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WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#31

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

MAY 3rd, 1949

6:30-7:00 PM PST

dc

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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 Le Grand,
Bud Stefan 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

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.
MAY 3RD, 1949.

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment --- Here's an urgent message about the twin can sale of new 1949 Glo-Coat! Those twin cans are selling fast. But you still have time if you hurry ... you still have time to get this big money saving bargain. Now here's how it works: You get one can of Johnson's self polishing Glo-Coat at half price, when you buy one can at the regular price. Buy either pints or quarts. You save 29¢ on the twin pints; 49¢ on the twin quarts.

We offer this bargain in beauty because we want you to know how much better the new 1949 Glo-Coat is for floors and linoleums. We want you to see how much more brightly the new Glo-Coat shines ... how much longer that shine will last.

And we're sure you'll like it. In fact, we're so sure, 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 big bargain in beauty you save 29¢ on every pair of pints ... 49¢ on every pair of quarts! And you'd better hurry ... because those twin quarts and pints are going fast. Tomorrow, ask your dealer for the new 1949 Johnson's Glo-Coat.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

-SR-

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - 5/3/49 (2nd REVISION)

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WILCOX: AN ATTIC IS A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE STORE THEIR MEMORIES UNTIL THEY GET TENDER. AND WHEN MR. MCGEE, of 79 WISTFUL VISTA FOUND HIS OLD BOY-SCOUT MANUAL IN THE ATTIC THIS MORNING, HE SUDDENLY REALIZED HOW MANY YEARS HAD PASSED WITHOUT HIS DOING A GOOD DEED EVERY DAY. AND HIM STILL UNDER OATH, TOO! SO MEET A SOUL TORN WITH REMORSE AND GRIM WITH DETERMINATION; EX-SECOND-CLASS SCOUT MCGEE, of---

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: I'm telling you, kiddo, I feel awful about this! Just awful. Here I took a oath to do a good deed dally, and what do I do? I forget it! I busted my word!

MOL: Well, I wouldn't feel too badly about it, dearie...

FIB: Yeah, but my gosh---

MOL: After all, when I was eleven I promised Henrietta Johnson I'd get my ears pierced for earrings and we'd both run away and join a carnival...but we never did.

FIB: This is different. I took a solomon oath. MIGOSH, WHEN YOU MULTIPLY ONE GOOD DEED A DAY BY ALL THE YEARS SINCE I WAS A BOY SCOUT, YOU CAN SEE HOW FAR BEHIND I AM!!

Now lemme see...what can I do good for somebody?

(2nd REVISION)

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MOL: As far as I personally am concerned, McGee---there's nothin'----

FIB: I KNOW!!!! A NEW GLASS TOP FOR THE COFFEE TABLE!!! I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TAKE CARE OF THAT FOR A----

MOL: Oh no, no, no,..please, McGee...I wish you wouldn't worry about that----

FIB: HERE WE ARE....HEY, THAT'S QUITE A CHIP OFF THAT CORNER!! I'LL TAKE THIS DOWN TO THE HARDWARE STORE AND--

SOUND: GLASS CRASH:

FIB: My gosh...what happened?

MOL: You knocked it against the magazine rack. Look at the big scratch you made on it!

FIB: AIN'T THAT WONDERFUL? NOW I GOT TWO GOOD DEEDS TO BE DID! Refinish the magazine rack and get a new glass for the coffee table. Boyoboy, when I get started---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh it's Doctor Gamble, McGee. Do come in, Doctor.

DOC: Thank you, my dear. Hello, Umpire.

FIB: Umpire?

MOL: Why "Umpire", Doctor? Are you referring to his snappy judgment and quick decisions?

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DOC: No, I'm referring to the fact that he always looks so lumpy - like he had his pockets full of baseballs. What's all the ground glass for, Drizzlechin? Making some sandwiches for a few friends?

FIB: Doctor, it may come as a shock to you to know that I am going around doing people good.

DOC: That's no shock. You've always gone around doing people, good. Good people, too!

MOL: He means, Doctor, that he suddenly realized he wasn't living up to his Boy Scout oath.

FIB: Haven't been doing my good deed daily, Swab-nob. Gotta catch up. Not ever having been a Boy Scout you wouldn't know what -----

DOC: I WAS TOO A BOY SCOUT! EAGLE SCOUT! MERIT BADGES IN FIRST AID, WOODCRAFT, KNOT TYING, BOOK-BINDING AND SHORT-ORDER COOKING.

