

RW

(REVISED)

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16

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

JANUARY 20th, 1948

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

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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, 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 AND MOLLY
JANUARY 20, 1947

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: It's surprising how genuine Johnson's Paste Wax will actually make your furniture and floors more beautiful than they were when they were brand new. The warm, shining luster of a well-waxed surface is more mellow, and richer, somehow! Not only do floors and furniture polished with Johnson's Paste Wax gleam and reflect the light and color of a lovely room, but they seem to say, "Here are precious things well cared for." Johnson's Wax makes all wood surfaces, as well as floors, much more easy to keep clean. Dust and dirt won't stick to that hard, sparkling coat of gleaming wax. A light dusting, and all dirt vanishes. Johnson's Wax protects your furniture from marks and scratches, too. Try Johnson's Wax, and enjoy the new richness it will give furniture. Enjoy the luster and protection it will give your floors. Yes, enjoy the added beauty Johnson's wax will bring to your home.

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side -
Shine up the right side -
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BRIDGE

MB

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WILCOX: THE AUDITORIUM OF THE WISTFUL VISTA HIGH SCHOOL USUALLY SMELLS FAINTLY OF CHALK, BUBBLE GUM AND WET OVERSHOES BUT TONIGHT THOSE HAPPY ODORS GIVE WAY TO THOSE OF FACE POWDER, CHOCOLATE CAKE, AND WET OVERSHOES -- BECAUSE THE WOMEN'S CLUB, (NORTH SIDE BRANCH) IS TAKING IT OVER FOR THEIR ANNUAL BAZAAR. MRS. FIBBER MCGEE, A CHARTER MEMBER, IS EXPLAINING IT TO HER HUSBAND, AS WE JOIN---

---FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: ...and so, when Mrs. Toops asked me if I was going to be there, I said "when have I ^{ever} missed a women's club bazaar?" and she said well, I just wanted to be sure you'd be there and I said I would be, and she said she just wanted to know, and I said she needn't worry, and she said she wasn't worrying, she was just checking up and I said she'd better check up on some of the members who never do show up and she said she would. And hung up.

FIB: Tootsie---I sure wish we had an extension phone in here, so I could listen in on some of these fascinating conversations!

(2ND REVISION) - 5 -

MOL: Oh it wasn't very exciting, really. Mrs. Toops just asked me if I was going to be there and I said when have I ever missed a women's club bazaar? And she said she just wanted to know, and I said she needn't worry, and she said --

FIB: (HASTILY) Yeah yeah yea...I know. I think I'll go along, too.

MOL: Oh good! You can help me carry the canned things I'm donating to the auction.

FIB: Okay. (FAUSE) What canned things you taking?

MOL: Oh just some things I put up myself.

FIB: Swell! Give 'em all them tomato preserves you put up during the war when it looked like there was gonna be a tomato shortage only there wasn't, and I got so sick of tomato preserves that --

MOL: No, the ladies asked especially for some of my bread- and-butter pickles that I put up every year, so I promised them six jars.

FIB: I still think the tomato preser---SIX JARS OF WHAT?

MOL: My bread and butter pickles. (MODESTLY) They have sort of a reputation, you know.

FIB: OHHHHH, MOLLY.....YOU DIDN'T! YOU COULDN'T! MY GOSH, KIDDO, THOSE ARE THE LAST SIX JARS OF THEM PICKLES.. I COUNT 'EM EVERY DAY.....YOU KNOW HOW I LOVE 'EM!

MOL: But dearie...what could I do? The chairman of the committee herself asked me for them, and...well....I.... well, they always bring a good price, you know.

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FIB: THEY OUGHTA BRING EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS! EVERY WART ON THEM PICKLES OF YOURS IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN PLATINUM!!! WHY EVEN THEM LITTLE BITS OF PICKLED CAULIFLOWER - why I could wear them things in my hair to parties, like orchids....

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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

DOC: Thank you, my dear. Hello, Rumplepass.

FIB: (VERY LOW) Hi, Doc.

