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(REVISED)

#1

file

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

October 7, 1947

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

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WILCOX:

^{PROGRAM}
THE JOHNSON'S WAX ~~SHOW~~ - 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, 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:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
10/7/47

(REVISED) -3-

FIRST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I think you'll agree that few things do more for a home than richly wax-polished floors. And yet.... can you think of any beauty treatment that costs less? Why, a gleaming carpet of genuine Johnson's Wax costs only a few pennies. And besides being inexpensive, beautifully wax-polished floors are so easy to have. Just apply a little Johnson's Wax, buff, and right away your floors have that mellow protective sheen that all the world admires. You know, surfaces protected with genuine Johnson's Wax are hard, smooth, dry they need only a light dusting to keep them bright. If you want long-lasting beauty always insist on genuine Johnson's Wax Paste or Liquid in that familiar red and yellow package. There's no finer wax polish to bring out the beauty of the home.

KINGS MEN: (A CAPELLA) Look on the bright side
Shine up the right side
Bring out the beauty of the home.

PIANO GLISS INTO:

ORCH: INTRODUCTORY BRIDGE .. (SWELL TO FINISH)

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(2ND REVISION) -4 & 5-

WILCOX: WHEN YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED AS LONG AS MRS. MCGEE HAS TO MR. MCGEE, AND HE GOES AROUND WITH AN EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE LIKE BUTTER WOULDN'T MELT IN HIS HOT LITTLE HEAD, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHAKE HIS COAT TO KNOW HE HAS SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE. LET'S SEE WHAT IT IS, AS WE JOIN --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

MOI: All right, sweetheart. I give up. What is it?
FIB: What's what?
MOL: Now don't be coy, dearie. Tell mother your little secret.
FIB: I've arranged a little surprise for you, tootsie. Know what day this is?
MOL: Yes, but I don't know that it has any special significance. Unless Mr. Vishinsky has sent an orchid to Mr. Winchell.
FIB: OH, YOU DON'T KNOW, EH? Gee whiz, Molly, have you forgot October 7th, 1917? The day I took you to your first big football game? The one I played in?
MOL: OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKES..WAS THAT THE -- IS THIS THE ANNIVERS-- HEAVENLY DAYS!! You know, I've still got the chrysanthemum you gave me that day? And it's as fresh today as it was then!
FIB: Well hang onto it kiddo. You can't buy them good paper ones anymore. BOY, WHAT A FOOTBALL GAME THAT WAS!
MOL: Well, it was very sweet of you to remember the anniversary. But my goodness, you shouldn't have gone and bought me a present. What is it? What did you buy? Can I see it?

(REVISED)

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FIB: Wellll... it isn't so much a present, so much, exactly, as it is...a...well, kind of something for both of us, you might say. Something we need for the home.

MCL: Well, that takes in plenty of territory.

FIB: Just relax, snooky. They're gonna deliver it this afternoon and --

DOOR CHIME

MOL: OH, MAYBE THAT'S THE DELIVERY MAN NOW....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Nope. It's just the Old Timer. HIYA, OLD TIMER.
GLAD TO SEE YOU!

OLD T: Hello there, kids!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer...we haven't seen you for quite a while.

OLD T: Well, I had to skip town for a while, daughter.
The heat was on.

FIB: THE HEAT WAS ON? You in a jam with the law, or something?

THIS SUMMER

OLD T: Nope. It was jest the heat, Johnny. 99 in the shade and the only place I could git cool was at the movies, and I seen so many Donald Ducks I started to walk with a waddle, so I beat it outa town. Went out west. Up in the mountains.

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MOL: Rocky Mountains?

OLD M: You said it, daughter! Ain't seen so many hairpin turns sence my bald-headed sister got dressed fer the opera. Mighty pretty scenery up in them mountains. Mighty sightly country!

FIB: So they say, Old Timer. Though I can't take it, myself. The air is so much like wine it gives me the hiccups.

