

(REVISED) #10

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, November 15, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:20:38 - 6:31:43 - 11:05

6:43:25 - 6:43:45 }
6:44:00 - 6:45:00 } - 1:20

6:56:40 - 6:57:35 - :55

6:58:40 - 6:59:20 - :40

4:00

NM

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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,
Arthur Q. Bryan, Dick LeGrand, ^{Stiff Leggett} 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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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
NOVEMBER 15, 1949

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Again tonight we bring you great news about the most important development in floor care in the past 15 years. Johnson's New Glo-Coat is now positively water-repellent. That means that at last there is a self-polishing floor wax that does not streak, does not leave drab spots behind when you wipe up spilled things. Dish water . . . ice cubes . . . spilled drinks can be whisked away - - ~~leaving your floor still shiny~~ ~~without leaving any marks.~~ You don't wipe off the floor wax when you wipe up the water. As you know, Glo-Coat is easy to apply because it produces its own lustre. There's no polishing. It's easy to keep clean . . . because dirt, dust and grime don't grind into that tough Glo-Coat film. But most important -- New Glo-Coat is water-repellent -- and only in Glo-Coat can you get this wonderful water-repellent quality. It stays on . . . stays bright. . . even after repeated damp mopping. That saves you money as well as work. Tomorrow -- give your floors new beauty and protection. . . give yourself new freedom from floor care drudgery. Get Johnson's New Water-Repellent Glo-Coat. It's at your dealers's now -- in the same familiar Glo-Coat package.

ORCH: BRIDGE

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
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WILCOX: WHEREVER MR. MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA GOES, HE LIKES TO GO FIRST-CLASS. IF IT'S THE THEATRE, HIS SEAT HAS TO BE DOWN FRONT. IF IT'S THE FIGHTS, HE LIKES TO SIT RINGSIDE. AT THE OPERA - NOTHING BUT A BOX! SO - WE FIND HIM NOW, WITH MRS. MCGEE, IN A PAIR OF FOURTH-ROW SEATS ON THE AISLE - GOING DOWNTOWN ON THE STREETCAR, AS WE JOIN --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: STREETCAR NOISES...CLANG...CLANG

MOL: You know, you didn't have to ride downtown with me, McGee. I'm glad to have you, but I'm only going to the Bon Ton and --

FIB: Oh, that's okay, Molly. I had a reason for --

COND: (OVER FIB) JARKAMASSATRANVERS! JARKAMASSATRANVERS NEXT! CONNECTION WITH NEEVATRAS!

MOL: What were you saying, dearie?

FIB: I says I had a good reason for comin' downtown today, kiddo. You remember last night I and Mort Toops went bowling?

MOL: Do I remember? Who was it found your bowling shoes for you - all neatly wrapped and stored away in the deep freeze?

FIB: That's right, you did! Hey, how did you happen to think of lookin' in the freezer for those shoes, anyhow?

MOL: It was quite logical. The minute I found the pot roast you bought -- in the shoe bag on your closet door - finding your shoes in the deep freeze was a simple deduction.

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FIB: ^{Mountain} Very sharp, kiddo, very sharp. But ^{The reason I came} ~~about this half a buck.~~
After bowling, Mort flipped a half dollar to see which
one of us would buy the hot buttered rootbeers at
Kremer's Drug Store. The coin fell on the sidewalk and
rolled into the sidewalk grating.

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: It was too dark to look for it last night, and I know
just what grating it rolled in, so finders are keepers
and I'm just the guy to --

COND: (OVER) NEXT STOP, GORFERLASSENMERK! GORFERLASSENMERK
NEXT! CHANGE FOR NERP!

MOL: That's our stop, dearie. 14th Street.

FIB: Yep. Like I say, half a buck is half a buck, and if
Mort Toops is that careless with his dough, come on!

SOUND: CAR SLOWS DOWN...STOPS...DOORS OPEN WITH A HISS, BEHIND:

COND: GORFERLASSENMERK! ALL OUT FOR GORFERLASSENMERK!
NERP CAR!.....LET 'EM OUT, PLEASE!

