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*file*  
#24  
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

MARCH 16th, 1948

18

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
3/16/48

(2ND REVISION) -2-

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 Mill's Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You just don't realize how bright and cheerful your kitchen can be until you have used Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat on the linoleum. A gleaming, shining film of Glo-Coat reflects the sunlight, makes colors brighter, gives the room that cheery neat-as-a-pin look. And it's easy to keep floors sparkling clean and bright with Glo-Coat, too. Dust, dirt and spilled things can be whisked away with just a wipe or two of a damp cloth. That glowing film of tough, hard wax will protect your linoleum from wear and scuffing...make it last a lot longer. The new Johnson's Glo-Coat is better than ever, you know. It shines nearly twice as bright as ever before and yet, it's still the same, wonderfully easy-to-use product. No rubbing or buffing. You merely apply and let dry. With Glo-Coat you can always touch up heavy traffic areas when necessary, and that's a mighty big time saver. Be sure to use Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat, to bring out the beauty and brightness of your home.

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

MUSIC: BRIDGE

WILCOX: YOU CAN DO SOME INTERESTING THINGS WITH COLOR. TAKE A WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM, FOR INSTANCE. THAT LITTLE YELLOW PAPER CAN TURN CHEEKS PINK, HAIR GRAY, FINANCES RED AND LOVERS BLUE. BUT IT'S ANYBODY'S GUESS WHAT IT'S GOING TO DO TO SOMEBODY, AS THE MESSENGER BOY APPROACHES 79 WISTFUL VISTA, THE HOME OF---

-----FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK, UP STEPS, DOOR CHIME: (BOY WHISTLING UNDER) .. DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Hiyah, small fry - what's on your mind? OH - Western Union!

BOY: Yop. You Fibber McGee?

FIB: No, Frecklepuss, I'M Trixie Friganza. Our cradles got mixed up in the hospital.

BOY: Got a telegram for Fibber McGee. Here...give it to him when he comes in, Trixie. Sign here. Third line.

FIB: Okay, bud. What is the usual tip to you messenger boys? I don't wanna be cheap, you understand, but we gotta keep things under control, on account of inflation!

BOY: Look, Mac, this is the first time I ever deliver to this address, see, but the other guys say if I get a dime outa you, I'M doin' great.

FIB: OH THEY SAID THAT DID THEY! WELL JUST TO PROVE THEM LITTLE RUMDUMS WRONG, TAKE THIS! HERE'S FIFTY CENTS!

BOY: (WHISTLES) Gee, thanks, Mac! I'LL put this into my special school fund.

FIB: School fund, eh? What are you studying, kid?

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BOY: Psychology. How'm I doin'?

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Who was it, dearie?

FIB: A successful psychologist with a telegram. For me.  
Wonder who this could be from.

SOUND: TEARING PAPER

MOL: Maybe it's from Aunt Sarah wanting to come and spend a few weeks with us.

FIB: Yes, or it COULD be good news. (RATTLES PAPER) Ohhh, my gosh!!! Ohh, my GOSH.....Oh, my go-.....Ohhh!!!

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS...WHAT IS IT? WHO'S IT FROM? WHAT DOES IT SAY?.....DON'T JUST STAND SOMETHING AND TELL ME THERE! LOOK ME.

FIB: It...It's from the Secretary of State.

MOL: Secretary of St.....let me see it.

FIB: Look. See what it says? "GEORGE MARSHALL, SECRETARY".

MOL: My goodness.

FIB: "YOU HAVE BEEN RECOMMENDED FOR SPECIAL DUTY CONNECTION WITH RECOVERY PLAN. HAVE FULL REPORT ON YOU AND BELIEVE YOU TO BE IDEAL MAN TO SPEARHEAD COMMISSION. CAN YOU REPORT MY OFFICE.SOON AS CONVENIENT READY FOR ASSIGNMENT. PLEASE REPLY IMMEDIATELY, (SIGNED) GEORGE MARSHALL, SECRETARY." Well - you know what this means, kiddo. I got to go to Washington!

