

RW

#21  
(REVISED)

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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

February 24th 1948

6:30 - 7 PM PST

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 & MOLLY  
2/24/48

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Fibber and Molly join us in just a moment ----  
Millions of women are delighted with Johnson's Liquid  
Cleaning and Polishing Wax (and well they might be).  
This amazing Liquid Wax actually makes floor-scrubbing,  
and even mopping, just as unnecessary as they are  
unpleasant. You see, Johnson's Liquid Wax is a combination  
of fine wax and effective dry cleaning ingredients. These  
dry cleaning ingredients remove all dirt and leave wood  
floors spotlessly clean and at the same time thoroughly  
waxed. You merely apply and let dry. Then buff lightly  
to make your floors perfectly clean and shining with a  
rich luster. The messy, tiresome hands and knees scrubbing  
that soaked the wood and roughened the grain is a thing of  
the past. Then, too, with Johnson's Liquid Wax, it's  
easy to touch up the heavy traffic spots when necessary.  
Yes, friends, I know you'll join the millions of women  
who have found that Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing  
Wax is a delightfully easy and effective way 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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
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CUT-IN FOR CARNU MITT DEAL

ANNOUNCER: Please read in 60 seconds.

STORM: (CUE LINE: Fibber and Molly join us in just a moment ---)

Say car owners: Haven't you often wished for something  
specially made for dusting your car? Well, here it is!  
A fleecy woolen dusting mitt that fits right over your  
hand. It's a regular 49¢ value, but you can get it at  
no extra cost with a can of Johnson's famous auto polish--  
CARNU. This fine dusting mitt absorbs dust instantly.  
It can be washed. With it you can wipe off road dust in  
a jiffy and keep your hands clean at the same time.  
There's nothing to mail in. The handy dusting mitt is  
attached to the can of Johnson's CARNU. Just buy CARNU  
at the regular price and get the mitt. Better get a  
couple of them. Your wife will find it perfect for  
dusting and cleaning around the house. See your dealer  
right away before his stock runs out! Use Johnson's  
CARNU to give your car that show-room shine and use this  
handy dusting mitt to deep it that way.



WILCOX: PRIMITIVE MAN GOT HIS NEWS BY LISTENING TO THE BOOM OF A JUNGLE DRUM. THE SAVAGE INDIAN GOSSIPED BY SMOKE SIGNAL. THEN CAME THE TELEGRAPH! THE TELEPHONE!! RADIO!! BUT FOR SHEER SPEED AND VOLUME, NOBODY GETS MORE NEWS ABOUT MORE THINGS QUICKER THAN A WOMAN SITTING AROUND THE BEAUTY PARLOR, LIKE MRS. ~~FIBBER~~ McGEE, of --

- FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: - and another thing I heard at the beauty parlor, dearie, it seems that Mrs. MacDonald's basement always being flooded with water was simply because her daughter, you know the tall skinny one, would sneak down at night and loosen the pipes because she was in love with the plumber!

FIB: Mmm!

MOL: - and the reason I know it's true is because the same girl that does Mrs. MacDonald's hair does mine, too, she's a small girl with fallen arches and her name is Rozelle and she says that after Mrs. MacDonald's daughter eloped with the plumber their basement was NEVER flooded again and Rozelle says she touches it up because it's getting so gray.

FIB: All basements get gray, kiddo. Between the coal-dust and the --

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MOL: NO NO NO, Mrs. MacDonald's hair, I mean, and sitting right next to me under the next dryer was Mrs. Keith and her husband just flew to the Philippines last week but it's on government business so nobody knows it, so don't tell anybody because -

FIB: HEY HEY HEY...WAIT A MINUTE!!!! WAS THAT BILLY KEITH'S WIFE?

MOL: Yes, but she said -

FIB: WELL, NO WONDER HE RUN OUT TO THE PHILIPPINES!!! HE OWES ME SEVEN BUCKS! WHY, THAT DIRTY CHISELLER!! GOES HALF WAY AROUND THE WORLD TO KEEP FROM PAYIN' ME MY SEVEN BUCKS!

