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(REVISED)

*file*  
# 17

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

JANUARY 27th, 1948

6:30 - 7 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 27, 1948

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Busy housewives who use Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat often say, "I have to wax my kitchen linoleum, but I'll be through in a few minutes." And they mean...in a very few minutes. It's true, because with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat you merely apply and let dry. Glo-Coat dries to a hard, shining finish without rubbing or buffing. It begins to glow immediately. When Glo-Coat is dry, your varnished floors or linoleum are bright and sparkling under a rich coat of new beauty....A protective coat of wax armor that will help keep your floors like-new years longer. The same warm luster that adds glamor to your floors and protects them from harm and wear..makes them so easy to keep clean. Dust, dirt and spilled things vanish from a Glo-Coat<sup>d</sup> surface with just a wipe of a damp cloth. Give your floors and linoleum a beauty treatment the fast and easy way....Make them shine with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. ~~Ask for Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat~~ and enjoy bringing out the beauty of your home.

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

ORCH: BRIDGE

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
1/27/48

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA THIS MORNING - MR. MCGEE IS UPSTAIRS - MRS. MCGEE IS DOWNSTAIRS. HE'S TRYING TO FIND A FAVORITE SHIRT, AND SHE'S TRYING TO KEEP HIS TOAST FROM SCORCHING... BUT AT THIS POINT, THEY'RE ALL GETTING PRETTY BURNED UP, AS WE JOIN ----

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: (CALLS, TRYING TO BE PATIENT) Oh, McGee! Sweetheart!  
FIB: (OFF) Yeah?  
MOL: (CALLS) Breakfast is getting ruined! Are you coming down, or shall I go ahead and eat?  
FIB: (OFF) Yeah, yeah, sure!  
MOL: (CALLS) Yeah, yeah, sure what?  
FIB: (COMES TO TOP OF STAIRS) What did you say, Molly?  
MOL: Let's start over. What in the world are you doing up there, anyhow? You told me half an hour ago you'd be right down to breakfast, so I ---  
FIB: (PATIENT) I'm trying to find my clean green shirt, Molly. Doggone it, I've turned every drawer in the bureau upside down, and I can't find my gleen creen shirt --- er -- I mean my clean green shirt anyplace!

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(2ND REVISION) -5-

MOL: Well, there are other clean shirts up there, McGee. Your green one went to the laundry, and the bundle isn't back, yet. Now get ready for breakfast, before it's --

FIB: Awww...(FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS) I might as well wear the shirt I've got on then, if the laundry -- Hey, wait a minute! That laundry was supposed to be back here last Saturday, wasn't it?

MOL: Yes, it usually comes on Saturday, but so far the driver hasn't --

FIB: Whyyyy, those dirty highbinders! They gotta lotta nerve! What do they think there is on - a war? Holding up our laundry over the week-end, so they can wear my good shirts, that's what they're doing! They got a lot of nerve wearing ----

MOL: Oh, McGee, no! I don't think the laundry men would do that!

FIB: Oh, no! Don't be nave, Tootsie! I'll bet every size 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  guy in that laundry with 28 inch sleeves wore one of my good shirts Sunday! That's why they couldn't bring our laundry back -- they had it on!

MOL: Well look, let's eat breakfast now - as soon as you're ready - and then I'll call up and see about it. I'm a little short on linens myself by now. I'll phone the laundry and --

FIB: I'LL PHONE THE LAUNDRY! When that scrub coach down there hears what I got to say, his ears'll wilt like drugstore lettuce! Hand me the phone.

MOL: But, McGee, your breakfast is ----

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FIB: Never mind, I got a better idea! I'll go down there! I'll find out what goes, with our clothes! I'll go down there and go down that manager's throat - that's what I'll go down there and go down that!! I'll burn that guy like homemade chili!!

MOL: Yes, but first you ought to -

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN! COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Wimple!

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp.

WIMP: ...Hello folks...Ohh, did I come by too early, Mr. McGee?

