

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

TAPE #2

(REVISED)

~~THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!~~
~~THESE...FADE INTO...~~
~~The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water Repellent~~
~~Glocoat, bring you Fibber McGee and Molly - with Bill~~
~~Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Dick Le Grand and~~
~~me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil~~
~~Leslie, - music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'~~
~~Orchestra.~~
~~THEME...UP AND FADE FOR:~~

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Bill

Tues., Feb. 14 Show

Thursday, February 2, 1950

6:30:40 — 6:31:35 — :55

6:47:20 — 6:47:55 — :35

6:56:50 — 6:57:35 — :45

6:58:35 — 6:59:20 — :45

2:00

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

ORCH: THEME....FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water Repellent
Glocoat, bring you Fibber McGee and Molly - with Bill
Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Dick Le Grand and
me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil
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MUSIC: THEME...UP AND FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
2/14/50

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OPENING COMMERCIAL LIKE LIFE QUIET AND PEACEFUL. MR. MCGEE

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment.....OUT OF
More women each day are hearing the big news about
Johnson's Glo-Coat. It's now positively water-repellent.
That means that at last there's a self polishing floor wax
whose shine doesn't melt away at the touch of moisture.
Water, spilled food or drinks, tracked-in mud or snow just
whisk right off that hard Glo-Coat surface.
Yes -- and here's the big news behind the big news.
Because it's positively water-repellent, Johnson's Glo-
Coat now lasts up to four times longer. For you don't wipe
up the wax when you wipe up water. You can even damp-mop
a Glo-Coat protected surface repeatedly without killing
its shine. So you don't have to do your floors nearly
so often. Not if you use Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-
Coat.
Tomorrow, start giving your floors and linoleum this work-
saving protection. Get Glo-Coat. It's in the regular
package, remember. No change in the container -- but
there's a wonderful difference inside.

ORCH: Oh, BRIDGE! Please calm down, stop jumping up and down. Wait!
Talk slowly! Now where did you hear this?

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WILCOX: MRS. MCGEE LIKES LIFE QUIET AND PEACEFUL. MR. MCGEE
LIKES THINGS JUMPY. SO FAR TODAY, WITH HIMSELF OUT OF
THE HOUSE, MRS. MCGEE HAS HAD IT HER WAY - BUT OH BROTHER!
LOOK AT HIM GALLOPING UP THE FRONT STEPS NOW, BURSTING
WITH EXCITEMENT, AS WE JOIN ----

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE

SOUND: RUNNING FEET UP STEPS. ACROSS PORCH. BEHIND:

FIB: (TO SELF) MIGOSH, IMAGINE ALL THAT RADIUM! LOST! THAT'S
THE WORST THING I -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

FIB: HEY, MOLLY - MOLLY - THE HOSPITAL! THEY LOST IT! LOST A
LOTTA RADIUM LAST NIGHT! IMAGINE A HOSPITAL LOSIN'
RADIUM AND -

MOL: Now, now, now, take it easy, dearie - mother's right here!
What's this about lost radium??

FIB: YEAH, AT THE HOSPITAL! THREE TUBES OF IT GOT CARRIED OUT
IN A WASTE PAPER BASKET! THREE RAIDS OF TUBIUM - ER,
TUBES OF RADIUM! IN THE PASTE WAPER - ER, WASTE PAPER!
THEY LOST IT AND -

MOL: Oh, for goodness sakes, stop jumping up and down, McGee!
Talk slowly! Now where did you hear this?

FIB: From Doc Gamble. I and Doc were in his office arguin' about last month's bill, like always, when his nurse brings the phone in. She says it's the hospital and mutters somethin' about three tubes of radium got carried out in the waste paper last night!

MOL: Ohh dear, that IS serious! What did the Doctor say?

FIB: Well, when he seen I was listenin', he put on a kind of a casual air, like half a million dollars worth of radium was nothin', see?