DOC: Well, what's biting you, Long-Lip? You look as unhappy as Gene Autry in an English saddle.

FIB: Awww-(MUTTERS: Bazaar took my pickles)

DOC: What's the matter with him, Molly? Why is our little pigeon pouting?

MOL: I gave his pickles away.

(FAUSE)

DOC: Pardon me?

FIB: WHY DON'T YOU PAY ATTENTION WHEN MY WIFE IS TALKING, YOU ROAD-COMPANY KILDARE? SHE SAID SHE GAVE AWAY THE LAST OF MY BREAD-AND-BUTTER PICKLES. TO THE FOOD SALE. AT THE BAZAAR. AT THE HIGH SCHOOL. TONIGHT.

MOL: You know those bread and butter pickles I put up every year, Doctor? Well, I promised six jars of them to the ladies of the women's club, and --

(2ND REVISION) - 7 -

DOC: Wait a minute. YOU MEAN THOSE HOME-MADE PICKLES I MADE SUCH A FOOL OF MYSELF OVER THE LAST TIME I ATE DINNER HERE?

FIB: Yes, and believe me, napkin-bandit, that WAS ~~the~~ last time you eat dinner here! You ate enough pickles to of lasted me four weeks! You staggered outa here loaded with enough grub for the last six cars of the Friendship Train. If I ever saw a human caboose wobbling out our front door-----

MOL: Please, McGee!!! Doctor Gamble was our guest. He IS our guest.

DOC: If it embarrasses him to have me as a guest, my dear, I can easily put this on a professional basis. Take off your shirt, McGee.

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FIB: Okay. The pain is right up here in my - I WILL NOT TAKE OFF MY SHIRT! There's nothin' the matter with me!

DOC: Oh, I don't know. I see your hair is receding a little. When you get a nice big bald spot, I'll come over with a crayon. I've always wanted to see the Gettysburg Address written on a pinhead.

FIB: WHY YOU BIG-

MOL: McGee! Doctor! Boys! Please! Now, I've got to get my pickles ready, and -

FIB: You mean MY pickles!

DOC: She means MY pickles! I'll be at ^{that} ~~the~~ bazaar tonight, and I defy anybody to outbid me!

MOL: (PLEASED) Why, Doctor! My goodness, I didn't know you were so -

TELEPHONE

DOC: That's probably my office, if you don't mind.

FIB: Get it, Fatso - maybe you're bein' called out of town on a consultation. Like maybe to Rio de Janeiro, or the Malay Peninsula - I hope!

DOC: (RECEIVER UP) MCGEE'S RESIDENCE, GAMBLE SPEAKING! WHO? OH, YES, MRS. KLADDERHATCH!

MOL: Her, again!

DOC: YOUR SON? OH, THAT'S TOO BAD...YES, JUST WASH IT THOROLY, AND PAINT IT WITH IODINE AND THEN SEW THE EAR BACK ON.... GOODEBYE.

HANG UP:

MOL: Heavenly days, what happened to the boy?

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DOC: He plays football with a factory team. Got cut up in scrimmage.

FIB: AND YOU TOLD HER TO SEW HIS EAR BACK ON HERSELF??

DOC: "E - A - R", yes. He plays for Goodyear, and the last three letters got torn off his sweater!.....WELL, SEE YOU AT THE BAZAAR, CHILDREN!

DOOR SLAM

OROH: "GOLDEN EARRINGS"

APPLAUSE

MB

(REVISED) -10-

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Ohh, Molly, you can't do this to me! I can't go through this winter facing a pickle famine! My favorite bread-and butter pickles! And our last six jars!

MOL: But dearie, I promised the women's club I'd put them up for auction! Now get them out of the kitchen, like a good boy, and put them in the car for me, before we forget them.

FIB: (GROANS) It's like auctioning off part of my family, but I'll do it. ~~And a sad fate for my car, too. Once a heavy Chevy - and now a pickle vehicle. Ah well -~~

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Old Timer.

