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Wood

(REVISED)

#1

file

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

OCTOBER 5TH, 1948

7:30 - 8:00 PM PST

(REVISED)

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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 and Johnson's Self-Polishing G
Glo-Coat, 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:

FIRST COMMERCIAL

WIL: Well, tonight we welcome back Fibber and Molly to cheer us and warm our hearts. And I'm back, too to remind you to keep ~~feeling good during the winter months by keeping~~ the rooms of your house as attractive as possible. To have chairs, and tables, and sideboards that glisten and shine. Yes, and to have nice-looking, highly polished floors ... they're especially important to the beauty of a room.

And it's a beauty every floor in your house will have and keep ... when you use Johnson's Paste Wax. Because Johnson's Paste Wax not only makes your floors glisten from border to border. It also covers those floors with a hard coat that protects your floors ... resists scratching and wear. Nice part is ... dirt can't penetrate that tough coat of Johnson's Wax. So ... a few strokes with the dry mop is all it takes to keep your floors sparkling.

Tomorrow, get some Johnson's Paste Wax. Make cleaning easy. Protect your wood floors, too. And as you look at their rich, lustrous surface in the evening lamplight ... see if you don't agree that nice looking rooms, and warm happy hearts, go together.

ORCH: BRIDGE INTO OPENING

WILCOX: THERE IS A TERM FOR A MAN WHO WON'T GO TO WORK UNTIL AUTUMN.....

AND HERE HE IS, - THE FALL GUY AND HIS WIFE ----

----FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Sweetheart, what's the matter with you these days. You seem a little discontented.

FIB: I am. I'm peeved. I'm let down. I feel like a pig with laryngitis.

MOL: How's that?

FIB: Dis-gruntled.

MOL: As down-cast as a yo-yo, as Bob Hope would say.

FIB: Who?

MOL: Bob Hope.

FIB: Oh yes...the fella with the snap-brim face. Well, here's my complaint, tootsie; I'm bored. Nothin' happens. No excitement. I sit around here on my big fat easy chair and smoke too much. What kind of a life is that for a rod-blooded, American boy like me?

MOL: Isn't that rather a Russian attitude, dearie? Trying to think up ways to Disturb the Peace?

FIB: Maybe it is, but let's be fair. You gotta admit Russia always observes the fire laws at the U.N. Conferences.

MOL: Yes?

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FIB: Yeah...they lower the Iron Curtain at least once during every performance. Anyway, if something exciting don't start happening around here soon, I'm --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Somebody at the door, dearie....and if it will help your mood any, I hope it's somebody with a black mask, carrying a smoking revolver and a cage full of vampire bats.

FIB: No such luck. Probably just one of our dull friends.
COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, it's the Old Timer, McGee!

FIB: What'd I tell you? Hiya, Old Timer.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: Hi, there kids! HEY, I GOT SOME EXCITING NEWS FOR YE.!!

FIB: (BORED) Yeah?

MOL: What is it?

OLD T: KNOW THAT FLAGPOLE SITTER? UP ON TOP O' THE POLE ON THE WISTFUL VISTA TRUST BUILDING?

FIB: Yeah...

MOL: What about him?

OLD T: WELL, HE WAS GITIN' SO LITTLE ATTENTION, IT MADE HIM SORE. SO HE SAID THE TOWN WAS DEAD AND NOW HE'S SETTIN' THERE AT HALF MAST, IN MEMORY OF IT! Heh heh heh!

MOL: I'm afraid himself here agrees with the flagpole sitter, Mr. Old Timer.

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FIB: Boy I sure do! This town is so dull I hear the police department is gettin' an unlisted phone number.

OLD: Well, I know exactly how ye feel, Johnny. Never fergit once I was kinda bored busted and desperate. That was way back in my salad days.

FIB: In your' what?

