

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
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*file*  
(REVISED)

#29

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

APRIL 19, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 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, Dick LeGrand,  
Bud Stefan and me, Harlow Wilcox. The Script is by  
Don Quinn and Phil Leslie...Music by the King's Men  
and Billy Mill's Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

FIBBER AND MOLLY  
APRIL 19, 1949

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

*Fibber - Molly you see in a moment -*  
WILCOX: Here is an opportunity to save real money on your next purchase of the new 1949 Glo-Coat. You can save 29 or 49 cents. That's because the makers of Johnson's Wax are now offering a twin-can sale ... a real bargain in beauty. Here's how it works. You'll get one can of Johnson's 1949 Glo-Coat at half price when you buy one at the regular price ... either pints or quarts. You'll save 29¢ on the twin pints; 49¢ on the twin quarts. Now, we offer you this bargain for just one reason ... we want you to see how much better the new 1949 Glo-Coat is on floors and linoleum ... how much more brightly it shines ... how much longer that shine will last. And we're so sure you'll like it, we make this guarantee. If you're 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. Remember -- on this offer you save 29¢ on every pair of pints ... 49¢ on every pair of quarts. And every drop is wonderful 1949 Glo-Coat. This offer is for a limited time only, so put self polishing Glo-Coat on your shopping list right now, won't you?

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: ENGINE HOUSE NUMBER 7, OF THE WISTFUL VISTA FIRE DEPARTMENT HAS JUST ENDED ITS ANNUAL USED CLOTHING DRIVE. THE FIRST PRIZE WAS A RIDE AROUND TOWN ON THE NEW \$30,000 FIRE ENGINE.

~~SOUND:~~ ~~SONG~~

AND WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE IS RIDING UP THERE ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT, IN ALL THEIR HELMETED GLORY?

YEP, IT'S -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

~~SOUND:~~ CIANG-CIANG ... BIG MOTOR ROLLING SLOWLY ALONG, BEHIND:

FIB: Hey, Molly ain't this fun? (YELLS) HEY, MORT! HI, MORT! ... HI, HERB! UP HERE, HERB! (CHUCKLES HAPPILY)

MOL: My goodness, McGee, do you have to yell at everyb ....

FIB: (YELLS) HEY, KREMER! UP HERE, BOY! I'M RIDIN' THE FIRE ENGINE, KREMER!

MOL: If there's anyone in town who doesn't know you're riding the fire engine by now, they must be hard of hearing! And how I envy them!

FIB: Yeah. Drive slower, Mike, so I can ... (YELLS) HI, BOY! HOW'RE YOU, BOY?

MOL: Who was that?

FIB: How do I know? I just don't wanta miss anybody seein' me, that's all. Hey, Mike, lame blow the siren once, huh? Just once, Mike?

DRIVER: Oh, you don't need it, McGee. That siren won't carry over your voice, anyhow ... Kick the bell again, if you want to.

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: ENGINE HOUSE NUMBER 7, OF THE WISTFUL VISTA FIRE DEPARTMENT HAS JUST ENDED ITS ANNUAL USED CLOTHING DRIVE. THE FIRST PRIZE WAS A RIDE AROUND TOWN ON THE NEW \$30,000 FIRE ENGINE.

~~SOUND:~~ ~~SONG~~

AND WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE IS RIDING UP THERE ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT, IN ALL THEIR HELMETED GLORY? YEP, IT'S -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!  
(APPLAUSE)

~~SOUND:~~ CLANG-CLANG ... BIG MOTOR ROLLING SLOWLY ALONG. BEHIND.

FIB: Hey, Molly ain't this fun? (YELLS) HEY, MORT! HI, MORT! ... HI, HERB! UP HERE, HERB! (CHUCKLES HAPPILY)  
MOL: My goodness, McGee, do you have to yell at everyb ....  
FIB: (YELLS) HEY, KREMER! UP HERE, BOY! I'M RIDIN' THE FIRE ENGINE, KREMER!  
MOL: If there's anyone in town who doesn't know you're riding the fire engine by now, they must be hard of hearing! And how I envy them!  
FIB: Yeah. Drive slower, Mike, so I can ... (YELLS) HI, BOY! HOW'RE YOU, BOY?  
MOL: Who was that?  
FIB: How do I know? I just don't wanta miss anybody seein' me, that's all. Hey, Mike, lemme blow the siren once, huh? Just once, Mike?  
DRIVER: Oh, you don't need it, McGee. That siren won't carry over your voice, anyhow ... Kick the bell again, if you want to.