MOL: Hello there, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: HELLO THERE, KIDS!...SAYYYYY, YOU TWO GOIN' TO THE BIG ~~BRASSIERE~~ ^{BAZAAR} THE WIMMIN'S CLUB IS HOLDIN' AT THE HIGH SCHOOL TONIGHT?

FIB: It isn't a ~~brassiere~~ ^{BAZAAR}...It's a BAZAAR. And we'll be there, all right!

MOL: I guess almost every body will be there.

FIB: Everybody who counts, anyway. Can you count, Old Timer?

OLD T: Well, I kin git as far as a hundred'n forty er fifty, Johnny, so I guess I'll qualify. You'll find me in the same spot all evenin' - playin' Bongo.

MOL: You mean BINGO.

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OLD T: Nope - I mean BONGO. (SINGS) "Bongo, Bongo, Bongo, I don't wanna leave the Congo, da de da de da da"...On the juke box. I loooove ^{good} music, kids! Come from a musical fambly. Papa, even as a little boy, he was a one fing striddler.

FIB: A one string fiddler?

OLD T: No, a one fing striddler. He used to striddle the fence and frow fings at people, one fing after annuver. Papa didn't talk very plain till he was about 16. By that time so many people had talked plain to him, he kinda caught onto it. ~~Heh-heh-heh!~~

MOL: I suppose you like to dance, too, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: Oh, I sure do, daughter! Used to be a great one ~~fer~~ the Bunny Hug and the Turkey Trot, but I got too tall fer bunnies and turkeys and had to start dancin' with people. Now I'm a jitterbug.

FIB: Jitterbug, eh? Jiu jitsu, with music.

OLD T: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it!

MOL: It isn't?

OLD T: No, the way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYY," he says, "MY BROTHER JEST FIXED THINGS SO'S HE'LL NEVER HAVE TO PAY ANOTHER NICKEL'S WORTH O' INCOME TAX!" "IS ZAT SO," says tother feller, "HOW'D HE EVER DO THAT?" "SIMPLE," says the first feller, "HE SHOT HISSELF!" Heh heh heh. Well, see you at the bizzar, kids!

DOOR SLAM:

(2nd REVISION) -12-

FIB: Now look, kiddo...about those pickles..

MOL: Ah, get your mind off pickles.

FIB: Ok, let's change the subject.

MOL: Fine, I saw an interesting item in the paper this morning.

FIB: About pickles?

MOL: I'm trying to get your mind OFF pickles, dearie. This item said the Russians were ready to talk about the money they owe us on lend-lease. Finally.

FIB: Talk about it, eh? I wish I could pay off MY bills with conversation, By George, if PEOPLE paid their bills the way countries, do, there wouldn't be any people.

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: Well, if people that owed people, paid people that way - the people people owed it to would starve to death! And so would the people that owed people, too - because those people would have people owin' them - and if the people that owed the people that owed the people, didn't pay the people, people WOULD be in a pickle if - (PAUSE) Pickles! Ohh, there must be some way we can save a few jars of-

DOOR CHIMES

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

(REVISED) -13-

MOL: Oh, it's the weather man, McGee. COME IN, MR. WILLIAMS!

GALE: Thank you, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hi, Si! Hey, how's the weather gonna be for the Women's Club Bazaar tonight, Foggy?

GALE: Yes.

MOL: Yes what?

GALE: Foggy. Or, at least it will LOOK foggy. Between the cigarette smoke, the dust, and the lint from the 95 dollar chinchilla coats the air will be fairly thick. I usually find my way to an exit by waiting for a draft of fresh air, and tracing it to it's source.

FIB: Good idea, kid! Does it always work?

GALE: Almost never. Nine times out of ten you find yourself with your nose against a ventilator, or if there is music, staring into a flute.

MOL: Well, I suppose the time will come when science will give us exact weather information for weeks and months ahead.

GALE: That time is already here, Mrs. McGee. For instance, I can tell you right now that we will have a heavy and continuous rainfall between June 12th and June 27th, of this year!

FIB: My gosh, Foggy, that's wonderful! How can you be so sure?

