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(REVISED) #19

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

February 10th, 1948

6:30 - 7:00 PM EST

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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:

McGee - 2/10/48

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Here is something to remember...no matter how modest a home may be...no matter how simple the furnishings... a lot can be done for the looks of every room with Johnson's Paste Wax. That's right. You can give your floors the rich, warm glow that only a true wax imparts. You can add a shining luster to all your furniture that will make even the most inexpensive piece look beautiful. You can give all the wood surfaces in your home a gloss that picks up and enhances the colors of your drapes and walls. And then there is this to remember - the same shining coat of wax that makes furniture and floors look rich and well-cared-for makes them easy to keep clean. Dust and dirt won't cling to a surface glowing with Johnson's Wax. An occasional dusting with a dry cloth is all that is needed to keep waxed surfaces shining brightly. Yes ma'am, any woman who takes pride in keeping her home attractive will tell you there is no finer wax than Johnson's Paste Wax to bring 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: BRIDGE

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WILCOX: HERE'S A PLEASANT LITTLE DOMESTIC SCENE: A COLD WINTER DAY - A ROARING FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA - THE MORNING PAPER NEATLY DIVIDED INTO TWO SECTIONS - AND MR. MCGEE LOOKING AT BOTH OF THEM, WHILE MRS. MCGEE LOOKS AT HIM, AS WE JOIN ---

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: (TO SELF) A pew - a pew - a pew - ~~a pew~~ --
MOL: McGee! For goodness sake - are you still worrying about that old pewter teapot??
FIB: Huh? What old pewter teapot?
MOL: Of Mrs. Williamses' - that you made a table lamp outta.
FIB: Nah! Migosh, I forgot all about that last week.
MOL: Then why are you sitting there saying "A pew - a pew - a pew"??
FIB: Oh - I was looking over the plans in the paper here, of the new church they're building. It says "A pew - a pew - a pew - and a window -- a pew - a pew - a pew - and a door -- and all like that.
MOL: Oh yes, I saw the pictures of it - it looks wonderful. Incidentally - speaking of old things - I cleaned a lot of trash out of the attic this morning and put it on the back porch for the junkman. If he happens to come while I'm not here, be sure to --
FIB: Outta the attic? Oh, now look, kiddo, I hope you didn't throw out anything good of mine from out of up there. My gosh, I got a lotta valuable stuff stored away up there.

(2ND REVISION)

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MOL: Well, you needn't worry...all I brought downstairs today was a lot of junk. An old dressmaking form Aunt Sarah gave me in 1925 - when skirts were just below the knee and the waistlines were just above them...a little old sled with one runner bent and all the paint scraped off.. a pair of---

FIB: SLED??? Oh, Molly, you're not givin' my old sled to the junkman??? My little old Snow-Buster that I got for my---

MOL: Well, my goodness, I didn't dream you still wanted that thing, McGee! It's all broken anyhow, and ---

FIB: IT CAN BE FIXED! My old Snow-Buster! I'll get it right now...(FAST FADING FOOTSTEPS) before that junkman hauls it off!

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MOL: Okay, dearie. (TO SELF) Ahhh, there goes a good kid! And such a BIG kid, too! What he's going to do with a sled that he must have gotten about the third grade - a sled that we were married ten years before I could get him to take it out from under his bed and put it in the attic - I'll never know! (SIGHS) But - he'll rush back in here in a minute, with a happy smile on his chubby little cheeks, shouting "Ahhh, my old sled!" And I'll just -

FIB: (FADES IN FAST) AHHH, MY OLD SLED! Just look at it, Molly!

MOL: Mmmm-hmm.

FIB: (CLATTERS IT ACROSS THE FLOOR) My little old Snow-Buster! Look how that baby glides across the floor!

MOL: Heavenly days! Sideways!

FIB: Oh, the runners are bent a little, sure - but they're solid as a rock! (CHUCKLES HAPPILY) They don't build sleds like this baby any more, Molly!

MOL: No, they've learned a lot since that one was built, all right.

FIB: Yep, and boyoboy, what memories this thing brings back! The fun I had on it! Why, every bone I ever broke in my life was broke on this old sled! I remember one day...

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Old Timer. Come in!

FIB: Hi, Old Timer.

OLD M: Hello there, kids!...Hey, whatcha doin' with the beat-up coaster, Johnny? You been raidin' the city dump again?

