

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

#34  
*File*  
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

MAY 24, 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 Products 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:



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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You know ... there's genuine pleasure in looking at the smooth surface of a waxed floor. It has such a rich .. such a mellow look. In fact, that glistening waxed finish makes the whole room more beautiful.

And when you wax your floor, there's a special reason for using Johnson's Paste Wax. No other wax can beautify your room in exactly the same way. Little wonder, more women use Johnson's Paste Wax than any other kind.

Those women know that Johnson's Paste Wax does more than beautify their floors. It also protects their floors. Forms a hard shield over the surface...a shield that dirt can't readily penetrate...a shield that's very easy to clean.

When dirt does collect, you can whisk it off that gleaming waxed surface in a few seconds.

Next time you're at the store, be sure to ask for Johnson's Paste Wax. It's the paste wax that more women use, and keep using, because; No other wax can bring such lustrous beauty to the floors of a home, in exactly the same way. Johnson's Paste Wax.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

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WILCOX: HISTORY SHOWS THAT MANY A GENIUS FLOWS LATE IN LIFE. AT 50, DARWIN WROTE THE MONUMENTAL "ORIGIN OF SPECIES". AT 85, FARWELL DILLWORTHY TRIED TO CARVE A CANOE PADDLE WITH HIS BIFOCALS ON, AND THUS INVENTED THE MUSTARD SPREADER!

AT 67, MORTON W. ASPENLOOP TRIPPED OVER HIS GROCERIES, GOT MOLASSES ALL OVER THE FRUIT, AND THE WORLD IS RICHER FOR THE TAFFY APPLE!

AND AT 79, (WISTFUL VISTA, THAT IS), ANOTHER MIDDLE-AGED GENIUS IS HARD AT WORK ON HIS GREAT IDEA, AS WE MEET -

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: HESITANT TYPING...CARRIAGE RETURN...MORE TYPING...

MOL: That's an awfully long letter you're writing, McGee. Who do we know that deserves it?

FIB: This ain't a letter, Tootsie. I'm writin' a movie. A little project that's gonna make me famous, and both of us rich. How do you spell "century"?

MOL: (SPELLING) C.E.N.T.U.R.Y.

FIB: That's the way I got it, and it don't look right.

MOL: How are you using it?

FIB: Well, I say..."..RIFLE ON SHOULDER, KEEN SENSES ALERT TO EVERY SOUND, THE CENTURY WAS WALKING HIS POST".

MOL: That's SENTRY, dearie.. S.E.N.T.R.Y.



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FIB: I thought a sentry was a hundred years.

MOL: No, that's CENTURY.

FIB: Yeah, I guess you're right at that. I've done century duty in the Army - and by the time you get relieved, it sure seems like a hundred years!

SOUND: TYPING

MOL: Tell me more about this movie you're writing, sweetheart.

FIB: I say "a movie" - that's just one angle of it. First I'll make it into a movie, then a best-selling book, then it'll go into two-bit, drug store reprints and be syndicated in the newspapers ..Say, the movie people pay me a nominal fee of two hundred thousand...

MOL: For a nominal fee, dearie, that's fee-nominal. But what's the story about?

FIB: Well, you remember seeing a movie where Don Ameche invented the telephone?

MOL: Yes, and I saw the sequel to it, too. "Sorry Wrong Number".

FIB: Yeah..well, they done the story of the telephone, the story of Radium, the story of Baseball, Al Jolson, the Philadelphia! Story, but what's the story they HAVEN'T DONE?

MOL: What?

FIB: "THE STORY OF THE TYPEWRITER!" Ain't that a lulu!

MOL: It's a darb, as we used to say in Peoria.

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FIB: You betcha...when you stop and think how the typewriter is tied up to culture, commerce, business, communication.. why, my gosh --

MOL: It's amazing that nobody every thought of it before!

FIB: That's what they said when the non-skid paper clip was invented, kiddo. And the zipper. Just Yankee ingenuity.

MOL: You mean every Yank needs a zipper, and vice versa.

FIB: Yeah..well, I gotta get busy, Babe. Can't mess around with half a million bucks at stake.

SOUND: TYPING

MOL: Done any research on the subject of the typewriter, McGee?