MOL: Is this a military or civilian job?

FIB: Wel-lll....I dunno....why?

MOL: I want to know whether to put a star or a rubber plant in the window. Oh, dearie...do you HAVE TO GO TO WASHINGTON?

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FIB: (DRAMATICALLY) My dear, no McGee has ever refused to answer his country's call! Peter Stuyvesant McGee fell at Concord. Clay Morgan McGee fell at Vicksburg. Theodore McGee fell at San Juan Hill - and I fell at Saint Nazaire, when I tripped over my knapsack gettin' off the boat. I was the only one of 'em that was badly hurt, too. The others were all killed.

MOL: Well, what's the first move, McGee? Better answer Mr. Marshall's telegram, I suppose.

FIB: Oh my gosh yes...hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (RECEIVER UP) Hello, Operator? Gimme Western Union Tele--OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear.....

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? Tis 'eh? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR GRANDMOTHER? LOST HER SHIRT ON A LONGSHOT, EH?

MOL: My goodness, an old lady like her playing the races!

FIB: She wasn't playing the races. She gambled 98 bucks in postage thinkin' Mort Toops was the Walking Man.

MOL: Why should the walking man have been Mort Toops?

FIB: They just repossessed his car. HELLO, MYRT? GOT WESTERN UNION? OH, THANKS. HELLO, WESTERN UNION? TAKE A STRAIGHT WIRE. COLLECT. TO: GEORGE MARSHALL, SECRETARY OF STATE. (Hold it a minute, operator! Hey, Molly, what building in Washington would the Secretary of State be in?)

MOL: Try Internal Revenue.

FIB: Why?

MOL: If they can find you, they can find him!

FIB: You're right! HELLO, OP'? TO GEORGE MARSHALL,  
SECRETARY OF STATE, C/O INTERNAL REVENUE DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, D.C. LEAVING WISTFUL VISTA IMMEDIATELY.  
STOP. SEE YOU TOMORROW. STOP. HOPE YOU HAVE BIG  
JOB FOR ME. STOP. WHEN MY PATRIOTISM IS AROUSED I  
DON'T KNOW WHERE TO. STOP. SIGNED, FIBBER MCGEE.  
Rush that, Operator. Government business! (RECEIVER UP)

MOL: Heavenly days....isn't this exciting? How do you  
suppose Secretary Marshall ever heard about you?

FIB: I dunno. They got ways of finding the right men for the  
right jobs. And I got a pretty good army record, you  
know.

MOL: You have?

FIB: Yeah, I'll play it for you sometime. It goes (SINGS)  
YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW, YOU'RE NOT BEHIND THE PLOUGH,  
YOU'LL NEVER GET--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: That's as much as I'd ever play for you anyway, kiddo.

MOL: It's enough. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, it's Mister Wimple. Hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: Sorry I can't take much time to talk, Wimp. Been called  
to Washington.

WIMP: Oh my goodness - have you been speculating, Mr. McGee?

MOL: I should say not, Mr. Wimple. The Government wants him to  
do some important work for them.

FIB: I'd tell you all about it, Wimp, but I can't. Security  
reasons, you know. Highly confidential. Top secret.  
Hush-hush. And besides, I don't know yet myself.

WIMP: Oooh, isn't that intersting! Sweetface did a lot of  
secret work during the war. Sweetface, that's my large,  
elderly wife.

MOL: Yes, we know.

FIB: What did she do, Wimp - take army pilots around to  
night clubs, so they'd get used to low dives?

WIMP: No, the War Department used Sweetface as a model.

MOL: As a model for what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: General Sherman tanks.

FIB: I can see the resemblance, too, now that you speak  
of it, Wimp.

WIMP: Yes...(CHUCKLES) In fact she still crouches a little  
every time a plane flies overhead. But I don't want  
to delay you, Mr. McGee. Besides, I've got to get down  
to the Marriage License Bureau.

MOL: The License Bureau?

WIMP: Yes...(SHYLY) Sweetface bought our little marriage  
license down there, and every March 16th I go down there  
and pay my respects.