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MOL: What do you mean...IF he wants to! I haven't seen him so happy since he found his commanding officer of 1918 driving a garbage truck!  
FIB: You said it, kiddo. I'll..oh hey, there's Wallace Wimple! (CLANG-CLANG) HEY WIMP! HI, BOY! (CLANG-CLANG) THIS IS ME, STOMPIN' THE BELL, WIMP! (CLANG-CLANG)  
MOL: McGee! Stop kicking the gong around!  
FIB: Huh?  
MOL: Try to act a little dignified, dearie! What will people think? Let's try to act a little more...OHHHHH, there's Mrs. McDonald! (YELLS) YOO-HOO, MRS. MCDONALD! IT'S ME, MOLLY MCGEE! ON THE FIRE ENG.....Oh, too late, she didn't see me.  
FIB: Man, oh man, what a buggy this is! This baby's got everything, hasn't it, Mike? What's the thing on the dash there, that looks like a fire extinguisher?  
DRIVER: That's a fire extinguisher. But don't touch it. We don't know how it works yet.  
~~SOUND:~~ MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH COUGH  
MOL: What are we stopping here for, Mr. Casey? This is Walt's Malt Shop.  
DRIVER: Gotta run in and get the Chief a hamburger. (FADE)  
Be right back, folks.

(2ND REVISION)

(2ND REVISION) -6-

FIB: (HAPPILY) Look at us, Tootsie..parked right in front of a fire-plug!! BOY WHAT A DAY THIS IS!!! I wish a small harmless fire would bust out someplace so I could...HEY, THERE'S THE OLD TIMER.

MOL: Yoo hoo....MR. OLD TIMER!! LOOK AT US! UP HERE ON THE FIRE TRUCK!

OLD: (FADE IN) Well, hello, there Daughter!! Hello, Johnny! Say...you better climb down offa that thing before they catch ye.

FIB: Oh it's okay, Old Timer. The fire department is givin us a ride on it. We won first prize in the used clothing contest.

OLD: You won it legitimate, too, Johnny! I've often heard folks say..."THERE GOES MOGER....DON'T HE LOOK LIKE THE FIRST PRIZE IN AN OLD CLOTHES CONTEST?" Well, I wish I was up there with you, kids...I LO-O-O-OVE FIRE ENGINES!"

MOL: Yes, they're beautiful things all right. Unless you're having a fire and they don't get there.

OLD: Matter of fact, daughter...I used to be a fireman myself. Had to quit, though. Stummick trouble.

FIB: Indigestion?

OLD: Nope. Calluses. Slid down that brass pole so often the skin on my belly woulda stopped a bullet. I sure loved it though.

(2ND REVISION) -7-

MOL: I suppose you had a lot of narrow escapes as a fireman.  
OLD: Daughter, you'll never know! Why one time I was on a 90-foot ladder coated with ice, carryin' a 3-inch nozzle, two axes, a flashlight, gas mask, coil o'rope, first-aid kit, lunch bucket, and some old love letters I'd stole

DRIVER: outa Bessie's apartment --. MoJee. You see, that's

FIB: YOU'D STOP AND READ OLD LOVE LETTERS AT A TIME LIKE THAT?

OLD: Read 'em!!! Shucks no, Johnny...I took 'em up there to throw into the fire! If Bessie'd ever of took them letters into court I'd of been a gone goose! You know

MOL: the old sayin', "DO RIGHT AND FEAR NO MAN ... DON'T WRITE

DRIVER: AND FEAR NO WOMAN!" Right, Mrs. MoJee. It's only a second

MOL: But what happened on that 90-foot ladder?

OLD: I .... I slipped and fell, daughter. It was coated with ice...and well, down I went!

FIB: Wow!! ...off a 90-foot ladder. Hurt you badly?

OLD: Nope. Luckily I was still on the bottom rung...Well so long kids - have fun!