FIB: No, that's okay. Hey, do you have much trouble with the laundry, Wimp?

WIMP: Weeelllll - yes, quite a bit, Mr. McGee. No matter how hard I rub, the sheets always come out tattletale grey.

FIB: No kidding, Wimp - do you mean to say you do the laundry at your house yourself?

WIMP: Oh yes, I just - (PAUSE) (AMAZED) You mean to say YOU DON'T, Mr. McGee???

MOL: (CHECKLES) No, we send ours out, Mr. Wimple. Himself here doesn't like "washday hands".

WIMP: Oh, I don't either, Mrs. McGee. I just hate Mondays - that's washday. I ran away last Monday!

FIB: Blue Monday, eh?

WIMP: I certainly did!

(2ND REVISION) -7-

MOL: My goodness, what happened when you came back?

WIMP: Well, Sweetface - that's my big old wife, Sweetface took me in the house and locked the door, and then she looked me in the eye and she said "Wallace!" She said, "I ought to just - "!

PAUSE:

FIB: Ought to just what?

WIMP: I never did find out - but whatever it was, she did it, because everything went black!

MOL: Heavenly days!....Sey I don't like to pry, Mr. Wimple - but how did you ever happen to propose to your wife, anyhow?

WIMP: Ohhh, it was quite romantic, really! I proposed to her the very first night I met her -- at a Halloween party.

FIB: A Halloween party?

WIMP: Yes....Then she took off her mask, and I saw my mistake!

MOL: Was it too late for you to back out then, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Yes, it was, Mrs. McGee. (CHUCKLES) She caught me right at the county line....Well -- I just dropped by to ask you a very important question, if you don't mind, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Not at all, Wimp. Shoot.

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FIBBER MCGEE  
1/27/48

(2ND REVISION) -8-

WIMP: Well....If someone was inside a closet - and the door accidentally slammed shut and latched - and then somebody on the outside took the doorknob off - is there any way that door can be opened from inside the closet?

FIB: Nope. I've tried it myself, Wimp. Somebody outside has to open it.

WIMP: Isn't that a nice arrangement? (NASTY CHUCKLE) Well, I guess I'll go downtown and shoot a few games of snooker. Goodbye folks.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Now come on, dearie, and get ready for breakfast. I'll put on fresh coffee and -

FIB: I haven't got time now, Molly, I'm sore! I'm going downtown and track down our laundry bundle!

MOL: But you've got to eat some breakfast!

FIB: Nosir - I'm takin' no chances! When I walk into that laundry I wanta be the nastiest character those guys ever listened to - and you know I'm not fit to live with when I haven't had my breakfast! You going? Come on!

MOL: All right, dearie - I'll go on one condition.

FIB: What's that?

MOL: While I'm putting on my hat - you go put on your trousers.

FIB: WHAT? Omigosh! (FADING) I thought it seemed awful drafty! I'll be right back, so.....

ORCH: "I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR LEAF CLOVER"

(APPLAUSE)

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SECOND SPOT:

(REVISED) -9-

SOUND: CAR MOTOR .. EST. .. AND FADE

FIB: I only hope I catch the manager of that laundry with one of my good shirts on, that's all I hope I catch him! With! What a racket them guys have got!

MOL: Haven't they though? My goodness, those laundry machines make so much noise a person can hardly --

FIB: I don't mean that kind of a racket. I mean their shirt racket! They can wear my good sport shirts over the weekend....Doc Gamble's with the detachable cuffs and the stiff dickeys on Mondays, Wilcox's with the New York Collars on Tuesdays, ~~Peggy Williams with the~~ --- WHY MY GOSH, A LAUNDRY MAN CAN BE THE BEST-DRESSED GUY IN TOWN WITHOUT OWNING A STITCH OF HIS OWN....!!

MOL: He can if he has a neck that's adjustable to seven sizes, and arms that fold up like **accordians**. Personally, dearie, I have always found it a pret-ty good laundry.