MOL: Oh, how sweet! Isn't that sentimental, McGee?

FIB: It sure is, Wimp. Whaddye do, just walk up and leave a few flowers on the counter?

WIMP: Oh no...nothing as elaborate as all that, Mr. McGee. I just walk up to window Number 13, remind them of the date, and go <sup>NYAAA</sup> ~~(BROKE CHAIR)~~ Then run like everything! Goodbye, now.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "THE BIG BRASS BAND"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Now lemme see...I got shirts, socks, shorts, neckties, my watch and my wallet...DID YOU MAKE A RESERVATION ON THE WASHINGTON PLANE, MOLLY?

MOL: Yes, you leave at 4:22

FIB: Well, I don't want to miss it! I got a hunch this is something really serious, Snooky. Remember the telegram? It said, "BELIEVE YOU TO BE IDEAL MAN TO SPEARHEAD COMMISSION". Get that? They want me to spearhead somebody. And I'm just the guy that can do it, too! I'll grab that spear, take a short run, and WHAM-!!

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Bullseye! Shoot again!

FIB: That was the doorbell. Whoever it is, don't let 'em delay me. I gotta finish packin'.

MOL: All right. COME IN.

DOOR OPEN

MOL: It's ~~just~~ Mr. Williams, the Weather Man, McGee. Hello Mr. Williams.

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee...Hello, McGee. Oh, I see you're packing up. Going somewhere?

FIB: No. No, I just pack these bags now and then so I won't run out of toothpaste at home, Foggy. You see, every time I pack, I forget to put in toothpaste. Always leave it at home. Therefore the oftener I pack a suitcase, the more toothpaste I have layin' around the house. Haven't had to buy any for five or ten years. Just pack a suitcase, look in the bathroom, and there it is!

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GALE: Well, it's wonderful weather for a trip. We're rather proud of this weather at the office.

MOL: Oh it's been just lovely, Mr. Williams. Thank you very much!

GALE: Don't mention it. Personally, I'm glad to see Spring coming. Mrs. Williams even planted her garden yesterday.

FIB: My gosh, so early? Anything come up yet?

GALE: Yes, the neighbor's chickens.

MOL: What happened?

GALE: I planted them.

FIB: What happened?

GALE: The neighbors came up.

MOL: What happened?

GALE: The case comes up next week!

FIB: Attaboy, Foggy ...stick up for your rights! Just because you guessed wrong on the snow all winter is no sign people can shovel you around!

GALE: Thank you. May I ask where you are going, McGee?

MOL: To Washington, Mr. Williams. The government sent him a wire. They want him to report immediately. Isn't that wonderful?

FIB: By the way, I'll be connected with the State department, Foggy, in kind of a hush-hush way. Anything I can do for you, in the weather department? Put in a kind word? Plug you for a promotion, or anything?

(2ND REVISION) -13 & 14-

GALE: No. No, thank you very much, McGee. I think it would be best for me to remain as obscure as possible. Besides, it isn't the Weather Department, you know. It's called the Weather BUREAU.

MOL: Why, Mr. Williams? Why do they call it a Bureau?

GALE: Well, I have never given it much thought, Mrs. McGee. But I suppose it's because, as a bureau, it depends largely on its four casters. Well, good day!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Four-casters!! Oh, Brother....! WELL...LEMME SEE NOW... WHAT ELSE I NEED? Hey, where's my binoculars?

MOL: In the window of a store downtown.

FIB: A STORE DOWNTOWN!!! WHAT ARE THEY DOING DOWN THERE? The last I seen of 'em, Uncle Dennis was usin' 'em when he went to the race track.

MOL: Yes, I know.

FIB: What store did you see 'em in?

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MOL: The one next to the tattooing parlor on 14th street.  
It's a fruit store I think. It has three big golden  
grapefruit hung over the front door.

FIB: Why that dirty....HE HOCKED 'EM!!!! If that guy ever  
comes back here I'll --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Molly - hiyah, Pal.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hi, Junior.