MOL: Half a million dollars worth? Heavenly days, think of all the alarm clocks it took, to scrape that much radium off of!

FIB: Betcha! When I tried to get the details out of him, he turned kinda pale - like he always does when I offer to help him --

MOL: I can understand that.

FIB: - and then he told me to shut up, and hightailed it for the hospital! If you can call that underslung waddle of Doc's "nighthailing".

MOL: Ohh, the poor man - he must be worried to death!

FIB: You said it, he's worried. If the newspapers hear about the sloppy way that hospital, that Doc Gamble is head doctor of, is run - they'll have him disbarred from medical practise! They'll un-smock him! Gimme the phone.

MOL: Here. Which paper are you going to call first?

FIB: No paper. I'm gonna call Doc and tell him not to worry - I'll save his job for him. I'M GONNA TRACK DOWN THAT MISSING RADIUM!

MOL: Well, it shouldn't be too hard to find. Just wait till night and hunt around till you find something that glows in the dark and that's your radium. Unless it turns out to be Uncle Dennis, because he sometimes has a glow, that you can -

FIB: Can't wait till night, tootsie - I'm gonna do this scientific. I'm gonna rent me a Geiger Counter on the way to the hospital and (CLICK) HELLO OPERATOR, GIMME THE HOSPITAL! URGENT!

MOL: A Geiger Counter? Oh, that's one of those things that -

FIB: That you hunt radium and uranium and stuff with, yeah! HELLO, HOSPITAL, GIMME DOC GAMELE! HELLO, DOC, THIS IS MCGEE!....HUH?...WHATTAYA MEAN, I TOOK YOU AWAY FROM THE OPERATING TABLE?

MOL: Oh dear, I hope you didn't make him drop a stitch!

FIB: RELAX, DOC, THE PATIENT WON'T GET AWAY - THE INTERNES'LL HOLD HIM DOWN. LOOK, DIDJA FIND THAT LOST - UH- ITEM? IN THE WASTEPAPER? THE THREE TUBES OF - YOU DIDN'T, EH? WELL, DON'T YOU WORRY, DOCKY, I'LL TRACK IT DOWN! I'LL SAVE YOUR JOB, BOY! I'LL - WHAT... WHY DON'T I DO WHAT??...WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, FATSO! THERE'S A LADY PRESENT!!.

SOUND: SLAMS RECEIVER DOWN

MOL: (EAGERLY) What did he say?

FIB: Awww, poor old Doc is so upset, he don't know what he's sayin', Molly. He didn't even pronounce it right, anyhow!

MOL: Maybe it was Latin. Doctors always ---

FIB: Well, by George, old Doc's too good a friend to let this happen to. Besides, we owe it to humanity to get that radium back, Molly! Grab your hat while I back the car out! HISTORY, HERE WE COME!

ORCH: FAST TRAVEL BRIDGE

FIB: That the best Geiger Counter you got, bud?

MAN: This is the latest model on the market, sir. Light and easy to carry - very sensitive to radioactivity -

MOL: Oh, he isn't interested in radio-activity, sir. He was in vaudeville and the audience threw all kinds of...

FIB: No, no, this is different, Molly. It looks okay, bud - how do you work it?

MAN: Simply turn on this switch here - (CLICK) - and when I pass this active ore in front of it - listen?

SOUND: RAPID INTERMITTENT CLICKING...FADES

MOL: Heavenly days, isn't that amazing, McGee? What makes it do that, sir?

SOUND: SWITCH OFF

MAN: Well, it's quite a complicated thing to explain.

FIB: Yeah, it's rather scientific, Molly, but I'll break it down for you. You see in lookin' for radium, first thing you gotta remember is that "radium" is a combination of two words, "de-um", which is an ore - and "rays", which it gives off in the dark. Thus we call it "ray-dium", see?

MOL: Isn't that cute!!

MAN: Yes..uh..I never heard that slant on it.