MOL: But that isn't why he went, dearie. The Government sent him.

FIB: Yeah? You know the right people and you can get the government to send you anyplace!!! I knew the wrong people in 1918 and they sent me to France. BELIEVE ME, KIDDO..BILLY KEITH KNOWS THE RIGHT PEOPLE!

MOL: Mrs. Keith said he got a five dollar refund on his income tax last year, too.

FIB: AHAAAA...YOU SEE? HE KNOWS WHERE THE BODY IS BURIED, KIDDO!! HE KNOWS WHO'S SPECULATIN' IN WHAT, ON WHOSE INFORMATION! AND ANOTHER THING!!!! HE WENT INTO THE ARMY AS A LOWDOWN, ORDINARY PRIVATE, AND COME OUT WITH A COMMISSION....A TECHNICAL SERGEANT!!



MOL: Well, if he's so smart, why does he have to go all the way to the Philippine Islands to keep from paying somebody --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Old Timer!

FIB: Hiya, Old Timer. (My gosh, the Philippines!!)

OLD: Wnat you frownin' so hard at, Johnny? In some kinda trouble are ye, son? Maybe I kin help out. I used to be a judge, you know.

FIB: WHAT? YOU USED TO BE A JUDGE?

MOL: Well, heavenly days! A Judge! Municipal or State, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD: Beauty Contests, Daughter! - Atlantic City. Back in 1911, that was. I had to give it up though, when they started wearin' them skimpy bathin' suits.

FIB: SKIMPY? IN 1911?

OLD: Oh Johnny...they was awful! When them gals come prancin' out in them sleeveless bathin' suits - bare clear up to the elbow, mind you! - and bloomers without hardly any skirts over 'em at all, and black cotton stockins and tennis shoes - well, I jest had to quit!

MOL: (LAUGHS) Embarrassing, was it?

OLD: Wasn't that so much, daughter....but my eyes kept buggin' out so far they kept knockin' my glasses off!

FIB: I remember those bathing suits! It took a fairly strong girl just to walk along the beach with one o' them things on!

OLD: Heh heh heh!...THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY...BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT!

MOL: I'd be interested to know how you heered it.

OLD: Well, sir, daughter, the way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYY" he says, "WHERE YOU GOIN' IN SUCH A HURRY? "GONNA SEE A TELEVISION BROADCAST," says tother feller, "IS IT TRUE THAT TELEVISION BEAMS ONLY REACH AS FAR AS THE HORIZON?" "SO I HEAR," says the first feller. "WELL," says tother feller, "I BETTER KEEP GOIN' THEN. <sup>BEEN</sup> TRAVELLIN' SEVENTEEN DAYS AND I AIN'T REACHED <sup>THE HORIZON</sup> ~~IT~~ YET!" Heh heh heh. See you later, kids!

DOOR SLAM:



FIB: Well, he was no help! And if you think I'm gonna forget all about collectin' my seven bucks, just because Billy Keith scrambled out to the Philippines, there's no two ways about it, any day in the week! Irregardless!

MOL: Can't you send him a letter, or a cablegram?

FIB: No sir! Not another nickel will I spend on that --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's the Weather Man, McGee. Hello, Mr. Williams.

FIB: Hi, Fog.

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

MOL: My goodness it must be getting colder out, Mr. Williams, I see you are wearing your earmuffs.

GALE: Earmuffs? I...OH...(LAUGHS) I forgot to take off my headphones. I have been busy with my shortwave radio. I am a ham, you know.

MOL: WELL, NOW, ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE. SO IS MCGEE... EVERYONE SAYS!"

FIB: He don't mean that kind of a ham, Molly. He means a amateur radio operator. Eh, Foggy?

GALE: Yes.

MOL: It must be handy to have a shortwave set in your business, Mr. Williams. You can get the weather reports from all over the world, can't you?

