

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#26
(REVISED)

FIBBER AND MOLLY
3/7/50

(REVISED)

-2-

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 Water-repellent
Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly - with Bill
Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Dick LeGrand, Cliff
Arquette and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don
Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy
Mills' Orchestra.
"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

JOHNSON'S WAX

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1950

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:39 — 6:31:35 — :56

6:43:30 — 6:44:20 — :50

6:56:30 — 6:57:15 — :45

6:58:30 — 6:59:15 — :45

3:16

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

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-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (1 MIN)

WILCOX: THE TIME: LATE AFTERNOON

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment ---

Here's an advantage you get with Johnson's Glo-Coat that any homemaker appreciates. Glo-Coat, you know, is now positively water-repellent. And because it's water-repellent, it now lasts up to four times longer.

That means economy, of course. More for your money. But think of the work it saves, too. Once you've spread self-polishing, water-repellent Glo-Coat on your floors, it stays on and stays bright. It doesn't dissolve when water is tracked on it, or disappear when you wipe up spilled liquids.

Dirt, dust and grime just whisk off its shining surface. You can damp-mop a Glo-Coat protected surface repeatedly without killing its shine. Hard scrubbing is eliminated for weeks on end. Tomorrow, get the self-polishing, water-repellent floor wax that saves time... saves money... saves work.. lasts up to four times longer. Get Johnson's water-repellent Glo-Coat. At your dealers, in the familiar Glo-Coat package.

ORCH: BRIDGE

(END REVISION)
FIB: Well, I guess I can lay my cigar on the porch rail for a minute. Even if it--- HEE LOOK! Lookit them two---

WILCOX: THE TIME: LATE AFTERNOON One of 'em's Glo, ain't it?

MOL: THE PLACE: 79 WISTFUL VISTA. other one?

FIB: THE GIRL: Molly McGee. IS THAT A COP?

TRAFFIC SOUNDS IN: THE CHARACTER: Mr. Fibber McGee. any thing he's got in his

THE ACTION: WALKING ALONG STREET. COMING HOME FROM SHOPPING.

FIB: WE KNOW THAT BECAUSE MRS. MCGEE IS CARRYING A LOT OF BUNDLES. SHE SPEAKS! --

SOUND WALKING: THE SECOND MAN IS OPENING UP THE TRUNK

MOL: My, I'm glad to be getting home! Such a lot of packages to carry.

FIB: I told you you better have 'em delivered, kiddo. I KNEW they'd get heavy before we got home.

MOL: Yes, you did, dearie. You most certainly did!

FIB: Now if it'd been me that done the shopping, I'd of either bought lightweight stuff, or had 'em deliver it. But no, you gotta buy a new flatiron, and a towel rack and a fryin' pan.

FIB: AND CARRY 'EM! My gosh, you should of knew they'd get heavy.

MOL: I know..I know..I'M SO thoughtless. But when we get up on

FIB: the porch, you WILL unlock the door for us won't you?

FIB: Forget your key?

MOL: No, but I can't get at it. I got my hands full.

Sound: Footsteps on porch

FIB: Well, I guess I can lay my cigar on the porch rail for a minute. Even if it-- HEY LOOK! Lookit them two cars parked across the street. One of 'em's Ole, ain't it?

MOL: Sure that's Ole! Who is the other one?

FIB: HEY! LOOKS LIKE A PINCH! IS THAT A COP?

MOL: I don't know. What's that shiny thing he's got in his hand?

FIB: Looks like a gun. My gosh, Ole must be in a jam. Let's go in the house, quick.

MOL: WAIT! MOGEE..LOOK!, THE SECOND MAN IS OPENING UP THE TRUNK OF HIS CAR..HE'S MAKING OLE CLIMB INTO IT..!

SOUND: CAR STARTING...DRIVES AWAY AS -

FIB: OMIGOSH-IT'S A KID-NAPPING, KIDDO!- He's a kidnapper!!

FIB: ..HEY - COME BACK HERE!! WE SAW YOU...!