FIB: Okay. (HAPPILY) Boy, when I call part the time they with the siren goin' 70 and goin' 70, they goin' 70

SOUND: MOTOR ROARS UP ... SIREN SCREAMS UP:

ORCH: EAST BRIDGE ... CUP. MICH:

SOUND: MOTOR SLOWING DOWN, SIREN:

FIB: Some fireman he musta been! I'll bet he - Oh, here's Mike. Scoot over, Kiddo.

MOL: We haven't touched a thing, Mr. Casey. I hope you got the hamburger all right, because -

DRIVER: (FADING IN) All set, Mrs. McGee. You wanta drive it back to the station, McGee?

FIB: HUH? ME?? OMIGOSH! YOU HEAR THAT, MOLLY? I'M GONNA DRIVE IT! I'M GONNA DRIVE THE FIRE ENGINE! 18 million horsepower, and I'm gonna drive it!!

MOL: (PAUSE) Where can I get a taxi?

DRIVER: Oh, he'll be all right, Mrs. McGee. It's only a couple blocks to the engine house.

SOUND: START MOTOR

FIB: Boyoboy, I hope somebody sees me I know! Be just my dirty luck that nobody sees me!

DRIVER: I'll shift gears for you - kick in the clutch, McGee. Let's go.

FIB: Okay. (HAPPILY) Boy, when I roll past the Elks Club, with the siren goin' 70 and me goin' 30, those guys will -

SOUND: MOTOR ROARS UP ... SIREN SCREAMS, INTO:

ORCH: FAST BRIDGE ... OUT, WITH:

SOUND: MOTOR SLOWING DOWN, BEHIND.

DRIVER: Watch it now, McGee - here we are! Just park it at the curb there. I'll put it in the engine house later.

FIB: Oh, that's okay, Mike - I'll wheel her right up the driveway, boy! I'll take her right on inside the firehouse.

SOUND: MOTOR DROPS INTO SECOND, BEHIND:

MOL: Maybe you'd better let him do it, McGee. -It's a big truck and -

DRIVER: It's the Chief's pride and joy and if anything got scratched on it, he'd throw a -

FIB: Don't worry, I can handle it - watch it now! Easy up the driveway ... easy .... and IN WE GO! WHOAP!!

SOUND: HEAVY CRUNCH OF FENDER AGAINST FIREHOUSE DOOR

MOL: OHH DEAR! THE FENDER! McGee, you've put a dent in it that looks like a birdbath!

FIB: Migosh, I musta misjudged it!

DRIVER: Kill the motor, McGee. (KILL MOTOR SOUND) The Chief ain't gonna like this! (FADING) Lemme see how bad it is. He'll yell his head off when -

FIB: (SOTTO VOICE) Come on, Molly, let's get out of here!

MOL: I guess we'd better, but -

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DRIVER: (OFF) HEY, CHIEF! WE BUSTED A FENDER! YOU BETTER COME  
OUT HERE AND -- HEY, MCGEE! WAIT A MINUTE!!

FIB: (FADING FAST) COME ON, KIDDO - LET'S GO!!

SOUND: RUNNING FEET ... KEEP RUNNING

MOL: MCGEE! WAIT FOR BABY!!

DRIVER: (OFF) MCGEE! HEY! COME BACK HERE!!

ORCH: "BALL - HI".

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED) -11-

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS....SLOW UP....

MOL: Slow down, McGee...take it easy...I'm winded...(GASPS)

FIB: Me too, kiddo....(PANTING) I got a stitch in my side...  
that would...sew up the Grand Canyon...(PANTS)

MOL: I think this is rather silly anyway...just because you  
dented the fender of the fire engine, we start  
running thru alleys like we'd blown up the Third  
National Bank!

FIB: Well, my gosh, tootsie..that new fire engine cost  
30 thousand bucks. One fender, pro-rated, would be  
about seven hundred fish!! And I could also get ninety  
days chippin' boulders in the sneezer!

MOL: That's silly! (CHUCKLES) Just because a fireman BEEFS...  
we don't have to LAM! (LAUGH...PAUSE) Well, don't you  
get it, dearie? It's a pun, based on....