MOL: I imagine all those things have come in handy, too, Doctor. Except maybe the book-binding.

DOC: Oh that's been useful, too, my dear. I had to bind up a bookie just yesterday. He got slightly fileted by a dissatisfied customer. That'll teach him not to argue with his bettors!

FIB: Well, if you were really a Scout, Capsule-dizzy, you'd know that a good deed did daily is pretty important.

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DOC: Yes it is, my boy. In fact, I was about to suggest a good deed. One that would make a certain kindly old gentleman supremely happy.

FIB: GREAT!! NAME IT BOY, AND I'M ON MY WAY! WHAT CAN I DO? WHAT'S THE GOOD DEED?

DOC: Go to bed and stay there till this brain-wave passes.

MOL: - and the kindly old gentleman.....?

DOC: Is me. Good day, my dear. So long, Eggface.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Imagine him a Boy Scout with that figure? Hah! A khaki uniform on him would look like a tarpaulin on a haystack! WELL, WHAT WAS I GONNA DO FIRST, TOOTSIE? WHAT'S MY GOOD DEED? OH YES.....sweep up the broken glass. Better pull the rug to one side first, so -

SOUND: RIPPING SOUND:

FIB: What was that?

MOL: Just the rug. It's a little difficult to pull it to one side with two chairs and a sofa standing on it.

FIB: Well, whaddye know.....now I gotta get THAT fixed, too! (LAUGHS) I'm gonna have so many good deeds to do that -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: I hope this is the Founder of the Boy Scouts. I have some news for him. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:

FIB: Oh, it's the Old Timer. HIYAH, OLD TIMER!

(2nd REVISION)

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MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD: Hello there, kids!! HEY, WHAT'S BEEN GOIN' ON HERE, JOHNNY? BUSTED GLASS, TORN CARPET....

FIB: I just been doing a couple good deeds. You ever a Boy Scout?

OLD: What do I look like--a Campfire Girl? Certainly I was a Boy Scout, Johnny! And a good one, too! I knew everything there was to know in the woods. Every tree, every vine, every berry. YOU KNOW WHAT SASSAFRASS ROOTS ARE GOOD FOR?

FIB: Food?

MOL: Medicine?

OLD: Nope. Grows more sassafrass. I ever tell you bout the pet wood pecker I had that I taught the Morse code to?

FIB: No, and what's more, I don't...

OLD: WELL SIR, THAT WAS THE SMARTEST BIRD EVER LIVED! LEARNED THE MORSE CODE IN THREE WEEKS SO GOOD HE COULD SEND TWO HUNNERT WORDS A MINNIT!

FIB: That was using the old head, wasn't it?

MOL: What was the object in teaching him?

OLD: Why daughter, I was gonna rent him out to the telegraph comp'ny. Think o' him settin' in a railroad station, tappin' out messages, and flyin' home to me with his pay check ever Sa tidy night! Too bad it didn't work out.

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FIB: Why didn't it? He get fired for stickin' his bill into
stuff that was none of his business?

OLD: Nope. He'd spent too many winters in the south, that's
all, Johnny. Couldn't drop the accent. First message
he sent come out -- "A locomotive an' a tendah and
fo'teen Box-Cahs, headed No'th, with a load o'lumbah anna
hot box on cah thutty-foah," they threw him out! The
dirty Yankees!

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MOL: What ever became of him, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD: Well, last I heard , daughter, he was workin' as a
metronome fer a music teacher down in Memphis. WELL,
YOU DONE YOUR GOOD DEED FER ME, JOHNNY...I BEEN TRYIN'
TO TELL THAT STORY TO SOMEBODY FOR THREE YEARS. So long
now!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "STREETS OF LAREDO"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

(SECOND REVISION)

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FIB: Ahh, this is wonderful, Molly, you got no idea how good I feel since I've took up favoritism!

MOL: Took up what?

FIB: Favoritism. Doin' favors for people.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Hey, I almost forgot! I done a good deed for you awhile ago that I been meaning to do for weeks. You know that busted step on the back porch?

MOL: I certainly do! I nearly broke my neck yesterday and..... Ohhh, did you fix it, McGee? Wonderful!

FIB: Noooo, but I printed a big sign..."Watch the Busted Step".... and nailed it on the screen door.

MOL: Oh, great.

FIB: If I fix the step, it'll only get busted again....but that sign can stay there forever. That way, you'll never hafta....