MOL: Heavenly days...a kidnapping!.and we saw it with our own eyes!...WE'VE GOT TO CALL THE POLICE....

FIB: My gosh I wish I'd of got the license number!

MOL: I got it!

FIB: Great! Write it down quick!

MOL: ON ONE OF THESE PACKAGES?...WITH MY TEETH?..

FIB: Huh!

MOL: OPEN THE DOOR, FOR GOODNESS SAKE!..WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

FIB: The operators ain't allowed to give it out.

MOL: Oh dear, oh dear...Poor Ole...What can we-

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Eh? Oh yeah..open the door..good idea..we can get in the house that way. Quick thinkin' Molly!

DOOR KEY FUMBLE...DOOR OPEN, CLOSE: CASCADE OF PACKAGES

MOL: My!.It's a relief to set those bundles down..call the police..QUICK!! If Ole's been kidnaped, every minute

MOL: counts!

FIB: Maybe I better call the Elks Club first..tell 'em Ole took the day off.

MOL: NO NO NO, CALL THE POLICE!

FIB: RIGHT!! WHAT'S THEIR NUMBER?

MOL: LOOK IT UP!

FIB: WHERE'S THE BOOK?

MOL: I DON'T KNOW...ASK THE OPERATOR!

FIB: RIGHT! (RECEIVER UP) HELLO, OPERATOR? WHERE'S OUR PHONE BOOK?

MOL: NO, NO, NO....FORGET THE BOOK...ASK FOR THE POLICE STATION!

FIB: Eh? Oh...HELLO, OPERATOR! FORGET OUR PHONE BOOK!! ASK FOR THE POLICE STA ---- GIMME THE COPS...EMERGENCY!!.

WIMP: WHAT'S THAT? IT IS? THEY HAVE? OKAY, I'LL SEND 'EM A TELEGRAM. THANKS! (RECEIVER DOWN)

MOL: Now what?

FIB: It's an unlisted number. The operators ain't allowed to give it out.

MOL: Oh dear, oh dear...Poor Ole...What can we-

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

(2ND REVISION)

-7-

FIB: AHA...SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR!....PROBABLY THEM GANGSTERS
....THEY KNOW WE GOT THEIR LICENSE NUMBER....GONNA RUB US
OUT!

MOL: Well, don't rub it in.

FIB: Stand in front me, kiddo. I'll cover you from behind.

MOL: What with?

FIB: I'll stare 'em down! I put 22 lions to sleep last
Wednesday, remember!

MOL: Where?

FIB: At the Lions Club luncheon, when I made that speech.

MOL: I'd rather get shot than hear another joke like that,
SO COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: GET YOUR HANDS UP, BUD, I GOT YOU COVERED WITH A GUN IN
MY POCKET...AND I - Oh.

MOL: OH!!

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: Oh, it's you, Wimp. Ha ha! SAY, DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE
KIDNAPPING?

WIMP: My goodness..no..who kidnapped whom?

FIB: Somebody snatched Ole the Elk's Club janitor, Wimp..some
gangsters in a big sedan.

MOL: Yes...LOCKED HIM IN THE TRUNK AND ROARED AWAY!!

WIMP: oooooo gracious....did you report it to the police? They
sometimes handle things like that, you know.

(2ND REVISION)

-8&9-

MOL: A what, Mr. Wimple?

(2ND REVISION)

WIMP: A swivet, Mrs. Wimple. They have an unlisted phone number.

MOL: WE CAN'T, MR. WIMPLE. THEY HAVE AN UNLISTED PHONE NUMBER.
ISN'T THAT TERRIBLE?

WIMP: Well, I'm certainly glad I didn't see this kidnapping,

anyway. I HATE violence of any kind. I have so much

violenoe around home, that I've just learned to avoid it.

MOL: Sweetiface, you know...

FIB: You mean...

WIMP: Yes, my big old wife. Her and her big fat temper! One

day I inadvertently happened to put some glue into her

bottle of nail polish and she just flew into a swivet!

WIMP: THEN SHE WOUND UP...AND I HAD TO...
THIS!

SOUND: GLASS CRASH (PAUSE)

WIMP: So you can understand folks...
any kind.