FIB: This is no time for jokes, kiddo! Not that kind of jokes  
anyhow! Come on, let's duck into Kremer's for a  
root beer. I'm thirsty.

MOL: So am I. If I'd known we were going to be fugitives  
from justice I'd have brought a canteen.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Keep an eye out for uniforms, Tootsie, so...

MILT: Hi, Mister McGee! Hello, Mrs. McGee. Say, there was a  
fireman and a cop in here just now. They were looking  
for you. You been doing something?

(REVISED) -12-

MOL: Oh nothing serious, Milton. Though the way we've been dodging around corners you'd think we'd been caught singing the Whiffenpoof Song in Harvard Yard.

FIB: I dunno how serious it is, Milt, and I ain't stickin' around to argue about it. If anybody else asks for me, we ain't been in here....see?

MILT: Suppose they take me down to headquarters, put me under a bright light and beat me with a rubber hose?

FIB: TELL 'EM NOTHING!...THEY CAN'T INTIMIDATE US...!!

MOL: Himself here will stick up for his rights if it breaks every bone in your body, Milton. Two rootbeers, please.

MILT: Yes, ma'am. I'll put straws in 'em so you won't have to leave any fingerprints on the glasses.

FIB: THAT'S USING THE OLD HEAD, MILTY!!! GOOD BOY!!!

MILT: I studied to be a detective once. Correspondence course. But I got scared and quit.

MOL: Got scared of what, Milton?

MILT: Well, I took an impression of my own fingerprints just for fun, and then found I'd been wanted for murder since 1879. You'll notice I always wear gloves now.

FIB: But, Milt....1879...that was 50 years before you were born!

(2ND REVISION) -13-

MILT: Yeah. But there's no statute of limitations on murder, Mr. McGee. Here's your rootbeers...(CLINK OF GLASSES)  
Excuse me, a minute...I've got to sell that cop some cigars.

FIB: Cops - my gosh, Molly...there's a cop at the cigar counter... Come on.....he didn't see us!!! Let's duck out the back door....quick!

SOUND: ROOTBEER GLASSES SET DOWN ... FOOTSTEPS FAST .... DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE .... FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT .... TRAFFIC SOUNDS ... OFF

FIB: Wow!! That was a close call!! You got an eyebrow pencil with you, Molly?

MOL: Yes....why?

FIB: I wanna draw a mustache on my upper lip.

MOL: Well, if you must have one, that's the logical place, all right...

FIB: Then in case I see anybody that knows me...

MOL: You mean, such as Mayor La Trivia?

FIB: Yeah, or OH....HIYAH, LA TRIVIA!

MOL: Good day, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee. I can't stop to talk but a minute. It's imperative that I get back to the City Hall.

FIB: Yeah? What's up, La Triv? City Treasurer get caught with his pinkie in the till?

GALE: No, but something is going on and I don't know what it is.

GALE: There are squad cars dashing around...motorcops all over the place, firemen popping out of doorways..... As Mayor of Wistful Vista, I should find out what....

SOUND: SIREN WAY OFF IN DISTANCE .. FADE OUT

GALE: See what I mean, McGee? That was a prowler car and it obviously means business.

MOL: Well, you run along, Mr. Mayor. Don't let us keep you.

FIB: Yeah...I...uh...if you find out what the trouble is, La Trivia, don't blame...I mean, let us know if there's anything we can do.

MOL: Such as catch a train out of town, or anything.

SOUND: SIREN FADE IN AND OUT FAST

GALE: (FADE) ANYWAY, I HAVEN'T TIME FOR THIS SORT OF THING TODAY...I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE CITY HALL.

MOL: Good day, Mr. Mayor! Too bad, McGee...that would have been a dandy one, too.

FIB: Yeah, but we better get moving, kid...I'm hotter than July in St. Louis, and....SHHHH!...LOOK...TWO COPS.... RIGHT THERE AT THE CORNER! COME ON...UP THE ALLEY HERE!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING UP ALLEY

GALE: I don't know what you're talking about I'm sure. But I simply must inquire into all this official activity. I'd phone, but there have been some leaks in my calls lately and I'd rather handle this in person.

FIB: Maybe the insulation has worn off your wires, La Triv.

GALE: What difference would that make?

