

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#31
(REVISED)

Both

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

6:30:38	—	6:31:42	—	1:04
6:43:35	—	6:44:20	—	:45
6:56:35	—	6:57:20	—	:45
6:58:35	—	6:59:25	—	:50

13:24

Tuesday, April 11, 1950

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

-2-

- 1 WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!
- 2 ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:
- 3 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, Cliff Arquette, Elvia Allman, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' orchestra.
- 4 ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
4/11/50

-3-

FIRST COMMERCIAL

1 WIL: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment.(CUT-IN CUE)
Here's big news for homemakers! Right now, dealers in household products everywhere are featuring special spring housecleaning displays. For your convenience, they're grouping in one place all the mops and brushes, the soaps and cleansers, the waxes and polishes you'll need to do your spring housecleaning job faster, easier, better. What's more -- lots of these displays offer real money-saving seasonal bargains.
Yes -- and here's one bargain that's really special! It's Johnson's Glocoat! Johnson's Water-Repellent, self-polishing Glocoat, in special giant cans! That's right..Glocoat, for a limited time only, will be offered by your dealer in new, giant cans, one third larger than the regular container, at no increase in price! New, Giant pints - new giant quarts! One-third more wax in either container - at not one penny extra. The special cans with their special labels tell you what a bargain this is! One-third more wax -- no increase in price. Johnson's Glocoat, in new giant cans, is at your dealers -- now! Get some tomorrow!

2 ORCH: UP TO FINISH

(2ND REVISION) - 4 -

1 WIL: AS THE MANAGER OF BRINKS EXPRESS COMPANY MIGHT HAVE SAID WHEN HE LOOKED INTO THE VAULT, "HOW DO PEOPLE GET INTO THESE THINGS?"

THE SAME QUESTION APPLIES AT THE BIG GENERAL STORE AT 14TH AND OAK STREETS, WISFUL VISTA, WHICH IS APPARENTLY BEING RUN BY --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

2 APPLAUSE

3 FIB: Lemme see. I gotta get rid of this barrel of pickles before the day is over.

4 MOL: Pickles?

5 FIB: Yeah, boy, this oughta be fun! I always wanted to run a general store like this.

6 MOL: Well, I will say for you, dearie, that you approach it with an open mind. I can't think of anybody who knows LESS about running a general store than you do.

7 FIB: You said it! It's lucky for Bill Coleville, that I was in here when he took sick and hadda go home. Did you hear that low moan of gratitude when I grabbed a white apron and a pencil and told him I'd run the store for him?

8 MOL: Was that gratitude? That's odd. I've heard that same low moan from Uncle Dennis when he got a Christmas package that gurgled and it turned out to be shaving lotion.

1 FIB: Well, he made the best of it. For three days he had a
breath like a barber shop on a hot Saturday night.
That guy could - YES, SIR, BUD, SOMETHING FOR YOU?

2 MAN: Got any ant powder?

3 MOL: Yes, we have, sir. Large can or small can?

4 MAN: Large, please. Gardenia, if you have it. Or maybe
carnation.

5 FIB: Gardenia or carnation! You sure got fussy ants at your
house!

6 MAN: I'll say she is! Oh yes....and she wants a powder puff,
too.

7 MOL: Here you are, sir. (THUD ON COUNTER) Is your aunt
doing spring housecleaning? We're having a special
today on housecleaning supplies.

8 MAN: Gee, I'm glad you reminded me -- do you carry any floor
polishes?

9 FIB: Are you kidding, bud? We've carried floor polishes
for 15 years.

10 MOL: And vice versa.

11 MAN: I'll take this one here. Thanks.

12 DOOR SLAM:

13 FIB: There's our first sale, Tootsie. Ring it up.

14 MOL: Yes, sir. How do you do it? I never saw such a
complicated cash register.

1 FIB: Well, these new registers do practically all your
bookkeeping for you. I'll show you how it works....
Powder, 37 cents -- puff, 40 cents -- Glocoat, 69 cents.
Total \$1.46.

2 SOUND: PUNCH FOUR BUTTONS....GRINDING NOISE....BELLS RING....
RATCHET....CRUNCH, WHIRR, SPANGGGGG, GONG!....POP.

3 MOL: Heavenly days! Look what popped out of it!

4 FIB: Yeah....very efficient machine. See? It says AMOUNT
OF SALE: \$1.46 cents. WEATHER: Cloudy. Your weight,
176. Your horoscope for April 11th: Avoid business
transactions.