FIB: Plenty, Tootsie. Spent nearly fifteen minutes with the encyclopedia, for one thing. For another thing, I may go to the library a little later.

SOUND: TYPING -- DOOR CHIME

FIB: AWFERTHE - DOORBELL, DOORBELL, DOORBELL!!\..ALL DAY LONG!  
HOW CAN A GUY WRITE MOVIE SCENARIOS WITH THAT DOORBELL  
CLANGIN' ALL HOURS O' THE DAY?

MOL: That's the first time it's rung this morning, pet.

FIB: Well, it won't be the last, if I know Tuesday, and I ought to! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

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

DOC: Thank you, my dear. Good morning, Stern-Wheeler.

FIB: Hiyah, Gas Pain, May I give you a word of advice?



DOC: Certainly. It won't be worth anything, and I probably won't take it, but I know better than to try to stop you.

MOL: What is it, Dearie?

FIB: I just wanted to advise Doctor Gamble, that the next time he calls on an author, to make an appointment first. Don't just barge in, like a cub bear jumpin' into a hollow log.

DOC: Did you say "author", Possumface? What are you authoring - a book on bad manners? I'll give you a title: "HOW TO PULL CHAIRS OUT FROM UNDER LADIES, or, DIGGING POST HOLES WITH EMILY".

MOL: He's writing a movie, Doctor. They say there's good money in it if you can do it.

DOC: There's good money in Fort Knox, if you could get at it.

FIB: Look, Tonsil-Nipper, you stick to your racket and I'll stick to mine. Don't tell me how to get literary and I won't tell you how to retouch a millionaire's exrays so it looks like he's got ulcers.

DOC: Now I'll give YOU some advice, and then let you go on your merry Heming-way. Don't be an author; it's a tough life.

MOL: Speaking from experience, Doctor?

DOC: No, but my brother is an author. And for him life is just one boring round of receptions and teas.

FIB: What does he write, Fatso?

DOC: He writes a comic strip.

MOL: You mean a comic strip writer has to attend a lot of literary teas?

DOC: No, just strip teas. Well, get with it, Illiterate. So long, Molly!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Boy, I can hardly wait to see Doc's face when those movie people hand me a check for a couple o' hundred thousand.

MOL: I can hardly wait to see my own. My eyes will pop out so far the pupils will think it's recess.



FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) Well, just be patient, my dear. One of these days we'll have a swimming pool, a private yacht, and our own box at the races.

MOL: Oh, wonderful! We can take turns standing on it.

FIB: Well, back to work, Snooky. Bring me some balck coffee, will you? It'll keep me awake.

MOL: Keep you awake? You've only been out of bed two hours. Besides, you don't like black coffee.

FIB: I GOTTA like it. I gotta LEARN to like it. All authors live on black coffee and smoke pipes.

SOUND: TYPING....CARRIAGE RETURN

FIB: Doggone it, wish I had some carbon paper.

MOL: You mean you're not keeping an extra copy??

FIB: Oh sure. Haven't got any carbon paper, so I'm typing every line twice. Then I'll cut it apart and paste up two copies. There's always a way, snooky, if you just use the-----

SOUND: DOOR BELL

MOL: ---COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: OH, WALLY WIMPLE! HIYAH, WALLY.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple!

WIMP: Hello, folks, I...I hope I'm not intruding.

FIB: Not at all, Wimp. The world has waited a thousand years for this stuff I'm workin' on; it can wait another three minutes.

WIMP: Oh, I see you're working, Mr. McGee. Novel?

MOL: Anytime you find him working, it's novel, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Writin' a movie, Wimp. About the invention and development of the typewriter. I've already telegraphed a couple of big movie stars to hold themselves ready for it. You're an author yourself, aren't you, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh indeed I am! I write poetry. Would you like to hear my most recent one?

MOL: Yes, we would, Mr. Wimple. What's the name of it?

WIMP: Well...(SNICKERS) I call it, "A Lobster and an Oyster."

FIB: Let's hear it before I have to go back to work in about 30 seconds Wimp.



WIMP: All righty. (CLEARS THROAT)

A Lobster and an Oyster sat upon the ocean bed,  
Discussing this and that until the puzzled Oyster  
said

"HOW COME YOU WAVE YOUR NIPPERS SO - KEEP RINSING  
OFF YOUR PAWS?"