MOL: Yes, I believe.

WIMP: Incidentally, Sweetiface teaches me...
force so I have their telephone...
vista 7865 J, let it ring twice, hang up and call again.

FIB: THANKS, WIMP! ... HOW WE CAN SAVE... (PAUSE)

...HELLO...OPERATOR? GREAT 7865 J., HANG UP, AND...
AGAIN. (PAUSE) HELLO, CURSEY LOCK... I WANNA REPORT...
KIDNAPPING..HEAR...LISTEN

ORCH: "MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC"

APPLAUSE

(REVISED)

-10-

MOL: A what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: A swivet, Mrs. McGee..That's a two-toned tizzy with no volume control. WELL...she grabbed me up like I was a sofa cushion...like this...

FIB: Hey, that's Molly's best sofa cushion, Wimp, so.:

WIMP: -- And SWUNG ME AROUND...AGAINST THE FLOOR LAMP.....

SOUND: LAMP CRASHING

MOL: Heavenly days, what -

WIMP: THEN SHE BANGED ME DOWN ON TOP OF THE CARD TABLE LIKE I WAS A QUICK TRICK IN SPADES -

SOUND: CRASH: SPLINTERING:

FIB: HEY, WIMP..FOR THE LOVE O' ---

WIMP: THEN SHE WOUND UP...AND THREW ME OUT THE WINDOW!!! LIKE THIS!

SOUND: GLASS CRASH: (PAUSE)

WIMP: So you can understand, folks..why I dislike violence of any kind.

MOL: Yes, I believe I -

WIMP: Incidentally, Sweetface teaches Jiu Jitsu to the police force so I have their telephone number. It's Wistful Vista 7865 J, let it ring twice, hang up and call again.

FIB: THANKS, WIMP! .. NOW WE CAN SAVE OLE! .. (RECEIVER UP)

...HELLO...OPERATOR? GIMME 7865 J., HANG UP, AND DO IT

AGAIN, (PAUSE) HELLO, COPS? LOOK...I WANNA REPORT A

KIDNAPPING...YEAH...LISTEN -

MCH: "MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -11 & 12-

FIB: Glad you got over here so fast, Sarge - while all the details are fresh in our mind! Sit down there and whip out your notebook.

SERG: All right - now if you'll give me a few facts here -

MOL: (EXCITED) It was just awful, Sergeant! We were coming home from downtown - and we were right at our front door -

FIB: Yeah, and all at once we seen 'em kidnap Ole!

SERG: That's the victim?

FIB: No, that's the guy they kidnapped.

MOL: - and right behind him was this nasty little gangster - a great big fellow.

FIB: In a big green sedan, with four wheels -

MOL: - with a loud topcoat and a turned-down hat with a brim -

FIB: - and white sidewall tires -

MOL: - talking out of the side of his mouth, like they always -

SERG: Wait, please, just a minute! Let me get this down. Green topcoat - loud sedan - hat with white sidewalls! Got it!

FIB: No - no, the hat didn't have white sidewalls -

MOL: No - the man did!

SERG: Oh, good! A man with white sidewalls should be easy to find, because he'll stand out like a -

FIB: THE MAN HAD THE WHITE SIDEWALLS ON HIS CAR!

SERG: Let's not change the evidence, mister! Now then - what happened?

FIB: Don't worry about the color, Sarge! You just find a
MOL: They kidnapped Ole!
FIB: - and shoved him in the trunk.
MOL: The gangster, that is.
FIB: No, Ole. The gangster shoved Ole in the trunk -
MOL: It was Ole's car - er, the gangster's car -
FIB: - and when Ole shoved the trunk - er, the gangster's
trunk -
SERG: Hey, hey, hey, just a minute! Let's not all talk at once!
FIB: Right! It's confusing. You shut up and I and Molly'll
do the talking.
SERG: Well, I - Now look, if you'll just give me the facts -
MOL: (SHARPLY) Well, the fact is Ole's been kidnapped,
Sergeant! I don't know how you can sit here gabbing, when
poor Ole is speeding away somewhere, locked in the trunk
of that car - a big purple sedan, with a gangster -
FIB: No, no - just a minute, kiddo. It was a black sedan.
All gangsters have black sedans.
SERG: YOU SAID IT WAS A GREEN SEDAN!
MOL: (UNDER BREATH) Purple.
FIB: I did? Well, black always looks green to me at that
distance. Make it greenish-black.
MOL: With a purple top!
SERG: A beautiful color combination! If I find a car that color,
lady, I'll shoot the driver on sight!