OLD T: Well, it's pretty wonderful, Johnny. You ever see the sun come up over Lake Louise, creepin' acrost the horizon like a Florida orange sneakin' over the California line - paintin' the lake all pink and gold like a Spanish Omelette with cranberry sauce?

MOL: No, we never have.

OLD T: Me, neither. I'm a late sleeper, myself. Had a job on a ranch out there fer a while. Up near that State Park - Yosemite.

FIB: Not YOSEMIGHT, Old Timer. That's pronounced Yo-SEMMITY. Whatkinda work were you doing?

OLD T: Removin' stumps.

MOL: With a bulldozer?

OLD T: Nope. With Dy-NAMMITY.

FIB: Well, that must have been a nice job for the summer.

OLD T: Oh, I didn't stay with it long, Johnny. Went to San Francisco and got a job writin' radio commercials. Fer Rhythm Chevin' Tobacco.

MOL: That was something you could really get your teeth into, wasn't it?

OLD M: Yep. Wrote one dandy commercial for the Rhythm Comp'ny. Went like this:

IF YOU'RE CHEWIN' IN TUNE, YOU NEVER MISS THE SPITTOON.

PPPPPT! (SOUND) CLANG!

YES, IF YOU'RE CHEWIN' IN TUNE, YOU NEVER MISS THE SPITTOON.

PPPPPT! (SOUND) CLANG!

FIB: Well, if you expect to rate as a copy writer, you can't expect to write copy like that.

OLD T: Heh heh heh...THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY...BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! The way I heard it, one feller says to t'other feller..."SAYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE CONGRESS MAY STAY IN SESSION ALL WINTER THIS YEAR".

"ZAT SO?" SAYS T'OTHER FELLER. "LOTS OF WORK TO DO?"

"NOPE", SAYS THE FIRST FELLER, "SCARED TO GO HOME!"

Well, see you again, kids!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "THE LADY FROM 'TWENTY NINE PALMS"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

MOL: McGee, it's almost two o'clock. Are you sure they're going to deliver it this afternoon?

FIB: Deliver what? OOH, THE SURPRISE. Yeah..sure..sure... they'll deliver it today...you just relax.

MOL: Relax, the man says! Heavenly days, how can I relax when I'm so excited? If I could turn my emotions off and on like that I'd be doing soap operas.

FIB: Well, I always was one for the unexpected, kiddo. I'm always a....

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: That was unexpected. COME IN, COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: WELL MY GOODNESS...DOCTOR GAMBLE..My, it's nice to see you, Doctor.

DOC: Thank you, my dear, nice to see you. And good day to you, too, my boy.

FIB: Hiya, Body Patcher. Throw that bag of suet you walked upstairs and saved ten dollars on into a chair and bring us up to date.

DOC: On what, Droopy?

MOL: On yourself, Doctor. What's new in the world of medicine these days?

FIB: Yeah. You up on the latest scientific developments, or don't you take the Reader's Digest?

DOC: I never read any of the pocket magazines, sonny. My pockets are so dark it strains my eyes. By the way, my dear, you look very happy today.

(2ND. REVISION) -10- & 11-

MOL: Oh, I am, Doctor.

FIB: Why shouldn't she be happy? She's got a husband who treats her like a queen. Full of thoughtful little gestures. Remembers anniversaries and things like that.

MOL: This, for instance, Doctor, is the anniversary of the first time he ever took me to a football game. AND HE REMEMBERED IT!

FIB: That's me. Just a sentimental fool.

DOC: I'm glad you told me. I'll change your record when I get back to the office. I'll erase the "darn" and put in "sentimental."

MOL: Oh, it was a great football game he took me to, Doctor. He played in it. He was the drawback, or setback, or something.

FIB: Halfback. Third string. Substitute. The coach saved me for the big Thanksgiving game that year. Well, sir it was the final quarter, Peoria versus Joliet with the score tied. The fans were going wild. Yellin' for a touchdown. I leaps off the bench and...

DOC: Tell me some other time, Shortnin' Bread. I have some very....

