minute.

MOL: Thank you, Mister Kremer. You know, dearie, you DO impose on Mr. Kremer a little. For every fifteen cent purchase, you demand twelve dollars worth of service!

FIB: Well, that's the drug business, kiddo. I always --

MOL: MCGEE, HERE'S DOCTOR GAMBLE.....HELLO, DOCTOR!

DOC: (FADE IN) Hello, my dear. Hello, there, Melon-head.

FIB: Hiyah, Witch-Doctor. Medicine Man come this teepee ask drug-man grind up sassafrass leaf maybe oure hicups?

DOC: Crawl back in your hogan, Squawface. I'm in here on business, which is probably more than you can say, having none of your own, which is why you are always meddling in other people's.

MOL: I suppose you're here to translate one of your prescriptions for Mr. Kremer, Doctor?

FIB: Yeah...he says your handwriting looks like a drunken centipede had stepped in the ink and staggered across your prescription pad.

DOC: I don't believe he ever said any such -

FIB: Kremer said he filled one of your prescriptions once without checkin' with you first, and it cured a woman of being left-handed.

DOC: That's a very silly ----

FIB: He said it apparently called for three ounces of library paste, dissolved in peanut oil, mixed with paint remover and put into capsules made out of .32 caliber revolver shells.

MOL: McGee, that's a very ridicul --

FIB: Kremer said he gave some to his brother, who is also left-handed, and it had quite a different effect. He's still left-handed but he walks around on his elbows and sings Lithuanian folk songs. Anyway Kremer THINKS it's Lithuanian. Nobody can quite understa --

DOC: ALL RIGHT, COMEDIAN...ALL RIGHT!! Kremer has been reading my prescriptions for 20 years without the slightest difficulty, so if you --

KREMER: (OFF MIKE) HEY, DOC!!

DOC: YES, ED?

KREMER: COME ON BACK HERE WHEN YOU GET A MINUTE. I WANT TO ASK YOU ABOUT A PRESCRIPTION. *Can't make it out!*

DOC: OKAY ED! (EMBARRASSED LAUGH) I...er...we...well, going bowling tonight, McGee?

FIB: Nope, Got kind of a little rheumatism today, Docky. Nothin' serious. Just a little twinge in the small of my back.

DOC: Really? Well, I have news for you, Bean-brain.

FIB: You have?

DOC: Yes, I have seen your back, and it has no "small". Reading from top to bottom, it is large, larger and largest. (FADE) Excuse me, Kremer wants to see me...

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MOL: McGee, why do you and the Doctor have to bicker with  
FIB: each other every time you meet? at be pretty near-sighted.

FIB: Well, my gosh, he's alwa--ak kinda like an Easter egg.

MOL: You sound like two strange cats in a culvert. Heavenly  
SOUND: days, I - BUSTER .. NO BUSTER

WOMAN; (FADE IN) Pardon me, are you the pharmacist? the drawer don't

FIB: No, sis, but I know my way around here pretty well.

SOUND: What can I do for you? PEAT

WOMAN: I'd like to buy this big Easter egg. We're having a

FIB: party for my little brother, and this egg is big enough

to slice up for all the children. How much is it?

MOL: KREMER: The tag says three ninety-five, lady, but if I were you,  
I wouldn't let my children eat any of it, because -

WOMAN: Oh, it won't hurt them, madam. Here's your three ninety-  
-five, mister. You needn't wrap it. GOOD DAY!!

KREMER: UNDER THE COUNTER BY THE...NO!! LEAVE IT ALONE!!

MOL: Leave it alone, McGee. You always -

FIB: WHAT? WHEN I CAN FIX IT IN FIVE MINUTES FOR A FRIEND  
LIKE KREMER? My gosh, all that's wrong is the drawer  
is stuck a little....here --

SOUND: CLATTER OF TOOLS

MOL: Yes, but McGee, you -

FIB: Stand by, kiddo, and hand me what I need....now lemme  
see....I think if I pry it open on this side here, I can  
.....SURE, SURE, SURE! SCREW DRIVER ---

MOL: Screw driver!