5 MOL: My goodness, those machines do everything but think,
don't they?

1 MOL: My goodness, those machines do everything but think,
don't they?

2 DOOR OPEN:

3 OLD: WELL, HELLO THERE, DAUGHTER...HELLO, JOHNNY....Better
git out from behind that counter, kids, before
somebody catches ye!

4 MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

5 FIB: We belong behind this counter, Old Timer. We're
running the joint. How you fixed for dill pickles?
Special today, nickel a pickle!

6 OLD: Nope. No pickles, Johnny. They keep my face all puckered
up and Bessie keeps tryin' to kiss me.

7 MOL: Oh, how is Bessie, Mr. Old Timer? We haven't seen her
for a long time.

8 OLD: Bessie's jest fine, daughter. Full o' high sperrits.
Chased me fer twenty minutes tother day with a
caterpillar, laffin' fit to bust!

9 FIB: You afraid of a little caterpillar?

10 OLD: LITTLE caterpillar! Hers weighs five tons, Johnny.
She's bulldozin' on the new subdivision south o' town.

11 MOL: Oh, a tractor?

1 OLD: Yes, I guess I did. EH? Oh!.Yeah.. a tractor. Well,
Bessie's a fine girl, kids. College girl, you know.
Belonged to a very good fraternity.

2 FIB: FRATERNITY...go on - a fraternity is for men.

3 OLD: So's Bessie, Johnny. She's a man's woman. But feminine,
too. Never smokes a cigar without a holder. HEY, THAT
REMINDS me. My landlady's cleanin' house. Cleanin' out
all the useless junk. That's why I'm here, kids.

4 MOL: Oh, you want to buy some supplies?

5 OLD: Nope. I was the first thing she threw out and I got no
place else to go.

6 FIB: Well, why don't you make friends with her, Old Timer!
Take her a few little gifts, for house cleaning. Or some
dill pickles.

7 OLD: Good idea, Johnny! Lemme see now.. candy..flowers..books.
HEY..I THINK I'LL TAKE HER A PAIR O' NYLON HOSE!

8 MOL: Wonderful!..We have some lovely ones. What size?

9 OLD: Oh gimme a pair of fifty footers, daughter. One for the
front lawn and one fer the back.

0 FIB: Gift wrap it?

1 OLD: Sure, I'll pick it up later. AND HEY, JOHNNY...

2 FIB: Yeah?

3 OLD: I'll take one of these here automatic pencils.

4 MOL: Fine, Mr. Old Timer. That's one dollar.

- 1 OLD: Okay. Fully automatic, is it?
2 FIB: Yup. Fully automatic.
3 OLD: Good, I'll set it to write a letter to papa while I'm
at the Ball game. So long, kids!
4 SOUND: PUNCH FOUR BUTTONS. GRINDING NOISE, BELLS RING, RATCHET,
WHIRRR, CRUNCH, SPANGGGG, GONG, POP!
5 ORCH: "CANNONBALL RAG".
6 APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

- 1 MOL: Look at this big rack of housecleaning stuff, McGee...
Isn't this wonderful? I can hardly wait to get home and
start my own spring cleaning!
2 FIB: Yeah - and I'll help you like I always do.
3 SOUND: DOOR OPEN: CLOSE.
4 FIB: Hiyah, sis. What can we do for you?
5 WOMAN: I'd like a large broom and a dozen light bulbs -
60-watt....
6 MOL: Broom and light bulbs, dearie.
7 FIB: Right! Say, we're havin' a special on dill pickles
today, sis - nickel a pickle and --
8 WOMAN: No, no pickles, but I need a new mop and some dust cloths -
9 MOL: Mop - no pickles - and dustclothes.
10 FIB: Right. You better reconsider about the pickles, sis.
Mighty good to munch on while you're cleaning house.
11 WOMAN: I don't NEED any pickles! I HAVE plenty of pickles!
12 MOL: You're sure?
13 WOMAN: Quite sure! Just deliver this order, please.
Mrs. Heinz - 57 Variety Avenue. Good day.
14 FIB: (TO SELF) Heinz....Heinz....familiar name. I wonder if
that's the Chase National Bank family.
15 MOL: No, I think she -
16 SOUND: PHONE RINGS.