GALE: Oh I do, Mrs. McGee. I do! Just last night I was talking to the British forecaster in Rangoon. He says the monsoon season has started.

FIB: No kidding! Monsoon in Rangoon, eh? Think they'll have a drouth in the south, Foggy? Or a little mo' snow in Kokomo?

GALE: No, but there'll be lots of rain in Eastern Maine, And storms in Mandalay.

There'll be heavy gales in New South Wales. -

And I must blow, too - Good day!

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, MR. WILLIAMS!...CAN YOU GET THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS BY SHORTWAVE?

FIB: OH MY GOSH!.....I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT...CAN YOU GET MANILA, FOGGY?

GALE: Manila? Oh yes, I often talk to a friend of mine down there. Quite simple, too. Just call 18JV2, Manila, and if a man answers -- it's him!



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FIB: (EXCITED) Oh, this is wonderful! Look, lemme come over and talk over it, willya, Foggy? Willyya?

MOL: He wants to reach a friend of his down there by the name of Billy Keith, Mr. Williams. With the Government.

GALE: Oh yes, I know Billy. I'll call my man in Manila, have him get in touch with Keith, and ask him to stand by to talk to you. Would nine o'clock this evening be all right?

MOL: Wonderful! Let's see now, what time would that be in Manila? That would be about three-thirty last Wednesday, wouldn't it?

FIB: Nine o'clock is swell, Foggy. I appreciate this a lot!

GALE: Good. I'll go home right now and start setting it up. I'll just duck out the side door here, if you don't --

FIB: OH NO, THAT'S NOT THE SIDE --

MOL: THAT'S THE HALL CLOS --

SOUND: CLOSET EFFECT

(PAUSE)

GALE: I've heard about it, but I never did believe it. Well - see you tonight - probably.

ORCH: "PAPA, WON'T YOU DANCE WITH ME?"

APPLAUSE

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SECOND SPOT:

FIB: Hey, Molly. What time is it?

MOL: About half past! Why?

FIB: Just checkin'. Foggy says it ain't any use our comin' over before quarter to nine.

MOL: Say, you've known this Mr. Keith a long time, haven't you? Did you two go to school together?

FIB: No, I met him when I was on the road, sellin' hair oil. "Slick-up Hair Oil, for Man or Beast. On a Man it brings out the beast in Wimmin."

MOL: That must have been before I met you. I didn't know you ever sold hair oil.

FIB: Sure. SLICKUP HAIR OIL....."THE ONLY HAIR OIL CONTAINING GENUINE MACAFFREY."

MOL: What on earth is macaffrey?

FIB: Pat Macaffrey. He was the foreman out at the plant. He was stirring a vat of hair oil with a long pole one day and his foot slipped. After that they always listed macaffrey among the ingredients. Everybody thought macaffrey must be something wonderful, and he was, too. Very nice guy!

MOL: I never heard of such a horrible ---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble. Nice to see you, Doctor!



DOC: Thank you, my dear. And good day to you, Romeo.

FIB: (PLEASED) Romeo, eh? Do I really remind you of Romeo, Doc?

DOC: Yes you do - with a built-in balcony.

FIB: HAH! Look who's talking about a balcony! You're the only guy I know with a veranda all the way around! A stoop with a porch, you might say.

MOL: McGee! Now stop it! This instant! He's got things on his mind today, doctor. - He's trying to get a call through to an old friend in Manila.

FIB: Yep - in Manila. That's in the Philippines, Doctor. Those are Islands.

DOC: Thank you. But isn't it a little out of character for you to spend all that dough on a long distance call, wallet-watcher? When it comes to money, you're about as loose as wallpaper.

MOL: Oh, he isn't making a long distance call, Doctor. Mr. Williams, next door, is getting Manila on his short wave radio.

FIB: And please omit the references to my thrifty habits, Doctor. It ill behooves one of your ilk.

DOC: It ill be-whats one of my which?