SOUND: CLATTER

FIB: PLIERS!

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FIB: Good day, sis. Hmm. She must be pretty near-sighted.

But that football DID look kinda like an Easter egg.

Well, a sale is a sale. I better ring it up.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER .. NO DRAWER

FIB: Hey, what's the matter with this thing? The drawer don't  
come out.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER .. REPEAT

MOL: Better not monkey with it, McGee. Tell Mr. Kremer.

FIB: Yeah...(CALLS).....HEY, KREMER....THE CASH REGISTER IS  
STUCK!!

KREMER: (OFF) YEAH....IT'S BEEN DOING THAT LATELY, McGEE.....  
NEVER MIND IT.

FIB: NO, I'LL FIX IT FOR YOU, ED...WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE  
TOOLS.

KREMER: UNDER THE COUNTER BY THE...NO!! LEAVE IT ALONE!!

MOL: Leave it alone, McGee. You always -

FIB: WHAT? WHEN I CAN FIX IT IN FIVE MINUTES FOR A FRIEND  
LIKE KREMER? My gosh, all that's wrong is the drawer  
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MOL: Yes, but McGee, you -

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see....I think if I pry it open on this side here, I can  
.....SURE, SURE, SURE! SCREW DRIVER ---

MOL: Screw driver!

SOUND: CLATTER

FIB: PLIERS!

MOL: Pliers!!

SOUND: SMALL CLATTER

FIB: Small piece of paper.

MOL: Small piece of - WHAT FOR?

FIB: Tired of chewing this gum. Thanks! Now lemme see..

(SMALL TINKERING NOISES INTO:)

ORCH: "GREAT ~~THAT~~ Guns!"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: RATTLE OF REGISTER DRAWER

FIB: (GRUNTS) Boy, you've really got this drawer jammed up, Kremer! It's stuck tighter than a tuba player's pants to a fresh varnished camp chair at an August concert.

KREM: Well, just let it go, McGee..I'll get a man over tomorrow and --

FIB: Aww no, I'll dope it out, don't worry! I'll get this baby fixed if it takes all day!

MOL: And it probably will! Maybe if you pry up underneath the drawer, McGee, that might --

FIB: I tried that and --

KREM: Look McGee, will you please just leave the cash register broken? I can - OH -- YES, MADAM? (FADING) Something I can do for you?,,,

FIB: Now lemme see, if I can just get this drawer out and check the spring behind it -- Hand me the pliers, will ya?

MOL: Pliers.

FIB: CHISEL: don't cost me nothing at all.

MOL: Chisel!

after he get through I don't get \$5 fine - I got 3 days in workhouse!

then that was that, Gie - but what happened was -

for good in the workhouse Three days in the workhouse

the workhouse - I'm just makin' my time!

well, you're not makin' any dough here either. You

come in to buy somethin'

if were you just lookin' around?

OLE: I come here for my missus, Mrs. McGee and she wants some hair.

FIB: HAMMER! She's gonna give herself a wave in the head.

MOL: Hammer she's going to give herself a home permanent.

FIB: OLE!

OLE: Ought to take her one of those new kits.

MOL: No Ole. HUH? any new kids, Mrs! We got a house full of Ole - from the Elks Club. Just come in. HI, OLE.

FIB: No Oh, hello, Ole.

OLE: My Morning, Mrs.....Well, McGee, what're you doin' behind the cash register - workin'? If you'll excuse a foolish question.

FIB: I just stepped behind here to fix somethin', Ole.

OLE: (R) Drawer's busted. I got this thing out of here and Oh, <sup>and gracious</sup> ~~very embarrassing~~. You want a safety pin?

FIB: No, no, the cash register's broke. I'm workin' on it.

MOL: You know how Mr. McGee is when something needs fixing, Ole.

OLE: Sure, I know. I got a ticket for parkin' by fireplug one time, Mrs. Was gonna cost me \$5 - but McGee fix it so it don't cost me nothing at all.

MOL: Good for him!

OLE: After he get through I don't get \$5 fine - I get 3 days in workhouse!