FIB: Check me if I'm wrong on this, bud. You see, in scientific language, Molly - those little rays are called "Geigers".

MOL: Geigers?

MAN: Geigers??

FIB: Yep - this little machine counts those things - hence the name "Geiger Counter". Hang it on my shoulder, bud, we gotta get over to the hospital!

MAN: Uh...yes - I'll phone ahead so they have a bed ready for you. (TO SELF) "Rays"... "Geigers??"

ORCH: FAST TRAVEL BRIDGE

SOUND: CAR MOTOR IN AND STOP...CAR DOOR OPENS...SHUFFLE OF FEET

FIB: Leave the car right here by the ambulance entrance, Molly. We'll go in the basement door.

MOL: Here's the Geiger thing.

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FIB: Thanks. (CAR DOOR SLAM) Boy, will I ever track that radium down with this baby! I'll go through that waste paper like a bulldozer! Hurry up kiddo - Doc Gamble's whole future may be at stake!

MOL: Well - when I think what an uninteresting past the poor man has had - he's certainly entitled to a future! This Door?

FIB: Yeah. (DOOR OPENS) Now if the janitor here gets nose - say nothin'. Clam up.

MOL: I'm clammed! He may not like us barging in this way, though without even knocking! Some of these fellows can get awfully nasty with a long-handled shovel!

FIB: I'll handle him. I'll tell him I'm a government man and - HEY BUD! YOU THE JANITOR? I'M A TREASURY INVESTIGATOR AND I WANTA -

OLE: Well hello, Mrs! Hello, McGee.

MOL: OLE!!

FIB: OLE??? Migosh, what are you doin' here?

OLE: The same to you, McGee. And many of 'em. Look - if you're with the Treasury, don't tell nobody! You want to start runs on the banks?

FIB: Never mind that. Look -

OLE: When was you ever treasury investigator, McGee?

FIB: Well, last year - if you wants know! I investigated the treasury at the Elks Club, when Mort Toops left town, didn't I?

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OLE: Say, that's right, McGee. I apologize!! (CHUCKLES) You should have seen him, tryin' to balance the books Mrs. - on the end of a pool cue!

MOL: I heard about it. But, are you working here now, Ole? I thought -

OLE: Just for today, Mrs. I'm working the job for my cousin Swen. He gets accident and they took him to hospital.

FIB: Took him to the hospital? This is the hospital!

OLE: Sure, but Swen works here every day, McGee - when he gets accident, he wants change of scenery. He went to emergency hospital with something in his eye.

MOL: Oh, that's painful! What did he get - a cinder in his eye?

OLE: No, Mrs. - six tons of coal!

FIB: SIX TONS OF COAL? In his eye?

OLE: All the time I tell Swen not to take nap under coal chute. Yesterday, he takes nap and gets waked up with six tons of coal.

MOL: Oh, dear!

OLE: Hard coal, too. (CHUCKLES) Everything looks pretty black to Swen till we dig him out.

FIB: Well, that's all very sad, Ole - but I got no time to gab. Where do you keep your waste paper? (TURN ON GEIGER...CLICKING...BEHIND:) I'm gonna take this Geiger Counter and -

It's funny you should ask about that, McGee - Doctor Gemble was just down here askin' about the waste paper awhile ago. He's a real gentleman, Doctor Gemble, always gives big tips when somebody --
Yeah, yeah, sure, sure! Did he find anything, though?
Did Doc find anything?

No, he don't find nothing, because -

Good! I'll find it! Where do you keep it? Come on - where's the waste paper bin?

The waste paper ain't been noplac, McGee - It's just goin' someplace!

What's that, Ole?

The city picked it up in a big truck this mornin', Mrs.

WHAT?

Where it's goin', I don't know - but it ain't been yet! They just went up the alley two hours ago, and --

CMIGOSH, GONE!!!! WE GOTTA TRACK THAT TRUCK, MOLLY!