FIB: I say, it ill behooves one of your ilk to chide another for small economies. Is it true that you are putting up a new apartment building with the material you've saved out of old plaster casts?

MOL: Oh nonsense! How could he do that!?

FIB: I dunno, ask him.

DOC: You shouldn't talk about me being tight, Sonny! You pull a penny out of your pocket, people crowd around to watch the Indian blink in the light of day! And another thing-- (PAUSE) But I mustn't go on like this. After all, I'm local chairman for American Brotherhood Week.

MOL: Are you really, Doctor? And what is American Brotherhood week? I've heard a lot about it, but I'm not quite sure.



FIB: It's a week...dedicated to the Brotherhood of Man, regardless of race or creed. Eh, Ducky?

DOC: I didn't think it was possible, Crumblebrain, but you have finally said something with which I can agree.

FIB: Certainly.

DOC: You see, Molly, the idea is that nations can't expect to get along with each other if PEOPLE can't, and sooner or later, if nations don't get along together, there will be a series of loud explosions, and there won't BE any more people.

MOL: Heavenly days.!!

DOC: So, we start on a local level. We suggest tolerance. Going to church, for instance, doesn't mean very much if you sneer at somebody else's on the way to your own. And speaking of sneering, I have a consultation with three other doctors in just twenty minutes. See you both later.

MOL: Good day, Doctor.

DOC: Bye, Molly. So long, - Brother.

FIB: Take it easy, Brother.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Not a bad guy, Old Doc. I think I could be quite tolerant of him - if he was more like me. He's always so dadratted - HEY, WHAT TIME IS IT?

MOL: About half past. Stop fretting, dearie.

FIB: I'll stop fretting when I get that guy Keith on the line! Sittin' down there in the Philippines, blowin' in my 7 bucks! Probably in some cabaret with - Hey I wonder how much 7 bucks is in Philippine dough, Molly?

MOL: I'm sure I don't know, but -

FIB: Migosh, that might be 50 bucks in Philippine dough! I'll make him pay me in Philippine dough and that way -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Hold it - COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox!

WIL: Hello, Molly! - Hiyah, Pal!

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. HEY, YOU INTERESTED IN SHORTWAVE RADIO?

WIL: No, not very. Why?

MOL: Well, himself here is going to talk to a freind of his in the Philippine Islands tonight, Mr. Wilcox...

FIB: Billy Keith, Junior. You've seen him around the Elks Club.

WIL: Tall chap with a bow tie, and snapshots of his kids?

FIB: No, little fella with a pork-pie hat and stomach trouble.

WIL: Don't think I know him.

MOL: That's odd. I don't think I ever heard a more complete description. You're busy tonight, are you, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yes, I have to listen to a lot of recordings. Some records I made myself.



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FIB: What was the idea, Junior? If you're so infatuated with your own vocal chords why don't you just lock yourself in the shower with a good gargle?

WIL: I AM NOT DOING THIS TO HEAR MY OWN VOICE....I am trying to perfect my inflections. For instance, I ask myself which is the best way to say it: "GLOCOAT IS THE FINEST PROTECTION THAT MONEY CAN BUY FOR YOUR KITCHEN LINOLEUM." Or, "GLOCOAT IS THE FINEST PROTECTION THAT MONEY CAN BUY FOR YOUR KITCHEN LINOLEUM" Which was the best?

MOL: What do you think, McGee?

FIB: It's not bad, but you could never dance to it.

WIL: And then I say to myself: "JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT NOT ONLY PROTECTS AND PRESERVES YOUR LINOLEUM, AND MAKES SPILLED THINGS SO EASY TO WIPE UP WITH A DAMP CLOTH, BUT BRINGS OUT THE COLORING AND GIVES YOUR KITCHEN THAT SPARKLE OF CLEANLINESS." But -----

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MOL: Here's an ashtray, Mr. Wilcox. In case you have an extra BUTT you don't know what to do with.