FIB: Yeah, that was tough, Ole - but what happened was -

OLE: You said it was tough! Three days in the workhouse I'm makin' no dough -- I'm just donatin' my time!

FIB: Well, you're not makin' any dough here either. You come in to buy somethin'?

MOL: Or were you just lookin' around?

OLE: I come here for my missus, Mrs. McGee she wants some hair?

MOL: curlers. She's gonna give herself a wave in the head.

MOL: Well, if she's going to give herself a home permanent, Ole, you ought to take her one of those new kits.

OLE: We don't need any new kids, Mrs! We got a house full of kids already, and let's -- hey! Look at Wilcox over there.

FIB: No, Molly means -- jabbering at?

OLE: My kids don't make my hair curly -- they make it stood on end. Oh, there's Kremer. Goodbye Mrs. That guy's

MOL: Goodbye, Ole.

FIB: This isn't gettin' this cash register drawer loose and (RATTLES IT) Once I get this thing out of here and you tighten up the spring in the back, it oughta work. Hammer please! more dough without extra cost.

MOL: Hammer!

FIB: PLIERS! sin - everybody knows that the new Pliers is the finest protection for linoleum floors that money can buy, but remember that during Oil Can offer the customer gets one-third more for SQUIRT-SQUIRT-SQUIRT....SETS CAN DOWN

FIB: Now! While the oil's soakin' in good all over the drawer I'll take you over and buy you a soda. HEY, KREMER!

KREM: (ON) I'm right over here behind the newspaper, McGee.

FIB: Oh. I didn't see you. Look, I and Molly are gonna have a soda. Watch the register, will ya?

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KREM: What do you think I've been doing? Reading this paper?

MOL: We'll be right back, Mr. Kremer - and then you can relax again.

KREM: Thanks, Mrs. McGee - that's a matter of opinion.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

FIB: Come on, kiddo and let's -- Oh hey! Look at Wilcox over there. Who's he jabbering at?

MOL: I can't tell - but I can guess what he's jabbering about.

FIB: Me too. Come on, let's drop a few eaves. That guy's the most -

WIL: (FADING IN).....So you see, sir, it's not only a brand-new 1949 Glocoat - with almost twice the shine for your floors as before - BUT with this new offer, the customer gets one-third more Glocoat without extra cost.

MOL: (LAUGHS)

WIL: Naturally, sir - everybody knows that the new 1949 Glocoat is the finest protection for linoleum floor coverings that money can buy, but remember that during this special offer the customer gets one-third more for her money.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Migosh, who does he think he's ---Hey, Junior!

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WIL: Oh hello, Pal - Hi, Molly. Excuse me, while I finish with this gentleman, here, kids...So tell your wife about Glocoat's new offer, Mister. She already knows how ----

FIB: But look, Junior - (LAUGHS)

WIL: ....She already knows how much time Glocoat saves, because it shines as it dries to a beautiful lustrous finish, without rubbing or buffing, but tell her about this new money-saving offer, because...

MOL: (LAUGHING) Who are you talking to, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: No thanks, Molly. I've got to go home and wire to Aunt.

FIB: Your Aunt?

WIL: Yes, big Squeeze Wilcox. She's taking a stretch in Chicago.

FIB: Doing a stretch? (Laughs, in Gail)

WIL: Oh no, Pal...she's a girldie peddler at Marshall Field's.

FIB: See you, kids.

FIB: "Big Squeeze Wilcox". That guy's got some of the strangest relatives I ever....Doggie in, where's that soda jerk? HEY, MILIT! How about some service here?

BOY: (FADING IN) Okay, folks, I saw you. No use comin' till you call me. What' ll it be?

-JW-

MOL: Well, let's see.....I think I'd like.....

BOY: Don't make it too complicated, will you? I just got my counter cleaned up. Customers make a bigger mess than anybody.

WIL: That gentleman behind the counter there.....The well-dressed chap in the double-breasted suit.

FIB: Aww, cut it out, Waxey! That's the mirror behind the fountain you're talking to! *yourself!*

WIL: What? Well, geewhiz, kids...can you imagine that? I thought that fellow looked familiar! I guess I got a little steamed up about this new *offer* and.....