FIB: Don't worry about the color, Sarge! You just find a
big boy sedan---er--big sedan, boy - I don't care what
color it is - with Ole in the trunk of it, and that's
your man!
SERG: WAIT! WAIT! THAT'S ALL! SKIP IT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
FIB: (PROUDLY) Hear that, Molly - he's got all the dope he
needs. Shouldn't have any trouble running down a suspect
with all this information, eh, Sarge?
SERG: No, not at all. I CAN RUN DOWN HUNDREDS OF THEM WITH
THIS MESS!
FIB: Well, just trot 'em over here for identification, boy.
With I and Molly's memory for details, we can get a
conviction on anybody you bring in!
SERG: Thanks. I'd like to show you exactly how I feel about
your help, McGee - but I left my blackjack out in the car!
SOUND: DOOR SIAM
MOL: He's gone, McGee. Ohh, poor Ole! I'm so glad we could
help!
SOUND: SIREN ROARS AWAY - OFF MIKE
FIB: There they go, kiddo. I shoulda went with 'em, but this
way I can keep an eye on Ole's car down the street. They
say the criminal always returns to the scene of the --
SOUND: DOOR OPENS
WIL: Hello, Molly - Hey, Pal, what's all this about Ole? I
heard them talking at the Elks, but -
MOL: It's true, Mr. Wilcox. Kidnapped!

WIL: (HORRIFIED) OH, NO, I hoped it wasn't true! Ole kidnapped! It's horrible!

MOL: The police are working on it, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Yeah, I offered to take charge of the case myself, Junior - but you know how them cops are.

MOL: Yes, smart.

WIL: (TAKING IT BIG) This is a terrible shock, kids! Ole, of all people! Oh, if the police don't bring that poor guy back safe and sound, I'll -- well, I'll - let me sit down a minute.

MOL: Now, now - sit here - Mr. Wilcox - we know how you feel. We're all fond of Ole and -

WIL: Fond of him? Why, of all the friends I have in this town, Molly - Ole is the best!!

FIB: Your best friend??

WIL: No, my best customer.

FIB: Aww, of all the cheap dramatic tricks -

WIL: Since he's been janitor at the Elks' Club, Ole buys more Johnson's Water-Repellent Glocoat than anybody in - well you've seen how beautiful he keeps those floors and that linoleum down there -

FIB: We seen the kidnapping and the guy -

WIL: - and how do you think he does it? How does he keep those floors so beautiful? With Johnson's great water-repellent Glocoat, that's how!

MOL: How else?

WIL: Ole knows how many times he can mop up spilled drinks and tracked-in mud, without losing that beautiful, gleaming, Glocoat shine!

FIB: Guy pulled a gun this long and -

WIL: Because when you mop dirt off a Glocoated floor, you don't mop the wax off! It stays on and it stays bright - because Johnson's Water-Repellent Glocoat, the greatest product of -

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

WIL: Yes, pal?

MOL: A man has been kidnapped, Mr. Wilcox!!

WIL: Well, don't worry, kids, I'll get him back! I'll offer a reward!

MOL: Good idea!

WIL: I'll offer the biggest reward this town ever saw! I'll take an ad - "REWARD," I'll say, "ONE CASE OF JOHNSON'S WATER-REPELLENT GLOCOAT FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE SAFE RETURN OF -

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ahh, there goes a real friend, Molly! A solid, blue ^{trust} Glocoat salesman. Any time a pal ----

SOUND: SIREN FADES IN AND OUT - A BLOCK AWAY

MOL: Yes, you stay here, McGee and -

MOL: Hear that? The police are out, running around all right.