MOL: OH, YOU OUGHT TO HEAR THIS, DOCTOR! TELL HIM, DEARIE.

FIB: I will. Well sir, I LEAPS OFF THE BENCH AND RUNS UP TO THE COACH! "PUT ME IN, COACH!" I says. He slaps me on the shoulder and says quietly .."GO BACK AND SIT DOWN, FATHEAD!" He says, and just then Joliet makes another touchdown with a double wingback formation and a Statue of Liberty play with the left tackle playing defensive on a concealed pass to the right forward.

MOL: It was crucial!!

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MOL: I was so excited I started to eat my pennant and wave my hot dog!

DOC: (BORED) Mmmmm.

FIB: THEN THE COACH CALLS ME OVER! "ALL RIGHT, MCGEE", HE SAYS, "GET IN THERE AND WIN THIS FOOTBALL GAME!" I TROWS OFF MY RACCOON COAT, RUNS OVER TO THE CAMERAMEN, POSES FOR A FEW PICTURES, AND TROTS OUT ONTO THE FIELD. THE CROWD SCREAMED!

MOL: But he went out anyway.

FIB: "OKAY, MEN," I SAYS, "WE'LL GIVE 'EM THE OLD SHOESTRING PLAY!"

DOC: Very logical. I don't know anyone with older shoestrings than yours.

FIB: WELL SIR, AFTER THE NEXT PLAY, I DRIFTED OVER TO THE SIDELINES AND MADE LIKE I WAS TYING MY SHOESTRINGS. The opposition team never noticed me. The ball went into play; the captain snaps me a long pass. I leaps into the air, grabs the ball and takes off for the goal line!

MOL: Like a bullet!

DOC: So? What happened, if anything? ^{EXCITED}

FIB: I got a bad break, Doc. I was so ~~excited~~ I'd accidentally tied my shoestrings together. The first step I took I went neck over elbow, and by the time I stopped bouncin' I was clear out into the parkin' lot. They wouldn't let me back in without a ticket, so I grabs a taxi and went home.

MOL: He was the talk of the town for three weeks after that, Doctor, and I must say you never heard such language!

DOC: Yes, it's always the little cusses that inspire the big cusses. I remember one time when --

TELEPHONE:

MOL: It's probably for you, Doctor.

DOC: Probably. I have my office nurse phone me every hour wherever I am. It gets me out of some very dull parties. Excuse me.

PHONE RECEIVER UP:

DOC: Hello. Dr. Gamble speaking. Who? The Hospital?
(VERY GRAVE) Oh...I'm sorry to hear it. I didn't foresee anything like that...I'll...I'll be right over. Yes...goodbye. (RECEIVER UP)

MOL: Bad news Doctor?

DOC: I'm afraid so. We just lost a patient.

FIB: Oh my gosh, Doc...that's too bad. What happened?

DOC: He got well. (BRIGHTLY) BUT, that's the breaks of the game, kids. See you later.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't he a sweet old character!

FIB: He's old, and he's a character, but HEY, WHAT TIME IS IT?

MOL: About half past. Why?

FIB: Well, that delivery I was expecting...your surprise...I was just thinking that...

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HIYAH, MOLLY. HI, PAL!

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior! Come on in and wish us a happy anniversary!

WIL: ANNIVERSARY!!! CONGRATULATIONS! How long have you been married?

MOL: What's that got to do with it?

WIL: I thought you said this was your anniversary.

MOL: It is. Himself here took me to my first football game October 7th, 1917. Isn't he wonderful? I'll bet you don't remember the first big date YOU ever had, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: OH YES I DO! It was 1916, on Friday the Twelfth at 3:22 in the afternoon, in Omaha! I remember the exact time because I had just put my wrist watch back in my pocket.

FIB: Strap busted?

WIL: No, but wrist watches were new then for men, and I didn't want Frieda to think I was a sissy. Even though I was the best wrestler in Benson High School.

MOL: Who said so?