FIB: Good laundry my clevice!!....I think they shrink! *Everything.*  
The whole dad-ratted joint is -- HEY....THERE'S  
FOGGY WILLIAMS!!

BRAKES SCREECH TO STOP .. MOTOR OUT

FIB: HIYAH, FOGGY!

GALE: (FADE IN) Hello, McGee! Hello, Mrs. McGee!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Williams. How's everything in the weather bureau, this morning?

GALE: Oh, about as usual, Mrs. McGee. Rather discouraging. The mail, that is.

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(2ND REVISION) -10-

FIB: What's so discouraging about the mail in the weather bureau, Si?

GALE: Complaints. Complaints from everybody. The East wants a thaw! The deep South wants heat! The Middle West wants sunshine! California wants rain!

MOL: I guess they never heard the old saying, Mr. Williams; "Weather it's cold, or weather it's hot, we've got to have weather, weather or not."

FIB & MOL: (LAUGH)

GALE: Yes!.....Well, I'm getting pretty tired of it, myself, Mrs. McGee. I'm tired of discussing the heat with Miami, the clouds with St. Louis, the snow with New York, the rain with California - and the hail with all of them!

FIB: That's tellin' 'em, Foggy, old man. By the way, what's the local prediction. Or haven't you seen the afternoon paper yet?

GALE: Well, my assistant, Mr. Murdoch, says it will be very dry and warmer. But he just said that because his celluloid cuffs caught on fire.

MOL: Heavenly days...his cuffs caught on fire...!!

GALE: Yes. He was affectionately stroking our little Marjorie.

FIB: Who's Marjorie?

GALE: The office cat. Murdoch was petting Marjorie when a spark flew up, and started a fire on Murdoch's cuffs, which he had just gone over with cleaning fluid. Static electricity, you know. He says that always means dry weather.

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MOL: You agree with him, Mr. Williams?

GALE: Mostly, yes. Except for a little shower on the south side this afternoon.

FIB: JUST ON THE SOUTH SIDE? A SHOWER?

GALE: Yes, it's for my sister, who is getting married. I'm on my way there now. Good day, otherwise!

CAR STARTS. SHIFT AND FADE FOR --

MOL: Oh I almost forgot to tell you, McGee. We're invited over to the Williams for a coming-out party, next Monday.

FIB: A coming-out party...HAVE THEY GOT A DAUGHTER?

MOL: No, it's for Mr. William's ground-hog. February second, at ten a.m. sharp!

FIB: Well, I'll see if I...WOOOOOPSS!! HERE'S THE LAUNDRY!!

BRAKE SCREECH, MOTOR OUT: CAR DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: I certainly hope they haven't lost our bundle. All my good table linens were in it, and -

FIB: They better not of lost our bundle! (FOOTSTEPS) They're in trouble enough with me right now. That laundry was due back last Saturday, and by George -

DOOR OPEN:

GIRL: Good day, Mr. and Mrs. McGee! Welcome to the Wistful Vista Laundry, where the customer should not get nervous, because we're all in a lather to give him service.

MOL: My goodness, Miss, we've never been in here before.

FIB: Yeah, how did you know who we were, sis?

GIRL: Oh that's a little service we have, Mr. McGee. When you drove past the south end of the plant, one of our Courtesy Department took your license number, checked with the police department, and phoned the front desk. Thus, we were able to call you by name when you entered. Now then, about your missing laundry....

FIB: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!! HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT'S WHAT WE COME DOWN HERE FOR?

GIRL: Well, sir. Almost NOBODY stops here with a shriek of brakes, and comes scowling into this office just to tell us they got their laundry back, beautifully washed and ironed. Sooo-----

MOL: I see what you mean. To tell the truth, Miss, our laundry IS missing....

FIB: I'LL SAY IT'S MISSING! IT WAS DUE BACK LAST SATURDAY, BY GEORGE, AND MY BEST GREEN SPORT SHIRT WAS ---

DOOR OPENS:

MAN: (FADE IN) and I think you have a very good point there, Mr. Wilcox, although-

WIL: No doubt about it, Mr. Sudsberger. In a laundry as modern as yours, your customers naturally expect your linoleum floor coverings to be protected against dust and dirt and dampness with Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat.