FIB: They better be out! I'm givin' them cops ONE HOUR to round up that kidnapper and then, by George, I'll form a posse - I'll set up roadblocks - I'll drag out the thrownet -

MOL: Throw out the dragnet.

FIB: Yeah.

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble. Come in.

DOC: Thanks, Molly. Good day to you, Sausage Head.

FIB: Hi, Hip stabber.

DOC: Any news about Ole? The Elks Club's in an uproar and -

FIB: Not a thing, but look - you wanta join a posse I'm gonna organize, if I can get anybody to join it? We'll take your car, because I just polished mine with Carnu and I don't wanta get any bullet holes in it -

DOC: NO THANK YOU, TRIGGER HAPPY! I've seen you handle a gun, and any time you pick up a firearm I know where my place is - behind something!

MOL: Yes, you stay here, McGee and -

FIB: OHH, LOOK WHO'S TALKIN'!!!! Who was it the last time we went huntin', he claimed his shotgun was empty and pulled the trigger to prove it, and shot the top out of our only tent and it rained all night, and I caught a terrible cold and come to think of it, it was me done that, wasn't it?

DOC: Yes, it was and -- SAY LOOK, I've got an idea that might get Ole back. There's a character around this town whom I took some slugs out of the last time the police brought him in and - well, hand me the phone.

MOL: Here, Doctor.

DOC: Thanks. (RECEIVER UP) HELLO, OPERATOR - GET ME THE "RAT'S NEST CAFE" AT THE EDGE OF TOWN...HELLO, RAT'S NEST? LET ME SPEAK TO LOUIE THE LOUSE...

MOL: Heavenly days, what picturesque people he knows.

FIB: Yeah, Doc's the kind of -

DOC: HELLO, LOUIE THE LOUSE? THIS IS DOCTOR GAMBLE, LOUSE -

FIB: YES - ... LOOK, LOUIE, SOMEBODY..UH..SNATCHED OUR JANITOR FROM THE ELKS CLUB...YOU DON'T KNOW, HUH?...SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE CONTACT, LOUSE.

FIB: Migosh, Doc's a smart operator, ain't he, Molly?

DOC: YEAH, LOUIE, IF YOU CAN LOCATE THE GUY, TELL HIM TO BRING OLE BACK AND HE CAN HAVE MCGEE...THANKS LOUIE.

SOUND: HANG UP this big gangster, see, drivin' a black sedan with a tommy gun on the seat and we hate gangsters, so -

FIB: Have McGee!! Why, the dirty ---

MOL: WHAT ON EARTH IS --

DOC: So long kids!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

FIB: Migosh, of all the ridiculous ideas. You don't think
Doc -

MOL: Of course not. But don't you dare leave the house!
I've got to go upstairs and sort the laundry. (FADING)

TEE: This whole thing is...

FIB: Okay, tootsie. I'll sit here where I can keep an eye
on Ole's car and maybe I can figure out a motive,
because -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

TEE: Hi, mister! (GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh, it's you, Teeny. Glad to see you, sis - but I
haven't got time to gab right now, I'm busy.

TEE: Well, gee, I can't stay anyhow, mister - but Oboy, did me
and Willie Toops ever have some excitement downtown
awhile ago!

FIB: Yeah, well that's very interesting, but -

TEE: We saw this big gangster, see, drivin' a black sedan with
a tommy gun on the seat and we hate gangsters,, se -

FIB: Look, sis -(TAKE) HUH? A BLACK SEDAN? A GANGSTER??

TEE: Sure, mister - I could tell he was a gangster by the
way he kept lookin' out of the side of his eyes -

FIB: Yeah? Yeah?

TEE: - and anyway, when he stopped for a stoplight somebody
in the back of the car hollered "Help, Help!" So me and
Willie -

FIB: OMIGOSH, THAT'S THE GUY! WHAT HAPPENED, SIS? WHAT
DIDJA DO??

