

WRITERS: DON QUINN.
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(REVISED)

file
#33.

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

May 17, 1949.

6:30 - 7 PM PST.

-SR-

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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,
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:

-SR-

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
5/17/49

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment -
Last chance, ladies! This is the last time we can urge you to take advantage of the big money-saving offer on Johnson's 1949 Glo-Coat. Millions of cans have been sold! Dealers' stocks are going fast! But there's still time.. if you hurry..to save 29¢ on twin pints..49¢ on twin quarts. Now here's how this bargain 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 linoleum. 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 will like it. In fact, we're so sure, we make this guarantee - if you're not convinced Glo-Coat is the finest self polishing wax you have ever used, we'll refund every cent you paid, plus postage.
Remember - this is the last time we can urge you to save 29¢ on every pair of pints....49¢ on every pair of quarts. So don't delay. Tomorrow, ask your dealer for the new Johnson's Glo-Coat.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO OPENING

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: AROUND WISTFUL VISTA SOCIAL CIRCLES, WHENEVER THE SUBJECT OF MEN'S CLOTHES COMES UP, THE TALK ALWAYS TURNS TO THOSE BLUE SERGE SUITS DOCTOR GAMBLE WEARS. MOST OF HIS FRIENDS AGREE THAT THEIR FAVORITE PHYSICIAN HAS ALL THE SARTORIAL ELEGANCE OF AN UNMADE UPPER BERTH. HERE AT NUMBER 79, A COUPLE OF HIS FRIENDS ARE DISCUSSING THE MATTER RIGHT NOW, AS WE JOIN --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: -- and while I agree, McGee, that Doctor Gamble's clothes do look like he picked them out at a rummage sale -
FIB: Blindfolded!
MOL: Blindfolded. AND, I'll admit that every time he walks down the street I want to run after him with a whiskbroom and a hot flat iron.
FIB: You said it!
MOL: BUT - I still can't quite agree with you that he looks like a duffle bag that just rolled off a pier.
FIB: Did I say a duffle bag? I take that back, kiddo.
MOL: Good.
FIB: They don't make duffle bags that big! Or that mussy, either! In that suit Doc wears, he looks more like a blue serge barrage balloon!
MOL: Well, it isn't that he can't afford to dress well - he just doesn't bother.

(2ND REVISION) -4-

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(2ND REVISION) -5-

FIB: Well, he OUGHTA bother! Migosh, Doc Gamble is one of the leading physicians and sturgeons in this town, Molly.

MOL: Of course he is.

FIB: So he oughta dress like it. He's got no right to walk around lookin' like he just woke up after a restless night's sleep under a culvert.

MOL: He isn't exactly a fashion plate, but --

FIB: For a friend like Old Doc, there's only one thing to do, kiddo - drag him downtown and make him buy himself a new suit! Here - look at this ad!

SOUND: RUSTLE OF NEWSPAPER

MOL: This? Oh yes. (READS) "BON TON DEPARTMENT STORE - GIANT SUIT SALE!"

FIB: Right. Even Doc oughta find a fit there, if they're havin' a sale on giant suits. Let's phone him and -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Just a minute. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DOC: Hello, Molly - and good day to you, Fizzface.

MOL: Well, for goodness sake, we were just talking about you, Doctor!

DOC: Well, go right ahead, kids - I'll join you. I know things about old Doc Gamble that would make your hair stand sideways.

(2ND REVISION) -6-

FIB: Look, I've decided to do you a big favor, Doc. In fact, it'll be a big favor for the whole town. Something I should of done long ago.

DOC: Wonderful! I'll drive you to the train. When do you leave?

MOL: Oh, he doesn't mean that big a favor, Doctor.

FIB: Just take a look at that guy, Molly. Look at that back view, he looks like half an acre of fell-down circus tent.

MOL: Oh McGee ---

FIB: That coattail hangs in folds like an old portiere and the shoulders look like they were stuffed with doorknobs. Tell him, Molly! Go on, tell him!

MOL: Oh, I don't - well, it's none of our business, McGee!

DOC: What is it, Molly? What IS this?

MOL: Oh, we were just saying that - well, you're a big man around here, Doctor --

FIB: Yeah, and he's a big man around THERE, too! And around HERE - AND THERE - AND ACROSS THE BACK AND -

MOL: Stop it, McGee! You see, Doctor, we think a man of your prominence ought to, well --

FIB: What she's tryin' to say, Fatso - YOU NEED A NEW SUIT!