MOL: My, this is an awfully high step, McGee. Maybe you'd
better give me your hand, because --

FIB: Oh, I'm okay - I can make it all right. Come on, let's
hurry!

MOL: My hero.

SOUND: CAR DOORS CLOSE...CLANG-CIANG....FADES BEHIND:

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FIB: Lemme see now, the grating I'm lookin' for is the second
one down from the mailbox, and let's get over there
quick, because -- oh - oh! Look!

MOL: What is it? Oh, it's the Old Timer, isn't it?

FIB: Yeah, and standing right smack on my grating, too!
Migosh, if he's already found that half buck I - HI, OLD
TIMER!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer!

OLD M: HELLO THERE, DAUGHTER - HI, JOHNNY! HEY, YOU KIDS SEEN
BESSIE?

MOL: Why no, we haven't, Mr. Old Timer. Are you looking for
her?

OLD M: Got a date to meet her here, Daughter. We're goin' out
to the ballpark.

FIB: Ballpark? There's no ballgame this afternoon.

OLD M: That's okay, Johnny - we hate crowds anyhow. (CHUCKLES)
Me and Bessie - we like to be alone!

MOL: You do? Alone, eh?

OLD M: Yep - but somehow we always wind up with each other...
she's a fine kid, though - and at my age a feller can't
be too --

FIB: Hey look, isn't that Bessie now, Old Timer? Comin' across the street there?

OLD M: Yep, that's her - my Bessie! Ain't she cute? Jist look at her, daughter, smilin' and jabberin' - all by herself and happy as a flea on a fat dog!

MOL: She seems like a very nice....uh...girl, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: (SINGS) "AIN'T SHE SWEET!!

DIDJA EVER SEE SUCH FEET?

"SHE WALKS LIKE SHE WAS PULLIN' A PLOW, BUT

AIN'T SHE --- HEYYY, BESSIE!!

BESS: (FADING IN) Here I am, O.T. Am I late?

OLD M: That's okay, baby. I'm used to -

BESS: The reason I'm late, O.T. - I stopped by the beauty parlor to git prettied up. It - uh - it took more time than I thought.

OLD M: It musta took more time than you HAD, baby. You keep tryin', though! That's one thing I like about Bessie, kids - she never gives up. Ohh, excuse me - you remember Mr. and Mrs. McGee, Bessie.

MOL: Of course - hello, Bessie.

FIB: Hi, Bess.

BESS: Oh, I'm so glad to see you-all again. I'm a southern girl you know - that's why I say you-all. In fact, I'm a direct descendant of a 33rd cousin of some very close friends of General Lee.

MOL: My goodness, General Lee. You know, I believe I can see a little resemblance at that.

OLD M: Yep - the General had a heavier beard, of course.

FIB: (DEFENSIVE) Oh, I don't know about that. Bessie is -

MOL: McGee! Look, Mr. Old Timer - if you're in a hurry to go, why -

OLD M: No hurry, daughter, no hurry. You know Bessie had a fine job down there, at one time. She was a member of the Peanut Picker's Union.

FIB: Peanut Picker's Union?

BESS: ^{hooker} Local 402. But when they raised my dues - I seceded from the union.

FIB: Well, like I always says Bessie - "Nothing secedes like secess!!" (CORNY LAUGH) (PAUSE) Migosh, don't you get it, kids? I simply say, -

MOL: 'TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

BESS: I don't understand it myself, but - (LAUGHS)

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OLD M: "Nothin' secedes like " - HEHEHEHEHEH! OHH, THAT'S GOOD, JOHNNY!

FIB: Thanks.