TEE: Well, me and Willie hollered like everything - we
hollered "Stop, you crook! and "He's a kidnapper" and
all that kind of stuff, but he didn't pay any attention
to us and then he drove off.

FIB: MY GOSH, THIS IS TERRIFIC, SIS. HOLD EVERYTHING!
(PHONE UP) HELLO, OPERATOR, GIMME THE COPS, QUICK!!

FIB: HELLO, COPS? MCGEE...YEAH...LOOK, CHIEF, I GOT A
WITNESS HERE THAT JUST SAW THE KIDNAP CAR - DOWNTOWN!
YEAH!...HUH?...Where didja see it, Teeny? What street?

TEE: Street? Oh, it was at Fourteenth and Oak, because me
and Willie Toops were -

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT:

GALE: Now go over this thing once more, McGee. Slowly. I want

FIB: FOURTEENTH AND OAK, CHIEF! YEAH, SEND A SQUAD CAR, FAST!
 DRAG OUT THE THROWNET! ER, THROW OUT THE DRAGNET! HUH?
 ...Why didn't you call a cop, Teeny?

TEE: Oh, we didn't hafta call the police mister - a policeman
 came right over, the minute me and Willie started hollerin'.

FIB: SHE SAYS A COP CAME RUNNIN', CHIEF!..HUH?...I'LL ASK HER.
 What did he do, Sis? Was there any shootin'?

TEE: Ohh no, mister - no shooting.

FIB: NO SHOOTING, CHIEF.

TEE: The policeman just put me and Willie out -

FIB: THE COP PUT HER AND WILLIE OUT, CHIEF!

TEE: - because we were hollerin' and throwin' popcorn boxes
 at the screen -

FIB: THEY WERE THROWIN' POPCORN BOXES AT -- (PAUSE) Huh??

TEE: - and he told us never to come back to the Bijou Theatre
 again!

FIB: AWWW, FER TEE -

TEE: So long, mister.

Sis. So long Chief

ORCH AND KING'S MEN: "CINDERELLA WORK SONG"

APPLAUSE

FIB: I'm glad you think I did it right, La Trivia. Lots of

THIRD SPOT:

GALE: Now go over this thing once more, McGee. Slowly. I want
 to get all the facts straight.

MOL: I don't blame you, Mr. Mayor. Well, when these two men -

FIB: One man, Molly.

MOL: Two men, dearie. Ole, and the gangster.

FIB: Oh yeah, two men.

GALE: Two men. One victim and one kidnaper.

MOL: There may have been others crouched down in the back seat.

FIB: Probably was, too. Let's say there might of been three
 more. That makes four gangsters and Ole. Five altogether.

GALE: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, MCGEE....YOU DON'T KNOW there were
 three MORE HIDING IN THE BACK SEAT.

FIB: I just deducted that, La Trivia. I deducted that there were
 three more from the fact that when I went out a little while
 ago, there were three cigarette butts layin' in the gutter.
 RIGHT WHERE THE KIDN' CAR HAD BEEN PARKED...! SIGNIFICANT,
 EH? I scraped up some of the ashes into this little
 envelope. Here. Have 'em analyzed.

GALE: Er...thank you.

MOL: If they turn out to be cigarette ashes, it's probably a
 cigar smoker in disguise. That's a good clue.

GALE: Oh, that's a jim-dandy one! Just a peach! There's nothing
 like a soiled envelope full of twigs, ashes and macadam
 scrapings to track down a kidnaper.

(REVISED)

FIB: I'm glad you think I done right, La Triv. Lots of
GALE: fellas would never of thought of examining the scene
FIB: of the crime. The cops gimme heck for trampling over
a lot of footprints, but personally I considered the
cigarette butts more important.

GALE: I'd like to catch one of my policemen interfering with
your investigations!

MOL: What would you do to him, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Make him a Lieutenant. Now then let's take the matter
of motive.

MOL: Well, we thought -

FIB: I'll clarify it for him, Molly. That means I'll make
it clearer, see? Educillate.

FOUND: RECEIVER UP:

MOL: heavenly days, isn't this thrilling...what's code 75,
Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Yes, pray do. Educillate.