WIL: Frieda and the other girls. Anyway, there we were, in the parlor, dancing to the radio...

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE! THEY DIDN'T HAVE RADIOS IN 1916!

WIL: Frieda did. Her father was rich.

MOL:

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MOL: Oh.

WIL: Well, it was awfully quiet in the house and I was afraid Frieda would try to kiss me. She was a vamp.

FIB: A what, Junior?

WIL: A vamp. We called 'em vamps then. I was a shiek. Anyway I said "Where's your mother today, Frieda." And she said "Mama is out scrubbing the kitchen floor." "SCRUBBING" I said. "You mean she doesn't know about Johnson's Glocoat?"

MOL: Did they have Glo-Coat in 1916?

WIL: Don't change the subject! Well, I dropped Frieda like a hot potato, and don't think she wasn't, and dashed out into the kitchen. There was Frieda's mother on her knees, SCRUBBING THE LINOLEUM!

MOL: How horrible!

FIB: It's the last half of the ninth, folks, no score as yet and the bases loaded. Wilcox on the mound... He's winding up...AND HERE COMES THE PITCH!

WIL: Well, for fifteen minutes, I stood there, telling Frieda's mother about Johnson's self-polishing Glocoat. How it is so easy to use...how you just pour a little out and spread it around and let it dry in 20 minutes or less to a brilliant, protective gloss. How it shines as it dries, with no rubbing or buffing. How it brings out the beauty and color of the linoleum and makes spilled things so easy to wipe up.

MOL: I'll bet she was really grateful, Mr. Wilcox.

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WIL: Nope. She told me to mind my own business and chased me out of the house. But Frieda told me later that she always used Glocoat after that.

FIB: Oh, then you DID see Frieda again.

WIL: Yes. When I was in uniform. She came to the station to see me off.

MOL: In uniform? Army or Navy, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Scoutmaster. I was taking a bunch of kids to camp. WELL, HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, FOLKS!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: HEY, I GOT AN IDEA! While we're waitin' for 'em to deliver that little surprise, why don't we duck downtown to a movie?

MOL: Well, it seems a little extravagant, but we might as well spend our money while a dollar is still worth fifteen cents! What's showing at the Bijou?

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FIB: That's what I'd like to know, -"Mother Wore Tights" is *PLAYING* there.

MOL: All right.. (FADE) I'll be with you just as soon as I put on my face and get my hat.

FIB: Okay, Tootsie! Ahh, there goes a good kid! And does she ever love surprises! And am I ever full of 'em! You think she'd learn after a while that none of 'em ever amount to much but no, she's always just--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME ON IN!

DOOR OPEN::

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hiyah Teeny! Glad to see you but we were just going out. Mrs. McGee and I are going to a movie.

TEE: Gee, there's a dandy one at the Princess, mister It's Sailbad the Sinner and it's all in Ticklishcolor and -

FIB: HEY HEY HEY.....wait a minute.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: It's not Sailbad the Sinner. It's SINBAD THE SAILOR.

TEE: Okay. Anyway it's a dandy pitcher, I betcha. I and Willie Toops went to it and, -

FIB: NO NO NO....WILLIE TOOPS AND I, went to it.

TEE: When?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: When did you and Willie go to it? He said he hadn't seen it before and --

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FIB: I DIDN'T GO WITH WILLIE TOOPS. I WAS MERRELY CORRECTING YOUR GRAMMAR. YOU said I and Willie Toops. That's incorrect. It's Willie Toops and I. The first person singular takes the object in the possessive tense, if the participle is part of the predicate. Understand?

TEE: (GIGGLES) No. But anyway, it was a peachy pitcher, I betcha.

FIB: It was, eh?

TEE: Yeah. Willie and I....HMM?

FIB: I said IT WAS EH?

TEE: Was what?

FIB: A GOOD PICTURE!

TEE: Where?

FIB: AT THE PRINCESS....THE ONE YOU AND WILLIE WENT TO.