- 1 MOL: I'll get it. (RECEIVER UP) WISTFUL VISTA GENERAL STORE,
MOLLY MOGEE, ASSISTANT TEMPORARY MANAGER, SPEAKING.
...WHAT WAS THAT, MADAM?....HOW DO YOU GET STAINS OFF THE
CARPET? WELL, IN THIS CASE, TRY SOME TURPENTINE.
DON'T MENTION IT!
- 2 SOUND: HANGUP.
- 3 FIB: Who was that?
- 4 MOL: Mrs. Staines....Her husband has a lot of trouble with his
back.
- 5 FIB: His back?
- 6 MOL: Yes, she can't get him up off of it. Personally, I -
- 7 DOC: Well, well, well.....look who's making like a merchant.
Who was idiot enough to trust you with a store like this,
Chicken-brain?
- 8 FIB: We just happened to be in here when the owner took sick,
Docky. I volunteered to run the place for him.
- 9 DOC: Was he sick before you offered, or after?
- 10 MOL: Both, Doctor. Is there something we can do for you?
- 11 DOC: Yes, I want about fifty 5-grain tablets of monoacetic
acidester of salicylic acid in any standard proprietary
preparation.
- 12 FIB: Okay. Large bottle of aspirin for Doc, Molly.
- 13 DOC: HOW DID YOU KNOW?
- 14 FIB: Looked it up after rehearsal.

- 1 DOC: Oh.
- 2 MOL: What else, Doctor?
- 3 DOC: Well, I need a broom - couple of dustcloths - and a
potholder.
- 4 FIB: Okay, Docky. What size potholder do you wear?
- 5 DOC: They're not for me, Eggface, they're for my housekeeper.
- 6 FIB: All right, what size does she wear? If she -
- 7 MOL: Here are the potholders, Doctor. Anything else?
- 8 DOC: Yes, give me some cold stuff for a late supper, Molly.
Some sliced ham and a loaf of pumpernickel. And by the
way, children, do you make deliveries?
- 9 MOL: Yes, we do, Doctor.
- 10 DOC: Isn't that a coincidence? So do I! So long now!
- 11 SOUND: DOOR SIAM.
- 12 FIB: Ring that up, kiddo. Three-twenty.
- 13 MOL: You ring it up, dearie - that thing scares me to death.
- 14 FIB: Shouldn't feel that way, kiddo - after all, Man should be
the Master of the Machine.
- 15 MOL: I'm a woman. You ring it up, Master.
- 16 FIB: Okay.
- 17 SOUND: CASH REGISTER EFFECT - ENDING WITH RUSTY SQUEAK AND POP.
- 18 MOL: What does the slip say?

(REVISED) -13-

1 FIB: "Oil me".
2 MOL: A very intelligent machine. How they can ever design such a -
3 SOUND: DOOR OPENS
4 MAN: Hey, Mac, you got any mosquito lotion?
5 FIB: Right here, bud - whatcha want it for?
6 MAN: Whattaya think I want it for? My mosquito's got a Charlie horse!
7 SOUND: DOOR SLAM
8 FIB: Wise guy! Just because I ask him a dumb question he don't hafta gimme a smart answer. BUT - I suppose all us retail merchants run into a certain number of scarpusses. If I was - Hi, Junior!
9 WIL: Hi, Pal - hello, Molly! What are you doing, playing store?
10 MOL: We're in full charge, Mr. Wilcox. We've got anything you need - and if we haven't got it, we can get it - and if we can't get it, it isn't made - and if it isn't made, you don't need it.
11 FIB: We also got a barrel of nice pickles here, Junior - special today only at a -
12 WIL: Hey, that's a handsome housecleaning display you've got there, Molly. Everything for spring cleaning right on one display rack. It saves a lot of steps for shoppers.