Said the Lobster, "I'M A CYNIC: I DON'T BELIEVE IN SANDY  
CLAWS."

MOL: My goodnes, isn't that cute?

FIB: Yeah, but being a novelist, myself, I -

WIMP: Oh there's another verse, folks. It goes:

Said the Oyster, "WATCH MY BALL OF YARN - YOU'RE SUCH  
A CLUMSY ~~RED~~ <sup>CREEP</sup>,

AND I'M MAKING EIGHT ARGYLE SOCKS FOR A ~~CERTAIN~~ <sup>CERTAIN</sup> LADY <sup>Oysters</sup>  
SQUID."

The Lobster said, "YOU HAVE NO HANDS, YET YOU KNIT THINGS  
FOR YOUR GIRL?"

"NOT KNIT", replied the Oyster. "BUT LET ME SHOW YOU HOW I  
PURL!"

Well, I won't bother you any more now, Mr. McGee.

Goodbye!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "CARELESS HANDS"

(APPLAUSE)



SECOND SPOT

VERY SLOW TYPING ... CARRIAGE RETURN

MOL: Well, how's the epic of the typewriter coming along, McGee?

FIB: Great, Tootsie! Great! This story is gonna have everything a story needs to be a knockout, Molly! What suspense! For instance, on the first page of my story, there's a murder.

MOL: A murder! On the first page?

FIB: Yep - an inventor is found dead in his lab, clutching a crushed orchid, a dry martini, and a copy of the Hardware Journal. That's the attention-grabber, see?

MOL: I see. Then what?

FIB: Then on page two, I switch to England in the Middle Ages.

MOL: MMM-Hmm. When do you come back to the murdered inventor?

FIB: That's the gimmick, kiddo. I don't EVER come back to him. Naturall' the reader keeps lookin' for the killer, and he's read the whole script before he realizes the murder has got nothin' to do with the story.. Catch on?

MOL: Heavenly days, you authors have more angles than --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: This oughta be Milt from Kremer's Drug Store, I phoned for some more typewriter paper and - COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh hello, Milton. Come in.

MILT: Hello, Mrs. McGee. I brought a ream of paper like you said, Mr. McGee. -- 500 sheets. Would you mind tellin' me what you're gonna do with it?

FIB: I'm doin' some writin', Milt. You ever try any writing?

MILT: Oh yes. I used to write a lot of fiction. Not under my own name, though, I signed it "Millicent Kremer". That's my mother's name.

MOL: How nice! What kind of fiction did you write, Milton?

MILT: Mostly just excuses for being absent from school.

FIB: Well, writing is a great career, Milt, my boy. The thing that appeals to me about it is you can make a living sitting down. You ought to take up journalism, Milt?

MILT: Oh, I've tried that, too. But it hurt my feet.

MOL: Hurt your feet, Milton? What kind of journalism was that?

MILT: Ladies Home Journalism. I used to deliver 'em. That's how I met Margie. She's the girl I'm going steady with. Since last Thursday. The one that always smells so good on account of I'm always giving her presents - like perfume.

FIB: Very smart, Milt. Girls never get enough perfume.

MOL: Yours didn't.

FIB: Eh? Oh, ha ha. Well I didn't work in my uncle's drug store like Milt does. Oh -- you gotta go, Milt?



MILT: Yes, I gotta get back to the store. We're taking inventory today.

MOL: Oh ---

MILT: And if Uncle Ed checks the perfume stock before I get back -- I'm dead!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, this ain't gettin' the story of the typewriter told, Molly!

SOUND: SLOW TYPING BEHIND:

FIB: I got so much stuff in my head to write down that ...

MOL: How far have you gotten with it, anyhow? You were telling me about page two when Milton came in.

FIB: Oh, I'm up to chapter 5 on it ... just a good start. What I'm doing right now is workin' several countries into the story, you see. Givin' it a sort of international touch ...

MOL: You mean like the Marshall Plan? That's the biggest international touch I know of.

FIB: How does this sound? Listen: "Grinding his Egyptian cigaret out on the African leopard skin rug, and taking the beautiful Hungarian countess Toujour in his arms, young Marse Jefferson gazed hungrily into her eyes."