MOL: My goodness...it's Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Right on time, too. Page 13!

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WIL: With as much money invested in linoleum as you have here, Mr. Sudsberger, Johnson's Glocoat is not only a beautifying process and a protection for your investment, but it means an attractive, sparkling effect of cleanliness and a favorable impression on your customers.

MAN: Yes, yes.....that's an angle all right, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: If he listens to Junior very long he'll hear enough angles to put up another Pentagon Building!

MOL: Shhhh! Quiet, dearie!

WIL: And don't overlook the time-saving feature of Glocoat, Mr. Sudsberger. It requires no rubbing or buffing, you know, and it dries in 20 minutes or less to a handsome, gleaming polish that----

FIB: (BREAKING IN) YEAH YEAH YEAH....!! Save Sudsberger enough time so he can look for our laundry, Waxey. ~~And if you're thru pounding his car--~~

WIL: Oh hello, there Pal! Hello, Molly! Mr. Sudsberger, I'd like you to meet a couple of friends of mine. Mr. and Mrs. Fibber McGee. This is Mr. Sudsberger.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: Hiya, Sud. Now look. I wanna know --

MAN: AHH, MR. AND MRS. MCGEE....WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

FIB: Well you see, bud, our laundry was---

WIL: I'll be running along, folks. See you later, Mr. Sudsberger.

MAN: Yes come in any time, Mr. Johnson.

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(2ND REVISION) -14-

WIL: Wilcox is the name. I sell Johnson's Glocoat. Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat that shines as it dries and -

FIB: YOU TOLD HIM ALL THAT!! NOW GET GOING, WILL YOU JUNIOR? I GOT BUSINESS HERE. I'LL SEE YOU AT THE BOWLING ALLEY TONIGHT.

WIL: Okay. I'll bring a pint with me.

MAN: DON'T YOU MEAN A FIFTH, MR. WILCOX?

WIL: NO. GLO-COAT DOESN'T COME IN FIFTHS. SO LONG PAL!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: NOW LOOK, SUDS-BUSTER. OUR LAUNDRY WAS DUE BACK LAST SATURDAY AND HERE IT IS TUESDAY. IF YOU THINK FOR ONE MINUTE --

SOUND: ALARM BELL: REPEAT. ONE MORE:

MOL: Well!!! What's that?

MAN: Nothing to be alarmed about Mrs. McGee. Three rings merely indicates that some one left his cuff links in a shirt.

FIB: Valuable ones?

MAN: I'll be able to tell you in a moment. Listen!

SOUND: DEEP WHISTLE: THREE SHRILL BLASTS

MAN: Gracious me....yes!...gold ones with emeralds!!! Excuse me a moment. I'll be right back!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

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(REVISED)

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GIRL: Perhaps I can assist you in locating your laundry bundle, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Well, somebody better <sup>assist us,</sup> sis! By George ---

MOL: Shall I describe the bundle to you, Miss? I think I can remember most of the articles.

GIRL: It won't be necessary, Mrs. McGee. We have an automatic bundle locator, you know. We merely insert your name and address and in a few minutes, a little card pops out with all the information on it.

FIB: My gosh, that's wonderful, sis! I'll bet a thing like that musta cost a half a million bucks.

GIRL: Oh no. It's just a little slot in the wall. I put your name through it; a man takes it, looks around, and reports back.

MOL: I see. Well, if we -- OH LOOK MCGEE. Look who's coming!

FIB: Well, whaddye know! HIYAH, OLD TIMER!

OLD T: (FADE IN) Hello there, kids. Lookin' fer jobs down here? My sister Bessie, she worked here fer a while, but she had to quit. Disjointed both her elbows wringin' out Army Blankets. Retired last year with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and disability pay.