OLD: In my salad days, Johnny. I was green and all mixed up, and the only reason somebody didn't take a knife to me was it woulda been bad manners. Anyway, I jest had a nickel betwixt me and starvation. So, I called up my brother, Line was outa order. Called him again later. Line was outa order. Fer two days I tried to call him. Line was always outa order.

MOL: Well, you still had your nickel. And when you were young a nickel must have been worth about ^{FIVE}~~eight~~ cents.

FIB: So what'd you do, Old Timer?

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OLD: Well, sir, I was right near the zoo at the time, so I decided to destroy myself - throw myself to the wild animals. I was that disgusted. So I walks up to the keeper and I says WHAT TIME YE FEED THE ANIMALS, MONKEYBOY? And he says WELL, I FEED THIS BIG ONE IN ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES...BUT HE DON'T GIT NO MEAT TONIGHT. WHY NOT, says I, -- WELL, says he, THE LION IS OUTA ORDER! Heh heh heh! Well - So long, kids!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: I hope you're not as desperate as all that, dearie.
FIB: No, but my gosh, I gotta do something. HEY...YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK I'LL DO?
MOL: What?
FIB: I'M GONNA GO DOWNTOWN AND GET MY PANTS PRESSED!
MOL: Well, that ought to cause a lot of excitement, at least among your sartorial critics. I'll get my hat and go with you - if you don't mind.
FIB: LOVE TO HAVE YOU KIDDO.! LET'S GO!
MOL: All right. (FADE) I'll run upstairs and put on my face.
FIB: (CALLS) Take your time..the pressing shop is open till six. Ahhh, there goes a good kid! I hope she don't take it too personal that I don't find life too exciting. But they say exciting marriages don't last long. They pass the exclamation point too quick. I always ---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

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FIB: Now who in the - COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister!
FIB: WELL, MY GOSH...HIYAH, TEENY. GLAD TO SEE YOU. HOW YOU BEEN? GOIN' TO SCHOOL THESE DAYS?
TEE: Sure. I'M in the 3rd grade, too, I betcha.
FIB: Good for you! I was in the 3rd grade once myself. Three times, in fact. Hey, Mrs. McGee and I are goin' downtown early tomorrow. Stop by and we'll give you a lift to school.
TEE: Gee, thanks, mister, but Mr. Toops is gonna take me tomorrow.
FIB: MORT TOOPS: HE DON'T GO THAT WAY.
TEE: He does tomorrow, I betcha. Teacher wants to see him on account of Willie's arithmetic.
FIB: I can understand that. Old Mort ain't any genius at mathematics, either. When he was treasurer of the Elk's Club we got so far into the red we were listed as subversive. So Willie's got arithmetic trouble, eh?

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TEE: Yeah, (GIGGLES) Teacher asked him what two and two was and Willie said Little Joe. She asked him what four and four were, and he said Eight, - the Hard Way, and she said what's six and six and Willie said BOXCARS, and she said what's one and two, and Willie says you lose the point but you keep the dice, so the teacher wants to talk to Mr. Toops. (PAUSE) Well, I guess I'd better fade, Mister. So long.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "FELLA WITH AN UMBRELLA"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT

SOUND: TRAFFIC IN B.G. ... FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK

FIB: It's a fine thing when life gets so dull a guy's gotta get his pants pressed just for excitement! But I guess we can use the rain.

MOL: What rain?

FIB: The rain that always rains when I get my pants pressed or the car washed. That's why I --- Hey, look who's coming!

MOL: For goodness sakes, it's Wallace Wimple. Hello, Mr. Wimple!

FIB: Hi, Wimp, old man.

WIMP: ...Hello, folks.

MOL: Going to the public library, Mr. Wimple? I see you have a book under your arm.

WIMP: Oh this is just my Bird Book, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Your what, Wimp?

WIMP: My Bird Book. I am President of the Wistful Vista Bird Watchers and Bee Banders, you know.

MOL: What on earth are Bee Banders?