WIL: Hey, Pal, you remember on February 17th, when I was  
talking about Klondike Kate?

FIB: Yes, I remember that.

WIL: And I said she was a gambler's daughter?"

MOL: Yes!

WIL: Well, I made a mistake - Klondike Kate is not a  
gambler's daughter at all. Klondike Kate is a name  
sometimes identified with Mrs. Kate Rockwell Matson, a  
respected citizen of Bend, Oregon. Her father was  
a telegrapher in Kansas.

MOL: Well, I'm sure Mrs. Matson will understand that you  
thought it was purely a fictional name, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Yes, I'm sorry, if --- Hey Pal you going away?

FIB: No, Junior. I need my dresser drawers for my comic  
books and my bubble gum, so I'm putting my clothes  
away in this suitcase.

MOL: Oh don't be so sarcastic, McGee. He's going to  
Washington, Mr. Wilcox. The government wants him.

WIL: What's the charge?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHAT'S THE CHARGE? BY GEORGE, CAN'T A  
PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZEN DO HIS COUNTRY A SERVICE WITHOUT  
BEIN' SUBJECTED TO A LOT OF SNIDE REMARKS? NO WONDER  
THEY'RE SCRAPIN' THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL AND HAVE TO  
GET GUYS LIKE ME!

MOL: He got a wire from the Secretary of State, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: You betcha I did! And it's all according to Hoyle, Junior.

MOL: Who?

FIB: Hoyle. You remember Hoyle, don't you? "I REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO GIVE FOR MY COUNTRY"? Nathan Hoyle?

WIL: That was NATHAN HALE.

MOL: Certainly it was...

FIB: Look, both of you. I'm a government man now, and if I'm wrong, I don't wanna be corrected, see? Now don't bother me, kids - I gotta finish packing. Now lemme see. Here's my ivory back-scratcher, in case they send me to China...

WIL: Say look, pal, do something for me down there in Washington, will you?

FIB: Certainly, Omaha. I'm not the type guy that just because he gets a high government position he forgets his old pals. I'm strictly the type guy that he likes to do favors. What's on your mind?

WIL: I just thought if you were going to be in the Pentagon building, with acres and acres of linoleum in there, you might put in a pitch for the old product. You know - Glocoat.

FIB: (THOUGHTFULLY) Well, I'll tell you Junior. If you put that in a memo, make twelve copies and send it thru the proper channels -

WIL: Because look...with thousands of government employees stamping in and out, all day long, bringing in mud and dust and slush, what they need on those linoleum floors is Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat. It's so quick and easy to use...makes dirt so easy to wipe up...protects so well against dirt and dust and saves so much time - gives such wonderful protection----

MOL: But Mr. Wilcox, McGee is not -

WIL: ALL YOU GOTTA DO PAL, IS GET TO THE RIGHT PEOPLE. USE YOUR INFLUENCE! LOBBY A LITTLE! IF THEY'RE NOT ALREADY USING JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT, TELL 'EM ABOUT IT. ONCE THEY TRY GLOCOAT ON THEIR LINOLEUM, THEY'LL BE SO ENTHUSIASTIC -

FIB: WAXEY!!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: Are you, perchance, intimating that I use my association with the State Department to help you sell a commercial product to our government?

WIL: Sure Pal!

FIB: Wilcox...leave this house, immediately!

MOL: But McGee...

IS



FIB: GO!!  
WIL: Go where?  
FIB: Go down to your office and figure out what my commission will be.  
WIL: Okay, pal...call you right back!  
DOOR SLAM:  
FIB: Well, that ain't bad. I ain't even taken the job yet and I already worked out a deal!  
MOL: What a public servant you're going to make, dearie!  
FIB: Imagine me in Washington. And I never dreamed when I was a foreman at the watchworks back in Peoria that some day the State Department would--  
MOL: You never told me you worked at the watchworks, McGee!

