

(REVISED)

#3

" FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY "

for

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday October 15, 1946

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME - Fade for -

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax products for Home and Industry present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q Bryan, Bea Benadarat, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, - music by the King's men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: FINISH THEME:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
10/15/46

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Isn't this just about your favorite time of day? You've done the dishes, your kitchen is clean and tidy, and you've nothing to do but sit back and enjoy the show. By the way, was it much of a job to leave your kitchen floor clean and sparkling? It was no trouble at all if you are one of the millions of women who use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. That's the beauty of Glo-Coat. You just wipe your linoleum and other floors with a damp cloth and all the day's dirt and spilled things vanish. And it's so easy to apply that protective film of Glo-Coat. There's no rubbing or buffing...Glo-Coat shines as it dries, without streaking, leaving a beautifully smooth, bright polish. Glo-Coat brings out your linoleum's original patterns, too, and makes the colors gay and fresh. Try it, won't you? No matter how dull or faded your linoleum is, you can brighten it up and add to its beauty with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: THEME: FADE FOR:

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: WHEN A YOUNG MAN CARRIES HIS BRIDE ACROSS THE THRESHOLD, IT'S FOR VERY SOUND REASONS. IT GIVES THE POOR LAD AN IDEA OF THE LOAD HE'S GOING TO CARRY, - AND IT'S THE ONLY TIME IN MARRIED LIFE WHEN THE LADY DOESN'T DO MOST OF THE HARD WORK. MRS. MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS NOT EXACTLY A NEWLYWED, OF COURSE, BUT SHE STILL HAS HER MOMENTS OF APPREHENSION. LIKE RIGHT NOW, AS WE MEET --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee.
FIB: Eh?
MOL: Am I just having a bad dream, or is that your old High School Chemistry set you've got there?
FIB: That's exactly what it is, Tootsie. This was the very microscope I used when I discovered fradda-hypo-benzi-quadrilene.
MOL: What on earth was that?
FIB: It petrifies mothballs. I used to be the richest kid in Peoria, in the marble season...now lemme see...I better spread a newspaper out on the table here. (RUSTLE OF PAPER)
....Set the microscope on it...(SINGS TO HIMSELF) Ohhh, I had a little guinea pig, I kept him on a shelf - with a little Brownie camera, so he could reproduce himself.....
ta, de, ta....
MOL: May I ask the nature of the present scientific experiment, dearie? Or has the FBI asked you not to talk...so much.
FIB: Just gonna do a little research is all. Won't take long.

MOL: When you get thru with the microscope, why don't you send it to President Truman?

FIB: What for?

MOL: He can use it to count his blessings.

FIB: This one ain't powerful enough...now, lemme see...where's my eyedropper.....Oh yes...now then...one cubic centimeter of H-2-0. You know what H-2-0 is?

MOL: Certainly. Water.

FIB: Know why they call it H-2-0?

MOL: Well, natch. It's Hydrogen, 2 parts Oxygen.

FIB: Don't you believe it! It was really called H-2-0 because it was discovered by a fella named Haggerty who was 2 years old. Let's see now...couple of adjustments here...
(BUSY SOUNDS) (SINGS)
OHHHHH, I HAD A LITTLE PARROT, AND HE MADE SO LITTLE SENSE, THAT THEY PUT HIM ON THE AIR TO TALK OF ATOM BOMB DEFENSE
....Oh de da da te da....WELL...I'M ALL SET, MOLLY!

MOL: This is the moment I've been dreading. What are you all set for, and can it wait till I check on our explosion insurance?

FIB: OH I AIN'T GONNA DO ANYTHING DRASTIC, KIDDO. I'm just gonna analyze a drop of city water.

MOL: City water is just like country water, except it's prettier in a brook than a gutter.