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GALE: That's when I take my vacation. For 20 years, I have been trying to get a sun tan, and I always come home from vacations with mildewed clothing, wet sport shoes, and a hacking cough. Oh, before I forget it, may I see your afternoon paper? Mine was not delivered today.

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Williams. Here it is, right here.

GALE: Thank you. (RATTLE OF PAPER) Ahhhhh, clear and colder tonight, I see. In that case, I'll be meeting you at the bazaar. Good day, probably.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: What a weather man! Has to look in the paper to see what the weather is gonna be.

MOL: Well, you can buy a paper for a nickel. And Mrs. Williams tells me that's more than the Weather Bureau can get out of Congress for new equipment.

FIB: But, about those pickles now -- Can't we just save one jar of pickles so I --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hi, Pal. Hey, is it true, Molly?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Is what true?

FIB: Yes, it's true, Junior. Six jars of 'em - but how did you find out about it?

WIL: It's all over town like Johnson's Wax, Pal. And I'm going to be at the bazaar when it opens. I'm gonna park myself right in front of the food booth and stick there 'till they auction those pickles!

FIB: You better take along a few good books then, Junior - they always save the best stuff for the last, you know.

(2ND REVISION) -15-

WIL: Oh, I'll be okay, Pal. I'm taking a chair and a table, and a few cans of Johnson's Wax. While I'm waiting I'll be showing anybody that happens along, how Johnson's Wax protects and beautifies table tops, chairs and other fine furniture.....

FIB: "While he's waiting!" He says!

WIL: I'll point out to all those eager housewives how a Johnson Wax-kept home is a hospitable home - a clean home - a home that no matter how humble or how elaborate, always smiles a cheerful welcome!

MOL: But the food sale booth is -

WIL: How Johnson's Wax not only protects their fine furniture and woodwork but gives them a brilliant gleaming luster that brings out the beauty of the home! Why, Johnson's Wax is..Hey, what time is it?

MOL: Almost half past, Mr. Waxey - er, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Gee, I d better beat it. I want to get downtown before the bank closes and draw out my life savings! I'm going to buy those pickles tonight!

DOOR OPENS

FIB: Hey, wait a minute, Omaha! Your life savings? How much have you got in the bank?

WIL: Twelve dollars! I'd have more, but the Johnson Company only pays me what I'm worth. So long, Molly!

DOOR SLAM

(2ND REVISION) -16-

MOL: (HAPPILY) My, I think it's wonderful the way everybody is so interested in my pickles, dearie. I'll bet they -

FIB: (UNHAPPILY) Yeah...When I think of Doc Gamble throwin' those big ugly fangs of his into those beautiful, defenseless little cucumbers - ~~of~~ even Wilcox pokin' at 'em with his wax-protected fingers, I just -

MOL: Oh, don't feel so badly about it, Sweetheart. Heavenly days, you can BUY some almost as good.

(REVISED) - 17 -

FIB: OHHHH NO, YOU CAN'T! NOT LIKE THE ONES YOU PUT UP!
MOL: (PLEASED) Ohhh you! You just say that!
FIB: You BET I say that!
MOL: (COXLY) Say what?
FIB: THAT I CAN'T BUY PICKLES AS GOOD AS WHAT YOU PUT UP!
MOL: That's what I thought you said!
FIB: WHY, YOU CAN'T BUY PICKLES THAT EVEN - (PAUSE) Where are they? I.....I wanta feast my eyes on 'em again before we throw those pearls to the swine at that bazaar!
MOL: (CHUCKLES) They're out on the kitchen cupboard - but be careful with them, because -
FIB: Don't worry! I will! (FOOTSTEPS TO KITCHEN) (TALKING TO SELF) Boy o boyoboy, I just got the DIRTIEST IDEA that ~~ever struck anybody in as tight a spot as I'm in!.....~~
But no, I can't do that!....Callin' up the grocery store and orderin' six jars of storebought pickles and then switchin' 'em into Molly's jars, so I could hide her pickles for myself would be almost like embezzlin'!!.....
Yeah, only a rat would do a thing like that! A PICKLE-HUNGRY RAT!! (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR, GIMME JIMMY SALE'S MARKET AT THE CORNER OF - NO, MIMI: ~~NOT NOW: THIS IS URGENT!...HELLO, MARKET? GIMME THE PICKLE COUNTER - I WANT SIX JARS OF PICKLES QUICK AND SLIF 'EM IN THE BACK WAY, BECAUSE -~~