WIL: Thanks. Now when I say "GLOCOAT REQUIRES NO RUBBING OR BUFFING AND DRIES TO A ~~---~~ GLISTENING, PROTECTIVE HARDNESS IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS", is it better to stress the word "Glocoat," or the word "protective"?

FIB: There's one thing I'd emphasize, if I was you, Waxey.

WIL: What's that, Pal?

FIB: The fact that Glocoat is such a good buy.

WIL: A what?

MOL: Good buy.

WIL: Oh. Good bye!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That kid is getting so he catches on pretty quick. Hey, hadn't we better get dinner over with ~~quick~~, so we'll be ready to go to Foggy's house at 8:45?

MOL: Yes, I'll fix something that's easy, ~~and quick~~. How about waffles and bacon.

FIB: Great great!! We got plenty of maple syrup?

MOL: Right from Vermont. Where Democrats travel by night. (FADE) I'll have it ready in twenty minutes, McGee, so get washed up.

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FIB: OKAY, TOOTSIE! Ahhh, there goes a good kid! Luckiest day in my life was the day after I proposed to her, when her old man come down with laryngitis. If he hadn't lost his voice he'd of talked her outa marrying me just as sure as --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: Oh hello there Teeny. Hey, you know what?

TEE: No, what?

FIB: I'm gonna talk over the short wave tonight. To Manila.

TEE: Gee, that's nothing, Mister. My ~~mamma~~ and daddy talked over the short wave just this morning.

FIB: They did?

TEE: Sure they did, I betcha. They talked over the short wave ~~mamma~~ just got at the beauty parlor. (GIGGLES) Daddy didn't like it.

FIB: (LAUGHS) He didn't, eh?

TEE: He said, she - Hmm?

FIB: I said your daddy didn't like it.

TEE: Like what?

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FIB: Her short wave.

TEE: Whose?

FIB: YOUR MAMMA'S!

TEE: When?

FIB: THIS MORNING!!

TEE: I know it.

FIB: Well, you don't have to be so casual about me speaking to the Phillipine Islands, sis. That's THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF miles away from here!

TEE: Well, gee, mister you don't have to tell me, I betcha. We had the Phillipine Islands in school (RECITES) The Phillipine Islands lie in the Malay Archipelago and are made up of some ~~4,000~~<sup>4,000</sup> islands and islets - the capital is Manila on the island of Luzon and the Principal exports are tobacco, sugar cane, cocoanut-oil, and General MacArthur.

FIB: Boy you sure have got a rententative memory, sis. You remember everything you get in school?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Just the stuff I like, mister. I'm reading a dandy novel right now in history class.

FIB: A novel? In history class?

TEE: Sure. It fits right behind my history book and ~~don't~~<sup>doesn't</sup> even show a bit, I betcha! Oboy, is it ever romantic!

FIB: Romantic, eh?

TEE: Gee, I'll say! It's about a girl who works all the time and never has any time for boyfriends. She's a Ph D.

dk



FIB: Ph D. Doctor of Philosophy?  
TEE: No, a Poor Hardworking Drip. Anyhow, one night a friend of hers fixes her up with a blind date for a dance, and the boy turns out to be rich and handsome - and the girl falls head over heels in love!  
FIB: So they get married.  
TEE: Oh no, mister! Her family doesn't approve of her getting married, see - so she runs out on the hero, and doesn't even tell him her address. Just ducks.  
FIB: Oh. Fades like a two-dollar sport shirt, eh?  
TEE: Sure - but that doesn't stop him, I betcha. He drags out the thrownet and tears the town up, till he finds her on the last page, and she falls in his arms for the finish! Oboy!  
FIB: Very interesting plot, sis. That oughta make a good movie.  
TEE: It always has, mister.  
FIB: Eh? What's the name of it?  
TEE: "CINDERELLA." (GIGGLES) So long, mister.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH AND KING'S MEN: "LITTLE OLD MILL"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

DOOR OPEN

GALE: Well well, do come in. You're just about in time, McGee.