FIB: Nope - this is my old Snow-Buster, Old Timer. Had it since I was a kid. I've kept it put away long enough - I'm gonna fix it up now and give it to some other deserving little kid.

OLD M: (PAUSE) Johnny - I've knowed a lot of kids. I've knowed kids that deserved a lickin' - and kids that deserved a kickin' - but I've never knowed a kid that deserved a thing like that!

FIB: Whattaya mean? There's nothin' wrong with this sled that I can't fix. Look at that baby - solid as a rock!
(RATTLES IT - SOUNDS PRETTY CLANKY) ..Or it will be, when I get it fixed.

MOL: He's very sentimental about his sled, Mr. Old Timer. I'll bet you had a sled when you were a kid, too.

OLD M: Oh, I sure did, daughter! Had me a dandy. I ever tell you about my nephew - the double-jointed bomber-pilot?

FIB: What's a double-jointed bomber pilot got to do with your boyhood sled?

OLD M: Jest reminded me of it, is all, Johnny. It was a Flexible Flyer, too. YES, SIR, KIDS...I was a great one fer winter sports; bobsleddin', ice boatin', skiin', postoffice, --

MOL: Postoffice! We were talking about winter sports.

OLD M: Daughter, the way I played it, it's a year-round game! ICEBOATIN', BOBSLEDDIN', SNOWBALLIN', HOOKEY --

FIB: HOCKEY.

OLD M: Had to play hookey to git time to play hockey, Johnny! BUT MY FAVORITE SPORT WAS DOG-SLEDDIN' UP IN ALASKA. ENTERED EVERY DOGSLED RACE THEY EVER HAD UP THERE. NEVER WON ANY, BUT 'T WAS A PECK O' FUN!

FIB: Why didn't you ever win?

OLD M: I dunno, Johnny. Always used to pull into town two or three days after the other fellers. Gaspin' fer breath, moccasins wore out, and them eight dogs settin' there on the sled, yammerin' away fit to bust!

MOL: BUT THE DOGS WERE SUPPOSED TO PULL YOU.

(PAUSE)

OLD M: Well, I'll be doggone!! I THOUGHT that was a awful long harness fer one man!

FIB: So the other guys got the prize money and you just got the sour dough, eh?

OLD M: SOUR DOUGH! HEH HEH HEH!...THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT I HEERED IT WITH A SLIGHT POLITICAL TWIST. THE SLIGHT POLITICAL TWIST I HEERED IT WITH, ONE FELLER SAYS TO T'OTHER FELLER, "Sayyyyyyy," he says, "I see where Mr. Truman is buildin' a new porch onto the White House!" "Yes," says tother feller, "It's great to have a place where you can sit on warm summer nights and watch the moon, and prices, come up!" Heh heh heh! Well, see you later, kids!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "ALL DRESSED UP WITH A BROKEN HEART"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: HAMMERING:

FIB: See how this runner is straightening out, Molly? Some kid is gonna be awful lucky to get this old sled of mine!

MOL: I don't know why you call it lucky. You've broken your arm, your leg, three ribs and your clavicle on it.

FIB: Yeah, and I cracked my glockenspiel on it, too!

MOL: Heavenly days, where is your glockenspiel?

FIB: I dunno. My folks gave it away right after that. Said I didn't deserve to have a glockenspiel.

MOL: Said you didn't deser----WELL WHAT IS IT?

FIB: A glockenspiel? Oh it's kind of a xylophone sorta thing. I was takin' lessons on it, and was coasting home from my teachers house when one sled-runner hit a bare manhole-cover, spun me around, threw the glockenspiel thru a baker window -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Williams the Weather man, McGee!

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Foggy. Come in outa the weather, Man!

GALE: Thank you. I hope you won't think I'm being conceited, if I say that this is a beautiful day?

MOL: Oh, not at all, Mr. Williams, NOT...AT....ALL! It IS a lovely day.

FIB: You betcha! Crisp cold air, snow crunching underfoot, sharp wind biting you on the neck, Icicles ready to drop off the roof and stab you through the derby, limbs covered with snow, up to your hips - AHHH, WHAT A DAY TO STAY INSIDE, OUT OF!

GALE: I take it you are not an admirer of winter weather, McGee?

MOL: Oh he used to be, Mr. Williams. You should see him do a triple somersault on ice skates!

FIB: ME? A TRIPLE SOMERSAULT ON ICE SKATES? WHEN DID I DO THAT?

MOL: Don't you remember, the time you tripped over the root on Sheehan's Pond, the very first time you went ice skating?

FIB: Oh yeah...yeah! They rushed me to the doctor and exrayed my head. Thought maybe I had a conclusion.

GALE: Concussion, McGee. A conclusion is a finish.

MOL: That's what they thought he had, all right! How about you, Mr. Williams? Are you one to frolic in the snow?

GALE: Frankly, no. I'm a warm weather sportsman. Swimming, sailing, fishing, and all that. Particularly deep-sea fishing. I caught a 210-pound tuna off the coast of Mexico one summer.

FIB: MY GOSH...A 210 POUND TUNA!

MOL: I didn't know they came that big.

GALE: This was a piano tuna, who had fallen off a Matson liner. Every time he comes thru town, he tunes my piano. Another time, in Louisiana, I was -

FIB: HEY, THAT'S ONE PLACE I ALWAYS WANTED TO GO, FOGGY!
DOWN TO NEW ORLEANS; TO A MARDI GRASS. YOU EVER BEEN TO
A MARDI GRASS?

MOL: It's GRAH, McGee. Mardi GRAH. Didn't you learn that
in High School? Or didn't you study French?

FIB: I studied it, but I didn't pah. WELL, SO, WHAT HAPPENS
IN LOUISIANA, FOGGY?

GALE: Well, I was driving slowly thru the city, admiring the
courteous traffic signs -

MOL: Courteous traffic signs?

GALE: Yes, like. "ONE WAY, IF YOU PLEASE, STREET", and "NO
U-ALL TURN", when suddenly, nothing happened. It was
perhaps the ~~quickest~~ ^{quickest} trip I have ever taken.

FIB: That's very interesting, in a negative kind of way,
Foggy. OH HEY, I'M FIXING UP AN OLD SLED OF MINE. IS
THERE GONNA BE ANY MORE SNOW THIS WEEK?

GALE: Well, our charts at the office indicate a cold front
with alto-cumulus clouds advancing on a forty mile line,
McGee. With a low-pressure area to the south, that would
imply an indicated precipitation of an intermittent
character. HOWEVER, should the air masses recede, in
variable directions, there is no doubt that both wind
and temperature will be affected, although to what extent
it is impossible to tell within several degrees, and the
dispersion of moisture will depend largely on subsequent
barometric pressures.

MOL: What on earth does that mean?

FIB: He means, Molly, it's gonna clear up cloudy and give us
a dry drizzle.

GALE: Er...Yes! Well, good day, probably!

DOOR SIAM:

MOL: My, being a weather man must be interesting work.

FIB: Yeah, but I'd hate to be in his shoes right now!

MOL: Why?

FIB: Too small. I wear a nine-and-a-half and he wears an eight. WELL, I GOTTA FINISH HAMMERING OUT THIS BENT RUNNER!

(HAMMERING)

Ohhhh, I had a little tortoise, but he isn't here no mo'!-
He saw the frames for my new glasses, and recognized his
Ohhh, the monkey and the cocoanuts ---
cousin Joe!

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hi, Molly. Hi, Pal!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Omaha. You're just in time to gimme a hand. Grab that pair of pliers, will ya?

WIL: Sure....what shall I do with 'em?

FIB: Just hold 'em. Every time I sit down I been settin' on 'em. Now lemme see....this runner looks okay...

MOL: He's fixing up an old sled of his, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Is that what that is? I thought it was an orange crate that had been hit by a beer truck.

FIB: THIS IS MY OLD SLED THAT I'VE HAD SINCE I WAS IN THE THIRD GRADE, JUNIOR! I'VE KEPT IT ALL THESE YEARS!!!

(PAUSE)

WIL: Why?

MOL: A good question!

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHY? WHY DOES ANYBODY KEEP ANYTHING THAT HAS GIVEN 'EM AS MUCH PLEASURE AS THIS HAS GAVE ME?

MOL: That sled has tender memories for him, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Well, I'm happy to know that he is capable of such sentiment. Because that's the sort of emotion that keeps me in business!

FIB: Whaddye mean, Junior?

MOL: Oh, McGee, for goodness sakes! Why did you hafta--

WIL: I'M GLAD YOU ASKED ME THAT, PAL! What I meant was that everybody who loves and cherishes his nice things wants to keep them looking their best, and wants to protect them against the dust and dirt and dampness and the ravages of time.

MOL: Well, we're in this now, dearie, we might as well go along with it. WHAT'S THE BEST THING TO PROTECT THINGS WITH, MR. WILCOX?

WIL: Johnson's Wax.

FIB: No kidding? What does it do, Junior?

WIL: Johnson's Wax? Why, it protects and seals the surface so that dust and dirt cannot cling to it...it seals the pores of wood and leather.

MOL: How is it on lampshades and luggage and floors and furniture and woodwork and enameled surfaces and window sills?

WIL: IT'S WONDERFUL...AND IT'S --

FIB: Don't you think that Johnson's Wax gives that gleam of hospitality...that sparkling welcome to a well-kept home that is the pride of all good housekeepers, Junior?

WIL: OH, I DO INDEED. WHY, IF --

MOL: Personally, the knowledge that it preserves while it protects is very important, it seems to me, and when it's so simple to guard fine things with Johnson's Wax --

WIL: THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS --

FIB: And besides, Junior, I always say that Johnson's Wax is the finest --

WIL: LOOK - WAXEY!

FIB: Eh?

(PAUSE)

WIL: Oh...that's me, isn't it? (EMBARRASSED LAUGH) Gee, I guess I'm kinda confused. We were ALL selling wax there for a while, weren't we?

FIB: Any time we don't, Waxey, we'll get three pink slips in the mail that Molly never ordered from the Bon Ton!

MOL: Are you and McGee going to bowl tonight, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Oh, that's what I stopped in to tell you, pal. I can't bowl tonight.

FIB: Why not?

WIL: Well, my aunt and uncle are visiting us, and she's using my bowling ball.

MOL: TO BOWL WITH?

WIL: Oh no. She slips it into my Uncle's socks so she can darn 'em. That's my Uncle BIGFOOT Wilcox. Well, be seeing you later. So long!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Mr. Wilcox has the STRANGEST relatives!

FIB: Yeah, ancestors, too! He ever tell you about Big Windy Wilcox, the Glass Blower, who lived back in 1772, or three?

MOL: No.

FIB: Well, it seems that Big Windy was blowing a few wine bottles for a friend when he suddenly got the hiccups and --

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble. Nice to see you.

DOC: Hello, my dear. And how are you, Squirrelmuzzle?

FIB: Splendid, Tonsil-Robber! Probably due to the fact that I have not availed myself of your services for some time. Don't I look well?

DOC: If you want my professional opinion, Fiddlehip, they dug up the skeleton of a prehistoric man in New Mexico a few weeks ago, and frankly, he looks better than you do.

MOL: Well, they say that New Mexican climate is very healthful.

FIB: There are times, Plasma-boy, when I-- (PAUSE) What are you staring at?

DOC: That thing that looks like a sled. What is it?

MOL: It's a sled.

FIB: My old sled that I got for my birthday when I was in the Third Grade, Doc. I'm fixin' it up. Some kid can get a lotta use outa that sled.

DOC: Some kid has HAD a lot of use out of it. You must have been a destructive little monster, McGee. That thing looks like you'd used it to go acqualplaning over 12 miles of stumpland. Or were you smuggling hot tombstones across the border?

MOL: It is a little battered, Doctor, but he's fixing it up all right. He says.

FIB: Well, my gosh, it's the sentiment of the thing, with me, gee whiz. Maybe I'm just old fashioned, but by George ---

DOC: Oh, no no no ...you're not old-fashioned, McGee. You're as up-to-date a lad as I ever met!

MOL: Is he really, Doctor?

DOC: Yes indeed. In fact, he has the only vacuum-packed head in town that I know of.

FIB: (PROUDLY) You hear that, Molly? You're not just sayin' that, Doc, because you admire me?

DOC: No I'm not! I merely--

TELEPHONE:

MOL: Probably for you, Doctor.

DOC: No doubt. Some day I'm going to Lapland, rent a reindeer, ride it six hundred miles into Siberia, and see if they can catch me with a telephone.

RECEIVER UP:

FIB: As the guys says when he finally got outta bankruptcy... "Look, the receiver's off the hook!" Take it, Fatso.

DOC: Thanks. HELLO, GAMBLE SPEAKING. WHO? OH, YES, MRS. KLADDERHATCH.

MOL: Oh, not her again!

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
FEB. 10, 1948

(2ND REVISION) -19-

DOC: (ON PHONE) WHAT'S THAT, MRS. KLADDERHATCH? YOUR
HUSBAND GOT BIT BY A WORM? WELL I DON'T THINK THAT'S
VERY.....BEG PARDON? OH, WELL IN THAT CASE, I'LL
COME RIGHT OVER, MRS. KLADDERHATCH. RIGHT AWAY! (CLICK)
FIB: What's so serious about gettin' bit by a worm?
DOC: She said it was five feet long and had a rattle on the
end of its tail. See you later!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: KINGS MEN "MANANA"

(APPLAUSE)

dk

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -20-

FIB: Get a load of my little old Snow-Buster now, Molly!
Boyoboy, as soon as that enamel dries, it'll be as good
as new!
MOL: It certainly looks flashy, all right.
FIB: I'll say it's flashy! This is the sled that I won the
Fourth Grade race down Kickapoo Hill against the whole
fourth grade with this sled! When I was in the Fourth
Grade.
MOL: It is?
FIB: Yep. They claimed later that it wasn't fair, though.
They claimed the reason I went faster was because I was
30 pounds heavier than any of the other kids in the race.
Naturally I was heavier, because there wasn't a kid in
the whole fourth grade that was anywhere near as old as
I was, so naturally -
MOL: That's my boy! Always years ahead of everybody!
FIB: Sure. Geewhiz, the memories this old sled brings back!
What recollections! Just lookin' at it gives me that
old neuralgia feeling!
MOL: (CHUCKLES) You don't mean Neuralgia, Sweetheart - you
mean nostalgia.
FIB: Nostalgia? (CHUCKLES) Why would my sled remind me of
flowers? Although I do remember that bed of orange-
colored nostalgias we had behind the house in -
MOL: No no, McGee. No! Those were nasturtiums.
FIB: Oh Molly - anybody knows a nasturtium is a dirty crack.
Doc Gamble is always castin' nasturtiums at my bowlin'
and -

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MOL: Those are aspersions, McGee.
FIB: Aspersions? You sure?
MOL: Positive.
FIB: Then what in the first place did I say wrong?
MOL: You said the sled gave you a neuralgic feeling. Neuralgia is a headache.
FIB: YOU SAID IT! HEADACHES, BACKACHES, BUSTED RIBS, FRACTURES - (PAUSE - LOYALLY) But I loved every one of 'em!..... Like the time I got lost with this baby in that thicket at the edge of town - remember?
MOL: Nooo.....NO, I don't remember that.
FIB: I never toldja about the time I was coastin' downhill through that little thin thicket and - ? Well sir, there were two thickets out there - a little thin thicket that we useta hunt in - and a big thick thicket that was so full of thorns and things it made you thick just thinkin' about it.....Well, I coasted downhill on my sled, thinkin' I was headed for the thin thicket, when all at once I hit the thick thicket with a thud! The thicket was not only thick with long thin thorns, but every stick was thick with ticks - and the thinnest part of the thick thicket was thicker than the thick part of the thin thicket, so naturally the -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Hold it dearie! Come in!

DOOR OPENS:

FIB: Oh hiyah, Wimp.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple.
WIMP:Hello, folks....My goodness, it's cold outside! I had to walk backwards all the way over here.
FIB: Walk backwards? Why?
WIMP: Well, I was breathing so hard - and my breath froze so fast - that if I walked frontwards I kept snowing in my own face!
MOL: What happened if you stood still?
WIMP: I fogged my glasses...I like to be outdoors in this kind of weather, though, really. Any kind of weather, in fact. It - (CHUCKLES) it gets me away from - HER.
MOL: You mean?
WIMP: Yes - Sweetface - my big old wife....I really had a wonderfu' weekend last weekend, though. You know - I got the cleverest idea!
FIB: Yeah? Whadja do, Wimp?
WIMP: (CHUCKLES) Well, I got up real early one morning - and I painted little bitty spots on all our mirrors!
MOL: What was that for?
WIMP: (CHUCKLES) Well, for three whole days Sweetface thought she had chicken pox!.....(SOURLY) Till old Doctor Gamble had to go and spoil everything.
FIB: Migosh, that wife of yours really makes your life miserable, doesn't she?
WIMP: Oooooohhhh, I wouldn't say that, Mr. McGee.
MOL: You wouldn't, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Gracious no - I'd be afraid to! She'd simply -- Oh, what a pretty little sled!