COME ON, DOWN TO THE CITY HALL! FIND OUT WHERE THEY TAKE THE PAPER, AND....

SELECTION (APPLAUSE) *A Dream is a Wish
Your Heart Make*

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FIB: WHAT?

OLE: Where it's goin', I don't know - but it ain't been yet! They just went up the alley two hours ago, and --

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ORCH: SELECTION (APPLAUSE) *A Dream is a Wish
Your Heart Make*

FIB: And that's my problem, La Trivia! I got no time to waste with hired help, so I come straight to the top, and -

GALE: (ANNOYED) Will you stop waving that Geiger Counter around, McGee? I'm not hiding any atom bombs!

MOL: Sit down, dearie - you're upsetting His Honor.

GALE: Now give me that again, McGee, - slowly! You want me to find out WHAT??

FIB: (PATIENTLY) Find out what your city trucks do with the waste paper they picked up at the hospital awhile ago. I gotta catch that waste paper before somethin' happens to it!

GALE: (CONTROLLING HIMSELF) I thought that's what you said! LOOK, MCGEE! The Governor of this State and two Federal Judges are waiting in my front office and you have the -

MOL: Oh, we really haven't time to meet them now, Mr. Mayor! You're sweet to think of it, but we have to hurry!

FIB: Yeah, get on the phone, willya boy? This is urgent! I'd like to explain what it's all about, but I can't do it now. Security reasons, you understand.

GALE: The only security you will ever be connected with, McGee - is social! AND IF I HAD MY WAY - (CLICK) Miss Gimlet!

SECY: (FILTER) Yes, Mr. Mayor? I tried to stop him, but he just -

GALE: Never mind that now. Call Mr. Brush in Sanitation and find out what the City does with the waste paper they collected today. Specifically, the hospital waste paper.

SECY: (FILTER) Yes sir.

FIB: AND SNAP IT UP!

SOUND: CLICKING OF GEIGER, BEHIND:

MOL: Oh, put that Geiger thing down, will you dearie? And stop pacing the floor!

FIB: I can't seem to relax, Molly - I'm nervous!

GALE: YOU'RE nervous! HAH! I've never been so -

FIB: Hey, have you got any uranium fillings in your teeth, La Triv - because this thing gets noisy every time I point it -

GALE: NO, AND GET THAT GEIGER COUNTER OUT OF MY FACE! Sit down, will you? Er - no, don't sit down - you won't have time!

FIB: Thanks, I'll sit on your desk here and -

SOUND: BUZZER...CLICK

GALE: Yes, Miss Gimlet?

SECY: (FILTER) Mr. Brush says that particular truck makes stops in North Wistful Vista - East Wistful Vista - West Wistful Vista - and 14th and Oak. Then it delivers its load to the Plymouth Paper Mill in South Wistful Vista.

GALE: Thank you. (CLICK) Did you get that, McGee?

FIB: Yeah...yeah, I got it! Come on, Molly!

MOL: Thanks a lot for your trouble, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Yeah, thanks, La Triv. Hated to bust in on you like this but I knew you wouldn't want an old friend like me to wait outside with the peasants.

GALE: You're about to make me very happy, McGee.

FIB: I am?

GALE: Yes - you've heard the old saying "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"? Get absent, so I can be fond of you!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: HALF A BRIDGE - CHOP SHORT

WIL: (FILTER) NORTH WISTFUL VISTA! ONE-SEVENTEEN P.M.!

ORCH: FINISH BRIDGE

SOUND: CAR MOTOR IN HIGH, BEHIND

MOL: I haven't seen a sign of the truck so far, McGee. This is North Wistful Vista, all right, but we don't know where he stops and -

FIB: Keep watchin'. Doggone it, we gotta catch up with that radium before they dump it in the paper mill!

MOL: Why don't we go straight to the paper mill - in South Wistful Vista - and wait for the truck?