(2ND REVISION) -7-

DOC: A new suit? Me? Oh no, I - I like this suit fine, kids. I've just got this suit well broken in by now.

FIB: HAH! "Broke in" he says. If you bent over fast in it, you'll break out!

DOC: I haven't bent over fast in twenty years, my boy.

FIB: You said it! You haven't bent over at all in ten years.

MOL: Look who's talking.

FIB: Let's face facts, boy. You're still tryin' to date Fifi Tremayne any time you can get past La Trivia, ain't you? Well, you --

DOC: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, trying? I have a date tonight! As a matter of fact --

MOL: She'll love you in a new suit, Doctor! Women do like to see their men dressed up. I've always wanted to see McGee that way.

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FIB: And you WILL, too! But right now, we got Doc to worry about. We'll take you down to the Bon Ton and get you a suit that'll have you lookin' like a movie star, Doc!

MOL: Who did you have in mind, McGee?

FIB: Victor Moore. Put a new suit on Doc and --

DOC: Well, you're the one I watch for fashion, my boy. Will a new suit make me look like you?

FIB: Noooo - I wouldn't go that far, but --

DOC: THEN I'M SOLD! I'LL BUY ONE! Let me use your phone to call the office and (FADING) I'll be right with you

MOL: Good! I'll run upstairs and put on my face. (FADING) The sooner we get to the Bon Ton the

FIB: OKAY, TOOTSIE! Ahhh, there goes a good kid! And steady as a rock! With her helpin' me, I'll pick out a suit for old Doc that'll be exactly what SHE wants, whether Doc likes it or not and --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

(REVISED) -9-

TEE: Hi, mister. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh, hello, Teeny...Come in, sis.

TEE: Hey, mister, is Doctor Gamble here, because...Oh, hi, Doctor Gamble!

DOC: (FADING IN) Hello there, Teeny...How's everything with you?

TEE: Oh, I got all kinds of troubles, Doctor Gamble. All my family is sick and everything. Hey, can you do plaster surgery, doctor? Hm? On faces? Plaster surgery?

DOC: (CHUCKLES) I think you mean plastic surgery, Teeny.

TEE: Sure...plaster surgery. My dolly's nose broke off.

FIB: Oh sure, doc can fix that for you, sis. In fact, he's a much better doll doctor than he is a people doctor. Eh, ducky?

DOC: Yes, I find dolls are smarter patients, too. How's the rest of your...uh...family, Teeny? Any other ailments?

TEE: Well, there's Diane...she's my sleepy doll, doctor. She keeps havin' trouble with her arm, I betcha.

DOC: What's the matter with her arm?

TEE: It fell off. I got it right here in my pencil box, if you want to look at it and see what's...

FIB: Well, maybe you better bring the rest of the doll, too, Teeny. It's a little hard for the doctor to diagnose a case with just part of a patient.

TEE: Well. And then there's Janie, too. Poor little Janie. She just cries all day!

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DOC: (VERY PROFESSIONAL) Hmm! Cries, eh? That sounds like a stomach ache, Teeny. You bring Janie down to the office and I'll put some new sawdust in her.

TEE: Gee, that's a wonnerful idea, Doctor! Oboy, I'll tell my mama what a wonnerful doctor you are, Doctor. New Sawdust!

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Sure, he knows his stuff, sis ... AND his stuffing, too! Is Janie a big doll, or just a little doll?

TEE: Oh no, mister, Janie's my baby cousin ... she's 6 months old.

FIB: Huh?

TEE: I'll run home and tell my mama Doctor Gamble said sawdust! Oboy, fill her with sawdust!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DOC: WHAT? NO, TEENY ... WAIT! HEY! Oh, Great Scott, hand me that phone! What's her number, anyhow?

FIB: (LAUGHS) This goes on all the time around here, Docky!
(LAUGHS INTO)

ORCH: "SOME ENCHANTED EVENING"
APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED) -11-

SOUND: CROWD MURMUR IN B.G.

FIB: Suit department is right over this way, Docky. I and Molly will pick you out a new barrel, boy, that --

DOC: Just let Molly help me, will you? Your taste in clothes is like your taste in music - loud!

MOL: We'll find a nice suit, Doctor. The Bon Ton has some wonderful -- Oh, uh pardon me, sir. We'd like to look at some men's suits.

MAN: Certainly madam. For the gentleman here?

FIB: Nope, for the guy with me, bud. HIM! About a size 52 stub oughta be right, eh Doc?