FIB: I never mentioned my work at the watchworks?  
MOL: YOU NEVER DID!!  
FIB: Migosh, I thought--Well sir, when I went in there as foreman over the workmen workin' on watches at the watchworks, they had a bad situation -- because everyone of the watchworks workers was a clock-watcher at heart - and even while they were workin' on watches, they were busy watchin' the clock!..Now if there's anything I hate to watch around a watchworks, it's a clock-watching watchmaker, who should be makin' watches, and watchin' the watches he makes! Sooo - I hired me a night watchman to watch nights - and a day watchman to watch days - and a watchman to watch both watchmen, to try to make the watchmen watch the watchworks and stop watchin' their stopwatches, and boy, did I give those watchmen the works! Because -

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Come in.

DOOR OPENS

DOC: Hello, my dear.  
MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble. McGee, it's Doctor Gamble!  
FIB: Eh? Oh, hiyah, Baby-Slapper.  
DOC: Hello, Chiselnose. What are you packing up for in such a hurry? I just came through the Post Office and your picture isn't up on the wall yet.  
MOL: He's going to Washington, Doctor. The Secretary of State just sent him a telegram.

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DOC: Isn't that a coincidence? I just got a message by carrier pigeon from Christopher Columbus. Wants to know what to do for seasickness.

FIB: Oh-ho, so you think I'm kidding, you Big Septic! Show him the telegram, Molly! I'm packing.

MOL: Here it is, Doctor. (RATTLE OF PAPER)

DOC: Hmm....I'll be darned!

FIB: Yeah!! How do you like those apples, Wise Guy? Snap this ~~bag~~<sup>SUITCASE</sup>, Molly, while I sit on it, willya?

MOL: Yes, dearie.

SNAP OF LOCK BEHIND:

DOC: The manpower shortage must be really critical - if they're hiring a guy for the State Department who thinks a diplomat is something you put a dime into and get a piece of pie out of!

FIB: That's an OTTOMAN, Stupid! And don't worry about me gettin' along in the State Department! I know that foreign situation like a book! I listen to Gabriel Heater!!!

MOL: Oh indeed he does, doctor. He argues with that radio every night!

DOC: That's our boy! If he was as loose with his money as he is with his lip, he'd never have a dime. And if he was as smart as he is loud, he'd be one of our great living statesmen.

FIB: Thanks, Doc - I'll do all I can to justify your faith in me.

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DOC: Look -- I don't know who's kidding who around here McGee - but frankly, I'm worried. If the government is so hard up for help that they've got to hire a linthead like you, we're in trouble!

MOL: Oh now I don't know, Doctor. In a job that fits his talents, I think McGee might do very good work for the Government.

DOC: In a job that fits his talents - yes. But what does the State Department need with a mattress tester?

FIB: OHHH, look who's talkin' about mattress testers - you lard-lined, hamhanded, ether-smelling organist!! You spend more time in the hay than a Kansas pitchfork!

dk

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MOL: Now, McGee, stop it! I called a taxicab and it's almost due here now. Can we drop you anyplace, Doctor? Himself wants to stop by the Elks Club,

DOC: No thank you, my dear. Seriously, my boy, I wish you lots of luck. And one thing I'll say for you, you're at least going in there with an open mind.

FIB: Well thanks, Docky. You admit I got an open mind?

DOC: Wide open. I remember how surprised my nurse was the day she looked in one of your ears and right out through the other.

FIB: THAT'S A FALSEHOOD! THE DAY SHE LOOKED AT MY EARS, MY HEAD WAS ALL STOPPED UP! AND BESIDES --

MOTOR HORN, OFF

MOL: (EXCITED) There's the cab, McGee! Grab your things!

FIB: (EXCITED) Okay - where's my overcoat? Oh, I got it.  
My hat!

MOL: Here! Here's your muffler!

DOOR OPENS:

DOC: Well, my boy --

FIB: Gotta run now, Doc! Be good! WE'RE COMIN', BUD!

DOC: But, McGee --

FIB: Lock the door, Molly! I got everything!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: It's locked!

SCUFFLE OF FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH - DOWN STEPS

DOC: I'd like to say one thing before you leave, McGee.