FIB: Well, I've been reading an advertisement for this new McTrickle Water Filter and it says, QUOTE "WHETHER WE REALIZE IT OR NOT, THE WATER WE DRINK IS FILLED WITH TINY LIVING THINGS." And I Unquote. Now if I can only get this dad-ratted microscope focussed right....

MOL: Why don't you analyze a drop of alcohol and see if you can find Uncle Dennis? He hasn't written for so long he must be --

FIB: (EXCITED) WAIT A MINUTE.....I'M GETTIN' IT....I THINK I...AAH...I GOT IT...!! YIPE!! LOOK OUT, MOLLY...STAND BACK...DON'T GET ANY CLOSER...THEY'RE MONSTERS!!!!

MOL: What on earth is....MCGEE....YOUR HAIR IS STANDING RIGHT UP STRAIGHT!

FIB: GET MY SHOTGUN...QUICK!!....LOCK THE DOORS!!...THIS WATER IS CRAWLING WITH ANIMALS...BIG HAIRY ONES....LONG LEGGED ONES...GLEAMING TEETH....RED EYES...BY GEORGE, I'M NOT --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: OH, IT'S MAYOR LA TRIVIA, MCGEE....COME IN YOUR HONOR.

DOOR CLOSE:

GALE: Good day, Molly. Hello, McGee.

FIB: LaTrivia....you couldn't of come at a better time for me....or a worse time for you. I JUST TOOK A GANDER AT A DROP OF CITY WATER THRU A MICROSCOPE. AND YOU KNOW WHAT? THAT STUFF HAS GOT MORE STRANGE THINGS IN IT THAN THE NUREMBERG JAIL!

GALE: Nonsense, McGee. Our city water is analyzed every hour of the day. It tests as pure as any drinking water in the country.

MOL: Well, you should have seen McGee's expression when he looked thru that microscope, Mr. Mayor! He was as horrified as if Westbrook Pegler had joined the C.I.O.

FIB: Believe me, La Trivia....I'm scared!

GALE: That's not unusual, McGee. You get frightened at card tricks. However - I'll take your rather vague complaint up with the City Health Commissioner, who happens to be Doctor Gamble.

FIB: By the way, you know what Doc Gamble says about you, La Triv?

GALE: No, I don't. And I am not the slightest bit interested. (PAUSE) What did he say?

MOL: Tell me, too, McGee. Though I'm not one to listen to gossip - unless it's about people.

FIB: Oh, it wasn't anything much, La Triv. He just says he hoped you were keepin" your striped pants pressed. Because you'd probably be best man when he married Fifi Tremayne.

GALE: OH, HE SAID THAT, DID HE! BY HARRY, IF I WEREN'T SO BUSY WITH THIS CAMPAIGN --

MOL: Oh now, Mr. Mayor....surely you're not going to let politics interfere with your courtship! After all, a ballot box may be pretty, but it can't cook.

GALE: I WAS NOT REFERRING TO ANY POLITICAL CAMPAIGN, MRS. MCGEE. I MEANT THE COMMUNITY CHEST CAMPAIGN, OF WHICH I HAVE THE HONOR TO BE LOCAL CHAIRMAN.

FIB: Oh yeah...the Community Chest. Be glad to help you out with that, La Triv.

GALE: Thank you, McGee. I'll need all the help I can get. We must raise a total of 170 million dollars this year, and --

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....IN WISTFUL VISTA? THERE ISN'T THAT MUCH MONEY IN TOWN! EVEN IF YOU INCLUDE THE TWO DOLLARS HIMSELF HERE GOT FROM THE DRY CLEANERS WHEN THEY LOST HIS OVERCOAT.

FIB: It's 170 million for the whole country, Molly. Right, La Triv?

GALE: Quite right, McGee. You see, in most Community Chest cities the population has increased about 25%, and the need for Red Feather services has gone up proportionately. And as I told the committee this morning, the more you throw into the Community Chest, the farther you can throw out your own. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Call on me tomorrow, McGee....I can use you.