OLD M: BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAAAY," HE SAYS, "FRIEND OF MINE 'S GOT A NEW BABY THIS WEEK. GOT RED HAIR FROM HEAD TO FOOT." "ZAT SO?," SAYS TOTHER FELLER, "WHAT DID THE MOTHER SAY WHEN SHE SEEN HIM?"... "THE MOTHER?," SAYS FIRST FELLER, SHE JIST SAID MOOOO! SHE'S A CCW, TOO!" Heheheh. Come on Bessie. So long, kids.

BESS: Ta-ta, you-all.

FIB: Migosh, am I glad to get that guy off that grating!

I thought he was gonna stand there all day.

MOL: Have you spotted the half dollar yet? Is it down there?

FIB: With his big feet planted there, I couldn't even see the grating, much less half a buck that - OH, OH, I SEE IT! THERE IT IS!

MOL: Hooray! You know, I'm glad that isn't a twenty-dollar bill - because if you get this excited over a half a dollar, I'd - watch your trousers now, McGee. Don't tear the knees!

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FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Don't worry, tootsie! I should have brought a stick with some chewing gum on it. (GRUNTS) This grating is kind of tight, but (GRUNTS) I think I can get my hand down there and - AHHH, GOT IT! SUCCESS!

MOL: Good. Now hop up and dust off your trousers. People are looking at you like - (PAUSE) What's the matter?

FIB: (GRUNTS) My hand! It - it's (GRUNTS) stuck! IN THE GRATING! MOLLY! (GRUNTS) I'M CAUGHT! TRAPPED! LIKE A RAT!

MOL: Ohh, heavenly days! Can't you work it -

FIB: (PANICKY) CAN'T GET MY HAND OUT! HELP! I'M TRAPPED.....

ORCH: "AIN'T SHE SWEET"

APPLAUSE

NM

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: TRAFFIC SOUNDS IN B.G. CROWD MURMUR....FADE UNDER--

FIB: Doggone the doggone luck,...HEY, YOU PEOPLE ... QUIT
CROWDIN' AROUND ME!!....

MOL: Please, folks...stand back a little. He'll never get his
hand out of this sidewalk grating if you don't give him
room.

CROWD MURMUR:

MOL: Does it hurt very much, dearie?

FIB: No, it don't hurt much, but it's darn embarrassing. I
feel like I'd get caught with my hand in the poor box at
church.

MAN: Hey, mister, the same thing happened to my brother once in
Passaic, New Jersey. Got his hand caught in a grating.
Way back in 1928. His right hand, too.

MOL: Well, how did HE get out of it?

MAN: He never did. We built a little shack around him and he
runs a news-stand with his left hand...

CROWD LAUGHTER:

FIB: That's very funny, bud! Now go home and write some gags
for the Undertaker's Journal. Ohhhhhh, my knees!!! Hey,
Molly, put my topcoat under my knees, willya? That's it...
tuck it under a little more...that's better.

MOL: Well, I'm glad you're more comfortable, McGee, but after
all we'll have to get you out of this predicament. If you
could only hold your hand over your head to reduce the
swelling.....

FIB: Yeah, that's a great idea. If I didn't have to hold up
forty feet of sidewalk with it. HEY, WHY DON'T SOMEBODY
DO SOMETHING....? CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.....

WOMAN: "Call the fire department", he says: Maybe if they turn
the hose on him his hand will shrink.

LAUGHTER

MOL: OH BE QUIET!! HAS ANYBODY IN THE CROWD GOT A HACKSAW?

MAN: No, lady, but I gotta jackknife, if you wanna cut his arm
off.

LAUGHTER

FIB: A lot of help we're gonna get outa this bunch of comedians.
You see why I'm so gregarious, Molly? You see why I hate
people so much? Everybody's so - OHHHHHHH, AM I EVER
UNCOMFORTABLE!

MOL: Maybe if you'd let go of the half a dollar, you could
get your hand out.

FIB: I CAN'T let go of it!! My hand's all cramped up. My
gosh, isn't there some ---

WIL: (FADE IN) Excuse me, folks...let me thru, please....

CROWD MURMUR:

WIL: Thank you...one side, please, folks....that's it...