MOL: Yes, we'd ask you more about it, Mr. Wilcox....but I have a strange feeling we'll hear it anyway. Have a soda with us?

WIL: No thanks, Molly. I've got to go send a wire to my Aunt.

MOL: Your Aunt?

WIL: Yes, big Squeeze Wilcox. She's doing a stretch in Chicago.

FIB: Doing a stretch? Migosh, in jail?

WIL: Oh no, Pal....she's a girdle model at Marshall Field's. See you, kids.

FIB: "Big Squeeze Wilcox". That guy's got some of the strangest relatives I ever.....Doggone it, where's that soda jerk? HEY, MILT! How about some service here?

BOY: (FADING IN) Okay, folks, I saw you. No use comin'till you call me. What' ll it be?

MOL: Well, let's see.....I think I'd like.....

BOY: Don't make it too complicated, will you? I jist got my counter cleaned up. Customers make a bigger mess than anybody.

FIB: My wants are simple, bud. Just gimme a plain ordinary banana split, with four scoops of ice cream...cherries.. walnuts...marshmellow, strawberries, pineapple and a dash of chocolate. *realize he's eating Sundays on*

MOL: Give me just a chocolate *mellow* marsh'sundae Milton.

BOY: Couldn't you take a banana split too, ma'am? It seems like a shame to split a whole banana just for one order.

FIB: Look, Milt! Just put the whole banana on mine. That's okay. And get with it.

BOY: Well, a banana split is made with a split banana, Mr. McGee. 35 cents. If I used a whole banana, and didn't split it, it wouldn't be a banana split. I wouldn't know how much to charge, if I -

FIB: Just give him a chocolate sunday, Milt.

BOY: Okay.

FIB: With vanilla ice cream.

BOY: We always make chocolate sundays with chocolate ice cream. That's why we call it "Chocolate", see?

FIB: I WANT IT WITH VANILLA! I LIKE VANILLA. IT'S MORE HEALTHY. *IT'S FULL OF...ER...OF...er*

BOY: Butter, -- Fat?

FIB: Yeah...HUH?

GAL: Oh now wait...let's not get start.....

FIB: Lucky for you the guy happened along with his mare, Le Triv. You might of had to walk home.

BOY: I DID have to walk home. That's why I said...

BOY: You wait right here....I'll ask Mr. Kremer about using a whole banana. (FADE) It's the first time that problem ever came up, and....

MOL: I hope he doesn't realize he's serving Sundays on Tuesday. That will really throw him!

FIB: Yeah, that soda jerk is really a....HEY, THERE'S LA TRIVIA...HIYAH LA TRIV!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor. Sit down and have half a banana with us. We're going to have one left over.

GALE: Thank you, Molly. Hello, McGee. But I don't want anything. Feels good to sit down for a few minutes. My feet hurt.

FIB: Been walkin' a lot, La Triv? Or did you bruise your heels....proppin' em up on your desk?

GALE: No, I had an accident last night. My car broke down about three miles out of town and I couldn't hitch a ride. Had to come home by way of Shanks' Mare.

MOL: Who is he, Mr. Mayor? Do we know him?

GALE: Who is who?

MOL: Mr. Shanks. The man you said you came home on his horse.

FIB: Probably a farmer out that way. Lotta farmers out in the country, Molly. No room for a farm in the city.

GALE: Oh now wait...let's not get start....

FIB: Lucky for you the guy happened along with his mare, La Triv. You might of had to walk home.

GALE: I DID have to walk home. That's why I said...

MOL: Here, have a glass of water, Mr. Mayor.

MOL: Why, Mr. Mayor! You just finished telling us you rode home on a horse!

FIB: No, Molly! I said nothing about a horse! I merely....

GALE: No he didn't, Molly...he said he rode home on a mare!

FIB: You see, a horse and a mare are two different kinds of horses. Like there's two different kinds of ducks... a drake and a rooster. Right, La Triv?

MOL: Yes. Er no!...I mean....Look, I was....