MOL: It would account for the leaks. You see, if the water soaks thru the insulation....

GALE: No, no, I didn't mean that kind of a leak....

FIB: I found a puddle of water under our phone one time, La Triv, right after I'd been talkin' to the bank about liquidating some stock. So I naturally figured the leak was....

GALE: I SAID I DIDN'T LEAN THAT KIND OF A MEAK! LEAK! LOOK... WHEN I SAID THERE WAS A LEAK IN THE FELLOWTONE...A FREAK IN THE YELLOWSTONE...

SOUND: SIREN FADE IN AND OUT FAST

GALE: (FADE) ANYWAY, I HAVEN'T TIME FOR THIS SORT OF THING TODAY...I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE CITY HALL. GOOD DAY!!

MOL: Good day, Mr. Mayor! Too bad, McGee...that would have been a dandy one, too.

FIB: Yeah, but we better get moving, kid...I'm hotter than July in St. Louis, and....SHHHH!...LOOK...TWO COPS.... RIGHT THERE AT THE CORNER! COME ON...UP THE ALLEY HERE!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING UP ALLEY



MOL: McGee, I've got bad news for you. This is a dead-end alley. lookin' for me, Junior. Look...if you won first

FIB: Aaah, cornered like a rat!! WELL, THEY'LL NEVER TAKE ME DEAD! Because I'll surrender the minute anybody...hey, wait a minute!...Here's a door....let's duck through here....too big for the engine house and would you turn

MOL: How do you know what's in there? Maybe it's the back door

WIL: of the police station?

FIB: No, the police station is at 14th and Oak. Come on....

WIL: if anybody asks any questions, we'll tell 'em we're the census takers. YOU LIKE...THOUGH WE'RE AWFULLY BUSY...

MOL: They don't take the census till next year. RR, YOU KNOW.

FIB: Tell 'em we write slow and had to have a head start... come on...

SOUND: DOOR LATCH .. INNER SANCTUM DOOR CREAK .. FOOTSTEPS ..  
CLOSE

MOL: Heavenly Days! Look at all the boxes in here. I wonder what this stuff is?

FIB: I don't know what it is, but I know what it better be!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIL: (FADE IN) ..and after you get thru with that crosstown shipment, Fraser, we'll...WELL....HELLO, MOLLY. HELLO, PAL.

FIB: See what I mean?

WIL: WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?

FIB: The whole dad-ratted police force and fire department is out lookin' for me, Junior. Look...if you won first prize collecting used clothing and won a ride on a fire engine and just because I dented a fender, if anybody comes in here lookin' for me, is it my fault if the truck was too big for the engine house and would you turn me in, boy?

WIL: Is there any reward?

MOL: Not that we know of.

WIL: WHY CERTAINLY I WON'T TURN YOU IN, PAL...YOU CAN HIDE HERE AS LONG AS YOU LIKE...THOUGH WE'RE AWFULLY BUSY.... WITH THE SPECIAL NEW JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT OFFER, YOU KNOW.

MOL: Yes, I believe we heard something about-

WIL: We should give ourselves up! Look if we

WIL: Because with this great bargain of an offer, we've

than ever are learning about Johnson's Special New Glocoat, and how it's the finest

WIL: HEY, HEY, HEY, WAKAY!!!!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

MOL: We'd like your advice.

FIB: What'll I do, Junior? Stay on the lam, or turn myself in?

WIL: Pal, my advice is GIVE YOURSELF UP. You'll never catch a minute's peace with this horrible thing on your conscience. Give yourself up, and pay for the damage. Look...suppose it costs you fifty bucks or so. Isn't that better than hiding from the law all your life?

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WIL: It's been keeping me hopping, believe me! You see, Johnson's are offering ONE-THIRD more Glocoat at no extra cost! The New 1949 Glocoat with the New Glow! And they're offering it on a money-back-if-not-satisfied basis!

FIB: Yeah, but the cops are after me and-

WIL: It's a wonderful offer and I don't see how anybody could resist it! Just imagine a THIRD more Glocoat for no extra <sup>money</sup> ~~cost~~, Pal! The new 1949 Glocoat that shines as it dries -

MOL: But if the police come looking for -

WIL: - with an extra gleam and an extra measure of protection! The Glocoat that's so easy to use - that has always saved you time and effort - and that now saves you money, too!