WIMP: Well, we catch a bee, and put a little teentsy-weentsy band around one of his legs and then let him go. That way we can study how far they travel, how many trips they make and all that sort of thing. I banded a dandy big bumble-bee yesterday, and you know where he went?

FIB: Where, Wimp?
WIMP: Down the back of my collar. But today I'm out bird watching. We had a report that there are some Alabama Finches, some Northern Snipe and some Green Tufted Ruffs just east of town.
MOL: They pretty hard to find, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Wel-l-l...the Finch is a cinch and the snipe is a pipe but the Ruff is really tough. (CHUCKLES) Well, I've got to be getting along, folks...I'm on my way to meet Sweetface.
FIB: You mean --
WIMP: Yes...my big old wife, I'm meeting her under the big clock on the department store corner. At 2:15
MOL: 2:15. Heavenly days, it's 2:45 now!
WIMP.: I know...But there's a rumor going around that that big clock is going to fall down one of these days. (SNICKERS) So I always let you-know-who get there first. Well, so long, folks....

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

FIB: Well come on in the shop, kiddo - let's get my pants pressed and then look around for a little excitement.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Hello, Mr. Threadbaum.
FIB: Hiyah, Threadbaum.

THREAD: Hello, Mrs. McGee - hello McGee. When are you gonna let me make you a suit?
FIB: Threadbaum - you can start makin' me a suit on the day that Dewey votes for Truman!...And as long as you'll have a long time to wait for that, I'm gonna let you put a crease in these pants.
MOL: You think you can get any shape into those pants just during one administration?
THREAD: I can try, Mrs. McGee. Take 'em off in the booth, McGee. Behind those curtains! Have a chair, Mrs. McGee.
MOL: No thank you, I'll just stand here by the window.
SOUND: MARTIAL MUSIC FADING IN ... HEAVY ON FIFE AND DRUM..
KEEP OFF MIKE
FIB: Here's the pants, Threadbaum, press 'em so they - (PAUSE) Hey, what's that music, Molly?
MOL: Ohh, McGee - it's a parade! Look, Mr. Threadbaum!
THREAD: A parade? Oh, I love parades! Watch the shop, McGee. (FADING) I wanta see the parade!
DOOR OPEN AND SLAM....(KEEP MUSIC OFF MIKE BEHIND ALL THIS)
FIB: I knew if I came downtown I'd find some excitement; Oh boy, hand me back my pants, Molly, and let's go see the parade.
MOL: I can't, dearie - Mr. Threadbaum took them with him when he left. He had them over his arm.

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FIB: WHAT? Well of all the dirty - well, if that wasn't
a silly thing to do! Now I can't see the parade! Who's
in it?

MOL: Well, there goes the Governor's car....and the R O T C...
and - Ooooh! There's a painful sight!

FIB: What's that?

MOL: The Dental Society Drill Team....There's the Fourth Ward
Checker, Chowder and Marching Club...and the Veterans
of Foreign Wars...

FIB: (EAGERLY) Yeah, yeah, yeah!!!

MOL: And there's a bunch of older men with cauliflower ears,
carrying a banner....

FIB: Cauliflower ears? What's the banner say?

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MOL: "Veterans of the Boxer Rebellion".

FIB: Awww, dadrat the dadratted -- where's that guy with my
pants? Just when there's some excitement around here I
get caught with my -- I wonder where he went with 'em!

MOL: He's probably watching the parade, because -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, Molly - hello, Pal.

MOL: Well, hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior -what's new?

WIL: What do you mean, what's new? Haven't you heard?

MOL: Heard what, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: There's a new glow in Glocoat - a glow that's longer
lasting - a glow that protects the beauty of your linoleum
better than ever before! Why with the new Glocoat -

FIB: Whoaa--Junior, whoa, just a minute, just a minute, boy!

WIL: Huh?

FIB: Look, Anxious Lad - you've had all summer to think up a
subtle, delicate approach to the subject and what do you
do? You come blooping in here and start beating us over
the head with salesmanship.