FIB: No, no, that's the easy way! I'm too impatient for that! I'll catch the guy before he gets there! (SOUND: SCREECH OF BRAKES) Ask that woman there if she knows anything.

MOL: Pardon me, madam, have you seen anything of a city paper truck around here?

WOMAN: No, I ain't, lady. We'uns don't git the city papers out here. We'uns cain't read nohow.

FIB: You're lucky, sis.

WOMAN: Wal, I dunno, mister. Six of my boys got telegrams in 1942 -

MOL: In '42?

WOMAN: Yep. Western Union lady said they was from the Draft Board. We'd shore like to git somebody to read 'em to us.

WIL: (FILTER) FOUR MILES WEST OF SOUTH WISTFUL VISTA - THREE P.M.

FIB: Don't crowd your luck, sis!

SOUND: CAR ROARS AWAY, INFO:

ORCH: HALF A BRIDGE

WIL: (FILTER) EAST WISTFUL VISTA! TWO-TEN P.M.!

ORCH: FINISH BRIDGE

SOUND: CAR MOTOR RUNNING IN HIGH, BEHIND:

FIB: (OVER) Doggone it, where could that truck have went to, Molly? If we don't catch that guy before he dumps that --

MOL: HOLD IT, DEARIE! HOLD IT! THERE'S A CITY TRUCK! PARKED! BEHIND

SOUND: SCREECH OF BRAKES

FIB: Oboy -- "City of Wistful Vista"! I hope this is it, because - (PAUSE) Oh, the dirty, rotten - miserable

MOL: What is it?

FIB: Garbage.

ORCH: HALF A BRIDGE

MOL: NEXT TIME, TRY THE TOWN

ORCH: HALF A BRIDGE

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
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WIL: (FILTER) FOUR MILES EAST OF SOUTH WISTFUL VISTA - THREE P.M.!

ORCH: FINISH BRIDGE:

SOUND: MOTOR RUNNING FAST, BEHIND:

FIB: Keep watching, Molly! You watch that side, and I'll watch this side. OOOOOOPS!

SOUND: SQUEAL OF SKIDDING CAR...STRAIGHTEN IT OUT:

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, McGEE! Slow down, will you?

FIB: I can't slow down - I gotta get there before I run outta gas! I'll head him off at the paper mill - at South Wistful Vista!

MOL: You'd better stop for gas, if you think - Oh-oh!

MOTOR COUGHS...SPUTTERS...DIES, BEHIND

FIB: Oh, of all the dirty, rotten, miserable, unfortunate, horrible,

SOUND: lousy - half a million dollars worth of radium on its way to be ruined - and Ohh, of all the dirty, rotten - miserable -

MOL: You said that, dearie, Wait a minute, let me read this sign board here.

FIB: Sign board? What does it say?

MOL: It says - "NEXT TIME, TRY THE TRAIN".

ORCH: HALF A BRIDGE

FIB: HEY, HE'S STOPPIN'! OBOY, HE'S STOPPIN'!

SOUND: TRUCK STOPS...DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, isn't this wonderful!

FIB: Yeah! Thanks for stoppin', bud.

-bc-

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WIMP: (FILTER) THREE MILES FROM SOUTH WISTFUL VISTA - AFOOT! FOUR

MOL: P.M.! AND ANYWHERE, ANYTIME, YOUR WOOD FLOORS AND LINCLEUM

FIB: NEED PROTECTION AGAINST DIRT AND DUST AND DAMPNES - USE

WIMP: JOHNSON'S GREAT SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT! WHICH IS NOW

FIB: POSITIVELY WATER REPELLANT! JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT NOW LASTS UP

MOL: TO FOUR TIMES LONGER - YOU CAN DAMP MOP IT TIME AFTER TIME

WIMP: WITHOUT MOPPING UP THE WAX! IT STAYS ON AND IT STAYS BRIGHT!