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FIB: Don't get mushy now, Doc! I'll miss you too, but let's not get sentimental now. I'll write you a postcard.

DOC: (SHOUTS) I DON'T CARE IF YOU WRITE A BOOK, STUPID - BUT YOU LEFT YOUR ~~BAGS AND SUITCASE~~ *suitcase in the house!*

FIB: Ohhh.

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN: "TOORA LOORA LOORA"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOTCAR MOTOR SLOWING DOWN - BRAKES ON - DOOR OPEN

FIB: You can wait right here, ~~but~~ <sup>car driver</sup> - I wanta run in the Elks Club a minute. Won't be long.

DRIVER: Take your time, Mac - it all goes on the meter.

CAR - DOOR OPENS

MOL: I'll go in with you, sweetheart. My goodness, I'm going to miss you!

FIB: Well, you'll be brave, tootsie! <sup>WITH</sup> ~~The~~ knowledge that your husband is unselfishly serving his country in its hour of need - with probably a fat salary and passes to all the big league ball games, and maybe ~~tips on the races~~ <sup>some</sup> - Hey, look who's comin'! The Old Timer!

MOL: Oh yes - Hello, Mr. Old Timer!

OLD M: Hello there, kids! Where you goin'? Someplace?

FIB: Just goin' in the Elks Club to say goodbye, Old Timer. I'm flyin' to Washington this afternoon.

MOL: Isn't it wonderful for him? I've always wanted to see Washington myself.

OLD M: Me too, kids, me too. I shook hands with Abraham Lincoln one time, but Washington was out rowin' a boat, and -

FIB: No no, not George Washington! This is a PLACE. I got a wire to come take a job IN Washington, you see and -

OLD M: Ohhhh, THAT Washington! I had a job in Washington myself one time, Johnny. Right outside of Seattle - pickin' apples!

MOL: Oh, no, this is -

OLD M: I was the apple-pickinest apple-knocker you ever seen, kids! Picked so many apples I was named the Winesap-of-the-Week!

FIB: Look, Old Timer, look! That's all very interesting, but I happen to be workin' for the Government. Got a wire from Secretary Marshall. Wants me to spearhead a committee!

OLD M: Well, why didncha say so, Johnny! Spearhead a-- Ohhh, you'll like that! I remember one time when I was a border guard in Yuma --

MOL: That should have been exciting! A border guard?

OLD M: Yep - every time the landlady went out, she ast me to keep an eye on her boarders. I was spendin' most of my time at the time as a jim smuggler.

FIB: You smuggled gems?

OLD M: (ANNOYED) I said I was a JIM smuggler! Useta smuggle my brother Jim into the movies under my coat to save a ticket.

MOL: For goodness sake - how could you do that?

OLD M: Simple, daughter, simple! I'd jist let Jim climb on my back, piggy back, see - then I'd put my overcoat on over him. I was known around movie houses for years as The Boy With The Broad Shoulders!

FIB: Did they finally catch on, though?

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OLD M: They wouldn't have, Johnny - only Jim kept gittin' hungry.  
The manager stood back one time and watched me feed three  
ice cream cones and a bottle of sasparilla down my coat  
collar - and threwed me out on my little fat brother!

FIB: Gave you the pitch from the pitchers, did he? (CHUCKLES)

OLD M: HEH HEH HEH HEH! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY. BUT THAT  
AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE  
FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAAAYYYY", HE SAYS, "MY  
COUSIN JIST INVENTED A TONIC THAT'LL GROW HAIR ON A  
DOORKNOB!"..."ZAT SO," SAYS TOTHER FELLER, "HE OUGHTA GIT  
RIGH!"..."NOPE", SAYS THE FIRST FELLER, "WHO WANTS HAIR  
ON THEIR DOOR KNOBS?"...Adios, kids! Latin.

FIB: Come on, let's see who's in the Elks to say goodbye to,  
and then beat it to the airport.

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: I wish I was going to Washington with you dearie. Be  
sure and take a shower every night now, and send your  
laundry out early, because --

FIB: Don't worry, kiddo. I'll send for you as soon as --

MAN: (FADING IN) Oh, hi, McGee. Glad you stopped in.