FIB: We shoulda give ourselves up! Look, if the cops -

WIL: Because with this great bargain offer, more housewives than ever are learning about Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, and how it's the finest -

FIB: HEY, HEY, HEY, WAXEY!!!!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

MOL: We'd like your advice.

FIB: What'll I do, Junior? Stay on the lam, or turn myself in?

WIL: Pal, my advice is GIVE YOURSELF UP. You'll never have a minute's peace with this horrible thing on your conscience. Give yourself up, and pay for the damage. Look...suppose it costs you fifty bucks or so. Isn't that better than hiding from the law all your life?

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MOL: Do you...er...know anybody that could fix it, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Certainly...my cousin, BIG IRON-THINGS-OUT WILCOX. SLIP HIM A HUNDRED BUCKS AND YOUR TROUBLES WILL BE SOLVED.

FIB: What is he, Junior - a politician? What does that mean,

WIL: No, he's got a shop on 14th Street...he straightens out fenders.

FIB: know Teeny! And I got no time to figure it out.

MOL: Oh dear...come on, McGee...let's let Mr. Wilcox get to work...? With the law? (LOYALLY) Well, you came to the

FIB: Yeah...thanks for nothing at all, Junior.. hide you from.

WIL: Don't mention it.

MOL: We won't.

~~SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE~~ Daddy hideout, I betcha.

FIB: Here's what we do, kiddo! I'll keep an eye peeled for the gendarmes. You duck in the cigar store and telephone La Trivia...Disguise your voice and tell him I left town.

FIB: We'll-ll ... all right. (FADE) Pull your hat down more over your eyes and... on?

FIB: Okay---Ahh, there goes a good kid! If I told her I'd just busted into the Third National Bank, she wouldn't bat an eye. She'd probably bat me. But nevertheless however -

TEE: Hi, Mister!

FIB: Eh? Oh, hi, Teeny. Look, I got no time now to bat the fat...d be in your hideout.

FIB: Hey, gee, my Daddy said he saw you downtown today - drivin' a firetruck, mister! Oh boy, did he get a kick!

FIB: (PLEASED) Yeah? What did he say about it?  
TEE: Well, he said he'd seen lots of firetrucks go by on false alarms - but it was the first time he ever saw a false alarm go by on a firetruck! (PAUSE) What does that mean, mister? Hm? What?  
FIB: I don't know Teeny! And I got no time to figure it out. I'm in trouble, see. With the cops.  
TEE: Trouble? With the law? (LOYALLY) Well, you came to the right woman mister! Never fear, I shall hide you from your pursuers!  
FIB: Well, that's very nice of you, but -  
TEE: Me and Willie Toops, we got a dandy hideout, I betcha. It's a platform up inna tree and gee, the cops wouldn't ever find you, I betcha!  
FIB: They wouldn't, eh?  
TEE: No, because - EMMMM?  
FIB: I says they wouldn't, eh?  
TEE: Wouldn't what?  
FIB: Ever find me.  
TEE: Who wouldn't?  
FIB: The cops!  
TEE: Why?  
FIB: Because I'd be in your hideout.  
TEE: UP INNA TREE! I KNOW IT!!!! Hey whaja do, Mister? Really?

FIB: Well, that new fire truck I was driving, Teeny -  
TEE: YOU STOLE IT?  
FIB: No no no..I didn't steal anything.. I was driving it, see and --  
TEE: Oh boy...YOU WRECKED IT!!!  
FIB: I DID NOT...Look..I was driving it into the fire house, see and ----  
TEE: AND BUMPED INTO A FIRE MAN AND BUSTED HIS LEG..Oooooohh, GEE, YOU ARE IN TROUBLE, MISTER BECAUSE BUSTING A FIREMAN'S LEG ----  
FIB: I DIDN'T BUST ANYBODY'S LEG...I JUST DENIED A FENDER. AND ALL THE COPS IN TOWN ARE LOOKING FOR ME.  
TEE: Well, if it's that bad, mister...maybe we better not try to hide you. Because our hideout is up inna tree.  
FIB: Yes, I know, but what -  
TEE: And you're far enough out on a limb already. (GIGGLES) Well if they put you in jail for life, don't you worry! I'll bake you a cake with a calendar in it! (GIGGLES) So long, Mister!!!  
ORCH AND KINGS MEN: "THE BEAUTIFUL BLOND FROM BASHFUL BEND" (APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS....SLOW DOWN:

MOL: (PANTING) McGee, this has to stop! I can't run any longer!