MOL: AND, REMEMBER - ALL THE GLOCOAT ON YOUR DEALER'S SHELVES

WIMP: RIGHT NOW IS WATER-REPELLANT GLOCOAT! IT'S IN THE SAME

FIB: FAMILIAR CCNTAINER, BUT WHAT A DIFFERENCE INSIDE!!

WIMP: IT'S JOHNSON'S WATER-REPELLANT GLOCOAT!

ORCH: FINISH IT

FIB: DADRAT THE DADRATTED LUCK! WHY DON'T SOMEBODY STOP?? HEY!

SOUND: CAR WHIZZES PAST

MOL: People just don't seem to pick up hitchhikers, dearie.

FIB: OHHH THIS IS AWFUL! WE GOTTA GET TO THAT PLYMOUTH PAPER MILL, MOLLY.....HEY, HERE COMES SOMEBODY!!!

SOUND: TRUCK FADES IN. OVER:

MOL: It's another truck, McGee. Truck drivers aren't allowed to pick up passengers.....Their insurance won't -

FIB: HEY, HE'S STOPPIN'! OBOY, HE'S STOPPIN'!

SOUND: TRUCK STOPS...DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, isn't this wonderful!

FIB: Yeah! Thanks for stoppin', bud.

-bc-

Well, we're goin' to South Wistful Vista, Wimp, so if
 you're headin' that way ---

WIMP: Well - hello, folks.

MOL: Heavenly days, it's Mr. Wimple!

FIB: Migosh, wally Wimple! Boy, am I glad to see you, Wimp!
 Give us a lift.

WIMP: Sure hop in.

FIB: Whattaya know about that, Molly? Imagine Wimp drivin' a
 truck!

MOL: Yes, this is certainly a pleasant surprise, Mr. Wimple.
 Have you been at it long?

WIMP: Just this week, Mrs. McGee. It seems so strange to be
 driving along without somebody sitting behind me yelling,
 "Wallace, go that way! Wallace, hurry up! Wallace, slow
 down! Wallace!!!" (SIGHS) So strange and so peaceful!

FIB: (OVER) So long, Wimp --- PLYMOUTH PAPER MILL??? WHO'S HE
 DRIVIN' FOR, MOLLY? IS THE NAME ON THE TRUCK???

MOL: Let's see -- it says "CITY OF WISTFUL VISTA"

FIB: WHAT???

MOL: "WASTE PAPER COLLECTION"! OHHH, NO!!

FIB: HEY, WIMP! HEY! OHHH! CAB! CALL A CAB, MOLLY! COME
 ON, FIND A CAB!!

MOL: AND KING'S MEN: *The boy of the wild*
 APPLAUSE: *is gone.*

FIB: Well, we're goin' to South Wistful Vista, Wimp, so if
 you're headin' that way ---

WIMP: Oh, yes indeedy! HANG ON, FOLKS, I'M GONNA HIGHBALL DOWN
 THE HIGHWAY, WITH THIS RIG REALLY ROLLIN'! BEEP-BEEP!
 YAHOO!

SOUND: HEAVY TRUCK ROLLS INTO:

ORCH: SHORT, COMPLETE BRIDGE:

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR IDLING, BEHIND:

WIMP: I hate to put you out of here at the edge of town, folks,
 but my boss would have a fit if --

MOL: Oh, that's all right, Mr. Wimple. This is wonderful!

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Sure, as long as we're in South Wistful Vista, we can get
 a cab from here, boy. Sorry I can't tell you where we're
 goin' -- but it's top secret!

MOL: Big deal.

WIMP: I wouldn't have time to listen anyhow, Mr. McGee. I'm
 late. I have to dump this load at the Plymouth Paper
 Mill and go home. Goodbye now.

SOUND: TRUCK ROLLS AWAY, BEHIND:

FIB: (OVER) So long, Wimp --- PLYMOUTH PAPER MILL??? WHO'S HE
 DRIVIN' FOR, MOLLY? IS THE NAME ON THE TRUCK???