MOL: Better let the man measure him, McGee. Do you think you have anything in his size sir?

MAN: Oh yes, I can find his size, madam - it's his shape that has me beat!

FIB: He'll look a lot different when you get him stripped down, bud. That bulge in the right coat pocket there is his stethoscope - those four pill bottles don't help the breast pocket any - and that lump on his left hip is his flashlight and hypo kit. The bulge on the right hip is -- Say, what is that bulge on the right hip, Doc?

DOC: ME! Do you mind?? I'll step in a dressing room here, young man, (FADING) and get on with this

MOL: We'll pick something conservative, Doctor, don't worry.

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FIB: Sure! ... Bring us a few snappy numbers, bud - something with a little color to 'em. We want to okay 'em before we let him see 'em. He's a little style-stupid.

MAN: Yes sir. (FADING) I'll see what we have in his --

FIB: And bring his pants out when he gets 'em off, bud. If I've got his pants out here, it'll keep him from runnin' in and out tryin' to tell us what kind of suit he wants. We'll --

MOL: Oh look who's coming, McGee. Ole, from the Elks Club.

FIB: Yeah - hey, Ole! Hiyah, boy!

OLE: (FADING IN) Well hello, McGee - Hello, Mrs. You spending money, McGee? Whose?

MOL: We're just helping Doctor Gamble buy a suit, Ole. He's in a booth over there.

FIB: Yeah, how's your new house Ole? The one I thought up havin' built for you?

OLE: The new house is wonderful. McGee. Lars - he's my oldest boy - Lars is over there today, painting.

MOL: What's he painting, Ole - the outside?

OLE: The outside of Lars, mostly, Mrs. Last night he comes home with three coats on - two coats white lead, one coat my good tweed. I take Lars to the woodshed!

FIB: No kidding. Took a stick to him, did you?

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OLE: Sure, I took a stick. I was gonna whip him good, but when I see how that boy grows, I just took the stick and scrape the paint off ...

MOL: Well, you have a fine family, Ole. When will you move in the new house?

OLE: I think tomorrow. My girl, Christina, she says when we move in, I should carry her mama over doorstep, like when we marry ...

MOL: That's a sweet idea, Ole. Are you going to?

OLE: Well, I tell you. My missus is fine cook, Mrs., and she eat many good meals since we marry. I carry her over doorstep if one thing.

FIB: If what?

OLE: If Lars helps me. I think me and Lars - we put our backs to it - we can do it.

FIB: Say, while you're down here, why doncha buy a new suit, Ole? Big sale. I can pick you out a nice suit for \$65.

OLE: Thanks, McGee - but I'm not Hollywood playboy. I'm just a janitor on small wages. If you pick me suit for even sixty-five cents - you're just donatin' your time. So long, Mrs.

MOL: Goodbye, Ole....Oh, this is a handsome suit here,
McGee - flannel, is it, sir?

MAN: Yes, this model just came in and -

FIB: That's too drab, bud. We wouldn't like that. Those pin
stripes are too quiet. Let's see something with some
zing and -

DOC: (OFF) HEY, MCGEE! GET THAT CLERK IN HERE, WILL YOU?
I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!

FIB: (LOUD) WE'RE WORKIN' ON IT, DOCKY - WE'LL GET YOU A
SUIT! YOU RELAX, BOY - WE'RE BUSY EVERY MINUTE!....Show
us somethin' else, bud. Something with character!

MAN: Yes, sir. (FADING) I'll be right back with....

FIB: And pick up his pants on the way back - he's gettin'
restless.

MOL: I thought that was a nice suit, McGee - a pin stripe
is very -

WIL: Well, hello there, Molly - Hi, Pal.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hi, Junior, Sit down, the clerk'll be right back.
Or is somebody already waiting on you?

WIL: Yes indeed, Pal - a million housewives are waiting on me!

MOL: Oh dear! Here we go!

FIB: Migosh, of all the -

WIL: Yes, a million housewives are waiting on the message I
have for them about the great new money-saving offer on
Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat - the New 1949 Glocoat
with the New Glow!

MOL: Well, let's not keep them waiting, Mr. Wilcox. You run
along and tell each one personally --

WIL: This big get-acquainted offer gives the housewife
ONE-THIRD MORE of the great new 1949 Johnson's Glo-Coat...
at no extra cost! And if she hurries she can take
advantage of the offer while it lasts.