TEE: I know it. That's the same one you and Willie went to.

FIB: I DIDN'T GO TO A PICTURE WITH WILLIE!

TEE: Why you did too, I betcha! You said you and Willie went to see Sailbad the Sinner.

FIB: 'I DIDN'T SAY ANY SUCH A THING! I NEVER SAW SAILBAD THE SINNER AND IF I HAD I WOULDN'T HAVE GONE WITH WILLIE TOOPS. I THINK HE'S A DREADFUL LITTLE PEST!

TEE: Please, Mister McGee! You are speaking of the man I love. I and Willie are engaged.

FIB: There you go again, sis. You mean WILLIE AND I - er..no.. ..that WOULD be confusing.

TEE: Sure. (GIGGLES) HE GAVE ME A ENGAGEMENT RING TOO, SEE?

FIB: Say, that's a beautiful ring, Teeny.

TEE: Sure it is, I betcha. It's peer silver.

FIB: Really? Peer silver?

TEE: Sure. He got it in a box of crackerjack. He said if the prize was a whistle we'd play cops and robbers and if it was a ring we'd get engaged, and it was a ring and gee, was Willie ever burned up! (GIGGLES) He wanted to play cops and robbers. 'Bye, now!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "FREEDOM TRAIN"

FIB: I hear that Freedom Train is coming to Wistful Vista, Molly. That's something I wanna see!

MOL: Me, too, McGee. Imagine seeing the original Declaration of Independence - and the Constitution - and everything!

FIB: Yeah. It's kinda easy to forget the things that made this a great country - and take things for granted.

MOL: And isn't "The Freedom Train" a wonderful name for it?

FIB: Yeah - I just hope they watch the danger signals and keep it on the right track.

MOL: Well, the crew is made up of people like you and me, dearie - so it's up to us!

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES, FADE TO FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT AND FADE

MOL: My, I enjoyed that picture, McGee. ~~And the picture -~~ that "Crossfire" - isn't that Bob Ryan wonderful?

FIB: Oh, he's okay - if you like that type. Tall, handsome, curly-haired, rugged, and built like an athlete.

MOL: And he's such a fine actor, too! He had me simply scared to death!

FIB: Aw, migosh, I coulda played that role just as well myself - if I had all his talent! Just because he's loaded with-- Oh, hey - look who's comin'. It's that Williams guy.

MOL: Williams? Oh, the man Doctor Gamble introduced us to in the bank? I thought he was a very pleasant-- OH, GOOD DAY, MR. WILLIAMS!

GALE: What? Oh. Oh, how do you do, Mrs. McCabe.

FIB: McGee is the name, Williams. Remember? We met you in the bank with Doc Gamble the other day.

GALE: Oh. Oh, yes. McGee. Lovely day, isn't it, except that it's a little cool, although at this time of year I suppose we must expect a little cool weather except that we sometimes get quite a hot spell during our Indian Summer. Pardon me for mentioning Indian Summer - I didn't intend to inject a racial note into the discussion.

FIB: My gosh, you sure have to learn yourself, don't you? You in business here?

MOL: Oh, that's quite all right, Mr. Williams. We're not Indians.

FIB: Not American Indians anyway. I'M more of an East Indian. Spent several years in Indo China. Used to travel thru the jungle, barefooted, buying lumber. Bought a lot of teakwood from a Chinese fella named Chan. The natives all called me the Barefoot Boy with Teak of Chan.

(LAUGHS) Don't you get it, Williams? Cheek of Tan? Teak of Chan? It's a play on words involving a pun on the words teak and --

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: It aint? My gosh, I lay awake for two hours last night workin' that gag up.

GALE: I rather enjoyed it, myself. I agree that a pun is sometimes the lowest form of humor, but on the other hand a clever play on words I find rather amusing. In other terms, while I detest puns, I sometimes like them very much.

MOL: er...yes. I..er..I see. You live in Wistful Vista, Mr. Williams?