MOL: No, we're not looking for work, Mr. Old Timer. We are trying to locate a bundle of laundry.

FIB: How about you Old Timer - you don't work here, do you?

OLD T: Nope. But papa used to. I think. I used to hear mamma explainin' to the neighbors how papa would fall into the starch.

MOL: Fall into the starch!!!

(REVISED)

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OLD T: Musta been what she meant. Used to see papa wobble up the walk and she'd say, "Well, here comes your daddy, stiff again!" Ohhh, papa, he had every kind of a job there was, one time and another. Camel driver, olive pitter --- taxidermist --

FIB: Taxidermist, eh? Birds or animals?

OLD T: People, Johnny. Used to stand at the loadin' platform at the Union Station, and stuff people into taxis! But by that time papa was kinda disillusioned. He was tired. He was discouraged. So he went and joined the Legion, to forget.

MOL: You mean the Foreign Legion, of course.

OLD T: No. The American Legion. Ever see them fellas at a convention? Boyyyyyyyy!-- do they ever forget!! Well, I'll be sein' you kids. Got to get downtown and do somethin' about my Social Security.

FIB: Your Social Security. What are you going to do about it?

OLD T: Git my suspenders fixed. Didn't you notice me holdin' up my pants with both hands? WELL...GOOD LUCK WITH IT, JOHNNY.....SO LONG, DAUGHTER!

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN: "HOW LUCKY YOU ARE"

APPLAUSE



SOUND: HEAVY MACHINERY IN BG: FADE UNDER:

MOL: TELL ME, MR. SUDSBERGER, WHAT'S THAT MACHINE OVER THERE,  
WHERE THE MAN KEEPS LOOKING AT HIS WATCH ALL THE TIME?

MAN: That is where we iron men's fancy hosiery, Mrs. McGee.  
The attendant sets their clocks right before sending  
them out. WELL, I GUESS YOU'VE SEEN EVERYTHING. Shall  
we step back into the office and see if they have located  
your bundle?

FIB: Well, somebody'd better have by George located our bundle.  
And if they haven't ----

SOUND: MACHINERY OUT AS DOOR CLOSES

MAN: Now if you'll excuse me a moment, folks....I'll see about  
your lost bundle....

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Sudsbuglar.

MAN: "Berger".

FIB: Prove it.

MAN: What? Oh, I see what you mean. Ha ha. Well, see you  
in a few minutes.

MOL: My goodness, with all this modern machinery, they can  
lose a bundle so scientifically that nobody could ever  
find it again!

FIB: Well, these things don't scare me, kiddo! If my shirts  
are in one of those mechanical washwomen I'll tear it  
apart gear by gear! Migosh, I invented a washing machine  
in manual training school that was six times as  
complicated as these things!

MOL: You invented a washing machine?

FIB: I never toldja about the McGee MAGIC WASHER? Boy, it  
was terrific! A great big thing with a lot of bolts and  
gears and stuff on it. I'd of made a fortune only the  
washers on the wheels kept workin' loose and I hadta  
give it up.

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MOL: Is there any way I could keep you from telling me about it?

FIB: Nope. Well sir, I remember the first time I tried it out. I was doin' my mother's wetwash, you see, and when I turned the washer on, one of the washers on the washer got wet and came loose. Well, naturally we couldn't wash the wetwash in a washer with a wet washer loose - but we already had the wetwash wet, see? Ready to wash. So we had to take all the wet washers off the washer, take out the wetwash and handwash it all day washday! There was a gully back of the house - sort of a dry wash, so we hung the wetwash up in the dry wash and --

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Hold it, McGee...HOLD EVERYTHING...HERE COMES DOCTOR GAMBLE. Hello there, Doctor!

FIB: Hiya, Doc.

DOC: Hello, my boy. How are you, Molly?