MOL: Can't you be a little more subtle, Mr. Wilcox? Can't you
try a little more delicate approach?

WIL: I could, but I don't see why I should, Molly. Suppose your millionaire uncle died and left you everything - would you want to be told quick, or have it slip up on you? No sir, good news should be passed on right away and loud! SOOOO - that's why I say you'll like this new self-polishing floor wax better. There's a new glow in Glocoat. That gives a shine that a damp cloth doesn't disturb that shines as it dries in 20 minutes or less and has a sparkling finish that (PAUSE)

FIB: What's the matter? What're you staring at me for?

WIL: Seeing you standing there like that just reminded me of something, Pal. I left my wife sitting in the Bijou Theatre.

FIB: What is there about me that reminded you of that?

WIL: Those technicolor shorts you're wearing. See you later, **kids!**

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: He should talk about my shorts! Did you ever see the shorts he wears with the red ants printed all -- No, naturally you haven't! Hey, is the parade over?

MOL: No. There's still one elephant coming...No it isn't either, it's Doctor Gamble..

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DOC: Hello, Molly.

MOL: Hello, Doctor!

DOC: Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Doc. How'd you know I was in here?

DOC: I saw your blue serge pants down near Oak Street over Threádbaum's arm.

MOL: How did you know they were McGee's, doctor?

DOC: Some woman was using them as a mirror to powder her nose. Nobody but Supermugg here wears pants with such a lovely gloss. Probably the Glocoat influence.

FIB: Look, Cylinder-head -- I ain't in any mood to be twitted! I come in here to get my trousers pressed and the minute I get 'em off, down the street comes a big parade - AND I CAN'T EVEN GO TO THE WINDOW!

DOC: Well, I'm glad somebody's found a way to keep you off the streets. Say, I haven't seen you people much this summer.

FIB: No, it was a very pleasant summer.

DOC: Thank you.

FIB: Hey, do me a favor, will you, Witch Doctor? Run down the street and find Threadbaum and drag him back here so I can put my pants on again and get outta this stuffy cubby-hole, ~~and beat his brains out.~~

DOC: Certainly. I've got to get back to my office anyway... it's getting late.

MOL: My goodness, that's a beautiful wrist watch you have there, doctor.

DOC: Thank you. I just bought it. It's a genuine 17 jewel Grunova!

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FIB: A genuine Grunova? And you BOUGHT it?
DOC: Why not?
FIB: Well, my gosh, I never knew they sold 'em! I thought they just gave 'em away on radio programs.
MOL: Well, nice to have seen you, doctor...you've got to hurry on?
DOC: Yes, I have an appointment in ten minutes. Peculiar case. Actress. Can't stop jerking and wiggling, and her skin is beginning to get a sort of herringbone pattern on it.
FIB: Wow....sounds serious! What's the treatment, Doc?
DOC: I'M going to order her to get off television and back into radio. Well, good day.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "A PICCOLO, A HARP, 6 TYPEWRITERS, A ZITHER AND A LEAKY BALLOON" - KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

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THIRD SPOT

FIB: This is a fine state of how-do-you-do! Me trapped in here with no britches, and the whole town full of excitement....I'LL GIVE THREADBAUM JUST TWO MINUTES TO GET BACK HERE WITH MY PANTS!
MOL: Then what will you do?
FIB: Well-1-1...I'll...I dunno. I might even sue him! What could I sue him for? Promise of breeches? (LAUGHS) Don't you get it, Molly? Promise of breeches -- breeches of promise ...
MOL: Taint funny, McGee!
FIB: It ain't" I thought ..
(OFF MIKE) BRAKE SCREECHES...LOUD CRASH AND EVERYTHING..POLICE SIREN
MOL: Heavenly days!!!
FIB: MY GOSH...WHAT WAS THAT?
MOL: A street car crashed into an egg truck and knocked it through the window of Kremer's drug store and sheared off a hydrant and water is squirting fifty feet in the air and the motorman and the truck driver are hitting each other and the police are trying to separate them and the gutter is full of broken eggs. Why did you ask?