FIB: Swell, La Triv! But look, getting back to you and Doc Gamble and Fifi Tremayne, I think --

GALE: I don't know how my private life got into this discussion, McGee, but I feel entirely capable of managing my own affairs!

FIB: Yes, but what I'm trying to --

GALE: For your information, I have been buttoning my own rompers for quite some time now! Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES MORE"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly, I'm in an awful predicament. I've called every hardware store in town, and they won't have any McTrickle Water Filters for six months.

MOL: You're in bad shape, McGee. Nobody can exist without water for six months.

FIB: Uncle Dennis has gone without it for thirty years. Not that I wanna follow his...(CLEARS THROAT)

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: Throat's gettin' dry. We got any rootbeer in the ice box?

MOL: Not a drop, McGee. You drank the last four bottles last night, when you had that macaroni, pickle and liverwurst sandwich.

FIB: My gosh...no rootbeer. What can I--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Doctor Gamble...do come in, Doctor.

DOOR CLOSE:

DOC: Thank you, my dear. And a curt nod of reluctant recognition to you, Lowbucket.

FIB: I'm glad you came in, you Ill-Health Commissioner. I GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU. A BONE AS BIG AS A WHALE'S CLAVICLE.

DOC: Well, let's have it, Wobblechin! And if you're going to suggest hairnets for our policemen's horses, or spraying the City Dump with Chanel No. 5, you can skip it. I get enough crack-pot suggestions in the mail without having trouble with you!

FIB: THIS, MY DEAR DOCTOR, CONCERNS SOMETHING VERY VITAL TO THE HEALTH OF THIS COMMUNITY! HAVE YOU SEEN THE HORRIBLE THINGS THAT COME OUT OF OUR WATER FAUCETS LATELY?

DOC: No - but I've often suspected where Molly got you.

FIB: DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT! OUR CITY WATER, THE H2O we DRINK AND COOK WITH AND BATHE LITTLE TINY BABIES IN, IS RIFE WITH LIFE! IT'S FRAUGHT!

DOC: Certainly. What about it?

MOL: My goodness, Doctor, doesn't it alarm you to know that our water is full of bacteria?

DOC: Not in the least, my dear. The bacterial count after chlorinization is almost negligible. In fact, some of the bacteria remaining are actually beneficial.

FIB: BENEFICIAL, ARE THEY! I'VE LOOKED AT THAT WATER THROUGH A MICROSCOPE, YOU MASS MURDERER! THERE'S ANIMALS IN THERE THAT WOULD MAKE A SABER-TOOTHED TIGER LOOK LIKE A HOUSE CAT! MONSTERS, THEY ARE! HORRIBLE ONES! VICIOUS ONES!

DOC: If they were looking up through that microscope, I can imagine what they're saying about you, too!

FIB: A FINE HEALTH COMMISSIONER YOU ARE, YOU CALLOUS OLD WITCH DOCTOR. BY GEORGE, IF ..(CLEARS THROAT) IF I-- (COUGHS)

DOC: What's the matter, sonny? Vocal cords getting frayed?

FIB: I'M...I'M dry...dry...is all...(CLEARS THROAT)

MOL: He isn't drinking any water, Doctor. He says he won't touch the stuff till we get our own filter.

DOC: Oh, fine! Well, when he dehydrates to the point where you can scratch matches on his pants leg, when he hasn't got his pants on...call me. I'm pretty busy, but I'll come over.

FIB: You're not as busy as La Trivia is, Doctor. I understand he and Fifi Tremayne have just about got the date set.

DOC: You don't say. Interesting, if true.

MOL: And how is Miss Tremayne these days, Doctor?

DOC: Ahh! Miss Tremayne is in splendid health, ~~thank you~~.

FIB: Boy, are you trapped! You know what La Trivia says about you?

DOC: No, I don't. And I am not the slightest bit interested. (PAUSE) What did he say?

FIB: He says he hoped you were keepin' your striped pants pressed. Because he wanted you to be best man at his wedding.

DOC: OH, HE SAID THAT, DID HE? WELL, IT HAPPENS THAT I SAW MISS TREMAYNE LAST NIGHT, AND SHE--

SOUND: TELEPHONE

DOC: I'll get it. (RECEIVER UP) (IN PHONE) GAMBLE SPEAKING. WHAT?, (VOICE CHANGE) Oh, Fifi! Yes, dear...this is Willie...

FIB: HAH! WILLIE!!

DOC: (IN PHONE) What, dear? Oh, of course...certainly, dear. I'll meet you wherever you say. I have a couple of appendectomies and a delivery, but I can postpone them..

MOL: That's the neatest trick of the week!

DOC: What, dear? Yes, dear. All right, dear. Yes, dear, I'll find you somewhere, dear. Goodbye, dear. (RECEIVER UP) I MUST GO.

FIB: Where, Doc?

DOC: Dear hunting.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: You told the Mayor that Doctor Gamble said exactly what you told the Doctor the Mayor said about him. Was that fair?

FIB: ANYTHING THAT'LL MAKE THEM TWO ROMEOS GET WITH IT, IS FAIR; THEY BEEN MOONIN' AROUND TOWN LIKE A COUPLE O'-- (CLEARS THROAT) Like a couple o'...(CLEARS THROAT) Have we got any milk? I'm thirsty.

MOL: Sorry, McGee. The milkman hasn't--

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, Molly...hiya, pal. Just driving past and stopped in to see if you'd give me a glass of water.

(PAUSE)

WIL: What's the matter? PAL...YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY WHITE! MOLLY, WHAT DID I SAY??

MOL: Water.

WIL: Yes, but --

FIB: Look, Junior. If you knew what I know, you wouldn't speak of water so lightly. DID YOU KNOW THAT OUR CITY WATER CONTAINS MORE FOREIGN BODIES THAN ELLIS ISLAND?

MOL: Himself here looked at a drop through his microscope, Mr. Wilcox. He says it has more animals in it than an African water hole.

WIL: Oh, those are just harmless little organisms, pal. Nothing to be perturbed about.

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FIB: NOTHING TO BE PERTURBED ABOUT! WHY MY GOSH....(CLEARS THROAT) Why my gosh....(CLEARS THROAT AGAIN)(WHISPERS) Why my gosh....

MOL: See, Mr. Wilcox? He won't drink any water and his throat is closing up like ^{a black rabbit catches a carrot} ~~an honest meat market~~. LOOK, MCGEE... LET ME BOIL SOME WATER FOR YOU....

FIB: No!....can't drink it!!!!

WIL: Why not?

FIB: Too hot!

WIL: OH THIS IS RIDICULOUS, PAL....YOU'RE JUST EXAGGERATING WHAT YOU SAW IN THAT WATER.

FIB: I am, am I? Take a look thru that microscope, Juney.... See if you can see the bug that looks like a pack rat! I'm tellin' you, --

WIL: One side, Mac....let old Stout-Hearted Harlow have a look.

MOL: WATCH OUT FOR THAT GLASS OF WATER MR. WIL....OOOOPS!!!!

SOUND: GLASS ON FLOOR....GURGLE OF WATER

FIB: Clumsy lout.....STAMP ON THAT PUDDLE, JUNIOR!! THEM ANIMALS'LL BE ALL OVER THE HOUSE!!!!!!

WIL: Oh be quiet, silly....hand me that cloth, will you, Molly? I'm awfully glad this happened.

MOL: Here, Mr. Wilcox....and why are you so happy about this?

WIL: Gives me a chance to show you how easily spilled things are wiped up off a Johnson Waxed surface. I always --

MOL: Yes, but Mr. Wilcox --

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WIL: See how this water ^{can't soak in.} ~~reticulates?~~ It proves how Johnson's Wax seals the surface of the wood, guarding it against dust and dampness. Gee whiz, when you think that just an occasional application of Johnson's Wax preserves your woodwork and gives it that beautiful gleaming finish-

FIB: Yeah but-what-that-gottodownwiththe....