WIMP:
GALE:
FIB: Yes, I do, Mrs. McGee. That is, I SAY I do, although to be strictly truthful I live just outside of town. I suppose paying taxes here makes me a resident, but on the other hand, I consider myself, by reason of being a suburbanite, NOT a city dweller.

FIB: My gosh, you sure hate to commit yourself, don't you, bud? You in business here?

GALE: Well, you might say I am, and again, I'd hardly call it being in business. I suppose I might be called a professional man, although some people might find technical objections to the term. I work for the government, in a way. But more strictly speaking I am a local employe.

MOL: Doing what, may we ask?

GALE: Oh certainly. I am a meteorologist. Otherwi^se known as the Weather Man. Well, nice to have seen you again. Good day, probably!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE BRIEFLY:

FIB: My gosh...so he's the weather man. No wonder he won't give you a positive statement! Oh Well, I suppose he -

MOL: Look, McGee, we're almost home. Why don't you tell me what my surprise is? I've been very patient and -

FIB: AND SPOIL THE WHOLE BUILDUP? Nothing doing, snooky! Besides, it isn't too exciting. Just a little something I've planned on doing for a long time and - HEY, THERE'S WALLY WIMPLE...HIYAH WIMP, OLD MAN!

MOL: Hello there, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Hello, folks! Been out for a stroll?

FIB: Been to a movie to kill time, Wimp. I've cooked up a little surprise for my wife and we didn't wanna stick around home.

WIMP: Well, now isn't that a coincidence. I've cooked up a little surprise for Sweetie face too. That's my big old wife, you know.

MOL: Yes, we know.

FIB: What you got planned, Wimp? Something romantic?

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) Well, I'd hardly say that, Mr. McGee. You see, this is Sweetface's birthday, so I wrote a little poem for her. I'm going downtown now and have it printed.

MOL: Isn't that sweet! I'd forgotten you were a poet, Mr. Wimple. How does the poem go?

FIB: Yeah. Recite it, Wimp.

WIMP: All right. It goes:

TO SWEETFACE, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

YOU'RE THIRTY-EIGHT TODAY, MY DEAR
AND IN THE VERY PRIME OF LIFE,
AS BEAUTIFUL TO ME RIGHT NOW
AS WHEN YOU FIRST BECAME MY WIFE...

MOL: Oh, how darling!

WIMP: That isn't all, Mrs. McGee. It goes on like this:

I THOUGHT OF BUYING YOU CHAMPAGNE
BUT GAVE THAT UP, BECAUSE I'D HATE
TO SPEND AN EVENING RUNNING ROUND
WITH A GREAT BIG LOADED .38!

...Well, so long, folks!

FIB: So long, Wimp. I'm not disappointed about that. It's

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Wimple. had a little surprise for you, too.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE INTO WALKING FOOTSTEPS:

FIB: Great little couple, him and Sweetface! Well, come on, kiddo...let's go this way.

MOL: But WHY, McGee? Why must we go around thru the alley?

FIB: The delivery men may be in the driveway, and I don't want you to see the surprise till it's all set, see?

MOL: Yes, but I--

FIB: LOOK...THERE IS A DELIVERY TRUCK IN THE DRIVEWAY..MY GOSH, I TIMED THIS JUST ABOUT PERFECT...COME ON, BABY!

MOL: But dearie, that's a coal truck--that wouldn't be the --

SOUND: POURING COAL, SLIGHTLY OFF...REPEAT:

MOL: McGEE...WHAT ON EARTH.....?

FIB: That's the surprise, kiddo. Enough coal to last all winter, and I remembered to order it before we even needed it! PRETTY THOUGHTFUL, EH? REMEMBER HOW I FORGOT TO ORDER IT LAST YEAR AND WE ALMOST FROZE TO DEATH? (LAUGHS)

MOL: Yes, but--

SOUND: POURING COAL, LOUD:

FIB: HOW MUCH MORE, JOE?

MAN: That's the last of it, Mr. McGee. Three truckloads. Ought to last you all winter!