FIB: Why did I ask...she says! (GROANS) This town has had more excitement in the last hour than it's seen for forty years and me trapped in here with no pants!!! (GROANS) Ohhhh, of all the dumb luck...why couldn't --

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Well, my goodness, it's Mayor La Trivia! Hello, Mr. Mayor!

FIB: HIYAH, LA TRIV, OLD MAN.

GALE: Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee. Why are you sticking your unhappy looking face out through those curtains. Hiding from somebody?

MOL: He's hiding from everybody 'till he gets his trousers back.

GALE: Oh. Getting a fitting, are you, McGee? That should dispel some of the caustic criticism so accurately aimed at your sartorial ineptitude.

FIB: Hm, that's mighty fancy language, La Triv. You an Oxford man?

GALE: Yes, I am, McGee - I've tried wearing high shoes, but they hurt my ankles.

MOL: We came down to get McGee's trousers pressed - but Mr. Threadbaum ran out with them over his arm when the parade started.

FIB: Yeah, and I been settin' here ever since. Hot under the collar and cold under the shorts!

MOL: I'm surprised you weren't in the parade, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: ~~We~~ - it was for an opponent of mine, Mrs. McGee. A man I heartily dislike personally and politically.

FIB: Is he gonna give you any competition for election, La Triv?

GALE: (LAUGHS) No, I think not. I've done a little research into his private life, and believe me, I cooked his goose for him!

MOL: Well, I think that was a mighty generous gesture, Mr. Mayor. Mighty neighborly!

GALE: I beg your -

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FIB: That's why we like you, La Triv. Any type guy that, no matter how bitter his campaign is, he can stop in the middle of it long enough to go over to the other guy's house and cook him a goose ~~chicken~~, that's the type guy who gets my vote every time!

MOL: Mine, too.

GALE: Uh...I don't think...

FIB: You got a special recipe for roast goose, La Triv? Reason I asked, we got one that's been in the family for four generations!

MOL: A GOOSE?

FIB: (IMPATIENTLY) No, a recipe. You see, La Triv, you take a hen goose and marionate it in dandelion wine for six days and then --

GALE: Please, McGee! Just a minute! I didn't mean I actually went to the man's house and cooked a goose for him. I was merely --

MOL: Ohhh, you had the man over to your house!

FIB: That was even sweller of you! Yessir, that's the true American spirit! That's Democracy at work! I claim that any type guy that --

GALE: NO NO, McGEE!. NO! Let's get this straight! I did not actually roast a goose for anybody! I simply --

MOL: Maybe he fried it, McGee. Personally, I never heard of fried goose, but I'm open-minded about it.

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FIB: Me, too. What's your recipe for fried goose, La Triv?

GALE: I'VE NEVER FRIED A GOOSE, MCGEE! NOR ROASTED ONE, EITHER! CAN'T YOU GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEAD THAT -- (CALMER) Look, this was not really a culinary operation! I was ^{NOT} referring to the actual cooking of an ordinary goose! I merely --

MOL: Ohh, maybe it was wild goose he cooked! Personally, I find them a little gamey --

FIB: (DEFENSIVELY) Not if you use my family recipe! You take a wild hen goose - marionate it six days in dandelion wine and---

GALE: (ROARS) I DON'T WANT TO MARIONATE A HEN...ER...COOK A DANDELIO-- NOBODY SAID ANYTHING ABOUT WINING A HEN IN THE GEBINNING...IN THE BE-GOOSING...ER..,WHEN I SAID I MANNED THE COOKS GOOSE...ER...YOU'RE TRYING TO COOK MY WORDS... WORDS...MIX MY DANDELIONS, AND-- I DIDN'T...YOU SAID...WE WERE JUST...I...IT....(PANTS)...(PAUSE)...McGee.

FIB: Yes, boy?

GALE: When it comes to character, I consider myself somewhat of a critic, and when I --

MOL: Of a what, Mr. Mayor?

FIB: Critic, Molly. One of them insects that rubs its hind legs together and makes a screeching noise. CAN YOU DO THAT, LA TRIVIA? MY GOSH, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU EVER LOSE AN ELECTION WITH A TALENT LIKE THAT. TO ENTERTAIN A CROWD OF--

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Did he leave, Molly? Must have just remembered an appointment. Hey, look out the door and see if Threadbaum is comin'. Now that I missed all the excitement, I might as well get my pants and go home.

MOL: I can see him from here, dearie - he's running down the street.

FIB: This way?

MOL: No, the other way!

FIB: The other way? What for?

SIREN FADING IN FAST

MOL: Heavenly day! There's a fire someplace!

TRUCK ROARS PAST...ANOTHER ONE RIGHT BEHIND IT...SIRENS

FIB: *Well, of all the dirty tricks! Had rat the dad*
ORCH: BRIDGE *rat*

DOOR OPEN:

THREAD: (FADE IN) McGee, I'M terribly sorry!! I forgot all about you sitting in here without any trousers. But there was so much excitement, I never thought of you. I'll press 'em for you right away.

FIB: Hand 'em here, Threadbaum.

THREAD: You mean you ---

FIB: HAND 'EM HERE, BEFORE I MANGLE YOU! YOU KEPT ME TRAPPED IN HERE WHILE THERE WAS PARADES, FIRES, ACCIDENTS, AND STREET BRAWLS...AND HEREAFTER, I TAKE MY BUSINESS ELSEWHERE. I AND YOU ARE WASHED UP, THREADBAUM.

THREAD: You mean somebody else is going to get that forty cents every three months? Oh! I'm ruined!

MOL: Just the same you were pretty inconsiderate, Mr. Threadbaum.

THREAD: I know. I'm very sorry.

FIB: Okay, Threadbaum. Forget it. Come on, Molly.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: TRAFFIC NOISES

MOL: Well, heavenly days...look at that! They've cleaned up the mess in front of Kremer's drug store and you'd never know anything had happened.

FIB: There ain't even any confetti to show there's been a parade. Boy, if I don't miss out on everything! It's a miracle the way nothing ever happens around me.

MOL: Well, let's go home and read about it in the paper.

FIB: Okay...get in, kiddo. I'll drive.

CAR DOOR OPEN AND SHUT: STARTER

COP: Just a minute there, Mister. Is this your car?

MOL: Yes it is, Officer. Is something wrong?

COP: Lady, you got a gift for understatement.

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FIB: WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT! I AIN'T EVEN BEEN DRIVING THIS CAR FOR AN HOUR AND A HALF. I BEEN SETTIN' IN THE TAILOR SHOP GETTIN' MY PANTS PRESSED.

COP: Yeah. And while you were in there, we had a fire. And this car right in front of a fire hydrant. Also in a no-parking block. Also on a published and posted parade route. Also it's leaking oil and an egg truck skidded on it, and crashed into a street car, and a police officer on a motorcycle rushing to the scene also skidded and broke his leg. (PAUSE) Mister, you're guilty of enough infractions to get you ninety-nine years!!

FIB: (DELIGHTED) I am, eh? (LAUGHS) Ain't that wonderful, Molly? I finally stirred up some excitement for myself! Well, gimme the summons, Buster...and thank you very much! You've saved my day!!

COP: No, sir. You just get along home.

MOL: WHAT'S THIS? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ARREST HIM FOR ALL THOSE THINGS?

COP: Lady, with a list of misdemeanors that long, no judge would believe it. I'd be a nasty old cossack, persecuting an innocent citizen. I'm no fool! GO ON, SONNY - BEAT IT!

FIB: Well, of all the ---

COP: AND, SONNY....

X

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FIB: Yes?

COP: Just as a suggestion...better put your pants on!

ORCH: "BLUEBIRD OF HAPPINESS"

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SECOND COMMERCIAL - NBC Hollywood to Network - locally by KHQ, Spokane and KOH, Reno (PLEASE READ IN ~~60~~⁵⁵ SECONDS)

CUE LINE: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a minute.

WILCOX: Most of you know that the mellow beauty of gleaming, polished floors is only one of the rewards you get with Johnson's Paste Wax. Johnson's Wax, you see, protects your floor from scratching...and the rough wear the men folks give it. And that same coat of hard, glistening Johnson's Wax makes your floor easy to keep clean. A dry cloth picks up dirt in a flash...leaving your floor as bright as when you first waxed it. That's pretty important, I think you'll agree...with the wet weather coming on. When you're at the store tomorrow...ask for Johnson's Paste Wax. And, next week when you're listening to this program...I hope the surface of your floors will be twinkling as brightly as..well...as Fibber and Molly. (PAUSE) Don't forget about the New Johnson Beautiflor Electric Polisher. You just guide it around, while it does the buffing and polishing for you. You can buy a Beautiflor Electric Floor Polisher from your Johnson dealer..or rent one by the day at a low cost, if you prefer.

ORCH: MUSIC UP - FADE FOR:

McGee - 10/5/48

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CUT-IN COMMERCIAL - NBC Hollywood to Pacific stations, except KHQ, Spokane, and KOH, Reno. (PLEASE READ IN ~~60~~⁵⁵ SECONDS)

CUE LINE: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a minute.

ANNCR: Here's how you can help your husband keep his shirts - either white or colored - sleek and smooth all day: Use Johnson's Drax ... that's D-R-A-X. Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax. Drax is a new kind of washday product. Gives the finish of newly laundered shirts a protection that soap... starch...nothing else can give them. Just add a little Drax to your final rinse, or starch solution. Then iron as usual. That's all. Now it's true...Drax makes all washables, from play suits to curtains, easier to iron. Drax also makes them easier to wash next time...because Drax is an invisible wax rinse that keeps dirt from penetrating. But most important...Drax helps clothes keep their fresh, bright, just-washed look much longer, as you wear them. This week, try Drax on your husband's shirts. See how much longer they keep their smooth, unrumpled look... their fresh-from-the-iron beauty. Ask for Johnson's Drax today.

ic stations, except KHQ,
 ONDS)
 n just a minute.
 usband keep his shirts -
 k and smooth all day:
 D-R-A-X. Made by the
 product. Gives the finish
 otection that soap...
 them. Just add a little
 starch solution. Then iron
 's true...Drax makes all
 curtains, easier to iron.
 o wash next time...because
 e that keeps dirt from
 ant...Drax helps clothes
 t-washed look much longer,
 usband's shirts. See
 ir smooth, unrumpled look...
 uty. Ask for Johnson's

TAG

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MOL: McGee, don't let me forget to hear Johnson Wax's
 other show, tomorrow morning.

FIB: Okay. Just lemme know what time and--(PAUSE) WHOSE other
 show?

MOL: Johnson's Wax. They have another radio show on Monday
 and Wednesday mornings. With Fred Waring, no less!

FIB: JOHNSON'S HAVE GOT ANOTHER SHOW ON? MY GOSH, KIDDO -
 WHY DON'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THESE THINGS??.LET ME AT
 THAT BOOK CASE!!

SOUND: THUD OF BOOKS BEING THROWN AROUND

MOL: What on earth are you looking for?

FIB: My Joke Book! I BEEN TOO RELAXED!

MOL: Wellllll....could be!

FIB: Yeah...Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, All....

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
 GLOCOAT bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at
 this time. Be with us next Tuesday night, won't you?
AGAIN
 Remember Fred Waring tomorrow morning.
~~Stop, *remember Fred Waring* which follows over most of these~~
 stations immediately. Goodnight.

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

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
 PHIL LESLIE

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