FIB: Like it, Wimp? This is my little old Snow-Buster. Had it since the third grade. Me and this sled have been through a lot together.

MOL: Yes....through a bakery window and a ~~police~~ ^{thick thicket} ~~man's~~ legs, to name a couple.

WIMP: Well, I just stopped in to tell you about a little surprise I have for --

FIB: (ENTHUSED) You shoulda seen me when I first got this sled, Wimp! I useta grab it up, clutch it against me like this, and start running real fast!

WIMP: Why? Wasn't it yours?

FIB: Certainly it was mine! I useta start clear in the kitchen, see...and run through the dining room, through the living room, through the front hall, out the door and launch myself with this baby onto the front sidewalk! (HAPPY CHUCKLE) The first winter I got the mailman three times and the milkman once!

MOL: They used to call him Lightning McGee...because nobody knew where he'd hit next!

WIMP: My, isn't childhood horrible!! I just wanted to tell you about a little surprise that I've got for--

FIB: (HAPPILY) Boyoboy, this little old Snow-Buster feels good in my hands! It's been a long time since I did a flopper on this baby, but I still got the old technique!

MOL: Yes, but do your muscles know it, dearie?

FIB: Open the front door, Wimp...lemme show you what I mean!

WIMP: Yes, but-- Well, all right, Mr. McGee...(DOOR OPENS) but I'd like to tell you about my surprise. You see--

FIB: With you in a second, Wimp. (BUBBLING OVER) I'm gonna start in the dining room (FADING SLIGHTLY) pick up speed through the living room and launch myself off the front porch like a rocket!

MOL: Oh now, McGee, you're not as young as you were, you know. After all --

FIB: (HAPPY LAUGHTER) Don't worry, kiddo - just stand well back! I'll go down that front sidewalk like a bullet!

WIMP: But, Mr. McGee, I've got a surprise that--

FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Later, Wimp, later! I couldn't turn off this enthusiasm now if I wanted to! HERE I GO!

FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING PAST, OVER:

MOL: Oh, dear! Be careful, McGee!

WIMP: I wanted to tell him my surprise!...

FIB: (TAKES OFF FROM THE PORCH) YAAA-HOOOOO!!!

WIMP: ...that I cleaned all the snow off his sidewalk for him!

MOL: WHAT?

TERRIFIC CRASH AND CLATTER OF SLED ON WALK (SLIGHTLY OFF)

WIMP: But - I guess it was a surprise to him, after all.

ORCH: "THOUGHTLESS" - FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in just a moment.

For most of us, these winter days bring too little sunshine. But next to sunshine, there is nothing like Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat on your linoleum to give your whole kitchen a warm, inviting glow. And that's even truer of the new Glo-Coat, because the new Glo-Coat shine is nearly twice as bright as before. It really brings out all the beauty and color of your floors. Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat is easy to use, too, as so many women know. There is no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry. Now, what could be easier than that? And what could be easier than keeping your floors spotlessly clean by merely going over them lightly with a damp cloth. That's all you need do to wipe away dust, dirt and spilled things from a surface waxed with Johnson's Glo-Coat. Try this easy method. Use Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat to glamorize, to protect, and to bring 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: BUMPER...FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -28-

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE'D LIKE TO TAKE A MOMENT TO CONGRATULATE THE MORE THAN TWO MILLION MEMBERS OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA ON THEIR 38TH ANNIVERSARY THIS WEEK. THIS IS THE ORGANIZATION WHICH BUILDS GOOD CITIZENS, AND THERE WILL NEVER BE TOO MANY OF THEM.

MOL: AFTER ALL, A DAILY GOOD TURN FOR 38 YEARS MULTIPLIED BY TWO MILLION, ADDS UP TO A LOT OF KINDNESS AND DECENCY - AND THE WORLD CAN USE IT!

FIB: GOOD NIGHT.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

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

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

(CHIMES)

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WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"
FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

February 17th, 1943

6:30 -7:00 PM PS

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