FIB: Great! Great! Much obliged, Joe. Well, how's about it, Molly? Pretty swell idea, eh?

MOL: Yes, but I-- If I'd only known what you-- Oh, dear..

FIB: HEY, NOW..YOU'RE NOT DISAPPOINTED, ARE YOU? GEE WHIZ, I SAID IT WASN'T MUCH, BUT WE NEEDED IT AND--

MOL: Oh, no, dearie...I'm not disappointed about that. It's only that...well...I had a little surprise for you, too, and now I can't show it to you.

FIB: You did? You can't? Why not? What was it?

(REVISED) -25-

MOL: Well, I know how you hate to shovel coal and fire the furnace, so while you were fishing last week, I...well, I had a man come and change the furnace over to an oil burner.

FIB: WHAT?

MOL: I'll show it to you next spring. It's buried under the coal now.

ORCH: "ALL OF ME" - FADE FOR:

APPLAUSE:

KINGS MEN: (A CAPELLA) Look on the bright side
Shine up the right side
Bring out the beauty of the home

(SEGUE TO)

ORCH: ALL OF ME FADE FOR

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
10-7-47

(REVISED) -26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL - READ IN 60 SECONDS

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in just a moment. Tell me, have you noticed that the Johnson's Glo-Coat you've been buying lately gives your kitchen linoleum an unusually bright shine? Well now, you're not just imagining things. Fact is, the Glo-Coat on your dealer's shelf today gives nearly twice as much shine as before. And that means nearly twice the shine for all the linoleum and other floors in your home. You'll say you've never seen your kitchen floor so bright .. its colors so fresh and gay. Of course, Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat is as easy as ever to use...still no rubbing or buffing. And you still get that wonderful wax protection. Suppose you do happen to spill something on that wonderfully bright Glo-Coat shine. Never mind - just wipe with a damp cloth and your floor's as clean and nice as before. Yes, Glo-coat saves you hours of work. And it saves you money because it actually makes linoleum last years longer. Ask your dealer for brighter-than-ever Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat, to bring out the beauty of the home

KINGS MEN: (A CAPELLA) Look on the bright side
Shine up the right side
Bring out the beauty of the home

(SEGUE TO)

ORCH: ALL OF ME FADE FOR

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
Oct. 7, 1947

(REVISED)

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To be read in 60 seconds

ANNCR: Have you heard the wonderful news about DRAX? DRAX -- D-R-A-X -- is a completely new and different product that gives your washables the kind of soft, smooth, lustrous finish you've always dreamed about... and it actually makes washables stay clean far longer. Johnson's DRAX is not a soap, not a starch. It's a magical wax rinse which you add to your final rinse water or starch solution. That's all ... just add DRAX, then iron as usual. Easy enough ... but what an amazing difference DRAX makes! Washables iron easier -- 20% by actual test. Blouses, shirts, dresses have a soft-as-satin feel ... look like new. Your DRAX-protected clothes stay clean longer, too are much easier to wash. You see, Johnson's DRAX is a new wax product, by the makers of famous Johnson's Wax. It puts tiny, invisible wax particles around each thread of the fabric. Try DRAX on all your washables... it's wonderful. Look for the DRAX tag on garments you buy, too. And ask for DRAX service at your laundry and dry cleaners. DRAX -- D-R-A-X. You'll find it at your neighborhood store.

(REVISED)

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, it's nice to be back on NBC for Johnson's Wax for another season. And we hope you all enjoyed Fred Waring's wonderful music this summer.

MOL: WE certainly did. You know, Fred's on a different night now, McGee - with a new show - Monday nights for General Electric.

FIB: General Electric, eh? Well, I'll tune that in - I like to keep up with all the current programs! (CHUCKLES)

MOL: Didja hear me, Molly, I says I like to - I heard you, dearie - and I'm afraid I'm not the only one.

FIB: Oh, you mean - oh - goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax products for home and industry, and ... inviting you all to be with us again next Tuesday night Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

CHIMES: