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(REVISED)

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

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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

February 25th, 1947

Number 22

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

ORCH: ~~THEME...~~ FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry present Fibber McGee and Molly - with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Gene Carroll, and me, Harlow Wilcox.

The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - music by the King's Men and Billy Mills Orchestra!

ORCH: ~~THEME UP AND FADE FOR:~~

...you just apply  
this GLO-COAT and let it dry... beautiful wax...  
polished of course... easy it is to keep a  
GLO-COATED floor looking like just dirt and  
spilled things with a damp cloth and your linoleum is  
clean again - its color bright and fresh as ever.  
Why not get some GLO-COAT and see how really beautiful  
this GLO-COAT shine is... Your floor has it... JOHNSON'S  
BEST-POLISHING GLO-COAT the floor finish that gives a  
BRILLIANT shine!

ORCH: ~~THEME UP AND FADE FOR:~~

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McGee - 2/25/47

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: You know, keeping a house looking nice takes a lot of your time - even we men know that. But you ladies get a whole lot of satisfaction from it, don't you? For instance, when you look at your shining floors, all brightly polished with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, you really feel good. That's the big advantage of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT - it gives your linoleum and other floors such a really bright shine. It's very easy to use - there's no rubbing or buffing - you just apply GLO-COAT and let it dry...but oh, that beautiful wax polish! Of course, you know how easy it is to keep a GLO-COATED floor looking nice. Just wipe up dirt and spilled things with a damp cloth and your linoleum is clean again - its colors bright and fresh as ever. Why not get some GLO-COAT and see how really beautiful this GLO-COAT shine is. Your dealer has it...JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the floor finish that gives a brighter shine!

ORCH: SNEAK IN - UP TO FINISH

WILCOX: AS MRS. MOLLY MCGEE ONCE SAID..ABOUT TWO HOJRS AGO  
MOL: "PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN HOUSES WITH GLASS WINDOWS SHOULDN'T  
FIB: PRACTICE FLY-CASTING IN THE LIVING ROOM"! SHE WAS  
SPEAKING, OF COURSE, ABOUT THE LIVING ROOM IN THE HOME OF -  
THE REST OF THE FIBBER  
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

SOUND: DAB DAB DAB  
APPLAUSE:

MOL: There's one thing about a house with a broken window,  
FIB: dearie...it looks lived in. By tramps.  
FIB: We needed a new glass in that window anyway.  
MOL: We did?  
FIB: Yeah. It was all scratched up where I used a cold chisel  
to scrape the frost off it the time them new people moved  
in across the street and I wanted to see if they had a  
decent lawn-mower because the one I borrowed from  
Doc Gamble is just about wore out.  
MOL: Well, you spent enough time at the hardware store to get  
DOC: a window pane with the Battle of the Taps in stained  
glass.  
FIB: Get ONE! My dear girl...I got seven of 'em. Seven new  
panes of glass.  
MOL: You got stock in Owens-Illinois, or something?  
FIB: No, but a single pane of glass was ninety cents. I got  
MOL: seven for six bucks and a half. Doctor, he was  
MOL: Interesting. Fly casting. When we go out to get a new car, remind me  
to lock you in the basement.  
FIB: Well, I figure a few extra panes of glass are good to  
have around the house. Hand me that putty, willie?

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MOL: Here. (SNIFF) Smells good, doesn't it?

FIB: It oughtta. I keep it in one of your old cold cream jars. HOLD THIS PANE STEADY, WILLYA...WHILE I STICK THE REST O' THE PUTTY ON? That's it...

SOUND: DAB DAB DAB

MOL: Very neat, McGee.

FIB: Well, you know me, kiddo. Always the artist. I figure if a job is worth doing, and you can't get out of it, it's worth doing well. (DAB DAB DAB) I remember' one time in manual training, I was makin' a pool table and my teacher, Miss Walsh, said the pockets were too--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello there, Doctor Gamble. Do come in.

DOC: Hello, my dear. And how are you today, Shortnin' Bread? You smearing up that window so the neighbors won't see you cheating at solitaire?

FIB: If you can't diagnose a case of a guy puttin' in a new window pane, Rumble-Seat, you graduated from the wrong correspondence school.

MOL: He broke it with his fishing rod, Doctor. He was practicing fly casting.

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DOC:

Well, at least he's getting more accurate. I've seen him casting out at Dugan's Lake, and he couldn't even hit the water.

FIB:

WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, MEDICINE BALL? THE FISH YOU HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN WITH, I WOULDN'T USE FOR BAIT!

MOL:

Look, boys. If you're going to start this fishing talk, I'm going upstairs and read the City Directory. I might as well have a REALLY dull time.

DOC:

Don't go away, my dear. I'll try to keep the conversation on some subject your husband understands. IS there something you understand, Picklepuss?

FIB:

Yes, Grunion-bucket. I understand Fifi Tremayne went to the Country Club Dance the other night with Mayor La Trivia.

DOC:

She had my permission.

FIB:

OH, SHE DID! That's a snicker, Docky! The reason cupid don't wear clothes is because he'd spend all his time laughin' up his sleeve at simple-minded Romeos like you.

GLASS CRASH:

MOL:

Don't you dance, Doctor?

FIB:

Like a wounded blimp.

DOC:

On the contrary, Melonhead, I dance very well. I got two silver cups for doing the Charleston in 1926. By the way...do they still dance the Charleston?

MOL:

No, Doctor. And the Black Bottom is on the way out, too.

FIB:

How about the polka, Beer Barrel? Or won't Fifi dance that with you?

DOC:

For your information, Needle-nose, Miss Tremayne and I--  
once, Mrs. McGee...I'm always right there at the door listening to everything!

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Take it, Fatso! Probably your office, with bad news.  
One of your patients is recovering.

DOC: That's what he gets for disregarding my advice.  
(RECEIVER UP) HELLO...GAMBLE SPEAKING. WHO? OH YES,  
MRS. KLADDERHATCH...

MOL: Her, again!

DOC: WHAT WAS THAT, MRS. KLADDERHATCH? WILLIE SWALLOWED A  
HANDFUL OF PENNIES? WELL, I'LL BE OVER AS SOON AS I CAN.  
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I PREDICTED THIS WOULD HAPPEN,  
REMEMBER? OKAY, MRS. KLADDERHATCH. (CLICK)

FIB: You predicted what would happen, wise guy?

MOL: That the boy would swallow a handful of pennies?

DOC: In a way...yes. I said that one of these days he was  
bound to get some cents into him. Well...I'll see you  
later.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: ~~I thought for a minute that--~~

GLASS CRASH:

FIB: HEY!! DO YOU SEE WHAT THAT CLUMSY OX DID? SLAMMED THE  
DOOR SO HARD THAT WINDOW PANE FELL OUT AGAIN!! DAD RAT  
THE DAD RATTED--

MOL: Well, put another one in, dearie, I'll call Lena to  
clean up the broken pieces. OH, LENA...LENA!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

LENA: (FADE IN, SINGING) "Oh, the music goes round and round,  
la de da da de da..." You don't have to call me more than  
once, Mrs. McGee...I'm always right there at the door...  
listening to everything!

FIB: Heard anything of interest, Lena?

LENA: Well...when you told the doctor he danced like a wounded  
simp Mr. McGee...(LAUGHS) I doubled up so far I bursted a  
garter...(LAUGHS) A wounded simp!!

MOL: He didn't say "Simp", Lena.

FIB: I said BLIMP.

LENA: BLIMP!! OH...(GOES INTO HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER) That's even  
funnier, Mr. McGee! I wish I'd...

SOUND: SNAP:

LENA: Oh, there goes my other garter!!...(LAUGHS) One reason I  
like to work here, is because Mr. McGee is so much like my  
father...so comical...and all...

MOL: What did your father do, Lena?

LENA: Papa was a printer, Mrs. McGee..made an awful lot of money.  
poor old feller...

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, POOR OLD FELLOW? I thought he made a lot of  
money.

LENA: Yes..five dollar bills. The government didn't like it.

MOL: No, they don't, Lena. They're funny about little things  
like that.

LENA: Yes....then papa took me to Russia to study opera...(SINGS)  
...AHA YOCKKK NEM...AHA YOCKKK NEM...La La la la la...  
oh we traveled all thru Russia.

FIB: Cross country?

LENA: Yes, it is - awfully! GOOD DAY"

MOL: Did you ever do anything with your music, Lena?

LFNA: Well, I was told several times what to do with it, but those were just mean little wisecracks, of course...I did sing in a night club once...a cabarett, ...Hey, Molly.

FIB: No kidding, Lena? For how long?

LENA: Oh just a few minutes...the people on the stage didn't like it. Jealous, I suppose...but the customers LOVED it.

MOL: Did they really?

LENA: Yes...one of them was so anxious to buy me a drink he couldn't wait...and threw a beer bottle at me. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Oh that was quite an experience...

FIB: Were you in a nightclub all alone, Lena?

LENA: Oh my goodness no, Mr. McGee...I was with my ex-boy friend.

MOL: He's the one I'M going with now...

MOL: If you're still going with him why do you call him your EX boy friend?

LENA: That's how he signs all his letters. "X."

FIB: YOU MEAN YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HIS NAME?

LENA: Well...he never asked me mine...and I don't want to seem bold. I guess you'd like to have me sweep up all this busted glass, wouldn't you...I'll get the carpet sweeper...

FIB: (EXIT SINGING) Zippity doo dah...zippity ay...my oh my what a wonderful

SOUND: DOOR SLAM;

ORCH: SELECTION: "IT'S A GOOD DAY"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: DAB DAB DAB

FIB: (SINGS) OHHH, THE MONKEY AND THE GRAPEFRUIT...Hey, Molly.

MOL: Yes, Pagliacci?

FIB: I got a new window pane in. See? All set.

MOL: Well, I hope this one stays in.

FIB: It's gonna stay in, all right. If some lunk-head don't bang that door again before the putty gets dry. It takes two or three--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Whoever this is, tell 'em to go easy when they go out. Everybody's been slammin' the door like they'd missed a payment on the piano.

MOL: I'll tell 'em. COME IN.

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Wimple. Hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiya, Wimp, old man.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

MOL: Before I forget it, Mr. Wimple, close the door gently when you go out, will you, please?

WIMP: (PAUSE) Well...I guess I can take a hint. Goodbye, now.

FIB: HEY HEY HEY! DON'T LEAVE, WIMP...I just put a new pane of glass in this front window. Slammin' the door makes it fall out.

WIMP: Oh. (LAUGHS) I thought for a minute I was being thrown out, and I felt right at home. Broken, was it?

FIB: No, it was just worn out from watchin' parades thru it.

MOL: Don't be so sarcastic, McGee. Himself here broke it, bait-casting with his new fishing rod, Mr. Wimple. Do you fish?

WIMP: Not very much, Mrs. McGee...Not since I caught a minnie one day and fought for three hours.

FIB: WHAT? FOR THREE HOURS?

MOL: A minnow?

WIMP: No, a Minnie. Minnie Weisenthroop. She was sitting on the dock and my hook got caught in her hat. Oh, what a fight!!

FIB: Well, I can understand why you gave up fishing, Wimp.

WIMP: Yes...I'd rather have more time with my Bird Book, anyway.

MOL: Your what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: My Bird Book. Before I got my Bird Book, I got quite a boot out of baseball.

FIB: Baseball, eh? Ever play any professional ball, Wimp?

WIMP: Wellll...I was a bat boy for the Boston Braves. But as a player, I never got to first base...I was quite put out... (SNICKERS) Every time!

MOL: You prefer watching birds to baseball, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well...yes...I'd rather take my Brownie and fill my Bird Book with blow-ups of bluebirds and bobolinks and barn swallows than beat my brains out batting a ball from base to base, and being berated by the boys on the bench. Particularly since what happened yesterday.

FIB: Okay. I'll bet if them panes fit a little tighter they wouldn't keep falling out.

WIMP: That was MY day for putting a new pane of glass in the window, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: What did you measure them with, before you bought them?

FIB: How'd you bust yours, Wimp? I'll bet Sweetyface had a piece of string. But it fell in a puddle on the way, and shrank a little. That's why the panes are too small.

WIMP: You mean my big old wife? Yes...she did.

MOL: Tell us about it.

WIMP: Well...(LAUGHS) I was up in the attic reading my Bird Book, and I found my old baseball stuff. So I was practicing my batting stance in the dining room.

MOL: I suppose your hand slipped and you threw your old bat thru the window.

WIMP: No, she came in just then and threw me thru it. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Well, I'll be careful, going out. Goodbye now.

DOOR SHUT. GENTLY:

FIB: Junior. You walk in...you see some broken glass. LIKE A FLASH, YOUR MIND GOES INTO HIGH GEAR...AND WHAMMO! UP YOU COME WITH THE ANSWER! With a brain like that, Junior, you oughta go a long way. And just as a suggestion.

MOL: That was fine, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: I'm glad.

DOOR SLAM HARD. GLASS CRASH:

(PAUSE)

FIB: No kidding? Kitchen police?

MOL: (SHARPLY) DON'T SAY IT, McGEE!

FIB: No, I was a house detective in a Chicago hotel, one Can I THINK it?

MOL: Well, there's no way I can wash your mind out with soap.

MOL: Put another pane in, dearie.

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FIB: Okay. I'll bet if them panes fit a little tighter they wouldn't keep falling out.

SCOUND: CLANK OF GLASS, THUD...DAB DAB

MOL: What did you measure them with, before you bought them?

FIB: Piece of string. But it fell in a puddle on the way, and shrank a little. That's why the panes are too small.

MOL: I see.

FIB: It'll be okay, though. They fit kinda loose, but I fill in the extra space with putty. Soon as the putty dries, I--

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks, am I-- (PAUSE) Hmm. Broken glass. Break something?

MOL: Yes, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Now there is what I'd call a keen instinct for deduction, Junior. You walk in...you see some broken glass. LIKE A FLASH, YOUR MIND GOES INTO HIGH GEAR...AND WHAMMO! UP YOU COME WITH THE ANSWER! With a brain like that, Junior, you oughtta go a long way. And just as a suggestion, how about Siberia?

WIL: Oh, all right. So it was an obvious remark. But don't discount my powers of deduction. I was a detective once.

FIB: No kidding? Kitchen police?

WIL: No, I was a house detective in a Chicago hotel, one summer.

MOL: HOW EXCITING!

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WIL: Hmm! He told us how the proudest housekeepers in the land use GLOCOAT, because it's practically the symbol of...

FIB: Why'd you ever give up the job, Junior? Asked Fibber, the fun-loving Rover, knowing darn well he should of kept his big fat mouth shut.

WIL: Well, that's quite a story...

MOL: I'll just bet!!

WIL: I was prowling the halls one night, when a fellow I knew got out of the elevator. Man named Connelly, advertising manager for Johnson's Wax. He had a lot of heavy cans under his arm. I helped him into his room with 'em...They were cans of Johnson's Self-Polishing Gloccoat, and -

FIB: That's enough, Junior. The rest is history and -

WIL: YOU ASKED FOR THIS STORY, AND BY GOD YOU'LL LISTEN TO IT!!!

FIB: Yeah, but -

MOL: We know what -

WIL: WELL SIR...FOR FORTY MINUTES HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT GLOCOAT. HOW IT SHINES AS IT DRIES...HOW IT REQUIRES NO RUBBING OR BUFFING...HOW IT BRINGS BACK THE BEAUTY TO WEARY OLD LINOLEUM...

FIB: But whatatgotodowith...live years!

MOL: If he couldn't keep giving you the answers he wouldn't have lasted 12 years. Can I help you put in another pane of glass, dearts?

FIB: No thanks. I can handle it. Needs a little more putty than I been giving it. That's all.

MOL: Then I'm going upstairs and help Lena change the beds. (PAUSE) Don't forget to clean up when you get thru...

WIL: HUSH!! He told me how the proudest housekeepers in the land use Glococat, because it's practically the symbol of a well-kept home. Why I was beginning to think that with one simple application of Glococat you could wipe the shame off a pickpocket's record.

MOL: Yes but I'm sure we -

WIL: WELL, BY THE TIME HE GOT THRU, I WAS SO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT Johnson's Glococat, I gave up house detecting and went to work in Racine. *took up house protecting*

FIB: Look...Waxey.

WIL: Yes?

FIB: Why dont you go back to work as a house detective. It must be an awful bore, you coming in here every week like this and-

WIL: Not a chance, pal. That work was really boring!

MOL: No excitement at all?

WIL: Hardly any. Most people just call the house dick when they lose their keys. In fact, I gave those boys the idea for that song.

FIB: What song?

WIL: "Open The Door, Dick." Well...see you later!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why do I ever ask that guy a question? He's been giving us the same answer for twelve years!

MOL: If he couldnt keep giving you the answers he wouldnt have lasted 12 years. Can I help you put in another pane of glass, dearie?

FIB: No thanks. I can handle it. Needs a little more putty than I been giving it. That's all.

MOL: Then I'm going upstairs and help Lena change the beds. (FADE) Dont forget to clean up when you get thru...

FIB: OKAY, TOOTSIE! Ahh, there goes a good kid! I'll bet sometimes she wishes she was back teachin' piano to the kids in Peoria. At least they could LEARN something. Whereas I'm just the kind of a nincompoop that can't even put a pane of glass back in a window after it - where's that putty? Oh yes I've ...

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Teeny. Better stay over there...away from the broken glass.

TEE: Gee, whatcha been doing, mister? Hmm? Whatcha been doing, Hmm? Whatcha been? Hmm. Whatcha?

FIB: Been putting a new pane o' glass in this front window, sis.

TEE: Gee, have you?

FIB: Yes, I've...eh?

TEE: I said have you?

FIB: Have I what?

TEE: Been putting some new glass in the window?

FIB: Who?

TEE: YOU!!

FIB: I know it.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Gee, that was the old switcheroo, wasn't it, mister?

FIB: Well, we had to do it sometime, sis. It's all right to be in the groove, till it gets to be a rut. Excuse me, if I work while you talk. What's on your mind?



TEE: Oh, I was just - Hmm?

FIB: I says what's on your mind? I'm very busy today, (SOUND: DAB-DAB) and if you haven't got anything in particular to, -

TEE: Oh, but I have, mister, I betcha. You know anything about training doggies?

FIB: I'm afraid not, Teeny. I had a pointer once, but he wore himself out flushing our cuckoo clock. (SOUND: DAB-DAB) Why'dja ask?

TEE: Well, I'm having some trouble with Margaret, mister.

FIB: Who's Margaret?

TEE: He's my dog.

FIB: You mean SHE's your dog.

TEE: No. Margaret's a little boy dog, I betcha.

FIB: But Margaret is a girl's name.

TEE: Well, he was named after his mother. His mother was a girl.

FIB: Oh, I see.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I said I SEE.

TEE: See what?

FIB: OH NEVER MINT....what's the matter with Margaret that you wanna train her.....er...him.....er it?

TEE: She cries all the time.

FIB: Maybe she's gotta toothache or something. Why don't you take her.....er...him to a vet?

TEE: We did, I betcha. He said she was in perfully good health.

FIB: What kind of a dog is it?

TEE: He's a boxer.

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FIB: Maybe his trunks are too tight.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmm?

FIB: Look, sis...I'm very busy...WHAT ARE MARGARET'S SYMPTOMS? DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT SHE'S CRYING ABOUT?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: You do?

TEE: Sure. But I don't know what to do about it, I betcha.

FIB: WELL, WHAT DOES YOUR DOG CRY ABOUT? WHAT'S HER TROUBLE?

TEE: She's just so confused, mister, she just dunno what to do. You see, when my daddy drives the car to work, she waits for him to leave the garage and then she runs ahead of him for two or three blocks. Now she never knows which way to run.

FIB: Why not?

TEE: My daddy just got a new Studebaker. Well, I won't bother you any more. So long, mister!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM...GLASS CRASH

FIB: DAD RAT THE DADRAITTED!...WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH PEOPLE, ANYWAY! WHY DON'T THEY...

ORCH: (IN OVER) "WYOMING" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -19-

MOL: How many panes of glass have you put in so far, McGee?

FIB: This is the fourth one. See how smart I was to get seven new ones?