FIB: Well, sir, I figure that Ole was kidnaped for some
good reason. Find out what that reason is - and we
got the motive! simple?

GALE: Yes, you've thought a lot about this case, haven't
you, McGee?

FIB: You betcha. I always been interested in this kinda
stuff. Even in high school, all the teachers agreed
that I had a real criminal mind. Well sir, if the
motive in this case -

SOUND: TELEPHONE

GALE: Probably for me, if you don't mind. I left word I
could be reached here. (RECEIVER UP) 79 WISTFUL VISTA
...BEG PARDON? YES, THIS IS MY HONOR. I MEAN THIS IS
MAYOR...~~HE~~ MY, ^{Mayor} THIS IS LA TRIVIA!! WHAT? THEY
HAVE?...WELL, PUT EVERY AVAILABLE PROWL CAR ON IT...
I'LL BREAK ANYBODY WHO LETS THEM ESCAPE...!!!! BY THE
WAY, WILSON....CODE 75. THAT'S ALL!

SOUND: RECEIVER UP:

MOL: Heavenly days, isn't this thrilling...what's code 75,
Mr. Mayor?

GALE: OLE... YOU'RE BACK AGAIN!...SAFE AND SOUND...

MOL: Hello, Mrs. Hello, McGee. What's all the excitement?

GALE: I'M the Mayor, see. I'll take over here.
Have you been mistreated in any way, Ole?

OLE: You bet your life I'm mistreatment, Mr. Mayor. I keep.

GALE: That means, let my secretary know who won the seventh race.

GALE: NOW THEN, MCGEE, MORE FACTS, PLEASE.....YOU SAW THIS MAN FORCE OLE INTO THE TRUNK OF THE STRANGE CAR?

FIB: With my very own two blue eyes, La Triv. So did Molly.

MOL: ~~It's the truth, the whole truth and so help me.~~ ^{Yeah} Poor Ole, jammed into that luggage compartment.!! I hope he lets all the air out of the spare tire!

GALE: CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE

SOUND: SIRENS OFF...FADE IN FAST:

MOL: My goodness...sounds like they're coming this way.!!

FIB: LOOK...OUT THE WINDOW....THERE'S THE KIDNAP CAR!!!! AND A SQUAD CAR RIGHT BEHIND IT!!!!

MOL: THEY'RE FORCING IT TO THE CURB.....

FIB: LOOKA THEM COPS BOILING OUT.....LIKE A BUSTED CRATE OF GRAPEFRUIT.!!!

GALE: Look!!! THEY'RE OPENING THE TRUNK....THERE'S OLE!!!

MOL: GOOD GOOD GOOD!...SAFE AND SOUND....OH, THANK GOODNESS.!!

FIB: Thank me, kiddo! I'M the one that he put the cops on the trail. COME ON...LET'S BE IN ON THE KILL.!!!

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR....DOOR OPEN FAST DOWNSTEPS..ONTO SIDEWALK.

MOL: OLE...OLE...YOU'RE BACK AGAIN!...SAFE AND SOUND.....

OLE: Hello, Mrs. Hello, McGee.. What's all the excitement?

GALE: I'M the Mayor, men. I'll take over here.

GALE: Have you been mistreated in any way, Ole?

OLE: You bet your life I'm mistreatment, Mr. Mayor. I keep bumping my head on roof of trunk.

GALE: Well, you're safe now....MEN, TAKE THAT FELLOW TO HEADQUARTERS FOR QUESTIONING.

MEN: Yes sir!

OLE: Hey wait a minute. Why do you want to question my cousin?

FIB: YOUR COUSIN.!!

MOL: You mean this man is -

OLE: Well, not really my cousin. He's just forst cousin to my wife's brother-in-law.

GALE: THEN WHY DID HE LOCK YOU IN THE TRUNK OF HIS CAR?

OLE: Look....he gets a squeak in back of car. He says to me, Ole, help me find squeak in car. So, I climb in trunk and we drive around town. And I find the squeak, too!

FIB: Where was it?