(2ND REVISION) -14-

1 FIB: It saves a lot of steps for the dealer, too, Junior - let's face it.
2 WIL: I was admiring that display of Johnson's Great Waxes, Johnson's Paste and Liquid Wax - Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax - Johnson's Carnu - and JOHNSON'S WATER REPELLENT GLOCOAT IN THE BIG NEW GIANT CAN DEAL - JUST STARTING THIS WEEK!
3 MOL: Tell us more about this big giant can deal on Johnson's Glocoat, Mr. Wilcox, said happy little Molly - dancing with impatience, because her husband wanted to sit this one out.
4 WIL: Well, it's the biggest housecleaning news in years, Molly. This is the deal that gives housewives one-third more of that wonderful Water-repellent Glocoat for the same money!
5 FIB: Incidentally, I'm sellin' these giant economy size pickles at only a nickel a pickle to get rid of -
6 WIL: THINK OF IT! A pint and a third of that great water repellent Glocoat for the price of a pint -- or a quart and a third for the price of a quart. And this giant can deal is on your dealer's shelves right now!
7 FIB: (PLAINATIVELY) Don't you LIKE pickles, Junior?
8 WIL: Yes, Pal, I love pickles. But I can't eat 'em. Orders!
9 MOL: Doctor's orders, Mr. Wilcox?

1 FIB: (PLAINTIVELY) Don't you LIKE pickles, Junior?
 2 WIL: Yes, Pal, I love pickles. But I can't eat 'em. Orders!
 3 MOL: Doctor's orders, Mr. Wilcox?
 4 WIL: No, my wife's. Says they spoil my dinner. See you
 later, kids!
 5 SOUND: DOOR SLAM
 6 FIB: Deggone it, these pickles just ain't moving!
 7 MOL: Oh, pickles, pickles, pickles!!! Why are you being so
 dilly about these pickles?
 8 FIB: Well, I hate to ad mit this, kiddo, but the fact is,
 I -
 9 SOUND: PHONE RINGS
 10 FIB: I'll get it. (RECEIVER UP) SMACKOUT - THE STORE DOWN
 ON THE CROSSROADS OF THE AIR - LUKE GRAY SPEAKIN'.
 11 MOL: NO-NO- NO!
 12 FIB: Eh? Oh, what am I sayin'? That was 20 years ago!
 WISTFUL VISTA GENERAL STORE!...Who? Yes...No...
 Sure...Great...Right!
 13 SOUND: RECEIVER UP
 14 MOL: Who was it?
 15 FIB: Wrong number. Somebody that -

1 SOUND: DOOR OPEN
 2 MOL: Well, for goodness sakes, it's His Honor. Hello,
 Mr. Mayor.
 3 GALE: Hello, Molly - Hi, McGee!
 4 FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. I was just thinking of you. On
 account of I got a great bargain today in dill
 pickles. Nickel a pickle.
 5 GALE: That's very flattering, I'm sure. When you think of
 pickles you think of me. You know what I think of
 when I think of you, McGee?
 6 MOL: Shall I leave the room?
 7 FIB: Nah, he's just kidding, ain'tcha, La Triv?
 8 GALE: Yes, just kidding. I have a great sense of humor!
 Remind me to tell you some day about the time in 1871
 I set fire to the City of Chicago and blamed it on
 Mrs. O'Leary's cow. Oh, I'm a card!
 9 MOL: You must have been quite young in 1871, Mr. Mayor.
 10 GALE: Well, young people mature more rapidly in the tropics.
 11 FIB: Chicago ain't tropical.
 12 GALE: It was for a couple of days in 1871. Now then, shall
 we stop this idiocy and talk a little sense?
 13 MOL: Yes, lets. They say the shortest distance between
 two jokes is a straight line, anyway.

(REVISED)

-17-

1 FIB: HEY, THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, KIDDO!! THE SHORTEST
DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO JOKES - DON'T YOU GET IT,
LA TRIV? A STRAIGHT LINE?

2 GALE: T'AIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

3 FIB: It is, too!

4 MOL: It is not!

5 GALE: It is, too!

6 FIB: YOU STAY OUTA THIS!

7 GALE: Gladly! Now then, if you are here for other
purposes than conversational, I'd like to place an
order.

8 MOL: Certainly, Mr. Mayor. What can we do for you?

9 FIB: Need some pickles, kid? Got a special on 'em today,
only a nickel a pickle and -

10 GALE: NO! I don't want any pickles. I want to send a
birthday gift to Alderman McNeef.

11 MOL: ALDERMAN McNEEF! HIM?

12 FIB: Ain't he the guy that got the grand jury to get a
court order to open your safe deposit box, and all
there was in it was a song you wrote once named
"I'VE GOT THE WHO'S ITSY BITSY TOOTSIE WOOTSY IS
'OO BLUES" - and sang it over the radio and almost
lost you the election?