MOL: Very far-sighted. But why don't they stay in?

FIB: Putty's too fresh. It's gotta dry before it holds the glass in. Now, lemme see...a little more around the top...

SOUND: THUD THUD...DAB:

MOL: Maybe this time if you braced it with something --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN.

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, McGee...it's the Mayor! Good day, your honor.

GALE: Good day, Molly. Hello, McGee... Busy?

FIB: Nope...almost done, La Triv. Just puttin' a new window glass in. Every time the door slams, the window falls out. SAY...YOU'RE JUST THE GUY I BEEN WANTIN' TO TALK TO.

GALE: Yes?

FIB: Yeah...weren't you in the Navy, during the war?

GALE: I was in the Coast Guard, McGee. Why?

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FIB: I been hearing a rumor that the Navy is going on a strike.

GALE: THAT'S RIDICULOUS! THAT WOULD BE MUTINY. What should they strike?

FIB: I hear they're askin' for porthole-to porthole pay.

FIB: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Get it, Kids? Porthole-to porthole? It's a play on words. You see, when you say porthole-to-porthole --

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, McGEE!

FIB: It ain't? That's odd. I thought that up while I was shaving this morning, and laughed so hard I almost fell in the bathtub.

GALE: My suggestion would be to grow a beard, McGee.

MOL: Still got your uniforms, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Oh yes. I tried them on again, just the other evening. Getting a little tight.

FIB: Well, there's no accounting for what a guy will do in that condition, La Triv.

GALE: In what condition?

MOL: What you just said. Getting a little tight. (LAUGHS) I can just see you wobbling around trying to get those bell bottom pants on while -

GALE: I WAS NOT. THAT IS NOT WHAT I SAID. I MERELY STATED THAT -

FIB: Ah forget it, La Triv. It's none of your business if you wanna tie one on, now and then. HOW'D YOUR UNIFORMS FIT, BY THE WAY?

GALE: I JUST TOLD YOU! THEY WERE GETTING A LITTLE SNUG.

MOL: Oh you probably had them buttoned all wrong. Try them on again sometime, when you're perfectly sober and -

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GALE: I'M ALWAYS SOBERLY PERFECT...ER...PERFECTLY SOBER.  
 I SAID THAT THE NIGHT I TRIED MY UNIFORMS ON AGAIN,  
 I WAS A LITTLE...I MEAN THE UNIFORMS WERE A LITTLE--  
 FIB: HEY...I'll bet that was the night you took Fifi Tremayne  
 to the Country Club Dance. Boy, the punch they serve  
 at them brawls would dissolve the back teeth on a  
 bandsaw! I remember one time we--  
 GALE: PLEASE!!! LET ME MAKE MYSELF CLEAR. I DO NOT DRINK!  
 I HAVE ALWAYS--  
 MOL: MISTER MAYOR! Don't get so excited...my goodness,  
 we're not reproaching you..  
 FIB: I should say not, pardner...we're tolerant people.  
 We got our weaknesses, you got yours. My weakness  
 is drawing mustaches on magazine covers. Your  
 weakness is--

GALE: MY WEAKNESS IS LETTING YOU MONK A MAKEY OF ME...I MEAN,  
 LENA: GETTING MYSELF INVOLVED IN ONE OF THESE ARDUCLOUS  
 RIGUMENTS...ER...YOU KNOW VERY WELL I AM A TOE-TEETELER...  
 A TEETLE-TOLER...I NEVER DROP A LICK OF TOUCH HARDER...  
 FIB: YOU SAID I...IT'S ALL A CHARGED-UP TRUMP THAT...I...YOU  
 DIDN'T...I WAS...WE...Ooooooof.....(PAUSE) McGee.  
 FIB: Yes?  
 GALE: Did you say that every time the door slammed that window  
 fell out? a pity you don't have the pot of putty to pat  
 MOL: Yes he did, Mr. Mayor.  
 GALE: THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT HE SAID. GOOD DAY!  
 DOOR SLAM: HARD. GLASS CRASH.  
 FIB: Well, of all the dirty...I BET HE DONE THAT ON PURPOSE!  
 MOL: McGee...do you suppose he could have been...you know?  
 FIB: I don't think so. I didn't smell it on him. *He could have  
 been chewing on gum  
 says he gave it up.* HEY, I KNEW I SHOULD OF BRACED THAT  
 LAST PANE OF GLASS INTO THE WINDOW.  
 MOL: Yes, if the putty would dry any quicker, it would -  
 DOOR OPEN:  
 LENA: (FADE IN) Excuse me, folks, but has any one of you two  
 people saw anything of my cold cream?  
 MOL: I haven't, Lena. Where did you see it last?  
 LENA: On top of the refridgidor. It just seems to have put in  
 a disappearance, and it seems to me they should have told  
 me it was vanishing cream when I bought it, I bought it at  
 a one-cent sale, because the one scent I really LOVE is  
 cold cream; so...(LAUGHS) OH THERE IT IS...I'M AFRAID  
 YOU'RE JUST A TEASE, MR. MCGEE!