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:

MOL: It's Mr. Kremer's nephew, McGee. Come in, Milton.

FIB: Hi, Milt.

MILT: Hello, Mrs. McGee. I come over to bring your fountain pen back, that you left on the soda counter yesterday, Mr. McGee. Just as a favor.

FIB: Thanks, Milt.

-SR-

(SECOND REVISION)

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MILT: You're welcome. Lots of fellows would expect a tip for that....but not me!

MOL: You don't, Milton?

MILT: No mam. Uncle Ed warned me I was chasin' a wild goose. He said "Skip the trip, Milton...he'll give you nothin!"

FIB: Ohh, he did, did he? A wise guy, eh? Well, when you get back there boy, you can just tell him I gave you half a buck for your trouble!

MILT: Jeepers.....half a buck?

-SR-

FIB: No....make it a buck! As long as you're gonna exaggerate you might as well exaggerate good. Here here's a dime for you.

MILT: Aw, thanks, Mr. McGee. ~~This is the first Canadian dime I ever owned.~~ I really don't think I'd better tell Uncle Ed it was a dollar, though.

MOL: That's right, Milton....it wouldn't be truthful.

MILT: It wouldn't be smart, either. He'd start deliverin' stuff himself.

FIB: He probably would.

MILT: I'm savin' all the money I can these days. Now that I'm older, I got to think of the future. I go steady, you know.

MOL: Do you really, Milton? In love, are you?

MILT: Sure.....me and Margie. We been goin' steady since Thursday.....This is her class pin I'm wearin'. She's a Junior.

FIB: A Junior, eh?

MILT: Yes, her mother's name is Margie, too. Gee, Margie's pretty! She's so beautiful that every time I walk down the street with her I bust into perspiration.

MOL: Must be very embarrassing.

MILT: Yes, but Uncle Ed says it's only natural, at our age. He says some girls look good with sweaters and some fellows sweat with good lookers. Well, I better get back to work now, Goodbye!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Seems like a nice lad, McGee.

FIB: Yes, but he'll get over that if he works very long for Kremer. HEY WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU KIDDO? I'M RUNNIN' OUTA GOOD DEEDS. WHADDYE NEED? WANT A GLASS OF ROOT BEER.

MOL: No thanks, I don't need a thing.

FIB: I'll sit here by the window till you think of something you want done, tootsie. Ahhh, it's nice to go through life helping people out, Molly! It gives me a nice warm feeling all over!

MOL: You're sitting on your cigar ~~butt~~.

FIB: Huh? OMIGOSH! I thought I felt unusually warm around the - around the house here. It didn't burn anything, though, because --

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly. -- Hello, Pal.

MOL: Well, Mr. Wilcox. Do come in.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Come in. What can I do for you, boy? Any small favor I can do for you? Any good deed you need did?

WIL: How was that again?

MOL: He found his old Boy Scout Manual today, Mr. Wilcox. He is now catching up on a good deed a day for the last 30 years.

FIB: Yep. All I want to be of, Junior, is service. Sit down there on the davenport, Juney. Stretch out! Put your feet up! Care to take your shoes off, boy?

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MOL: You're sitting on your cigar ~~box~~.

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WIL: No ... no, thanks, Pal. I'm fine. I just -

FIB: Here comes your good deed, son - just relax! I'm gonna explain to you how to introduce the house-wife to the great new 1949 Glo Coat, through the big money saving offer the Johnson people have got!

WIL: Huh? But I already-

MOL: Quiet, Mr. Wilcox! Just take it easy this week!

FIB: Yeah, pipe down! I'm the type guy that can explain in simple language how this big bargain offer gives a housewife MORE of that wonderful new 1949 Glocoat - ONE-THIRD MORE, in fact, at the cost of no extra dough, to her---or anybody!

MOL: What a wonderful good deed! Stop fidgeting, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Any housewife knows how simple Glocoat works, Junior - She knows you don't hafta rub it or buff it! She knows you just spread it on and let it dry till it shines like a kid with a lollipop's puss! She knows the new 1949 Glocoat adds years to the life of her linoleum and -

WIL: One thing you ought to -

MOL: Shush, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: So, all you gotta tell her is to check her nearest Glocoat dealer for this big new money-saving offer - just trot down to her closest store and ask the man - he's got it right there on his shelves, waiting for her -- or anybody! Okay, Waxey, you can go.

WIL: Yeah, but ---

FIB: You can go!!! You're through! Don't you know when you've had a good deed done?