FIB: Hi, Foggy.

DOOR CLOSE

GALE: I have contacted Manila, and my friend will try to have Billy Keith on hand at nine o'clock if they can locate him. And if he's a government man, they'll know where to look for him. May I have your coat, Mrs. McGee?

FIB: What for? Hasn't your wife got a coat of her own?

MOL: HE MEANS HE JUST WANTS TO HANG IT UP, SILLY!!!

FIB: Oh, bah bah. Just kidding, Foggy.

GALE: Er...yes. Now if you'll just make yourselves comfortable, I'll see if I can raise Manila again.

SOUND: RADIO HUM....HETRODYNE SQUEAL....BUZZERS...CODE. ETC.....

MOL: My goodness all that noise on such a short wave!

GALE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) W3KDC, WISTFUL VISTA, CALLING 18JV2,

MANILA. COME IN, MANILA....COME IN MANILA!

FIB: Yeah, don't stand out there in the heat, Manila. Come on in!



MOL: Hush, dearie....

SOUND: MORE RADIO SQUEALS, ETC.

GALE: W3KDC, WISTFUL VISTA, CALLING 18 JV2, MANILA....COME IN,  
MANILA...

SOUND: CODE.....SQUEALS....ETC.....OUT.

GALE: I'll wait a few minutes and try again. It isn't quite  
time yet anyway, and -

<sup>KNOCK:</sup>  
~~DOOR CHIME~~

MOL: I WONDER WHO THAT COULD BE.....COME IN!!! Oh, excuse me,  
Mr. Williams....this is your house isn't it?

GALE: Quite all right....

DOOR OPENS

GALE: Hello, ~~Wimp~~ *Wallace*.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wimple, come in.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp.

WIMP: Hello, Mr. Willia - er, Mr. McG - (PAUSE) WHO'S IN CHARGE  
HERE, ANYHOW?

GALE: (CHUCKLES) This is Old Home Week, Wallace. Sit down  
and relax - just like you were in your own home.

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) You've never been in MY home, have you??....  
Did you ever try to relax in a living room full of  
Sweetface, my big old wife??

FIB: Have you and her been having trouble again, Wimp?

WIMP: Noooooo....just me. Did you ever come running downstairs,  
yank open the front door and dash out - and then find the  
screen was hooked?

MOL: Heavenly days, what brought that on, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh, Sweetface is so unreasonable, Mrs. McGee! Her feet  
got cold last night and she made me go bring her a hot  
water bottle full of boiling water. Then she got angry  
at me.

MOL: My goodness, I think that was pretty decent of you,  
myself.

WIMP: I thought so, too. After all, she didn't TELL me to put  
the stopper in it.

GALE: Well, we're just about to call Manila on the radio here,  
Wallace. Care to stay and listen in?

WIMP: Oh, thank you, that'll be just peachy!

FIB: Come on, Foggy! Get with it! Let's get my seven bucks  
back!



MOL: But, McGee - Mr. Williams has been trying! My goodness, don't be so impatient!

FIB: I can't help it, kiddo - that's the way I do business! When I owe a guy money, that's one thing - but when a guy owes me, I want it right now or else!

SOUND: RADIO NOISES:

GALE: COME IN, 18JV2...COME IN, MANILA! AW, COME ON, MANILA!

VOICE: (FILTER) 18JV2, MANILA TO W3KDC, WISTFUL VISTA. OVER.

GALE: I've got them, McGee! HELLO, 18JV2, STAND BY! Here, McGee, take it! Say "Over" when you're thru talking.

FIB: Oboy! Wait'll I get hold of that guy. I'll-- HELLO - HELLO, MANILA! THIS IS W3KDC, WISTFUL VISTA, FIBBER MCGEE TALKIN'. OVER.

VOICE: 18JV2 MANILA TO W3KDC, WISTFUL VISTA. Who? OVER.