OLE: In lid of trunk. Can't close it with me inside, so it don't squeak. WELL COME ON, WIFE'S BROTHER-IN-LAW'S FORST COUSIN. I GOT TO GET HOME! So long, Mayor...So long McGee. So long, Missus. So long, Harness Bulls.

ORCH: "YOU KISSED ME" FADE FOR:

(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MARCH 7, 1950

(REVISED)

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL (00:50)

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment....
Did you ever stop to think how valuable the floor surfaces in your home are? How costly it would be to have them refinished? Then you can see that it's only good business to give them the best protection money can buy. And if you want a brilliant shine without the hard work of polishing, the wax for you to use is Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat. Because -- Johnson's Glo-Coat now gives you new protection.. and longer-lasting protection.. with every application. It's the self-polishing floor wax that is positively water-repellent. It protects your floors against water and spilled things-- can even be damp-mopped repeatedly without losing its shine. And because it's water-repellent, it now lasts up to four times longer.

The best economy is to use the best. Use Johnson's water-repellent Glo-Coat.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC; FADE FOR

TAG

(REVISED)

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FIB: Well, it just goes to show how appearances are deceiving don't it, kiddo?
MOL: It certainly does! Heavenly days, I'd have bet almost any amount of money that -
FIB: OH MY GOSH, THAT REMINDS ME! EXCUSE ME, KIDDO. (RECEIVER UP) HELLO OPERATOR? GIMME THE POLICE STATION!
MOL: What on earth are you -
FIB: HELLO, POLICE STATION? CODE 75. EH? HE DID? WHO RAN SECOND? Oh. Much obliged.
SOUND: RECEIVER UP
MOL: Lose much?
FIB: No, it was just a mental bet.
MOL: That's my boy. Still keeping your bets small.
FIB: Eh? Oh! Ha hah. Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!

SIGNOFF

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?

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
MARCH 7, 1950

(REVISED)

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TAG COMMERCIAL (00:46)

ANNCR: Here's something every homemaker should know about cream furniture polishes. Of all leading cream furniture polishes on the market today, there's only one that doesn't fade out in twenty-four hours. That one is Johnson's Cream Wax.

Yes, recent tests show that Johnson's Cream Wax is the only leading cream furniture polish whose shine comes only from wax instead of oils. A wax shine gives you a hard, dry, dust-free finish that lasts for weeks and weeks instead of just a day. An oil shine fades out-- turns foggy and smeary overnight.

So-- when you buy furniture polish- be sure to get the polish that protects you from "fade-out" shine. Get Johnson's Cream Wax, at your dealers...

ORCH: MUSIC UP FULL TO FINISH

ANNCR: YOU'RE TUNED FOR THE STARS (two beat pause) ON N.B.C.

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
MARCH 7, 1950

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TAG COMMERCIAL CUT-IN (:45)

LOCAL CUT-IN: WMRF, Lewistown TAKES LOCALLY ONLY

SECTIONAL CUT-IN: WSM, Nashville TAKES LOCALLY AND FEEDS KARK, Little Rock, KNOE, Monroe, KUTB, Shreveport, and all stations in South Central Group.

SECTIONAL CUT-IN WRC, Washington TAKES LOCALLY AND FEEDS WMBG, Richmond, Southeastern Group, Florida Group, and all Basic and Basic Supps. Stations in Eastern Time Zone (except WMRF) which are not included in the sectional from NBC Chicago

ANNCR: Here's something every homemaker should know about cream furniture polishes. Of all leading cream furniture polishes on the market today, only one offers you protection from "fade-out" shine. That one is Johnson's Cream Wax. Yes, recent tests show that Johnson's Cream Wax is the only leading cream furniture polish whose shine comes from wax instead of oils. A wax shine gives you a hard, dry, dust-free finish that lasts for weeks and weeks instead of just a day. An oil shine fades out -- turns foggy and smeary overnight. So -- when you buy furniture polish -- be sure to get the polish that protects you from "fade-out" shine. Get Johnson's Cream Wax. At your dealer's.

6:46:30 - 6:57:15
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6:58:30 - 6:59:15 - 45