MOL: Young WHO???

FIB: Young Marse Jefferson. He's the playboy son of a family of Southern aristocrats who fled to England to escape the poll tax.

MOL: I see.

FIB: Anyhow - "Young Marse Jefferson gazed hungrily into her eyes."

MOL: What does the countess do...feed him a corn pone?

FIB: Nope, I got a turning point here, right now, and I can take the story two ways, see?

MOL: It sounds like it's gone four ways already.

FIB: You see...I say "As the Countess lifted her face toward his, a sound was heard in the distance!"

MOL: What was the sound?

FIB: I haven't decided yet. It can either be peasants shouting which means the French Revolution has busted out.....or horse's hoofs....which means the U.S. Cavalry is coming.

MOL: If it turns out to be gunfire, it means eight literary critics have just shot themselves. Look, dearie, this is.....



SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly...Hiyah, Pal.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox. Come in.

FIB: Sit' down, Junior...but don't talk. I am creating!

SOUND: TYPING SLOWLY, BEHIND:

WIL: What's he creating, besides a funny noise on that paper-spoiler?

MOL: He's writing the story of the invention of the typewriter, Mr. Wilcox. His version of it, at least.

WIL: Really? Well, look, Pal! I used to do a little writing. Let me give you a tip, will you?

MOL: He'll welcome it, won't you dearie?

FIB: No, but I'll be polite about it. Okay, Junior, unburden yourself. I ain't heard anything about you writin' the Great American Novel, but go ahead. Tell the author how to write.

WIL: Well, I was just going to suggest that you keep it simple. You see when I first started writing advertising for Johnson's Paste Wax, I used to say, "JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX WILL RENDER YOUR POSSESSIONS INVULNERABLE TO ABRASIONS, IMPREGNABLE TO FRICTION, ATTRITION AND CONFRICATION." Stuff like that!

MOL: Why I think that's beautiful writing!

FIB: Personally, I don't care for...

WIL: I used to say things like: "JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX INEVITABLY IMPARTS A CORUSCATING, SCINTILLATING FULGURATION TO ONE'S FLOORS, FURNITURE AND WOODWORK WHICH ENDOWS THE DOMICILE WITH JOVIALITY AND VIVACITY AND ATTRACTS THE SPIRIT OF EUPHROSYNE TO THE DWELLERS THEREIN."

FIB: You keep writin' like that Junior and they'll revoke your poetic license!

MOL: I'll bet that would have sold a lot of Johnson's Paste Wax though, if anybody knew what you meant.

WIL: That's what the company said. They said: "LOOK, KID..LET'S KEEP IT SIMPLE! LET'S JUST TELL 'EM THAT JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX WILL GIVE FLOORS, FURNITURE AND WOODWORK A SOFT GLEAMING LUSTER THAT SHINES WITH THE HAPPY LOOK OF A WELL-LOVED HOME. THAT WILL GIVE A NEW PROTECTION AND BEAUTY THAT TIME AND AGE CANNOT -- "

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

WIL: Yes, Pal. I'd like to stay and criticise your story but I've got to run along. This is World Trade Week, you know and I've got to address a meeting on -

MOL: This is what week, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: World Trade Week, Molly. A week set aside to highlight the trade between nations.

FIB: Oh that! Well, I'm in favor of it, Junior. You may quote me! You may say for me that I feel the more we import and export - the more stuff goes in and out!



MOL: A weighty statement!

FIB: Yep. You may tell your meeting that I said the more countries trade with each other, the better off we all are and well - uh - we'll - er.....

WIL: You feel that the Ship of State sails best with the Trade Winds!

FIB: Exactly.

WIL: Thanks, Pal. Very thoughtful statement! So long, Molly.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: (THOUGHTFUL) "The Ship of State sails best with the Trade Winds!" - Hey, didja hear what I said to Wilcox there, Molly? Migosh, that was quite a phrase I turned there.

MOL: I've heard of plagiarism, but I didn't know it could happen that fast, dearie.

FIB: I may be able to work that into my story -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Aw, why don't somebody leave me alone and lemme write.

MOL: Shall I send them away or just holler COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

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

OLE: Hello, Mrs. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hi, Ole. I can't waste much time with you now, I'm writing a novel..

OLE: Good, I talk to the Mrs.

FIB: It's a screenplay. Gonna sell it to the movies.

OLE: I won't bother you. Well, Mrs., how's with you?

MOL: Oh fine, Ole. We're....

FIB: Gonna sell this story for maybe half a million bucks, Ole. Can you think of any better way to pick up that much dough, outside of finding uranium in the back yard?

OLE: What's good about finding uranium? I got back yard full of uranium and it don't make me rich.

MOL: YOU'VE GOT URANIUM IN YOUR BACK YARD? DOES THE GOVERNMENT KNOW ABOUT IT?

OLE: Sure. My congressman he sends me free seeds. I plant 'em by the directions and every spring up comes uraniums.

FIB: Oh GERANIUMS! We thought you meant Uranium 235.

OLE: For two thirty-five, McGee, I can buy roses.

FIB: You sell a movie script, boy and you can buy ANYTHING! I'll let you know when my Story of the Typewriter plays the Bijou, Ole. You'll get a kick out of seeing my name on the screen.

OLE: Oh, I see your picture on the screen all the time, McGee.

MOL: McGee's picture?



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FIB: On the screen, Ole? Where? Migosh, I didn't...  
OLE: At the Elks Club, McGee.  
FIB: Huh?  
OLE: We got hole in the back door screen...I use your picture  
to keep out the flies. Works fine. Even keeps out  
people. So long, Mrs.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH AND KING'S MEN: "TYPEWRITER SERENADE"

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -19-

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: BAD TYPING..CARRIAGE RETURN..TYPING: PAPER YANKED OUT

FIB: Well, that's page a hundred and twelve! I'll bet even  
Sinclair Lewis don't write this fast.

MOL: You say you've already wired a couple of movie stars, McGee?

FIB: Yep. In fact this yarn is tailor-made for 'em. It's a  
natural. You see...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Oh oh! Maybe that's a messenger boy. It's about time I was  
hearing from them movie stars. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: It's His Honor McGee. Hello, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Hello, Molly. Goodday, McGee. Sorry to interrupt your  
letter writing.

FIB: Not writin' letters, La Triv. Writin' a movie.

GALE: First movie you ever wrote, McGee?

FIB: First one this week. I'm writin' the "Story of the  
Typewriter", La Triv.

MOL: His next story will be called FOG. It will be a condensed  
version.



GALE: This is sort of a synopsis, too, I presume. Can you tell the story of the typewriter in a nutshell, McGee?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Now that's an interesting question, La Triv. If I can do that, think what I can save in postage.

MOL: Yes, if it gets too long, dearie, you can even use a coconut shell.

FIB: What size shell did you have in mind, La Triv?

GALE: Oh, I'd say a walnut shell. Write the story on fine-tissue paper, wad it up tightly and send it to Hollywood, in a nutshell.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Let it go, McGee. He meant a real nutshell.

GALE: What did you think I meant?

FIB: Never mind. You ever do any creative writing, La Triv?

GALE: A little, yes. I have always believed the pen was mightier than the sword.

MOL: Except maybe at a military wedding. Imagine the bride and groom having to crawl along under crossed pens dripping ink on them?

FIB: You mean when you were in the service, La Triv, you could fight better with a pen than you could with a sword?

GALE: Oh yes indeed. We had pens that were full of tear gas. Much more effective than swords.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Hmmm-----

MOL: (BRISKLY) Well, NOW what shall we talk about?

FIB: Want me to read you my movie story, La Triv? Far's I've got? Only take a hour or an hour and a half. You see, the first shot is a cottage in England...we truck the camera up to a pub....

GALE: Ahhhh, England!!! I love England. I'm an old Oxford man, you know.

MOL: Not McGee...he prefers high shoes. He says oxfords don't support the ankle properly.

FIB: Besides those oxfords of yours don't look so old. How many times you had 'em half soled?

GALE: Three times. I'm REALLY an old oxford man. New oxfords are so hard on the feet when you have to do as much walking as I do, that....

MOL: It's no use, McGee. Let's give it up.

FIB: Yeah...Look, La Triv....if you don't wanna co-operate, why don't you run along and let me get to work?