FIB: Hi, Georgie - I can't stay but a minute. Just stopped to  
say goodbye to the boys. Leaving for Washington on the  
4:20 plane.

MAN: Oh, no kidding?

FIB: Yep, Government deal.

MAN: Gee, when'll you be back? I was kinda counting on some  
help from you. Got a little problem here, and --

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FIB: Yeah? What's up?

MAN: Some of the boys have got the habit of taking their  
favorite pool cues home, and they forget to bring 'em  
back. I got a plan to recover 'em, but --

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Huh? Oh, excuse me, Molly. Hey, you've never met my  
wife, Georgie. Molly, this is the Secretary of the  
Elks Club - George Marshall.

MOL: How do you do, I'm-- MARSHALL??

MAN: Yes, I wired McGee to see if he'd spearhead a committee  
for me, ~~but if he's leaving~~ -- *to get the pool cues back.*

FIB: WHAT? GEORGE MARSHALL, SECRETARY!!! Ohhh, this is  
ridiculous!

ORCH: "THOUGHTLESS" - FADE FOR:

McGee - 3/16/48  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

3/16  
-28-

NBC, Hollywood to network  
WGL, Ft. Wayne, local  
WHIZ, Zanesville, local  
WTTM, Trenton, local  
NBC, New York, sectional (including Canada)  
WSOC, Charlotte, sectional  
KHQ, Spokane, local  
KOH, Reno, local  
KGU, Honolulu, local

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment. There's no rubbing or buffing. You merely apply and let dry. That's all you have to do to bring out the beauty of your kitchen linoleum with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. In fact, the glowing shine of Glo-Coat makes the whole room a far more pleasant place to work. The new Glo-Coat shines nearly twice as bright as ever before, and that extra brightness puts new life in linoleum colors...makes floors gleam and shine with an added luster. Troublesome heavy traffic areas can be touched up easily with Johnson's Glo-Coat. ~~Just spread it on, and in a minute any dull spot is again gleaming and glowing with that famous Glo-Coat shine.~~ Your floors will be easier to keep clean, too. A whisk or two with a damp cloth takes care of all dust, dirt and spilled things. And remember, wax protects valuable linoleum...and adds years to its life. That's the Glo-Coat story, friends. It shines, it protects and it makes floors easy to keep clean. Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat is the perfect way 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:

McGee - 3/16/48

28-A

CLOSING CUT-IN FOR DRAX

(CUE LINE: Fibber and Molly return in a moment.)

ANNCR: It's so new - maybe you haven't yet heard about JOHNSON'S Drax. D-R-A-X. It's the grand-new, completely different washday product that the Johnson's Wax people are putting out. Not a starch - not a soap - Drax is a miraculous wax rinse that gives your clothes a soft, smooth, like-new finish. Here's how it works. You just add Drax to your final rinse or starch solution. Iron as usual. Only watch - see how easy - how fast - your iron glides along. Notice how soft and smooth and fresh the finish is. You see, Johnson's Drax coats each fabric thread with tiny particles of dirt-resistant, stain-resistant wax. Your clothes stay clean longer and you find that next time, they're easier to wash. Easier to iron, too. Actually 20% easier to iron. And you'll be amazed at the soft, smooth finish Drax gives your clothes. ~~It's JOHNSON'S DRAX. Or, Drax for~~ blouses, shirts, dresses, <sup>your</sup> curtains.

JOHNSON'S Drax will make your washed things look like new. Try it! Ask for Drax. D-R-A-X. Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax. Drax.

TAG

SOUND: CAB ROARS AWAY:

FIB: I just paid off the cab and let him go, Molly. As long as we're downtown we might as well catch a movie.

MOL: Oh, wonderful! But you should have kept the taxicab, dearie.

FIB: Aw, we can call another one after the movie. Why should I have kept that one?

MOL: Your suitcase is in it.

FIB: WHAT! Aww, for the-- Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products, 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 NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

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