WIL: Pal -- you've inspired me to do a good deed, too! I dropped in to repay you five bucks I owe you, but I'll send it to the Community Chest, instead.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Heavenly days, look at him go! I haven't seen anyone go out that door so fast since Uncle Dennis heard they voted Repeal.

FIB: Yeah. And with my five bucks!

MOL: I know, but that was really a good deed, dearie, *you did for Mr. Wilcox* Not only for ~~Mr. Wilcox~~ ^{him}, but for thousands of housewives who ---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, McGee, it's the Mayor. Do come in, Mr. Mayor!

FIB: Hi, La Triv! Come in, boy! What can I do for you? Anything you want, just name it! What's your problem?

GALE: (PAUSE) Uh ... what's HIS problem, Molly??

MOL: He found his old Boy Scout Manual, Mr. Mayor. Today he does good deeds for people. In spite of all they can do to stop him.

FIB: (HAPPILY) Yep, I was just gettin' ready to walk down to the Elks Club and scatter a little sunshine, La Triv!

GALE: Thanks for the warning.

FIB: You got any good deeds need to be did, boy?

GALE: The nicest thing you can do for me right now, McGee, is to let me sit here and relax a minute.

MOL: Well, you just make yourself comfortable, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Yeah, here, boy - lemme pour you ~~some~~ rootbeer. Here, hold the glass.

SOUND: CLINK OF GLASS

GALE: No thanks, I really don't want any. I just --

FIB: Awww, everybody wants rootbeer. Say when, boy.

SOUND: SPLASH OF POURING ROOTBEER

GALE: When!

FIB: Aw, you want more than that. The glass is only - OOOPS!

SOUND: BIG SPLASH

MOL: McGee! Heavenly days! All over the Mayor's vest! Let me get a towel.

GALE: Yes! Please! And a ball bat, if you have one handy.

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FIB: Here, use this doily, La Triv. That was sorta clumsy of me. Lemme dry off them cigars - lucky most of the rootbeer went in your vest pocket.

GALE: Never mind the cigars - sponge off my tie! It's all wet and -

FIB: Glad to, boy! It's about time a taxpayer sponged off the Mayor - the Mayor always sponges off the taxpayers!!
(CORNLY LAUGH - PAUSE) Migosh, you mean to say you don't get it? It's just a subtle pun based on politics and -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!!

GALE: IT CERTAINLY ISN'T!

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Aw, you'll feel better when you have a smoke, boy. Here, have one of my cigars. I got a spare.

GALE: No, no, I don't want -

FIB: Open wide! That's it. Lemme light it. (SCRATCH MATCH)

GALE: Well, let me bite the end off first, will you? What kind of cigar is this? It - it tastes like - (SNIFF...SNIFF)

MOL: McGee! What is that odor?

FIB: OMIGOSH, gimme it back, La Triv! That's the wrong cigar! That's a rubber one I use for tricks.

GALE: (COUGHS) Please, McGee! Just let me out of here. (COUGHS)

FIB: Whaddye mean, let you out? Why shucks, boy, I haven't did you a good deed yet. Sit down till I think up something nice to -

GALE: NO ... I'M LEAVING! Look, McGee.

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FIB: Eh?

GALE: You've spilled rootbeer all over me, cracked a very foul joke, and strangled me with a rubber cigar within the past three minutes. Tell me, do you ever feel ill at ease among groups of people?

FIB: Nope. I used to, La Triv. Used to get very embarrassed. Till I discovered I was always the smartest one in the group.

MOL: Why did you ask Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Well, always bear in mind, McGee, that most other people are really just as embarrassed as you are. It isn't the poise that other people have, - it's the poise in yourself.

FIB: The what, La Triv?

GALE: POISE IN YOURSELF! Good day!

ORCH: & KING'S MEN,....."BUSY DOING NOTHING"
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -20-

SOUND: WALKING DOWN STREET

FIB: It's a nice time for a walk, Molly. And I feel wonderful doing things. Roaming around like this, doing good deeds! I feel like a knight.

MOL: I feel more like a matinee. Let's go to a movie.

FIB: A movie!! My gosh, what can I be doing for people in a movie?

MOL: Letting them alone. That's one of the finest things I could---oh look, McGee...there's Ole, the janitor from the Elk's Club. Hello, Ole!

FIB: Hiyah, Ole!