(2ND REVISION) -18-

1 GALE: Please...let us not indulge in personalities. Besides,
since then, I have learned to know Alderman McNeef better
and wish to send him a little birthday remembrance.

2 MOL: That shows a nice spirit, Mr. Mayor...what do you want
us to send him?

3 GALE: Ten pounds of cheddar cheese and a washcloth. Enclose
a card,

4 FIB: A washcloth and cheese? And what'll the card say?

5 GALE: "Happy Birthday, You Dirty Rat!" Good day!

6 DOOR SLAM:

7 MUSIC: KING'S MEN: "MERRILY SONG
(APPLAUSE)

1 FIB: There you are, bud! I put everything in your car.
Cigarettes, garters, quart of cylinder oil, diving
helmet, shelf paper, peanut butter, andirons,
television aerial, bobby pins, two sacks o' fertilizer,
and here's one of our free calendars.

2 MAN: Thanks very much. But this is a 1949 calendar.

3 MOL: That's why we can afford to give them out free. Was
there anything else, sir?

4 MAN: Well -- er -- can you cash a check for fifty dollars?

5 MOL: I don't know, sir. Look in the register, McGee. Are
you known here?

6 MAN: No, but my name is on the check...and as you know, when
you pay for something by check, the check is your
receipt.

7 FIB: Sure...we know that. Lemme see if we can do it, bud.

8 SOUND: CASH REGISTER WON'T OPEN

9 MOL: Heavenly days...the cash register has gone haywire!

10 FIB: Doggone it, it won't open! Well, fortunately it's
almost closing time!

11 MAN: Well, you're lucky I happened to be in here. Opening
cash registers is my business.

12 FIB: Yeah?

1 MOL: I haven't seen any screw driver.

2 FIB: Me neither.

3 MAN: Well, in that case, I'd better rush it right down to our
factory branch office and overhaul it for you. We can
probably fix it up overnight. I'll put a "RUSH" on it.

4 MOL: Well, that's very nice of you, sir. Help him out with it,
McGee.

5 FIB: Yeah, lemme give you a hand, bud. That's a pretty heavy
mach ----

6 MAN: NO, NO, NO.....I can handle it better myself...thanks,
anyway.

7 FIB: Well, much obliged, bud! Think you can fix it up pretty
good?

8 MAN: Brother, when you see this cash register again, you'll be
surprised!!

9 SOUND: DOOR CLOSE:

10 MOL: My, weren't we lucky he happened to be here when it broke
down? What company did he say he was with?

11 FIB: He didn't say. But, I wish I'd of thought to give him a
couple of free pickles. A nice guy like that ought to --

12 MOL: Hold it, dearie....another customer. Yes, Miss? Something
for you?

13 GIRL: Yes, but I'm not Miss. I'm a Mrs. I've been married a
week. And, I have a little problem.

14 FIB: Married one week, and only had one problem? Sis, you're
going around the course way under par!!

15 MOL: What's your trouble, dear?

- 1 GIRL: It's my cooking. I made my husband a banana-cream pie last night, and he hardly ate a bite of it. So, I thought maybe my recipe was wrong, and --
- 2 FIB: Well, you come to the right place, Sis. My wife is notorious for bein' a good cook.
- 3 MOL: Oh now, McGee! But, you see, dear, a banana-cream pie is really very simple. After you've rolled the crust, and peeled the bananas --
- 4 GIRL: PEELED THE BANANAS! OH, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO PEEL THEM?! Gee, thanks a lot!
- 5 SOUND: DOOR SIAM
- 6 FIB: Boy, was she grateful! Did you see the look she gave me when she went out?
- 7 MOL: No, I didn't.
- 8 FIB: Well, here it is - right here. (RUSTLES PAGES)
- 9 MOL: Oh, "LOOK MAGAZINE." Let me see it, dearie. Is this the new issue? The one with all the pictures of us in it?
- 10 FIB: Yep - "Back to Peoria With Fibber and Molly." It just went on sale today and it's already sweepin' the country.
- 11 MOL: It is?
- 12 FIB: Didn't you read the paper? It says, "Women Crazy About New Look!" Must be these pictures of me in it that - Hey, I take a pretty good picture too, don't I?