HEY, PAL, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Nothin's the matter, Junior, Nôthin' at all. My manicurist is kinda bashful, so she hides under the sidewalk to glimme a maniôure.

WIL: Well, you'd better tell her to hurry it up. It looks a little like rain.

MOL: RAIN....Oh heavenly days...that's all we need. Did you hear that, McGee? Mr. Wilcox says it looks like rain.

FIB: Yeah....leave it to Junior to add the cheerful note.

WIL: What's so bad about rain, Pal? Gee, whizz, even housewives don't dread rain any more. Now that Johnson's have come out with their revolutionary new water-repellant Glocoat.

FIB: Water repellant Glocoat!! Here I am, with my mitt stuck in a sidewalk grating, humiliated and embarrassed, and he goes right on, makin' a living. Of all the callous -

WOMAN: Hey, mister, what's water-repellant Glocoat?

CROWD: Yeah, what are you talkin' about....what did he say? Etc. etc.....

WIL: Oh, baby...this is wonderful! What an opportunity! STEP IN A LITTLE CLOSER, FOLKS, AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THE GREATEST SENSATION IN FLOOR PROTECTION SINCE THE INVENTION OF THE RUBBER HEEL!

CROWD MUMUR MOVES IN

FIB: HEY, QUIT CROWDIN' ME!....LOOK OUT!!.. GET OFFA MY BACK!!

MOL: GIVE THE MAN ROOM....PLEASE!! YOU'RE TRAMPLING ME HUSBAND!

WIL: Not so close, please, friends.....

FIB: Friends, he says...!! A mob of morbid...maroons!!

WIL: NOW THEN, FOLKS, HERE'S THE MOST IMPORTANT NEWS IN FLOOR CARE IN FIFTEEN YEARS....JOHNSON'S NEW --

MOL: Wait a minute, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Eh?

MOL: Let ME tell this. You're so long-winded when you get talking about Glocoat, and I want to get himself there out of that grating --

WIL: Yeah, but --

MOL: CAN YOU HOLD ON A MINUTE, DEARIE?

FIB: Whaddye mean, can I hold on? Where would I be going? But make it snappy, Tootsie....

MOL: I will, Sweetheart. FOLKS, I AM A HOUSEWIFE.!!

WIL: Tell 'em about the --

MOL: Be quiet, Mr. Wilcox. This is the voice of the ultimate consumer! FOLKS, I AM A HOUSEWIFE. I HAVE ALWAYS USED JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT ON MY FLOORS. I DIDN'T THINK IT COULD BE IMPROVED. BUT IT HAS BEEN...BECAUSE NOW WE HAVE JOHNSON'S NEW WATER REPELLANT GLOCOAT.... THAT MEANS WHEN YOU SPILL WATER....LIKE DISHWATER OR SOMETHING....YOUR LINOLEUM WON'T GET ALL DRAB AND GRAY LOOKING.

SOUND: CROWD MURMUR

WIL: Don't forget that you --

MOL: YOU JUST WIPE OFF THE WATER WITH A CLOTH OR DAMP MOP...
AND THERE'S YOUR WAX SHINING GOOD AS NEW, IT WILL SAVE
YOU MONEY, TOO...BECAUSE THIS NEW GLOCOAT STAYS BRIGHT
AFTER ALL KINDS OF DAMP MOPPINGS. YOU DON'T HAVE TO
REWAX EVERY TIME YOU WANT TO GET YOUR FLOOR NICE-LOOKING.
GO AND GET SOME RIGHT NOW AND SEE FOR YOURSELF...

SOUND: CROWD MURMURS...FADE OUT WITH RUNNING FEET

FIB: My gosh, look at 'em run!....You're quite a saleswoman,
Molly!

MOL: I'll bet you never got such quick action with a
salestalk, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Well, I always --

SOUND: THUNDER...PATTER OF RAIN

FIB: HEY - IT'S RAINING...LEMME OUT OF HERE...GET HELP...I'LL
DROWN LIKE A RAT!!! DO SOMETHING, SOMEBODY....