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN: "TERESA"

APPLAUSE

(2nd REVISION) -18-

THIRD SPOT

CROWDS, LAUGHTER IN BG

MOL: My goodness, McGee, everybody in town is here, it seems. The club should make all kinds of money tonight.
FIB: Yeah - they've already made two Canadian dimes and a Mexican quarter that I know of. I been tryin' to spend those since - HIYAH, CLETE!
CLETE: (OFF) Hello, McGee.
MOL: Aren't you having fun, dearie? I just love to -- Oh, there's the weather man's wife, Mrs. Williams. HELLO THERE, MRS. WILLIAMS!
MRS. W: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Good evening - probably!
MOL: I like her - she's always so breezy.
FIB: You were asking me if I was havin fun. No. I'm not. These ruckuses leave me colder than the attic of an igloo. I just had my palm read for half a buck, by Mort Toops disguised with walnut stain on his puss. He calls himself--HIYAH, CHARLIE!
VOICE: (OFF) Hello, McGee.
MOL: Did he tell you anything interesting when he read your palm.

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FIB: Yeah. Mort is kinda near-sighted and didn't realize I still had my pigskin gloves on. (LAUGHS) He takes a look at my palm and says I was one of a family of 17, preferred a life in the open air, spent several years in the pen was always eating, liked mud baths, would be married 14 times and was an awful ham! Personally, I'm about ready to go home.

MOL: Go home? For goodness sakes, you don't want to leave before they auction off my pickles, I hope! That's the main reason -

FIB: Oh, the pickles! Yeah.

MOL: You did take them over to the booth, didn't you?

FIB: Oh yeah - yeah, I took 'em. (TO SELF) I'll say I TOOK 'EM! I took those pickles like Grant took -

MOL: When I was over there awhile ago they were trying to auction one of those little flat angel food cakes that Mrs. Hawkins thinks are so wonderful! Those foolish little four-egg things that she puts so much cream of tartar into that - Oh look, McGee - there's Mr. Wimple!

FIB: Where? Oh, hi, Wimp!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: (FADING IN) Hello folks! My goodness, isn't this exciting!

FIB: Yeah, terrific! This shindig's got about as much real spine-tingling drama as a turtle race! Hey, you look a little mussed up, Wimp. What happened?

WIMP: Oh, I was running the fishpond for awhile, Mr. McGee - but I quit. It was too embarrassing.

MOL: Embarrassing?

WIMP: Yes, People kept paying their dimes, and dropping their hooks in - and catching me!

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Well, even the best of us get hooked at these joints, Wimp.

WIMP: Oh, I didn't mind getting hooked, Mr. McGee. But they kept un-hooking me and throwing me back!.....Sweetface - that's my big old wife - Sweetface is helping out here, too. She's at one of the booths over there. Selling kisses.

MOL: Where's her booth, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: They put her way down there to the left. Under the big sign that says "Fire Sale - 2¢ Each"! (LAUGHS) Ohhhh, is she burned up!

FIB: Well, she oughta -

DOC: (OFF) Hey. McGee - come on!

MOL: (CALLS) Hello, Dr. Gamble!

DOC: (OFF) Hi, Molly. Come on, they're gonna auction your pickles! (FADING) I'm going down close, where I can.....

MOL: Oh, come on, McGee - let's move up closer and see how much they-

FIB: Yeah - let's watch! (CHUCKLES) Look at Doc shove through there! Is that sucker ever -

MAN: (OFF) And now, ladies and gentlemen - six jars of delicious homemade bread-and butter pickles, canned by Mrs. Molly McGee!