GALE: I'm sure I don't know what you mean, McGee. But if I am interfering with your work, I shall be only too happy to remove myself. Good day.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: I wonder if he's catching on, or whether this was just co-idental?

FIB: Search me. We sure didn't get anyplace with him ~~it~~ <sup>today</sup> work. Ah well...I gotta get back to work!

SOUND: TYPING...CARRIAGE RETURN...TYPING



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MOL: What movie stars did you say you wired about taking part in this picture of yours, McGee? And weren't you being slightly premature?

FIB: No, because this will be such a important picture I wanted to have exactly the two people that would....

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: HERE WE ARE!!! COME IN!!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MESSSENGER: Fibber McGee?

MOL: That's himself there, lad.

MESSSENGER: Two telegrams for you, Mac. Sign here.

FIB: Okay, bud. And here's a dollar for yourself.

MESSSENGER: Gee, thanks!!

MOL: Wasn't that a rather heavy tip, dearie?

FIB: Nope. Because if this story sells I can afford it. If it don't, I may be deliverin telegrams one of these days myself and maybe somebody'll give me a dollar.

MOL: Well, who are the wires from? Open em, quick..!!

FIB: Okay....(TEARING PAPER) OH MY GOSH!!....GREGORY PECK CAN'T MAKE IT! SAYS HE'S GOT PREVIOUS COMMITMENTS,.... DOGGONE IT....!!!

MOL: How about the other one?

SOUND: TEARING PAPER

(REVISED) -23-

FIB: CAN YOU BEAT THAT ROTTEN LUCK....!! SHE'S TIED UP, TOO!!

MOL: Who?

FIB: MARSHA HUNT,...OF ALL THE DIRTY LUCK I EVER....WELL, THAT'S THAT I GUESS...!!

SOUND: TEARING PAPER VIOLENTLY...AGAIN AND AGAIN....

MOL: MCGEE...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?...YOU'RE TEARING UP YOUR MANUSCRIPT AND IT WAS ALMOST DONE...!!!

FIB: Well....IT'S NO GOOD NOW, SNOOKY....

MOL: WHY ISN'T IT? THERE ARE OTHER ACTORS BESIDES GREGORY PECK AND MARSHA HUNT.

FIB: NOT FOR THIS PICTURE! HOW CAN YOU DO THE STORY OF THE TYPEWRITER WITHOUT HUNT AND PECK?

SOUND: TEARING PAPER INTO....

ORCH: "SAULT ST. MARIE".....FADE FOR:



FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
5/24/49

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment...

The mellow beauty that Johnson's Paste Wax brings to a home....is a beauty you've probably-seen, and remembered. You're bound to remember the rich, lustrous finish of wood surfaces that have been polished with this remarkable wax.

But maybe you don't know this. How easily and quickly you can polish your waxed floor, when you have Johnson's New Beautiflor Electric Polisher. All you do is guide this polisher across the floor. The big whirling brush buffs your floor in a few seconds. Ask your dealer about Johnson's New Beautiflor Electric Polisher. You can buy one now....or rent one at low cost if you prefer.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC .. FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -25-

TAG

FIB: Hey Molly - who's gonna do the summer show for the Johnson people?

MOL: Oh, they have a wonderful show lined up, McGee. It stars Ken Darby and The King's Men, and features their King for a Night, with a guest King every week.

FIB: Sounds very good! How many ~~more~~ shows have WE got!?

MOL: Just one more after tonight.

FIB: Just ONE? You sure? Wait'll I count my sodamints. (RATTLE BOTTLE) Yep! You're right. ~~Just one more sodamint.~~ <sup>only one left</sup> 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 MCGEE & MOLLY  
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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) That's how easy it is with Johnson's Carnu .... the auto polish that saves you work .... while giving your car a Sunday shine. First, Carnu cleans your car. Cuts through traffic tarnish and road film that water won't touch. Second, Carnu polishes your car. Makes the whole body sparkle like new.

Yes, cleaning a car can be a hard job. But not with Carnu. Because Carnu cleans and polishes your car in one easy application. Tomorrow, ask your nearest service station or dealer for Johnson's Carnu.

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.

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

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND  
FOR  
JOHNSON'S WA

Tuesday May 31, 1949 -