- 1 MOL: Let's see it. How do I look?
- 2 FIB: I dunno. I haven't looked at the pictures of you yet. Run get a dozen copies before they're all sold out and -
- 3 CLIFF: Pardon me. Can somebody wait on me?
- 4 MOL: Oh, certainly, sir. But, you'll have to charge whatever it is. We have no cash register.
- 5 CLIFF: That's fine, madam. We just moved into the neighborhood the middle of last week.
- 6 FIB: Thursday?
- 7 CLIFF: No, thank you. I just had a milk-shake at the drug store.
- 8 FIB: Well, we'll be glad to open an account for you here, bud. I'M Manager, of course.
- 9 CLIFF: Glad to know you, Mr. Manager. And, you, I presume, are Mrs. Manager?
- 10 MOL: No, I'm Mrs. McGee. And your name?
- 11 CLIFF: Well, my name is Offenback, Daniel Q. Offenback.
- 12 MOL: Write it down, McGee.
- 13 FIB: Okay. "O.F.F.E.N.B.A.C.K. Dan. Q."
- 14 CLIFF: You're quite welcome, Mr. Manager. If you and Mrs. Manager are ever out my way, I'd ---

1 MOL: Excuse me. Our name is NOT manager. It's McGee.
2 FIB: Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Fibber McGee!
3 MOL: We're just managing the store for a friend of ours, Mr.
Offenback.
4 CLIFF: Offenback, eh? Say, I wonder if he's a relative of mine.
There was a Phineas Offenback who had a store during the
Revolutionary War, but we haven't heard from him since -
5 FIB: No, no, no! Look, bud! YOU'RE Offenback, remember?
6 The guy who runs this store is named Colewell. Bill
Colewell!
6 CLIFF: You just told me your name is McGee, Mr. Colewell.
Didn't he, Mrs. Manager?
7 MOL: Let's skip it. Can we just sell you something, sir?
8 CLIFF: Glad you reminded me. Have you some good strong
toothpaste?
9 FIB: Whadye mean, STRONG? You mean the flavor?
10 CLIFF: No, just a good strong toothpaste. My wife wants to
paste some teeth back into a comb. And I'd also like a
box of ready mixed cake mixture.
11 MOL: What kind - Angel?
12 CLIFF: Chocolate, baby. Oh yes, and two cans of soup, Oxtail.
(PAUSE)
13 MOL: McGee, the man is speaking to you.
14 FIB: Eh? Oh. What was it, bud?

1 CLIFF: Two cans of Oxtail Soup. And you can charge me for
a few good cigars, because I'm making a speech to the
Lions Club tonight.
2 MOL: Very well, sir. What's your address?
3 CLIFF: My address? Well, it goes - "BROTHER LIONS, WE ARE
GATHERED HERE THIS EVENING TO-"
4 MOL: NO, NO...WHERE DO YOU LIVE?
5 CLIFF: Well, I have a flat over on 14th Street - my wife and
I.
6 FIB: Upstairs or downstairs?
7 CLIFF: Parked at the curb. My wife was holding up the rear
end of the car while I came in to - OHHHH, that's what
I really came in to buy! Have you got a jack?
8 MOL: No, but there's a filling station next door. Come back
often, Mr. Offenback.
9 CLIFF: Thank you, Mrs. Manager!
10 SOUND: DOOR SLAM
11 FIB: Omigosh, that guy got me so mixed up, I forgot to sell
him any pickles! Dadret the luck, anyhow - I gotta
get rid of them dadretted pickles, Molly!

(REVISED) -25-

1 MOL: Oh, for heaven's sake, what's all the excitement about a barrel of pickles!

2 FIB: I'll tell you what's all the excitement! When I (DOOR OPENS) HEY LOOK! Here comes the guy with the cash register again! Hi, bud - you got it fixed already?

3 MAN: (DISTRESSED) No! Gimme some help, willya? Quick! I got it out to my car and got it open - but the drawer closed up on my hand! I can't get loose!