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FIB: (TO SELF) That's what you think, bud! I got her pickles safely -

MAN: I'm told that these pickles are absolutely out of this world, and we're going to offer them now to the highest bidder! Six jars of -

DOC: (OFF) A dollar a jar!

MAN: Ahhh, there's a starting bid! Six dollars for six jars, Doctor Gamble says! Who'll offer seven?

WOMAN: Seven dollars!

MOL: Who was that, McGee? Can you see? Was that Mrs. Hawkins?

GALE: (OFF) Ten dollars!

FIB: Hey, that was Foggy Williams, Molly! See him over there?

MAN: Ten dollars I'm bid! Ten dollars for these delicious (FADE) pickles. Who'll make it eleven?

MOL: (PLEASED) Remind me to give Mr. Williams a jar next year! Isn't he nice to bid ten dollars for -

MAN: (FADING IN) Ten dollars I'm offered - who'll make it -

WIMP: (BRAVELY) Ten-oh-five!

MAN: (PAUSE) How was that son?

WIMP: I said ten-oh-five!! And you needn't look at me like that - I've been glared at by an expert!

WIL: (OFF) Twelve dollars!

WOMAN: Thirteen dollars!

DOC: Fifteen dollars!

WIMP: Oooooo!!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Boyoboy, listen to those suckers go!

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(REVISED) -22-

GALE: Sixteen dollars!

WIMP: Plutocrats!!

MAN: Sixteen dollars I'm bid - who'll make it seventeen? (FADING) Sixteen dollars for these delicious....

MOL: (DELIGHTED) Isn't that wonderful, McGee! Sixteen dollars so far!

FIB: Yeah. (CHUCKLES TO SELF) Sixteen bucks for some storebought pickles that I only paid' -

MAN: (FADING IN) Sixteen I'm bid - do I hear a raise?

WIMP: Yes! Sixteen-oh-five!

WOMAN: Seventeen - fifty!

DOC: Eighteen - fifty!

GALE: Twenty dollars!

WIMP: Oooooo!

MAN: Twenty dollars I'm bid for these six jars of delicious home canned pickles - canned from her own recipe by Mrs. Molly McGee! (FADING) Twenty dollars - who'll say 21?

MOL: Oh this is just wonderful!! I'll bet Mrs. Hawkins and those other ladies are fit to be tied, McGee! They'll just - SAY, when are you going to start bidding?

FIB: Huh? Wh - who, me?

MOL: (HURT) My goodness, I thought you'd be in there raising the bid every minute! I - well, you always said you loved my pickles so!

FIB: Well....I do, but --

MOL: (ALMOST CRYING) If my husband - MY OWN HUSBAND - doesn't even BID on them, I -- I can just hear that Mrs. Hawkins now - telling everybody!

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FIB: But - but those aren't...Well, that is (GROANS) OHHHH!
TRAPPED!

DOC: (OFF) TWENTY-TWO DOLLARS!

MAN: (FADING IN)and Doctor Gamble says 22 dollars! 22 once
- 22 twice - (FADING) Are they going at 22? Who'll say...
MOL: "Her own husband", she'll say! "Her own husband doesn't
want them, so her pickles must not be as good as -
MAN: (FADING IN) 22 once! 22 twice!

FIB: OHHHHH! TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!!

MAN: SOLD TO MR. MCGEE AT 25 DOLLARS!
WMP: COOOHNNN!
CROWD HUBBUB

MOL: (HAPPILY) My husband!

FIB: My big ideas!

ORCH: "A FEW MORE KISSES.....FADE FOR:"

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FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
1/20/48

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL - PLEASE READ IN 60 SEC.