(2ND REVISION) -23-

FIB: HEY! COME BACK HERE WITH THAT, LENA!! THAT'S MY PUTTY!  
LENA: No sir. Your putty is still on the back porch where you left it. This is my cold cream. (FADE) Oh, zippety doo dah, zippety ay...my, oh, my, what a wonderful day...  
SOUND: DOOR SHUT  
FIB: Well, I'll be a...so I been pastin' them windows in with cold cream!  
MOL: Puts a different complexion on the matter, doesn't it? Isn't it a pity you didn't have the pot of putty to pat the...er no. It isn't worth it!  
ORCH: "BEWARE MY HEART" FADE FOR:

FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY  
2-25-47

(2ND REVISION) -24-

CUE: To be supplied by F. Pittman  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL: (for all but So. Calif., Arizona, and Florida)  
WIL: Fibber and Molly return in just a moment.  
You know, some women seem to have a special knack for keeping their homes charming and beautiful with very little effort. How do they do it? The secret is wax -- wax that adds a rich luster and gleaming polish to floors, furniture and woodwork. Of course, I don't mean that JOHNSON'S WAX is a sort of magic wand you wave to make your house beautiful...you do have to apply it and polish it...but certainly the results are almost a miracle. A very little JOHNSON'S PASTE OR LIQUID WAX will give even your dullest floor a really lovely, shining beauty. Polish your table tops and sideboard with a little JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX...and you'll hardly know them, they glow and sparkle so. Fact is, everything that JOHNSON'S WAX touches, from leather goods to woodwork, from venetian blinds to kitchen equipment fairly gleams with bright polished beauty. It's so easy to keep a wax-protected surface sparkling clean, too...with just an occasional light dusting. Try it, won't you?  
JOHNSON'S WAX...Paste, liquid and cream.  
ORCH: SWELL AND FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

2-25-47

-25-

CUE: To be supplied by F. Pittman  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (for So. Calif., Arizona and Florida) window put

WALD: I'd like to tell you how you can greatly improve the appearance of that automobile of yours...at very small cost, too. Now hold on a minute...if this sounds as though it might involve a lot of hard work let me assure you right away that it's a comparatively easy job too. First, get some JOHNSON'S CARNU. Apply CARNU to your car with a cloth -- it's a liquid -- and rub just hard enough to loosen the road grime. Let CARNU dry to a white powder, then wipe this powder off with a cloth. Do that, and believe me you'll have a most pleasant surprise. You'll find that all the dirt and dullness completely disappear and your old bus shines as proudly as a new car. Here's why I say that JOHNSON'S CARNU is easy to use -- it does two jobs at once -- both cleans and polishes your car with one application. CARNU gives a very beautiful satin-smooth finish to your car that makes it really a pleasure to drive. Yes, you'll like JOHNSON'S CARNU. Will you try it on your car? It's spelled C-A-R-N-U.

(2ND REVISION) -26-

TAG

MOL: Well, I'm certainly glad you finally got that window put back in, McGee.

FIB: Me too.

MOL: I was beginning to feel so ashamed.

FIB: ASHAMED!! OF WHAT?

MOL: Draft dodging.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Ha hah. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all!

FLAYOFF 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 NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY  
(CHIMES)