MOL: Oh, I'm fine, Doctor...except that I'm a little worried about some of my good table linen. Our bundle of laundry seems to have been lost someplace and --

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FIB: NEVER MIND ABOUT THE TABLE LINEN, KIDDO! HOW ABOUT MY NEW GREEN SPORT SHIRT? THE ONE WITH THE LONG-POINTED COLLAR AND THE PLEATED POCKETS? THAT I PAID FOUR-FIFTY FOR AFTER IT WAS MARKED DOWN FROM 17.75? THE ONE THAT I LOOK KINDA LIKE ROBERT MONTGOMERY IN!

DOC: I've seen that green shirt of yours, Ragbag, and personally I think it makes you look more like Sir Walter Raleigh.

FIB: (PLEASED) You do, Doc? Sir Walter Raleigh?

MOL: But he's been dead for three hundred years!

DOC: That's what I mean.

FIB: Well, get a load of who's criticisin' somebody else's taste in clothes! You're the only guy I know that's been thrown on top of a laundry truck three times by near-sighted laundry men! And not so near sighted at that!!

MOL: McGee...don't talk to Doctor Gamble that way.

DOC: Oh, let him have his fun, my dear. He suffers from an inferiority complex when he sees a man with creases in his trousers. The knees of his pants look like he'd spent fifteen years playing squat tag.

FIB: CREASES, HE SAYS!! Hah! FOR YOUR INFORMATION, FATSO, CREASES IN MEN'S CLOTHES ARE SUPPOSED TO GO VERTICAL. WRINKLES GO HORIZONTAL. AND YOU GOT MORE WRINKLES THAN WHISTLER'S MOTHER'S GRANDFATHER!

MOL: Now look, boys, will you please --

DOC: AND FOR YOUR OWN INFORMATION, TOUGH-STUFF WITH THE ROUGH-CUFF, THE REAR DECK OF THOSE BLUE SERGE ROMPERS YOU ARE WEARING IS GETTING A LITTLE TOO SHINY FOR SARTORIAL PERFECTION. I HAVE SEEN PEOPLE FOLLOWING YOU DOWN THE STREET WITH THEIR HANDS SHADING THEIR EYES. YOU SHOULD EITHER DULL THE FINISH A TRIFLE OR WEAR ~~LOWER-SOLES!~~ <sup>SEAT COVERS</sup>

FIB: WHY YOU BAGGY OLD --

MOL: (SHARPLY) Boys! Now stop it!

DOC: Wel-l-l.

FIB: Yeah, but....

MOL: I don't like to enter into these bouts, but I have a little comment to make, myself. You both dress like you had just returned from ten years exploring in Outer Mongolia.

DOC: Well, I was merely --

FIB: What I was trying to --

MOL: Frankly, I have never seen two grown men who cared less about a knot in a necktie or the fold of a lapel. Doctor, your left cuff has more loose threads than the plot of a soap opera. McGee, your heels are run over so far you walk like a rocking horse. Doctor, your pockets bulge like a two-sided kangaroo. McGee, your shoes are scuffed up like you'd kicked your way out of a quarry. (PAUSE) Have either of you any further comment.

DOC: Not I.

FIB: Not I, too.

DOC: Well...see you later, McGee. Goodbye, my dear.

MOL: Goodbye, Doctor. (PAUSE) My, isn't he a sweet old character!

FIB: I'm afraid you mighta hurt Doc's feelings a little, kiddo.

MOL: Yes? Then why did he wink at you when he walked away? I was merely - AH THERE, MR. SUDSBERGER....DID YOU FIND OUR LAUNDRY BUNDLE?

MAN: (FADE IN) I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. McGee....we can't seem to locate it anywhere. I'm afraid there is a mistake somewhere, but I --

FIB: I'LL SAY THERE'S A MISTAKE, SUDSBERGER!! AIN'T IT'S GONNA COST YOU A PRETTY PENNY, TOO. I'LL SEE MY LAWYERS FIRST THING IN THE MORNING. COME ON, MOLLY!