FIB: Look, Junior, we're pickin' out a suit for Doc Gamble and -

WIL: Yes, no matter what suit a housewife picks, she knows
Glocoat is aces!

MOL: (GROANS) Ohhh, nooooo!

FIB: Migosh, how corny can you ...

WIL: A smart housewife likes a bargain ... and smart housewives
everywhere are hurrying to their dealers for this big
bargain in beauty so they won't miss this last chance ...

FIB: But look, Doc Gamble is in there with no pants and ...

WIL: Right! No pants ... no puffs ... no wheezes from hard
rubbing and buffing, when you use Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat on your linoleum, because Glocoat shines as it
dries to a gleaming luster that needs no rubbing and ...

FIB: HEY, HEY HEY, WAXEY!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

MOL: Do you really have to go right now, Mr. Wilcox? This
minute?

WIL: Yes I do, Molly ... Gotta see my rich cousin, Big Plunger
Wilcox.

FIB: Big Plunger Wilcox?

WIL: Yeah, he went into Wall Street last week and really cleaned up, Kids!

FIB: Stockbroker, is he?

WIL: No, he's a plumber. See you, Molly, so long, Pal.

MOL: Do you suppose he really has all these relatives, McGee. or...

DOC: (OFF) HEY, MCGEE! WHERE'S THAT CLERK? SEND SOME SUITS IN HERE!

FIB: Migosh, of all the impatient guys! PIPE DOWN, DOC, WE'RE LOOKIN'! Got some more there, bud? Oh those are snazzy! Spread 'em out here.

MAN: Yes, these are from our College Shop, sir.

MOL: Flunked out, did they?

FIB: Oh, this one here ain't bad, Molly. This dogtooth check with the chalk stripe and the two-tone vest.

MAN: Yes, that's a very popular number.

MOL: With whom? The pinball mob? My goodness, McGee...

FIB: Bring some more, bud. The best are none too good for...

GALE: (FADE IN) Good day, Molly...hello, McGee! Getting your summer wardrobe?

MOL: Oh, Mayor La Trivia!

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv.

MOL: We've talked Doctor Gamble into buying a new suit, Mr. Mayor. He's in the dressing room there. We had to hide his trousers so he wouldn't get away.

GALE: I don't know why he wants a new suit. The one he has is good for another fifteen or twenty minutes...if he sits down carefully.

FIB: That was just our point, La Triv. We told him a professional man like him has got no business walkin' around lookin' like a cinder dick had just booted him cut from under a freight car.

MOL: How about you, Mr. Mayor? You shopping?

GALE: Yes, I just came in to pick up a new dinner jacket; and also to tell the manager of the Bon Ton that the City Council has approved his application for a building permit. I've killed two birds with one stone.

MOL: (PAUSE) Why MISTER Mayor!! YOU, of all people!

GALE: Me, of all what people?

FIB: You just pick it up and throw it, La Triv...or use a slingshot?

GALE: PICK WHAT UP AND THROW IT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

MOL: The stone you killed those two helpless little birds with. I can't tell you how shocked I am, Mr. Mayor, ...a man of your...

FIB: Yeah...after all the laws we have to protect our little feathered friends...our native songbirds...to find the MAYOR of the CITY throwin' rocks at 'em and....

GALE: I WASN'T THROWING ROCKS AT ANYTHING!!...I just...

MOL: You mean you hit them accidentally?

GALE: OF COURSE! I MEAN, NO!!...I DIDN'T HIT ANYTHING!!

FIB: Now wait a minute, La Triv...them little birds didn't just fall over dead from fright just because you were tossing rocks around. Either you hit 'em or you didn't... And for my dough...

GALE: NOW WAIT A MINUTE! THIS IS ALL A NON OF LOTSENSE. I MEAN IT'S A TEEPEST IN A TEMPOT. LOOK...When I said I killed two birds with one stone...

MOL: PLEASE...MR. MAYOR!!! Lets lower our voices. Let's be ladies and gentlemen. Although how anyone can call one onesself a gentleman who goes around murdering meadowlarks...

FIB: He didn't say they were meadowlarks, Molly...let's be fair. Maybe they were just blue jays. Not that it makes any diff...

GALE: THEY WERE NEITHER ONE!! ... I NEVER HIT A JAY BLUE OR A LEADDOWNMARK IN MY ... THE EXPRESSION BILLING TWO BONES WITH ONE HERD ... I MEAN STONING TWO BREADS WITH ONE KILL ... BIRDING STEW HIRDS WITH ONE ... PHONE ... STONE ... YOU WERE THE ONE WHO SAID ... I WAS ... YOU'RE SO ... I WAS JUST ... WE ... I ... (PAUSE) ... McGee.