WIL: Here, Molly...all wiped up. ^{It's wiped up. They know every} Nary a stain...nary a spot. See how foolish it is not to keep all wood and enameled surfaces protected with Johnson's Wax?

FIB: Look, Waxey, that's all very fascinating stuff, but I got more important worries right now, so if you gotta leave now, it's okay.

WIL: Okay. And look, Pal....don't worry about this city water....I drink gallons of it. And look at me!

FIB: (PAUSE) No....No, I won't say it. It's too easy. Like shootin' a sittin' bird. GO, JUNIOR!! BEFORE I WEAKEN..

WIL: Sure. Goodbye!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Boy is he nave! He gimme an opening there you coulda flew a flying Fortress thru. (LAUGHS) I was gonna.. (CLEARS THROAT) We got no milk, eh?

MOL: No milk, dearie. Sorry.

FIB: I'm dryer'n a Arizona August. HEY WHAT'S IN THAT LITTLE BOTTLE ON THE DESK THERE?

MOL: Ink.

FIB: Ink, eh? You think it'd hurt me if I --

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MOL: OH NO NO NO ... YOU MUSTN'T EVEN THINK OF IT.
HEAVENLY DAYS YOU'D----

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

ELSIE: It's just me, Mrs. McGee...Elsie from the
Wistful Vista Saloon of Beauty.

FIB: Hiyah, Elsie. Don't tell me my wife left her
compact there again!

MOL: I'm afraid I did, dearie. Thanks for bringing
it back again, Elsie.

ELSIE: Oh that's perfectly okay, dear. I don't mind, I
just....OOOOOH, LOOK....HOME MOVIES!

FIB: That isn't a projector, Elsie. That's a
microscope. I been analyzing our city water.

MOL: And scaring himself into a sixty-day drouth while he
waits for a water Filter.

FIB: Did you know, sis, that our city water is crawling with
wild life? You could fill a swimming pool with that, and
Weissmuller wouldn't get three feet before he was chewed
to pieces.

ELSIE: Gee, honest? I'm sorry you tole me! I always say when it
comes to eatin', drinkin' and marriage, - what a girl don't
know is a blessing.

MOL: Let Elsie take a look thru the microscope, McGee.

FIB: Don't do it, Elsie! You've never seen so many horrible
faces in your life.

ELSIE: Please, Mr. McGee...you're talking to a expert.

MOL: She is at that, McGee. How did you ever happen to get
into the beauty parlor business, Elsie?

ELSIE: It's hereditary I guess. My old man was a pan handler too.

FIB: Like it, sis?

ELSIE: Well, it gets pretty discouragin, sometimes. When you
work all day takin' the slack outa somebody's face so the
party which owns it can compete with the other tomatoes at
a wingding, and she comes back next day with her cheeks
ridin' her shoulders again, it's disheartenin'.

MOL: You certainly paint a gruesome portrait of the day's work,
Elsie.

ELSIE: Well, we do the best we can with 'em Mrs. McGee. I had
a lady which she called up this mornin for a complete
overhaul, and when she come in the shop she was the
livin' image of General Grant.

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FIB: Sounds like a hopeless assignment, Sis. What'd ja do ?

ELSIE: Oh we took simply YEARS off her looks, Mr. McGee.

MOL: You did?

ELSIE: Yes....When she went out she looked like General Eisenhower, Well, I gotta get back now....g'bye.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: KING'S MEN: "IT'S A PITY TO SAY GOODNIGHT"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) -20-

FIB: Oh am I thirsty! ISN'T THIS AWFUL, MOLLY? A HOUSE FULLA WATER PIPES AND NOT A DROP A WATER YOU DARE DRINK!

MOL: Speak for yourself, sweetheart. I just had a big glass of it, and I feel fine.