4 MOL: Ohh dear! Here, set it on the counter. McGee, get a crowbar!

5 MAN: Hurry, willya? My arm is numb!

6 FIB: Migosh! Lemme punch a few keys and see what happens.

7 SOUND: CASH REGISTER EFFECT - BUT DRAWER DOESN'T OPEN

8 MAN: OW! It's tighter than ever! I'm trapped!

9 MOL: Look, McGee - it didn't open - but a sales slip popped out! What does it say? Quick!

10 FIB: Lemme see. It says - "PHONE THE COPS, THIS GUY IS WANTED IN EIGHT STATES FOR STEALIN' CASH REGISTERS!" WHAT????

11 MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS! PHONE THE POLICE, QUICK!

12 FIB: OH BOY, I'LL SAY I'LL PHONE THE COPS! I'LL GET A CARLOAD OF COPS. MAYBE THEY'LL BUY THESE DILL PICKLES! Hand me the phone.

(2ND REVISION) -26-

1 MOL: McGee, why do you have to sell those pickles?

2 FIB: Because I dropped my wristwatch in that barrel this morning, and I can't reach it till I get rid of those dadratted pickles! (MUSIC IN) HELLO, OPERATOR - GIMME THE COPS! HELLO, COPS...

3 ORCH: "WITH MY EYES WIDE OPEN"...FADE FOR:

-dc-

FIBBER AND MOLLY
4/11/50

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COMMERCIAL

1 WIL: Fibber and Molly return in a moment. (CUT-IN CUE)

The minute you see the cans you'll know what a bargain this is! Johnson's Water - Repellent Glocoat is at your dealers now in special giant cans. There's a giant pint..a giant quart...special giant containers that give you one third more wax..at no increase in price! Figure your saving. You get one and one third pints for the regular price of one pint, one and one-third quarts for the regular price of one quart. And it's the new Glo-coat..the self polishing floor wax that shines brighter, makes cleaning easier, lasts up to four times longer because its positively water-repellent. This offer is for a limited time only. It gives you one-third more of this wonderful wax at no increase in price! Glocoat, in giant cans, is at your dealers now. Get some tomorrow!

2 ORCH: UP AND FADE FOR:

(REVISED) -28-

TAG:

- 1 FIB: Ladies and gentlemen - your local merchant has just as many problems in his store as we did in ours tonight.
- 2 MOL: Yes, and he handles them a lot more intelligently.
- 3 FIB: So, we'd like to take this opportunity, both as retail customers, and representatives of the Johnson Wax people, to pay our respects to the guy that has what you want when you need it! Your local merchant.
- 4 MOL: He's a good man to know.
- 5 FIB: You betcha! A valuable guy in the community, and the community means the local residents, which means that YOU are the community, and as the community, you..er.... the merchant....er.....what'd I start out to say, Molly?
- 5 MOL: You were about to mention Ray.
- 7 FIB: Ray who?
- 8 MOL: No, hoo-ray. For your local merchant.
- 9 FIB: Oh, yeah. Goodnight!
- 10 MOL: Goodnight, all!!
- 11 PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:
- 12 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?
- 13 SWITCH TO HITCH:

mss

FIBBER & MOLLY
4/11/50

-29-

1. ANNCR: Here's a timely suggestion for every car owner.

Don't let winter grime camouflage your car's springtime beauty. Give your car the luster and shine it had when new. Clean and polish it tomorrow with Johnson's Wax-Fortified Carnu. Carnu, you know, is that wonderful auto polish, made by the makers of Johnson's Wax, that cleans and polishes in one application. It cleans as you rub it on - cuts through road film and traffic tarnish that water won't touch. And it polishes as you wipe it off - leaves your car shining like new. Yes - your car shines brighter because Carnu cleans cleaner. It's the easy-do, rub-on, wipe-off polish that cleans..reallycleans -- and shines -- really shines in one application. Ask for Johnson's Wax-Fortified Carnu.

2 ORCH: UP TO FILL

3 ^{NBC}
ANNCR: Steve Wilson escapes a death trap next on N.B.C.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#32

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, April 18th, 1950

6:30 - 7:00 PM PS

6:30:40 — 6:31:30 — :50
6:45:50 — 6:46:45 — :55
6:56:45 — 6:57:25 — :40
6:58:35 — 6:59:15 — :40

3:00

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