WIL: I'LL DO SOMETHING PAL!!

MOL: Good for you, Mr. Wilcox...what are you going to do?

WIL: I'm going to hurry back to the office. When all those
people realize it's raining, we'll be swamped with orders
for the new water repellent Glocoat. (FADE) HOPE YOU GET
OUT ALL RIGHT, PAL.!

SOUND: THUNDER...RAIN

FIB: That guy can stop calling me "Pal", as of today!! He's
the kind of a friend that if you got caught in a bear
trap he'd run home for a skinning knife! HEY, MOLLY...
HAS IT STOPPED RAINING?

MOL: No, dearie, I'm holding my umbrella over you.

FIB: Oh. Much obliged. Anyway, this rain ain't a total
disaster. It got rid of the crowd....00000000, HOW DO
I ALWAYS GET INTO THESE THINGS?

MOL: Now that we have a minutes peace and quiet, McGee, let's
figure how to get you out of ^{this one} ~~that mess~~. If I help you
pull, can we lift the whole grating out?

FIB: I dunno. Let's try...grab that side of it...that's it...
now when I say three, start lifting...ONE....TWO...THREE!!!

SOUND: GRUNTS...SLIGHT GRATING SOUND:

MOL: I THINK IT MOVED A LITTLE, MCGEE!! DID YOU HEAR IT
CREAK?

FIB: Yeah, but that wasn't the grating. Them were my wrist
bones. From now on I'm gonna have to have my right
sleeves made three inches longer than the left. I
pulled so hard I ---

OLE: (FADE IN) Well, what goes on here, McGee? Hello, Missus.

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...MCGEE, HERE'S OLE, FROM THE
ELKS' CLUB.

FIB: Hiyah, Ole. Boy I'm glad to see you. You're a handy
kind of a guy. Can you figure a way to get me outa here?

OLE: How did you ever got in there in the first place, McGee?
Or was you just coming out from someplace?

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MOL: He was trying to retrieve a half a dollar from
under the grating, Ole. And got his hand stuck.

FIB: YEAH..DO SOMETHING WILLYA, OLE? I'M SUFFERING.

OLE: McGee, this is your lucky day....It just
happens I got a crowbar here with me.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...SO HE HAS, MCGEE....LET'S
GET TO WORK, OLE!

FIB: Yeah, can't you see I'm in misery, Ole?

OLE: Ch. Don't worry, McGee. I fix you up right
away. I got crowbar right here. Stand back,
missus. I put him out of misery. I hit him
just a little smack on back of his head.

MOL: OH NO NO...DON'T KNOCK HIM OUT, OLE.....PRY
HIM OUT.

OLE: Pry him out. Oh sure. I didn't thought of
that, missus. Good idea. OKAY, McGee.....I
pry and you lift....ready?

FIB: Whaddye mean, am I ready? You think I'm kneeling
here reading a continued story, or something?
SURE I'M READY! GET GOIN, WILLYA?

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OLE: You pull on his coat tail, missus..and don't ever tell MY
missus I do this.

MOL: Why not, Ole?

OLE: She is always telling me not to pry into what is not some
of my business. HERE WE GO, MCGEE...

SOUND: CLANG OF CROWBAR..CREAK OF GRATING..CLANGGG AS IT FREES

FIB: HOT DOG..IT'S OUT! I'M FREE AGAIN!!

MOL: Yes, you're free, except for a 30 pound iron grating hanging
on your wrist..what do we do now?

FIB: Go somewhere and have it filed off, I guess. HEY, DOC
GAMBLE WILL TAKE IT OFF. HE'S ALWAYS GETTIN' MY THUMB OUTA
BOWLING BALLS AND STUFF..HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!!

MOL: Well, all right. But can you carry that thing that far?

FIB: Baby, I'm so relieved to be standing up again I could carry
it to Elkhart, Indiana! THANKS A LOT OLE..I WON'T FORGET
THIS, COME CHRISTMAS!