GALE: Did you know this Mr. Shanka before, Mr. Mayor...or did he just come along and offer you his mare to ride?

MOL: NEITHER ONE! I didn't ask anybody to lend me a horse....

FIB: Mare, you said.

GALE: Mare! Nobody offered me a mare to ride! I didn't even talk to anybody!

MOL: Migosh, La Triv! You mean you simply clumb on that mare and galloped off without askin' the owner?

FIB: WHY, MR. MAYOR! That's rustling!

GALE: OH NO, I DIDN'T SAY.....

MOL: (HORRIFIED) Our own Mayor...a horse thief! Is this the first horse you ever stole, your Honor...On your honor?

GALE: NO IT ISN'T. I MEAN...YES IT IS. LOOK, YOU TWO ARE TRYING TO....I DIDN'T HEEL ANYBODY'S TORSE...ER... "SHANK'S MERE" IS MARELY A.....

MOL: Oh now, now, now, Mr. Mayor...Please! People are looking over this way.

FIB: (SOFTLY) Yeah, pipe down, La Triv. Want the Sheriff to hear you?

MOL: Here, have a glass of water, Mr. Mayor.

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GALE: Thank you. (GULPS IT)  
FIB: Want an aspirin, boy? HEY, MILT, GET THE MAYOR A BAYER!  
GALE: Never mind, thanks. I'll be all right.  
BOY: Here's your sundaes, folks. And I couldn't find the  
bananas, Mr. McGee. So I put an apple on yours.  
GALE: CLANK OF GLASSES  
FIB: Okay, Milt. Migosh, La Triv...if it's gonna get you all  
excited, let's forget it. Molly and I can keep our traps  
shut!  
MOL: O' course.  
GALE: Thank you.  
MOL: Certainly. And you do one thing for us, Mr. Mayor.  
GALE: Gladly.  
MOL: You go right home and call Mr. Shanks on the phone and  
tell him you'll bring his horse around tonight.  
GALE: BRING HIS WHAT?  
BOY: Horse around, Mayor.  
FIB: We know you're no horse thief boy...You may crowd a  
ballot box here and there, but by George...we'll tell  
Shanks that....  
GALE: (ROARS) YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHELL TANKS ANYTHING. SMELL  
HANKS....I DIDN'T SMEAL ANY HARE FROM MANKS! MARE FROM  
HANKS! STANKS! THANKS!.....  
MOL: Don't mention it...

-JW-

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) (REVISED) -20-

GALE: I NEVER SAID I HODE A MEAL RARE! RODE A HEEL BARE! YOU'RE  
THE ONES THAT CONFUSED ME OF HORSLING A RUSS! HORSENAAPPING  
A KID..KIDHORRING A...I DIDN'T....YOU...EEEEEE...I...(PAUSE)  
MOL: McGee!  
FIB: RUBBER CEMENT!  
FIB: Yes, boy?  
GALE: <sup>is</sup> Everyone in the store ~~is~~ looking at us, ~~aren't~~ they?  
MOL: Indeed they are, Mr. Mayor.  
GALE: Good! I have to leave now, and I won't have time to eat  
this pineapple sundae. (CLINK OF GLASS) So I want you to  
have it....  
FIB: Well, thanks, boy. I don't know if I can eat it, but...  
GALE: You won't have to eat it, McGee. JUST COMB IT OUT OF YOUR  
HAIR!  
SOUND: SPLAT OF SUNDAE  
FIB: (VELPS)  
GALE: AND STAY OUT OF MY HAIR, WILL YOU? GOOD DAY! Goodday,  
Molly.  
MOL: Look, McGee...Mr. Kramer is glowering at us. I don't  
BOY: Drop in again, Mayor. That'll be 83 cents, folks.  
ORCH: AND KINGS MEN: The "LAVENDER BLUE" the more surprise to you when I do. To  
(APPLAUSE) frankly! There seems to be something inside  
here that - (TINKERING SOUNDS) Maybe it's...  
MOL: Wait a minute, McGee...here comes the old timer.  
HELLO THERE, MR. OLD TIMER.  
FIB: EHS. OR HUYAH, OLD TIMER!