FIB: BABY YOU WOULDN'T TOUCH THE STUFF IF YOU LOOKED INTO THAT MICROSCOPE!

MOL: That's why I didn't look. If you're full of confidence, it doesn't matter if you're full of germs.

FIB: IT'S A HORRIBLE SITUATION! I'M GONNA CALL UP THE WATER WORKS AND GIVE 'EM THE WORKS ABOUT THE WATER! THOSE GUYS

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: Well for goodness sakes...MR. WIMPLE!

FIB: HIYAH, WIMP!

WIMP: Hello, folks.....

MOL: Nice to see you, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Yes and it's a lucky thing you dropped in right now too. I been studying our water through a microscope.

WIMP: You have?

FIB: Yes, and when you fill a tub to take a bath, Wimp, do you know what's IN that water?

WIMP: Yes - Sweetface!..... Sweetface - that's my big, old wife - she always takes my bath water.

MOL: Oh, how is she, anyhow, Mr. Wimple? We haven't seen her for quite awhile.

WIMP: Oh, she's just wonderful, Mrs. McGee, wonderful! I've never seen her in better shape!

MOL: Good.

WIMP: She's been sick in bed for a month.

FIB: Really, Wimp? What is it - a touch of the flu?

WIMP: No, Mr. McGee - the touch of a truck. Tore some ligament in her back!

MOL: Oh my! I hope she gets along all right. Mr. Wimple. Is her back in a cast?

WIMP: Yes, I helped the doctor put it on myself....I even mixed the concrete for him.

FIB: CONCRETE??

WIMP: (NASTY LAUGH) Yeesss! She looks like a corner stone.

FIB: Boyoboy! I'd hate to be around there when she get hold of an air hammer and unbuttons that concrete corset, Wimp!

WIMP: Yes, I've been in a cold sweat just thinking about it. I wonder if I could have a drink of water, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Of course, Mr. Wimple. I'll get a cold glass of water in the kitchen.

FIB: WATER? HEY, NO NO! DON'T GIVE HIM THAT STUFF, MOLLY! This water's not fit to drink till we get a filter for it, Wimp.

MOL: Or till we throw away that microscope. The water tasted fine yesterday.

WIMP: Well, I know all about those things, Mrs. McGee. I invented a dandy water filter last summer. It slipped right over the faucet and held back every bit of impurity in the water.

MOL: Sounds wonderful, Mr. Wimple. Dirt couldn't get through it, eh?

WIMP: No - but there was one drawback, Mrs. McGee. Water wouldn't go through it, either...Bye, now.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

FIB: You know...I somehow wish I'd never looked into that microscope, (CLEAR THROAT) Molly. Boy, am I thirsty! I'm dryer 'n the Congressional Record.

MOL: Look, dearie...I can't stand to see you suffer. I'll go out in the kitchen and see if I can't find some fruit juice of some kind. (FADE) You better sit down and relax....

FIB: OKAY, KIDDO! (TO HIMSELF) Ahh, there goes a good kid! Must break her heart to see me suffer from malnutrition like this, but she'd never show it.

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: (WEAKLY) Come in...(CLEARS THROAT) I said COME IN!!!

DOOR OPEN:

(2ND REVISION) -23-

FIB: Hiyah, Teeny. What's (CLEARS THROAT) What's on your mind?
TEE: Hi, mister. You gotta cold, or somp'n? Hmm. You gotta cold?
FIB: Nope. Just dry, sis. I quit drinkin' water. I am now a member of Hydraulics Anonymous.
TEE: (GIGGLES) Gee, that'sHMMMMMMM?
FIB: Skip it.
TEE: Okay. You mean you don't drink ANY water, mister? Not ANY?
FIB: Not a drop, sis. Very dangerous stuff.
TEE: I know it, Mister.
FIB: You do eh?