OLE: (FADE IN) Hello, McGee. Hello, Mrs. Out for a walk?

MOL: Yes, Ole. Himself here is just sort of Scouting around, in his Boyish way.

FIB: You ever a Boy Scout, Ole?

OLE: Sure, I was a Boy Scout. In Stockholm. First Class, too. I get Merit Badge in Swedish Massage, Reindeer Harnessing, Snowshoe-lacing and Smorgasbord. Why?

MOL: Well, himself here has been remembering his Scout oath, Ole. He's been forgetting to do his good deed daily.

FIB: Yeah, I was just going to drop past the Elk's Club, Ole and see what I could do for who down there.

OLE: McGee, I don't pay no extension to gossip. But sometimes I hear things. And from what I hear, the goodest deed you can do at the Elks Club is don't go there.

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MOL: Is he in trouble down there again, Ole?

OLE: Oh nothing serious, Mrs. He's just tear the pool table cover again is all. And he's always leaning on the billiard cues and bending them. More like bows and arrows they look like.

FIB: Well, them are trivial things, Ole. How's the family?

OLE: Oh just fine, thanks McGee. Except Nels, my middle kid.

MOL: What's the matter with Nels, Ole?

OLE: He's getting bad information from school. Teacher says Florence Nightingale is famous Norse. I know about all famous Norse people and this Florence Nightingale is not one of us. Maybe European but not Norse.

FIB: She meant "NURSE", Ole. Not "Norse". "Nurse." With a "U".

OLE: With a me, it's all right if she's even Pomeranian, but when I pay school taxes, my Nels should get good information. Well, I go home now, McGee. I got to fix leaks in my roof after supper.

MOL: Fixing the roof yourself, are you? Do you own your own home, Ole?

OLE: No, it's landlord's house, Mrs. I pay rent, but when I fix roof, I'm just donatin' my time.....So long, Mrs.

MOL: Good day, Ole.

FIB: Nice Guy, Ole. Hard working, loyal and he treats them pool tables like they were his private property. I seen him chase a moth off a table with a flit gun that would of flooded the basement. Wish I could do somethin' for him that---HEY....LOOK!!!

MOL: LOOK WHERE?

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FIB: The guy at the side of that house. Tryin' to get in the window. HERE'S MY CHANCE TO DO A REAL GOOD DEED, BABY!

MOL: Oh now, wait a minute, McGee! Maybe he isn't -

FIB: HEY BUD, NEED ANY HELP? I SEE YOU'RE LOCKED OUT!

MAN: (OFF MIKE AND FADING IN) Yes...uh...my...uh, my wife seems to have forgotten to leave a key for me. I'm trying to pry a window open.

MOL: Don't you carry a key to your own house?

MAN: Well. (EMBARRASSED LAUGH) Usually I do, yes, but I - uh - lost it.

FIB: Well, you're dressed okay for climbin' in windows, bud. Them pants look like you slept in 'em.

MAN: Yes...I - uh - I did, in fact. I've been on a hunting trip. Just got back. Oh, I should introduce myself - my name is Jones. John Jones.

MOL: (DRILLY) I think I've heard the name before.

FIB: Yeah. Been hunting, eh, bud? I was wonderin' what the burlap bag was for - you had that to bring back the game in, huh?

MAN: Yes. That's right.

MOL: Mmm-Hmmm! What were you hunting - silver foxes? Or mink capes?

FIB: All this chatter ain't gettin' the man in his house, Molly. Here, gimme a leg up, bud, and maybe I can pry this window open.

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee...^{you shouldn't} Maybe this man doesn't really live here. Maybe he's a burglar.

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
5-3-49

(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: (GRUNTS) Hold me steady, bud! Gimme that big chisel! I'll get this window open and - HEY, WHERE YOU GOIN', MOLLY?

MOL: Up the street a little way. (FADING) Somebody will have to be out to hire a lawyer, if this is what I think it is and.....

SOUND: SIREN OFF AND FADING IN FAST...BEHIND:

MAN: You go ahead and pry it open. (FADING) I'll be back and -

FIB: Okay, bud, soon's I get inside, I'll open the door and --

SOUND: PRYING AND SCRAPING...SCREECH OF BRAKES...RUNNING FEET

SARGE: (FADE IN) All right, you! Come down outta that window!

FIB: Huh? Oh, hello, officer. I was just -

COP: SHADDUP! I'll frisk him, Sarge. Keep him covered.