WILCOX: *Fiber + Molly return in just a moment.*
The most beautiful floor or piece of furniture in the world can be made more lovely if it's polished with genuine Johnson's Paste Wax. I know that's a pretty strong statement but...it's true. Johnson's Wax adds to the original beauty of any fine surface. Table tops, chairs, all wood surfaces, things made of leather. They all glow with a warm, mellow new beauty under that shining, hard, protective coat. The grain of the wood, the very texture of the surface, are all vastly improved by a gleaming coat of Johnson's Wax. It makes it easy to keep good things looking lovely, too. A light dusting with a dry cloth, and dust and dirt disappear from a well-waxed surface. Now, I'm sure you want your fine furnishings and floors to look their best and last their longest. There's no better way to beautify and protect them than with wax, and of course there's no better wax than Johnson's Wax. Use genuine Johnson's Wax to bring out the hidden beauty of your home.

KINGS MEN: "Look on the bright side -
Shine up the right side -
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BUMPER .. FADE FOR:

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DRAX CUT-IN FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL - READ IN 60 SEC.

ANNCR: Check these facts about amazing new DRAX, D-R-A-X --
made by the makers of Johnson's Wax. It's the new
way to an easy washday. DRAX makes washing easier.
It makes your clothes stay clean and like new longer.
Add a little DRAX to your final rinse or starch
solution. Every thread is coated with invisible
particles of dirt-resistant, stain-resistant wax.
Dirt rinses out of DRAX-treated clothing, without
hard rubbing. Washables stay clean longer....wash
faster and easier. Ironing is far easier, too.
That heavy iron will fairly glide over shirt, dresses,
drapes, and linens treated with DRAX. You'll be
proud of the cleaner, fresher, softer, newer look
your wash will have when you use DRAX. It's not
a starch, it's not a soap. It's invisible protection
with wax....wax particles so tiny you can neither
see nor feel them. Can't see 'em....can't feel
'em....but, ladies, you'll know DRAX is there. A
faster, easier washday will remind you. Softer,
fresher, cleaner, like-new clothes will tell you.
Try DRAX D-R-A-X! DRAX!!

TAG

MOL: You were awfully sweet to outbid everybody else for my
pickles, dearie. I was proud of you!
FIB: Yeah. Live and learn, I always say. Because--

DOOR CHIME:

~~MOL. FIB:~~ Wait a minute. Come in.

DOOR OPENS:

TEE: Hi, mister! Hi, Miz McGee!
FIB: Well, hello, Teeny.
MOL: Hello, little girl. Come in.
TEE: I stopped by for you to give me some money, Mr. McGee.
FIB: WHAT? Now look, sis, you're always gettin' money from
me. For sodas and candy and---
TEE: Sure, and that's all the more reason why I oughta get
money from you now, too, I betcha!
FIB: Ohhhh, IT IS EH?
TEE: Because -- HM?
FIB: I says IT IS, EH?
TEE: Is what?
FIB: All the more reason why!
TEE: Why what?
FIB: Why you should get more money!
TEE: From who?
FIB: From me!

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TEE: I know it! And I'm glad you think so, too, mister -
on account of this money isn't for me ~~today~~ - this is
for some other littul childrun. Over in Europe.
Littul childrun who haven't got any money or clothes
or even food, I betcha!

FIB: Oh....Yes, I..know about them.

TEE: So all us school childrun everywhere are having our
own campaign - the United Nations Appeal for Children -
to collect money for them. Because they're just kids
like we are, mister, and ~~it looks like we're the only~~
~~friends they've got.~~ *They need our help.*

FIB: I think that's a wonderful idea, Teeny.

TEE: All over the country us kids will be knocking on doors
and asking grown people for donations. We help our
~~own~~ *wonderful* children here with things like the March of Dimes -
~~but~~ *and* our teacher says all that the children of Europe
have is the march of hunger - and sickness - and cold!

FIB: That's right, Teeny. The least we can do is to do all
we can!

MOL: Yes, and I'm sure everybody will want to do all they
possibly can, when their doorbell rings for the United
Nations Appeal for children.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax products, Racine Wisconsin,
bring you Fibber McGee and Molly every Tuesday night. Be
with us again next week, won't you?.....Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

R.W.
file
WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

JANUARY 27th, 1948

6:30 - 7 PM PST