(2ND REVISION)

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TEE: Hmm?
FIB: I says YOU DO EH?
TEE: Do what?
FIB: Know it.
TEE: Know what?
FIB: THAT WATER IS DANGEROUS!
TEE: I'll say it is, mister. My uncle got hit with a cake of ice this summer and it gave him a concussion.
FIB: Concussion, sis.
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: You mean concussion. Conclusion means the end.
TEE: Well, You seen my uncle lately?
FIB: Come to think of it, I --- Look, sis, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A DROP OF CITY WATER THRU A MICROSCOPE?
TEE: No. Have you?
FIB: HAVE I! YES, AND IT SCARED THE BEJUNIOR OUTA ME! I WOULD OF FAINTED IF I HADN'T BEEN SCARED SOMEBODY'D THROW WATER ON ME! You wanna take a peek, sts?
TEE: Sue I would, I betcha! CAN I PLEASE? HMM CAN I? PLEASE? HMM?
FIB: Sue but I hope it don't scare you like it did me. I'M warring you sis...it looks like Halloween at forty fathrs!
TEE: Oh boy...
FIB: You'll see monsters that got teeth a foot long...waving tails... ferocious eyes...bills like geese...hair like a wolf...
TEE: Gee, lemme look...quick...is that the microscope sittin' there on the newspaper?

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FIB: That's it, Sis..got it there so it won't scratch this table. Here, let me lift you up....now close one eye and look thru this gadget here.

TEE: Okay...

(PAUSE)

FIB: See 'em sis? There's one in there as big as a pack rat, and another one snarlin like a timber wolf! AIN'T TEFY TERRIBLE.

TEE: NAWWWWW, I like 'em. I'VE ALWAYS LIKED 'EM.

FIB: YOU'VE ALWAYS LIKED GERMS?

TEE: Those aren't germs, I betcha. That's Pluto and Mickey Mouse. You got the microscope crooked and you been lookin' at the funny paper!

FIB: WHAT? OH MY GOSH....HEY MOLLY!.....MOLLY!?!.....WATER!
QUICK! WATER!

ORCH: "YOU KEEP COMING BACK LIKE A SONG".....FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: If your kitchen linoleum could talk to you, I bet I know what it would ask for. A little more protection against the rain and snow that winter brings. And I've an idea it would add "How's about some GLO-COAT!" Seriously, for real honest-to-goodness protection, there really is nothing quite like JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. You know how easy it is to use...there's no rubbing or buffing. Yet in 20 minutes GLO-COAT dries to a hard, long-lasting wax polish that protects every square inch of your linoleum and other floors. When you spill something, or when wet feet track in mud, this tough film of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT stands between the dirt and the floor. Wipe the shining surface with a damp cloth and the stains vanish -- and right away your linoleum is beautiful again, its colors bright and fresh as ever. It stands to reason that with protection like this your linoleum will last longer, too. So why not start having better protected, more beautiful floors right away, with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

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TAG

FIB: Gimme another glass of water, Molly! Thanks.....(GULPS)
AHHHHH, THAT'S WONDERFUL.

MOL: And to think you were looking at magnified pictures of
Pluto and Mickey Mouse!

FIB: YEAH...(LAUGHS) Isn't that silly? Gimme another glass o'
water.. Thanks. (GULPS.) AHHHHH....

MOL: You should have realized it when you started feeling that
way, dearie.

FIB: What way?

MOL: Sort of weak and disney.

FIB: Sort of weak and dis...here...YOU have a drink of water.

MOL: Thank you.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of
JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS for home and industry, and
inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.
(CHIMES)

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WIL: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE
ORCH: THREE... PAIR FOR

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax products for the
Industry present Fibber McGee and Molly,
"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"
and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by
Phil Leslie, - music by the King's Men and
Orchestra!

ORCH: FINISH THEME: Johnson's Wax
(Palm Springs)

WIL: COMMERCIAL

Tuesday October 22, 1946

(COMM. P. 3)