FIB: Yes, boy?

GALE: I'd like to buy you a new pair of shoes ... as a gift.

FIB: Shoes? Well, that's swell, La Triv!

GALE: Could you come in and get them about 5:45 tomorrow morning, if I can arrange for the store to open up at that hour?

MOL: Heavenly days ... 5:45 A.M.!!

FIB: Why should I pick up my new shoes at the crack of dawn, La Triv?

GALE: BECAUSE NOTHING WOULD MAKE ME HAPPIER THAN TO SEE YOU SHOD AT SUNRISE! Good day.

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN ... "A-YOU'RE ADORABLE"
(APPLAUSE)

-THIRD SPOT-

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MOL: They've certainly shown us plenty of suits in the Doctor's size, McGee. Look, how about this brown flannel? That's a pretty...

FIB: Nope...too drab.

MOL: Well, this gray tweed with the patch pockets is nice. Maybe he...

FIB: Too conservative.

MAN: How about this blue worsted, sir? It's very...

FIB: Don't like it.

MOL: The grey with the chalk stripe, maybe?

FIB: Nope.

MAN: This plaid is nice. He might...

FIB: No good! Migosh, didja ever see a guy as hard to find a suit for as Doc Gamble, Molly? He's so picky!:

MOL: Somebody is, I'll admit that.

FIB: Of all the hard-to-please guys I ever saw. Migosh, I....

DOC: (OFF..AND SORE) MCGEE, GET ME OUT OF HERE! GREAT SCOTT, HAVEN'T THEY GOT ANYTHING DECENT OUT THERE? SEND ME A SUIT OR SEND ME MY PANTS! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: Aww, here...throw him his pants, bud...we give up!

MAN: Yes-sir.

(2ND REVISION) -21-

MOL: McGee, we promised to get him a suit and I wish we...oh, look here comes the Old Timer?

FIB: Yeah, boy, he looks older every day, don't he? Look at them wrinkles! I'll bet he could scratch a match on his pants leg without any pants on. HIYAH, OLD TIMER!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD: Hello, there, daughter! Hello, Johnny! What shoppin' you doin' early...your Christmas?

FIB: No we're helpin' Doc Gamble buy a new suit, Old Timer.

OLD: Well, they's nothin' like good clothes, kids, I always say. Papa was a ladies tailor, you know.

FIB: He was, eh?

OLD: Yes, he was always goin' around tellin' tales on the ladies. I can see Papa now, settin' there crosslegged on his table, sewin' and sewin' and sewin'. In fact he was knowed all over town as that cross-legged old sew-and-sew.

MOL: Did your Father do pretty well as a tailor. Mr. Old Timer?

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OLD: No daughter.....Papa was a failure. Couldn't keep up with the new styles. Bell bottom pants come in; Papa cut pegtops. Pinchback coats come in; Papa made Norfolks. Fellers wanted padded shoulders; Papa tapered 'em down from the ears. Finally a man comes in and says - (PAUSE) Am I boring you kids?

FIB: Yes.

MOL: A little.

OLD: That's what I thought. This story always bores me, too. WELL SIR, feller comes in Pappa's tailor shop one day and says, "I WANNA BUY A SHOOTIN' JACKET". So Papa takes his measurements with a yardstick --

FIB: Wait a minute...how can you measure for a suit of clothes with a yardstick?

OLD: Oh, Papa always laid the yardstick on the table and made the customers roll around on it. Says it was more akkerate than a cloth tape. Didn't stretch. WELL SIR, two weeks later the feller comes in and tries on the new shootin' jacket. It was made outa sheet iron and --

MOL: Made out of sheet iron ... how ridiculous!

OLD: That's what the man tells Papa. He says, "WHOEVER HEARD OF A SHOOTIN' JACKET MADE OUTA IRON?" "WELL", says PAPA, "YOU DIDN'T SAY WHETHER YOU OR SOMEBODY ELSE WAS DOIN' THE SHOOTIN'!" Heh, heh. Well, see you later, kids....

-SR-

(2ND REVISION) -23-

MOL: McGee, I feel terrible about Doctor Gamble. He's spent all afternoon sitting in that dressing booth and -

FIB: Well, migosh, it hasn't been any picnic for me either, tootsie. I've wore my eyes to the bone lookin' at 52 stubs and - here he comes!

DOC: (FADES IN - GRIPING) Of all the stupid ways to spend a busy afternoon! I've got things to do, McGee! Come on! (FOOTSTEPS BEHIND) Let's get out of here!

MOL: I'm sorry, Doctor. They had some suits that I thought were very pretty, but McGee didn't -

FIB: Well my gosh, Doc, I tried to get you a new suit...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...STREET NOISES IN B.G.

DOC: (STILL SORE) YOU LINTHEAD!. Keep me sitting in that drafty dressing room without any trousers, while you send the clerk in and out with a bunch of weaver's nightmares that I wouldn't be caught dead in, at a dogfight!

FIB: Aww, how many dogfights do you go to, anyhow? You need somethin' to wear to work. To walk around in. To...

MOL: Quiet, McGee, the doctor is upset. I'm sorry we wasted your afternoon, Doctor.

DOC: All right, Molly...I can't worry about it now...I'm due at the hospital, anyhow...and little Trouble-Maker here has me in such a state of jitters I'm not sure I can drive my car!

FIB: Well, we'll drive you over, Doc. Geewhiz, I'm sorry it didn't work out, boy. I promised to get you a suit, and I hate to....here, here's your car.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS

MOL: Get in the back seat. Doctor and rest you nerves. McGee will drive to the hospital and we can walk home from there.

DOC: Thanks. I have an operation to do and...and maybe I can quiet down a little before I get there...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM....START MOTOR

FIB: Sure...you relax, Docky! I'll have you there in no time.

SOUND: CAR IN REVERSE...LURCH...CLANKING CRASH

MOL: (SQUEALS)

DOC: OHH NO!!!

FIB: (AMAZED) Migosh, it backed up! I musta had it in reverse!

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...look at that car behind you! You smashed the front end and...

DOC: Oh, you dunce! You - you -

FIB: Watch it, Doc...here comes the guy.

MAN #2: (SORE) WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, STUPID! CAN'T YOU DRIVE YOU'VE GOT A CRUST BANGING UP MY CAR..LOOK AT IT, IT'S...

FIB: Hey, hey, hey, don't yell at me, bud..this is not my car! I'm irresponsible.

MAN #2: What?

FIB: There's the legal owner in the back seat. Holler at him. He's insured.

DOC: WHAT? Why..uh..yes..this is my car, mister, but..uh...

MAN #2: WELL, I'M WRITING DOWN YOUR LICENSE NUMBER, SEE? I'M GONNA SUE YOU FOR PLENTY! I'LL SUE THE PANTS OFFA YOU FAT @UY!

DOC: Could you make it the coat? I've had my pants off all day!

FIB: Didja hear that Molly? We DID it, Kiddo! We did it!

MOL: Did what?

FIB: We did what we said we would! WE GOT DOC GAMBLE A SUIT!
(LAUGHS LIKE HELL INTO MUSIC)

ORCH: "IT'S SUMMERTIME AGAIN"..FADE FOR:
APPLAUSE

FIBBER AND MOLLY
5/17/49

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment -- Now once again let me remind you...this is the last week we can urge you to take advantage of the special bargain on the 1949 Johnson's Glo-Coat. Now here's how this money-saving bargain works: You can get one can of self polishing Glo-Coat..the wonderful new Glo-Coat with the bright new glow..for one half it's usual price..when you buy another can at the regular price. That means a saving of 29¢ when you buy the 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;

TAG

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MOL: Well, McGee, I'm glad Dr. Gamble finally got to the hospital, anyhow. He had to operate, didn't he?

FIB: Yeah, he just called me. He said he got there too late! Just in time to find out he - Well, he lost a patient, Molly!

MOL: Oh no!! You mean?....

FIB: Yep - the guy he was gonna operate on got up and went home.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all.

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat - Racine, Wisconsin and Brentford, 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)

Fibber and Molly
Network Closing Tag - May 17, 1949

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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 with Johnson's Carnu.....the wax fortified auto polish. It's easy, because Carnu cleans and polishes your car in one application.

First, Carnu cleans the finish of your car. Cuts through traffic tarnish and road film that water won't touch.

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

Cleaning a car can be hard work. It's a lot easier when you use Carnu. Tomorrow, ask for Johnson's Carnu at your nearest service station or dealer. Treat your car to a Sunday shine.

Remember, just 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: MUSIC UP TO FINISH:

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

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

MAY 24, 1949