-TW-

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -21-

FIB: Well, I think I got this cash register drawer workin' now, Molly. Or will have, in a minute. COTTER PIN!

MOL: Cotter pin!

FIB: RUBBER CEMENT!

MOL: Rubber cement!

FIB: CIGAR BUTT!

MOL: TOO SHORT.

FIB: THROW IT AWAY.

MOL: GLADLY!!!

FIB: Aaaa,....here we are!!! (TINKERING SOUNDS) Now let's try it again!

SOUND: CASH REGISTER: (ADD RATCHET EFFECT AND PRANG-G-R-G-R!)

MOL: Wellll, it ~~can't~~ open yet, dearie, but I will say you've added an interesting effect!

FIB: That's because it's coming loose, kiddo. Gimme another five minutes and --

MOL: Look, McGee...Mr. Kremer is glowering at me. I don't think he thinks you can really fix that cash register.

FIB: Then it'll be all the more surprise to him when I do. To me, too, frankly! There seems to be something inside here that - (TINKERING SOUNDS) Maybe if I -----

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee...here comes the old Timer.

FIB: HELLO THERE, MR. OLD TIMER.

FIB: ER? OH HIYAH, OLD TIMER!

MOL: Nope - brass, Johnny!...I had a beaad experience with a feather bed one time when I was jist a kid.

-JW-

(REVISED) -22-

OLD M: (FADE IN) HELLO THERE KIDS!..Workin' in the drug store now, Johnny? Good for you!! Always knew you had ambition. In spite of what everybody says. Every boy your age oughtta --

FIB: NO NO NO...I AIN'T WORKIN' HERE!

MOL: The cash register is broken, Mr. Old Timer. Himself here is trying to fix it for Mr. Kremer.

OLD: Oh. Well, good luck with it, Johnny. Them cash register people have got a wonderful slogan! It's guided me all taru my life!

FIB: What's the slogan?

OLD: "Cash Registers". And believe me, Johnny, it sure does!

MOL: I don't think you'll get an argument out of anybody on that, Mr. Old Timer. Was there something you wanted in here?

OLD: Yep, I come to see about my foot warmer, kids. I use it on my bed, see, and --

MOL: A foot warmer? That sounds like a good idea. What is it -- an electric pad?

OLD: Nope -- cocker spaniel, daughter. Sleeps acrost my feet at night, instead of wool socks. I like to sleep warm, kids!

FIB: Yeah? I'll bet you sleep loud, too! What kind of a bed have you got, Old Timer - a feather bed?

OLD: Nope - brass, Johnny!...I had a beaad experience with a feather bed one time when I was jist a kid.

-JW-

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MOL: Well, we'd like to hear about it sometime, but right now--

OLD: Yessir -- you see, Momma stuffed us a feather mattress, about four foot thick, with goose down, and us kidses to slept in it, see? And I want to tell you we looked mighty cute sleepin' there -- all nine of us in a lump in the middle, with enough extra mattress stickin' up around us to smother a hippopotamus!

FIB: Yeah, that's fascinating, but --

OLD: WELL SIR! One night somebody's toenail ripped a hole in the tickin', and I slipped through it into the feathers! I woke up in the mornin' in the middle of that goose down -- thought I was caught in a blindin' snowstorm - and like to froze to death before I could mush my way down to breakfast, where papa slapped my ears off for sneezin' feathers into the maple sirup! I been allergic ever since!

FIB: To feathers?

OLD: Nope - to sleepin' in a bed! So long kids!

MOL: Look McGee - let's us go home, too, and let Mr. Kremer ---

FIB: No, I got this cash-drawer practically fixed now, snooky. All it needs is...(TINKERING)The spring's too slack --- won't push the drawer out ---

KREM: (OFF) SAY, MCGEE...WILL YOU PLEASE LEAVE THAT CASH REGISTER ALONE AND GO HOME? I CAN FIX IT MYSELF!