FIB: W3KDC WISTFUL VISTA to 18JV2 MANILA. FIBBER MCGEE! OVER.

VOICE: 18JV2 MANILA TO W3KDC WISTFUL VISTA...So?...OVER.

FIB: W3KDC WISTFUL VISTA TO 18JV2 MANILA...You got a guy down there that owes me seven bucks. Billy Keith!

MOL: My goodness, you don't have to tell the man's business to everybody that--

FIB: Quiet, Molly, they can't hear me! (TO MANILA) Get Billy Keith on the mike, bud! Tell him Fibber McGee is right on his trail! OVER.

VOICE: 18JV2 MANILA to W3KDC WISTFUL VISTA. Who? OVER.

FIB: DADRAT IT, BUD - I MEAN W3KDC WISTFUL VISTA TO 18JV2 MANILA - DADRAT IT, BUD, I WANT BILLY KEITH! OVER! WITH THE GOVERNMENT DOWN THERE! OVER AGAIN!

MOL: Isn't radio wonderful, Mr. Williams?

VOICE: 18JV2 MANILA TO W3KDC WISTFUL VISTA...Oh, him! OVER.

FIB: YEAH, HIM! OVER!

VOICE: He's not here! OVER!

MOL: This is almost as quick as swimming!..Over!

FIB: WHERE IS HE? DADRAT IT, HE OWES ME DOUGH AND IF HE THINKS HE'S GONNA GET AWAY WITH IT, HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING OVER!

VOICE: 18JV2 MANILA to W3KDC WISTFUL VISTA. KEITH WENT BACK TO STATES DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY, CIVILIAN AIR LINES! THAT IS ALL! OUT!

FIB: Yeah, but-- (WHINE OF RADIO) HEY, BUD! HEY! How do you jiggle the hook on this thing, Foggy? They cut me off!

GALE: I'm sorry, McGee - but they've evidently gone off the air.

MOL: But McGee, the man said Mr. Keith had gone home, so --

DOOR BELL: <sup>knock</sup>

GALE: Pardon me, we've got company again. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MAN: Hello, Williams, I hope you don't mind me dropping in, but --

GALE: Well, <sup>Billy Keith</sup> come right in, Billy - we were just talking about you.

MAN: Thought maybe I'd find you over here, McGee. Hello, Mrs. McGee. I stopped by to pay you that seven bucks I owe you, McGee.



FIB: Billy Keith! Old man! Shucks, there wasn't any rush!  
Migosh, I never worried about that seven bucks for a  
minute!

MOL: Hmmm!

MAN: Good. Now would you mind letting me have my two hundred  
dollar watch back that you're holding for security?

WIMP: Over?

MOL: Yes, Mr. Wimple. All over!

ORCH: "YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME" - FADE FOR:

APPLAUSE:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Have you ever thought how constant walking wears out  
your linoleum floors. There's a way to protect them  
from such costly wear, you know. A way that adds  
beauty and makes them easy to keep clean at the same  
time. Use Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. Instead  
of walking on your floors, you'll be walking on a  
shining, gleaming film of tough wax. Your hard heels  
and soles never harm the fine surfaces. Those surfaces  
are safe under that beautiful protective film of Glo-Coat.  
The colors of the linoleum will take on a new, gleaming  
beauty with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. The  
new Glo-Coat, you know, shines nearly twice as bright  
as ever before. Add that new, gleaming brightness to  
the protective qualities of Johnson's Self Polishing  
Glo-Coat, and lady, you've really got something. With  
Glo-Coat, you've got something that 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:



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TAG

MOL: Just imagine, McGee - to the Philippines and back again -  
 in only a week!

FIB: Yeah, his wife was sore because he was gone so long.  
 Started to bawl him out almost before he got off the  
 plane.

MOL: Clipper?

FIB: He wanted to, but there was a cop standing right there.

~~MOL: Oh.~~

~~FIB: Yeah. Goodnight.~~

MOL: Goodnight, all! Over!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

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

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

CHIMES