OLE: Oh that's all right, McGee. I don't expect nothing for doing
a favor for members of Elks Club. They pay me for working.
From outsiders, maybe I expect something, but for members
I'm just donatin' my time..so long, McGee. So long Missus.

MOL: Goodbye, Ole..come on, McGee..I'll help you carry that
grating...

FIB: Okay..and let's not bang into anything..my wrist hurts..
Let's go.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS WALKING..CLANG..CLANG..CLANG...FADING OUT INTO --

ORCH: AND KINGS MEN "CALIFORNIA ORANGE BLOSSOMS"

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

MOL: Come on, McGee - the nurse says we can go right in. Doctor Gamble will see us.

FIB: Migosh, I hope he can do something, Molly! It's breakin' my arm, luggin' this dadratted sidewalk grating around. This thing must weigh - (CLANG)

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: DADRAT THE DADRATTED! Everytime I move, I whang this hunk of iron against something! (CLANG)

MOL: Oh, watch the furniture, McGee! Here, I'll open the door for you. Be careful now, and -

DOOR OPENS

DOC: Well, hello, Molly - nice to see you! And -- OHHH NO MCGEE!

FIB: (SHEEPISH) Yep..Hu - hi, Doc. WHEW! Lemme sit down.

CLANG OF IRON ON FLOOR

MOL: We came right to you, Doctor, because -

DOC: (CHUCKLES) This I can't believe! My nurse told me there was a man outside with his arm stuck through a 2-foot square iron grating - but I gave her some nerve medicine and told her to go home and get some sleep. (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Oh this is - (LAUGHS) Come over here, McGee, and let me look at you.

FIB: LOOK AT ME, MY CLAVICLE! DO SOMETHING WILLYA, FATSO!
This cast iron charm bracelet weighs 30 pounds at least and my arm is -

DOC: Relax, my boy, relax! First rule in an emergency - keep calm! Mustn't upset yourself. (CHUCKLES) Don't tell me how you got into this mess, because I wouldn't believe it anyway. (LAUGHS)

FIB: IT'S NOT FUNNY, YOU BIG SEPTIC! (CLANG) GET IT OFF WILLYA? Ain't you got any regard for human suffering?

MOL: He is suffering, Doctor.

DOC: Yes, but is he human? All right, McGee - hoist it up on the table here and let's have a look at it.

FIB: Okay, Doc. (GRUNTS) (CLANG OF GRATING ON TABLE)

DOC: Hmm, it is pretty swollen, isn't it?

MOL: And red, Doctor! His arm hasn't been that color since he dropped his wristwatch in Uncle Dennis' elderberry crock.

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DOC: Well, there's only one way to get his arm out of there.

Wait till I get some instruments. (RATTLE OF TOOLS)

FIB: Instru - instruments? Whatcha gonna do, Doc?? Will I need an anesthetic? Ether? Solium pentagon?

MOL: Now, now, the doctor won't hurt you, dearie. Mother's right here. My goodness, you're a big boy -you're no fraidy cat.

FIB: I'm not? I mean - of course I'm NOT! IF YOU HAVE TO OPERATE, DOCTOR - I'M READY! I can take it. I can stand the pain - long as it don't hurt.

DOC: AHH, THIS WILL DO IT - MY FAVORITE SAW!

FIB: S-s-s-s-saw?

DOC: There's only one way to get your hand out of that grating and that's saw it off - right above the wrist. Hold steady and --

FIB: SAW IT OFF???? OHHHH! Now I'll have to learn to bowl ~~left handed!~~

DOC: Not your arm, stupid - the grating! Now hold it steady, while I work on it with this hacksaw, will you? I'll saw that bar through and---

SOUND: SAWING INTO

ORCH: SHORT BRIDGE "GRAND CANYON SUITE" IN RHYTHM

DOC: There! How does your arm feel by now, McGee? Circulation coming back all right?