-JW-

-JW-

(REVISED)

(2ND REVISION) -24-

FIB: (CALLS) YOU DON'T HAVE TO, ED, MY BOY. I GOT IT ALL DONE! What I done Molly, was just loosen up the slides, see. And tighten the spring..Better stand a little to one side...I'm gonna try it out.

MOL: McGee, don't you think Mr. Kremer would rather you'd --

FIB: WATCH THIS, BABY! WHEN I FIX SOMETHING I FIX IT!!! FOR GOOD! WATCH THAT DRAWER COME OUT NOW!

SOUND: CASH REGISTER KEY...WIND WHISTLE...INTO GLASS CRASHOFF  
MIKE

FIB: Wow!! What the----

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!.....RIGHT THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW!!!

KREM: (OFF) Hey! Who threw that?

MOL: Here he comes! What'll we do?

-JW-

(REVISED)

-25-

FIB: Scram! GIMME MY HAT.....

MOL: HAT!

FIB: Your purse!....

MOL: Purse!....

FIB: CAR KEYS!!!!

MOL: CAR KEYS!!! WHICH DOOR?!

FIB: BACK DOOR!!

MOL: BACK DOOR!!..... WAIT FOR BABY!!!!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS INTO --

ORCH: "CANDY KISSES"....FADE FOR--

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

FIBBER MOGEE & MOLLY  
4/5/49

(REVISED)

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in just a moment....This is a reminder....a reminder that for a very limited time ... the makers of Johnson's Wax are making an unprecedented bargain offer. You can get a can of Glo-Coat ... the wonderful new Glo-Coat with the new glow ... for one half its usual price .... when you buy another can at the regular price. That means a saving of 29 cents when you buy twin pints ... 49 cents when you buy twin quarts. See your Johnson dealer tomorrow. You will not only get a brighter glow .. a longer wearing glow on your floors and linoleum ... you will save money ~~by~~ doing it.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

FLAFOFF

APPLAUSE

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing  
Glocoat - Pacific, Mississauga and Bradford, Canada -  
Bring you Fibber Mogee and Molly each week at this time.  
Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't your ~~delight~~.

SWELL MUSIC

(REVISED)

-27-

Fibber & Molly  
April 5, 1949

TAG

FIB: Hey, Molly. Don't lemme forget to get a Saturday Evening

CLOSING TAG

LAING: Post tomorrow. On account of that story on Wistful  
Where'd all those fingerprints on your furniture come  
Vista.

MOL: Iron? You'll be asking where in the world did they go  
All right.

FIB: I can get one at the news stand at the Union Station.

MOL: Why not at Kremer's? I think you ought to give him the  
business.

FIB: Yeah? If I stick my nose in there, you know who's gonna  
get the business!

MOL: Well, yes. I guess you're right.

FIB: Yeah. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

So you can polish your table without waiting. What's more  
there's no dust-catching oil in Johnson's Cream Wax.

So tomorrow clean and polish all your furniture to  
PLAYOFF:

APPLAUSE lustrous beauty. Do it with the fastest wax furniture  
polish you can buy. Johnson's Cream Wax.

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing

ANNCR: 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? ~~Goodnight.~~

SWITCH TO HITCH

WRITERS: DON MANN  
FIBBER & MOLLY  
APRIL 5, 1949

(REVISED)

-28-

CLOSING TAG

LAING: Where'd all those fingerprints on your furniture come  
from? You'll be asking where in the world did they go  
to...when you use Johnson's Cream Wax.

It's the cream wax that cleans so quickly...dries so  
quickly...polishes so quickly that using it is  
practically as easy as dusting.

With Johnson's Cream Wax you can both clean and polish  
a big table top in a few short moments. That's because  
it not only cleans in a moment. It dries in a moment.

So you can polish your table without waiting. What's more  
there's no dust-catching oil in Johnson's Cream Wax.

So, tomorrow clean and polish all your furniture to  
lustrous beauty. Do it with the fastest wax furniture  
polish you can buy. Johnson's Cream Wax.

ORCH: MUSIC UP TO FINISH:

ANNCR: This is N.B.C. THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY  
(CHIMES)