FIB: Hey, what is this? Where'd the guy that lives here go? He boosted me up here and --

SARGE: Don't give me that boloney! The man that owns this house is out of town. Come on - get out to the car! Grab his other arm, Ed.

SOUND: SCUFFLING FEET

T

(2ND REVISION) -25-

FIB: (PANICKY) AWW NO! YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON ME! STOP PUSHIN' ME!! HEY, MOLLY! MOLLY! WHERE'D MOLLY GO??

MOL: (FADING IN) I'm coming, dearie! GET YOUR HANDS OFF HIM, YOU BIG LOOGANS!

SARGE: Better bring her along, too, Ed. Put her in the car.

COP: Uh ... YOU put her in the car, Sarge. You're the sergeant. I'll handle this mugg here.

MOL: DON'T YOU LAY A HAND TO HIM!

SARGE: YOU put her in the car, Ed. I'm the sergeant -- I'll handle the guy.

FIB: DON'T YOU TOUCH HER. TURN ME LOOSE.

MOL: IF YOU LAY A HAND TO ME, I'LL CALL THE POLICE. What am I saying? They ARE the police! Now, look, officer -- this is all a misunders ---

MAN: (FADING IN) What's going on here, anyhow? Is something wrong? I heard all the ---

SARGE: Ohhh, it's you, Mr. Jones!!! WHEN DID YOU GET BACK IN TOWN?

MAN: Oh, Sergeant Breen. I just got home awhile ago, Sergeant.

FIB: Make these muggs get their knotty knuckles offa me, Jones and -- HEY, WHERE WERE YOU?

MAN: I'm sorry -- I went in the garage to unpack the car and ---

SARGE: One of the neighbors phoned that somebody was climbin' in a window here, Mr. Jones. If these people are okay, we'll --

MOL: Certainly, we're okay! I tried to tell you ---

(2ND REVISION) -26-

MAN: I'm terribly sorry about the mixup, folks. The man was doing me a favor, Sergeant - I lost my door key.

FIB: (SORE) Yeah, try to do a guy a good deed and what happens? Flashlights in my face and knuckles in my ribs!

SARGE: I'm awfully sorry, folks. But you'll have to admit it looked ---

FIB: We admit nothin'! Come on, Molly!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ALONG PAVEMENT

MOL: Goodnight, gentlemen. You too, Sergeant.

FIB: (GRUMBLING) Fine way to treat a guy that's tryin' to be a Boy Scout! That's the last good deed that gets did by me, kiddo!

MOL: There's one more you could do, if you wanted to.

FIB: Whom for?

MOL: Those policemen.

FIB: Huh? What should I do for them lugs?

MOL: Go back and help them pump up their tires!

FIB: Huh?

MOL: While they were pushing you around I let all the air out of 'em!

FIB: Oh, this isn't ridiculous at all!

ORCH: "WHERE IS THE ONE?" FADE FOR:
(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

5/3/49

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-27-

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment....
Now once again I'd like to remind you. For a very limited time the makers of Johnson's Wax are offering a money saving bargain to introduce you to the new 1949 Glo-Coat. You can get one can of self-polishing 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.

Ask your dealer for 1949 Glo-Coat right away. You'd better hurry because these twin cans are going fast. Remember....you will not only get a brighter, longer wearing glow on your floors and linoleum....you will save money by doing it.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC .. FADE FOR:

d

- TAG -

-28-

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen - if all of us knew and practised what the Boy Scouts of America know about good manners and good citizenship, the traffic accident rates would drop considerably.

MOL: But they're still appallingly high! And remembering one simple little thing would help so much. "A little thing called courtesy.

FIB: Most highway accidents are due to road hogging, excessive speed and otherwise ignoring the other fellow's rights.

MOL: So let's keep it friendly. Let's not let our horsepower run away with our horse sense.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: ~~The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat - 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)

d

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
5/3/49

-29-

CLOSING TAG - (Carnu)

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) Yes, that's all you do.

It's that easy with Johnson's Carnu. Because one application of Carnu cleans and polishes your car.

First, Carnu cleans the finish. Cuts through traffic tarnish and road film that water can't touch.

Second, Carnu polishes the finish. Makes the whole body sparkle like new.

Tomorrow, ask for Johnson's Carnu....the wax fortified auto polish that saves you work - that gives your car a Sunday shine.

Remember, 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.

ORCH: UP TO FINISH

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

(REVISED)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#32

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

May 10, 1949

6:30 - 7