DOOR OPEN: FOOTSTEPS WALKING: ONTO SIDEWALK

MAN: ~~But up. McGee~~  
MOL: ~~But damn~~. I don't think we've given Mr. Sudsberger much of a chance, <sup>dearie</sup> to --

FIB: HE'S HAD ALL THE CHANCE HE'S GONNA GET FROM ME! MY GOOD GREEN SPORT SHIRT!! (THUD) THE BEST ONE I EVER HAD!!!! (THUD)

MAN: But Mr. McGee, I'm sure if you'll wait till I talk to all the drivers....

FIB: ALL THE DRIVERS MY CLAVICLE!! (THUD) BY GEORGE, I WOULDN'T TRUST THE MEMORY OF THEM HIGH BINDERS IF --

MOL: McGee, stop kicking the ~~car~~ <sup>tire</sup> Watch your temper!

FIB: I CAN'T STOP ~~KICKING THE CAR!~~ I GOTTA KICK SOMETHING! (THUD) I BROUGHT THAT LAUNDRY DOWN HERE MYSELF, DELIVERED IT PERSONALLY, AND..

THUD: BLOWOUT....LONG HISS

FIB: (CALMS RIGHT DOWN) Oh - oh. Flat tire.

MOL: Yes.

FIB: I shoulda kicked the curbstone or something.

MAN: (EAGERLY) Let me change it for you, Mr. McGee.  
You and Mrs. McGee just sit down there on the steps!  
I'll change that tire for you!

FIB: Welllllll...

MAN: Where's your jack? I'll be glad to change it.  
Anything to keep a customer happy. That's our policy.

MOL: Oh, you needn't do that, Mr. Sudsberger. My goodness --

FIB: You heard the man, Molly - that's their policy. Wait'll  
I get the trunk open. (OPENS TRUNK) Who are we to  
change a company's policy? The jack is in the trunk  
here somewhere, bud. (RATTLE OF TOOLS) Migosh,  
I can't find anything under this big bundle of  
dirty laundry in here. It must be-- LAUNDRY???

MOL: Mmmm-hmmm! Looks like!

MAN: Mr. McGee - I apologize. I never thought of looking  
in the trunk of your car!

FIB: (MAGNANIMOUS) Forget it, Sudsberger. We all have  
our dumb moments.

ORCH: "YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME"

APPLAUSE:

Fibber McGee and Molly  
January 27, 1948

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: A rich, gleaming floor is, to steal a phrase from the  
poets, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." You can  
make your kitchen linoleum and varnished floors...just  
that...with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat.  
Certainly any surface that sparkles and glows with a  
mellow warmth is "a thing of beauty". A floor that has  
luster and shine shows the care the housewife has put  
into it...reflects her pride in keeping good things  
looking lovely. Floors polished with Johnson's Self  
Polishing Glo-Coat will be a joy, practically, forever.  
You'll add years of life and beauty to them if they are  
protected with this hard, handsome armor of wax. And,  
they'll be a joy to clean. Dust, dirt and spilled  
things vanish after a quick wipe with a damp cloth,  
leaving that wonderful Glo-Coat shine as clean and  
bright as ever. Make your linoleum a thing of beauty and  
a joy forever, the easy way...without rubbing or  
buffing. Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat really  
brings out the beauty of the home.

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

ORCH: BUMPER.....FADE FOR:

TAG

(REVISED) -25-

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, you hear a lot of talk these days about infaltion. But talk isn't going to prevent it. One thing that WILL help prevent it is the purchase by you of United States Savings Bonds!

MOL: Savings Bonds are SAFE, they're PROFITABLE, and they're convenient to buy. They are the safest cash reserve you could possibly build up for your own future or your family's security.

FIB: If you're on a payroll, you can authorize your employer to set aside something from each paycheck to buy bonds for you. Or, if you're NOT on a payroll, your bank will buy them for you every month and charge them to your account.

MOL: In any case, BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS!  
WHEN YOU INVEST IN THE NATION, YOU HELP FIGHT  
INFLATION!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

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

ANNCR: THIS IS NEC .... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

dk

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

FEBRUARY 3RD - 1948

6:30

RW