FIB: (PANTING) Whew! Me, either! I'm beat out like a slow bunt! I'm gonna quit running around like a hunted animal!

MOL: Let's just walk - like ordinary people!

MOL: Good.

FIB: Up this alley here. We'll walk back of the pool hall, out through the Elks Club -

SOUND: SIREN IN DISTANCE:

FIB: Omigosh, here they come again! We're trapped, Molly!

MOL: Where'll we go? What'll we -

SOUND: SIREN FADES OUT:

MOL: I know where I'm going - I'm going to sit right down here on this ash can and get my breath! Heavenly days - we're not criminals, McGee!

They ask the questions.

MOL: What did they ask you, Ole?

OLE: Well, they say do I know where they can get hold of McGee? And I say most people get hold of McGee by the collar!

FIB: Yeah? Then what?

OLE: Then he says if you come back to the Elks Club - lock you in the closet and call him quick!

FIB: WHAT? Lock me up?

OLE: Sure. The Chief says if I lock you in the broom closet, he gives me five dollars! Cash money!

FIB: No, but how can I explain that, over my shoulder, to a running cop? Just because I happen to innocently bust the bejunior out of the fender on a new firetruck  
**SOMEBODY'S COMING UP THE ALLEY!**

MOL: Where? Oh, it's Ole, from the Elks' Club. Hello, Ole.

FIB: Hi, Ole. Pull up an ashcan and sit down.

OLE: Hello, Mrs. I can't stay, McGee. I just happen to see you come up this alley, and I bring you the news.

FIB: Yeah? What is it, Ole? What's the news?

OLE: The firemen is looking for you...They want you, McGee.

MOL: Oh...Well, isn't that nice, McGee? It's so nice to be wanted.

FIB: Yeah. Didja ask 'em what they wanted to see me about, Ole?

OLE: I don't ask questions from a man in a blue uniform, McGee. I may be just the janitor, but I'm not a foolish janitor! They ask the questions.

MOL: What did they ask you, Ole?

OLE: Well, they say do I know where they can get hold of McGee? And I say most people get hold of McGee by the collar!

FIB: Yeah? Then what?

OLE: Then he says if you come back to the Elks Club - lock you in the closet and call him quick!

FIB: WHAT? Lock me up?

OLE: Sure. The Chief says if I lock you in the broom closet, he gives me five dollars! Cash money!

(REVISED) -24-

MOL: Heavenly days - a reward! That's ridiculous! He hasn't done anything so terrible, Ole!

OLE: I don't judge my friends by what they've done, Mrs!  
I don't even ask what he's done. I don't care!

FIB: Good boy!

OLE: I just ask one question - are you comin' back?? The Chief gives me five dollars if -

MOL: Ohh, Ole! You wouldn't do a thing like that! Look, he's in trouble, Ole! All he did was dent a fender on their nasty old new firetruck.

FIB: Sure, just a little dent.

MOL: And they've run us around till we're worn out!

FIB: Yeah, and you mean to tell me you'd turn me in - me, your pal - for a measly five-dollar reward?

OLE: (ASHAMED) McGEE, you make me ashamed <sup>in my face</sup> of myself.

MOL: Good for you.

OLE: Sure. I go see if they make it ten dollars. (FADING)  
So long, Mrs!

FIB: No wait - hey! Aw- wigosh, a fine friend he is! Come on, Molly, it's almost dark. Maybe we can sneak home and -

MOL: I'm too tired to move, dearie. I'm going to sit right here till -

DRIVER: (OFF) HEY, MCGEE! WELL, AT LAST!

FIB: OMIGOSH, IT'S HIM, MOLLY! IT'S THE FIREMAN! IT'S CASEY!