MOL: Let's see -- it says "CITY OF WISTFUL VISTA"

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 ON, FIND A CAB!!

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN: *The boy of the wild*
APPLAUSE: *is gone.*

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR IDLES

WIMP: Driver 217 checking in, sir! Truck number 9! Wallace

Wimple - Wistful Vista!

MAN: 217 - truck 9 - Check! What's your cargo?

WIMP: Waste paper, Sir!

MAN: Check! Gross weight?

WIMP: A hundred and two with my shoes on, but -- ohhh, you mean
the paper! Four tons, sir!

MAN: Check! Source of collection?

WIMP: Wistful Vista Hospital

MAN: Check! Destination?

WIMP: Pulp.

MAN: Check! Dump it down the chute there and collect your --

WIMP: Check?

MAN: Check!

SOUND: WHIRR OF DUMP TRUCK MOTOR ... SWISH OF SLIDING PAPER, AS:

FOOTSTEPS, RUNNING IN

FIB: (WAY OFF, SCREAMS) HEY, WIMP! HOLD IT! WAIT!!

MOL: (SAME) NO, MR. WIMPLE! THE PAPER! HOLD IT!

FIB: (FADES IN) WIMP! (PANTING) IS IT - DIDJA - DIDJA -(PANTS)

WIMP: Well, Mr. McGee! Imagine seeing you here!

FIB: Is it gone, Wimp? The paper? Gone?

MAN: Yep - down the chute for processing, mister. Why?

SOUND: STREETCAR BLAS DOWN

COND: CRENVAHDORTENMUM! CRENVAHDORTENMUM!..CHANGE CARS FOR

RAFFRASWAVVAIETH!

MOL: OHH! You don't know what you've just done.

FIB: Look, bud - is there any way I can get down that chute?

Can I go down there after that stuff?

MAN: Well, yes - you can go down there all right - but you'll

come out as a bale and a half of Plymouth Grade A

Newspaper stock.

FIB: (GROANS)

WIMP: (BRIGHTLY) Well, that's one way to get into the

newspapers! (CHUCKLES) (PAUSE) Did I say something
wrong?

MOL: Come on, dearie - let's grab a streetcar and go home.

We tried!

ORCH: SAD BRIDGE INTO:

SOUND: CLANG-CLANG .. STREETCAR NOISES, BEHIND:

FIB: (BEAT) I don't know what I'm gonna say to Doc Gamble,

Molly! Poor old Doc!

MOL: Well, nobody could have tried harder, dearie! I suppose

they probably had it insured, anyhow. That much radium
would surely -

FIB: It's Doc's reputation I'm thinkin' of, Molly - gettin'

branded as a careless guy.

MOL: Well, he didn't lose it himself, dearie - it was probably

some nurse, or -

FIB: That don't matter! Doc's the head man - and when you're

in charge of a job as big as that, you get blamed for every
leaky hot water bottle and busted splint in the joint!

SOUND: STREETCAR SLOWS DOWN

COND: CRENVAHDORTENMUM! CRENVAHDORTENMUM!..CHANGE CARS FOR

RAFFRASWAVVAIETH!

MOL: We're nearly home. Buck up, dearie.

SOUND: CAR DOORS OPEN...HISS OF AIR:

COND: BOARRRFD!

SOUND: CAR DOORS SLAM...CLANG-CLANG...STREET CAR NOISE:

MOL: Don't look so whipped, sweetheart! Heavenly days, Doctor Gamble hasn't a friend in the world who would have gone to all the trouble you went to - and me with you - to find that - Oh, here he comes, McGee!

FIB: Huh? Who? Migosh, Doc - what's he doin' ridin' street cars?

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble. Sit down.

DOC: (FADING IN) Well, hello, children! What have you been doing all day? Have a nice day?

FIB: A nice day, he says! No use tryin' to act cheerful about it, Doc - what did they say? Did they garnishee your car?