FIB: Yeah, fine, Doc. Migosh, I don't know how to thank you for

DOC: Think nothing of it. You don't need to thank me at all, my boy.

FIB: I don't?

DOC: No, you'll get your bill in the mail.

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MOL: Well, we appreciate it anyhow, Doctor. Drop in and see us soon, won't you? Come on, McGee.

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES..FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT BEHIND

FIB: Whew! What an experience!

MOL: I don't know how you get into those things, McGee!

FIB: Oh, it's easy.

MOL: And it was all for nothing, too!

FIB: Whatcha mean - for nothing? I still got the half dollar, kiddo, and from now on it's gonna be my lucky half dollar!

MOL: It's off to a great start! Look, McGee, you can't keep ~~it~~ ^{the half doll}

FIB: What? Whatcha mean I can't keep it. I found it and -

MOL: --- and you know who lost it! Mr. Toops! You've got to give it back to him, McGee. Now, that's all!

FIB: Yeah but - aww geewhiz, Molly - don't make me give it back! After all I've went through -

MOL: Back to Mr. Toops!

FIB: Look, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll flip it - heads or tails! That's fair enough! Heads I keep it -tails I give it back to Mort. Here goes!

PAUSE....RING OF COIN ON PAVEMENT...SUSTAIN...CUT

MOL: Where is it? I don't see it.
FIB: Went down this grating here. I'll get it. (GRUNTS)
Oh-oh! I'm stuck again!
MOL: DON'T TELL ME! YOU'RE STUCK IN THE GRATING.
FIB: Nope, stuck for half a buck. It's tails. Mort wins!
Well, I'll tell him where it is in the morning. Come on,
kiddo!

TRAFFIC UP INTO:

ORCH: "YOU'RE ALWAYS THERE"

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
NOVEMBER 15, 1949

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment ---
It's the biggest news in years for homemakers!
At last there's a self-polishing floor wax that's
positively water-repellent! It's Johnson's New
Glo-Coat! Here's what that means to you. New
Glo-Coat now gives you brighter floors while it
saves you hours of hard work. Because it repels
water, New Glo-Coat does not lose its shine even
after repeated damp moppings . . . does not streak
. . . does not leave drab spots behind when you
wipe up spilled things. And that solid surface of
tough, shining wax means much more besides.
It means quick mopping instead of hard scrubbing . . .
far less wear on floors and linoleum. It means
economy, too. Johnson's New Glo-Coat stays on . . .
stays bright . . . not days, but weeks longer.
Tomorrow, get the best self-polishing floor wax
money can buy. The Glo-Coat now on your dealer's
shelves is Johnson's New Water-Repellent Glo-Coat.
Get some tomorrow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

NM

(2ND REVISION)

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TAG

MOL: My, isn't Doctor Gamble wonderful, McGee?
FIB: Yeah, great Kid, always there when you need him -
if you can get an appointment.
MOL: What puzzled me is, how did he happen to have a saw
in his office that could cut metal?
FIB: My gosh. I dunno. Let's call up and ask him.
MOL: I did.
FIB: What'd he say?
MOL: He said he got that last year when he had to operate
on a steel man from Pittsburgh.
FIB: Oh. Well- goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all.

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 AND MOLLY
NOVEMBER 15, 1949

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CREAM WAX TAG

ANNCR: The fastest wax polish money can buy! That's
Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax -- the time-saving wax
polish that keeps furniture bright and glistening
almost without effort. For Johnson's Cream Wax cleans
so quickly . . . dries so quickly . . . polishes so
quickly that using it is almost as easy as dusting.
A few strokes with a cloth do the cleaning. A few
more bring out a bright, satin-smooth polish. And
Johnson's Cream Wax contains no sticky oils to catch
dust. Tomorrow -- start using Johnson's Cream
Furniture Wax. It's the fastest wax polish money
can buy!

ORCH: MUSIC UP FULL

ANNCR: YOU'RE TUNED TO THE STARS (2 BEAT PAUSE) ON N.B.C.

NM