MOL: I don't care. -Let's give ourselves up and go quietly. If they'll carry us. My feet are -

(2ND REVISION) -25-

DRIVER: AND (FADING IN) Where the devil have you been, McGee?  
We've scoured this town for you!

FIB: Okay, I give up, Mike! Slap the cuffs on me! I'm beat!  
WILCOX: Frisk me if you wanta - I'm not packin' a rod!

DRIVER: Look - cut out the double talk, will you? The whole fire department is looking for you! AND the Police Force!

MOL: (MAD) Oh, what's he done that's so terrible? Heavenly days, all this fuss over a little old dented fender! That could happen to -

DRIVER: WHAT? Nobody cares about a dented fender, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Huh? I thought --

DRIVER: Look - when you turned off that engine, McGee - YOU WALKED OFF WITH OUR IGNITION KEYS!

ORCH: "YOU'D BE HARD TO REPLACE"...FADE FOR:  
(APPLAUSE)

DRIVER: SWELL MCGEE! FADE FOR:

FIBBER AND MOLLY  
APRIL 19, 1949

(REVISED) -26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

*Fibber. Swellly return in a moment -*  
WILCOX: Now, let me remind you please. For a very limited time..  
the makers of Johnson's Wax are making an unprecedented  
bargain offer to introduce you to new 1949 Glo-Coat. You  
can get a can of Glo-Coat ... the wonderful new Glo-Coat.  
with the bright new glow .. for one half its usual price..  
when you buy another can at the regular price. That  
means a saving of 29¢ when you buy twin pints ... 49¢  
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:

(REVISED) -27-

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen - now that we've given the car keys  
back to the firemen, we'd like to put in a little plug  
for them.

MOL: Sort of a fire-plug, you might say.

FIB: Yes, these fellows don't wear fancy uniforms - and their  
heroism is usually anonymous - but there is no finer,  
braver or more conscientious group of men anywhere  
than those at your local firehouse.

MOL: Success, to them, starts at the top of the ladder - and  
may they all come down safely!

FIB: 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 AND MOLLY  
4/19/1949

Network Tag

SOUND: (Three quick blasts from a car horn)

Da -- da-da

ANNCR: Rub it on

SOUND: (Three more) Da--da-da

ANNCR: Wipe it off (SLIGHT PAUSE) That's all you do with Johnson's Carnu...the wax-fortified auto polish that cleans and polishes in one easy application. Carnu cuts through traffic tarnish...whisks it away. Water can't touch that traffic tarnish...but Carnu will. Carnu polishes your car, too. Gives it a brilliant luster that makes it look like new. Ask for Johnson's Wax-Fortified Carnu tomorrow. Cleaning a car can be hard work. Carnu saves you a lot of that work. Saves you time, too. And gives your car a real Sunday Shine.

Rub it on....

SOUND: Da -- da-da

ANNCR: Wipe it off....

SOUND: Da -- da-da

ANNCR: That's all you do (SLIGHT PAUSE) with Carnu.

FIBBER AND MOLLY  
APRIL 19, 1949

Cut-in Tag Commercial

SECTIONAL CUT-IN: Los Angeles (KFI) TAKES AND FEEDS Seattle (KOMO), Portland (KGW), Medford (KMED), Sacramento (KCRA), San Francisco (KNBC), Fresno (KMW), Bakersfield (KERO), Santa Barbara (KIST), San Diego (KFSD).

CUT-IN TAG COMMERCIAL

(NBC HOLLYWOOD TO SUPPLY WORD AND TIME CUES)

CUT-IN ANNOUNCER (130 WORDS)

ANNCR: Have you heard about Johnson's Drax? D-R-A-X. It's the new product that makes starched shirts comfortable -- yes, honest-to-goodness comfortable. You just add Drax to your starch solution. The result? The shirt turns out to be crisp, fresh and smooth -- but without that stiff, boardlike feel. Collars and cuffs don't scratch, crack or crease. Your husband will be delighted with starched shirts that are really comfortable. You'll be delighted at how much easier starched shirts are to iron -- by actual test, 20% easier. Try Drax -- it's easy to use on all your washables. Just add it to your final rinse or starch solution. Remember Drax -- D-R-A-X -- is made by the makers of Johnson's Wax. Buy Drax from your dealer tomorrow.