DOC: My car? No, it's in the garage for a check up this afternoon. Why?

FIB: Did the newspapers get hold of the scandal yet, Doc?

DOC: How was that??

MOL: We tried to track it down, Doctor. You'll never know how close we were!

FIB: Yeah, but - well, I failed you, Doc. Let you down. Soddy, old man!

DOC: Who failed what? What are you two talking about?

MOL: The radium, Doctor.

FIB: The radium the hospital lost - the three tubes of radium that fell in a wastebasket!

DOC: WHAT?? We didn't lose any three tubes or radium. That was a three-tube radio that fell in the wastebasket.

FIB: (DULLY) Huh??

DOC: Matter of fact, it didn't fall - a patient kicked it in the wastebasket. Seems he was listening to "Fibber McGee and Molly"! Water-Repellent Glo-Coat on your floor.

FIB: Huh??

COND: GORPERLASSENMERK, NEXT! GORPERLASSENMERK! CHANGE FOR NERF! when floor and you discover that it just doesn't work.

SOUND: CLANG-CLANG INTO: For Water-Repellent Glo-Coat now lasts up to four times longer!

ORCH: CLOSER: for times longer! In spite of hard wear, it still stays beautiful! You don't need to scrub or re-wax a Glo-Coat protected floor nearly as often! Glo-Coat now lasts up to four times longer -- because it's water-repellent. Give yourself the benefit of this great work-saving development. Get Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat tomorrow -- from your dealer!

ORCH: SILENCE! PAGE FOUR!

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
2/14/50

-TAG-

-23A-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

Here's something pleasant that can happen to you -- if you use Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat on your floors and linoleum.

A Saturday rolls round when you'd ordinarily re-wax your kitchen floor and then you discover that it just doesn't need re-waxing. For Water-Repellent Glo-Coat now lasts up to four times longer! In spite of hard wear....in spite of spilled food or drinks you've wiped up ... even in spite of frequent damp-mopping ...Glo-Coat stays bright and beautiful! Lady -- you don't need to scrub or re-wax a Glo-Coat protected floor nearly so often! Glo-Coat now lasts up to four times longer -- because it's water-repellent.

Give yourself the benefit of this great work-saving development. Get Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat tomorrow -- from your dealer!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

-bc-

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

2/14/50

-TAG-

-24-

MOL: McGee - after we got home from that wild goose chase last night, did you phone the police and report our car stolen?

FIB: Yep. Saves me a trip way out there in the country after it, see?

MOL: Mm-hmm.

FIB: This way, the cops'll pick it up and drive it over here for me.

MOL: Yes - they just called up, dearie. And for once in your life you were right.

FIB: Yeah? I was right - they'll drive it over here, huh?

MOL: No, you were right it really was stolen!

FIB: WHAT?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: GOOD NIGHT!!

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water-Repellent 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?

(TO HITCH)

When you polish your furniture, be sure to give both
 sides of your furniture a real "break". Don't use
 a polish that gives a "fade-out" shine -- one that turns
 foggy overnight. Use Johnson's Cream Wax.
 The shine you get with Johnson's Cream Wax lasts for
 weeks, not for just a day.
 That's right. Recent tests of all leading cream furniture
 polishes disclosed this fact. Johnson's Cream Wax is the
 only cream furniture polish whose shine comes from wax
 instead of oils. A wax shine lasts. Oil shines fade
 out -- turn foggy and cloudy when exposed to air.
 Avoid "fade-out" shine! Get a shine that really lasts!
 Use Johnson's Cream Wax.

MUSIC: UP FULL

REVIEWED: DON QUINN
MAY 1950

DATE
MAY
20 1950

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
2/14/50

TAG COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Next time you polish your furniture, be sure to give both
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 Use Johnson's Cream Wax.

ORCR: MUSIC: UP FULL

THURSDAY

6:04 11
 6:07 11
 6:07 11
 6:07 11