

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

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-#2

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

OCTOBER 12, 1948

7:30 - 8:00 PM PDST

-2-

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 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:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
10/12/48

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I guess it's true that men as well as women like to walk into a kitchen that has bright colors...fresh curtains... and a gleaming linoleum.

Well, as far as the linoleum is concerned, Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat will take care of the job for you.

(EMPHASIS) ~~AND~~ <sup>Yes better</sup> take care of it far better than ever before! ~~...than ever before.~~ Because there's a new glow in Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat ... a brighter luster that shows clearly on every surface that Glo-Coat touches. Best part of all is....you get that new glow without doing a bit of polishing yourself.

You just apply Glo-Coat to the kitchen linoleum...and forget about it, It shines itself, as it dries. Produces its own sparkling luster, without any help from you.

Of course, new Glo-Coat protects your linoleum as it always has. And -- as always -- makes your linoleum easy to keep clean.

Why not try Johnson's Glo-Coat tomorrow? When you see it bring a new, brighter beauty to your linoleum....you'll know what we mean when we say: There's a new glow, in Glo-Coat. G-L-O-C-O-A-T.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

FIBBER & MOLLY  
10-12-48

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: AS WE ARRIVE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA TODAY, WE FIND A PICTURE OF PERFECT HEALTH. AND THE QUESTION NATURALLY ARISES - WHERE SHALL WE HANG HIM?? AS WE JOIN --  
FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: ONE - TWO - THREE - FOUR! ONE - TWO - THREE - FOUR!  
ONE - TWO -

MOL: McGee, for goodness sake, what are you doing?

FIB: Just workin' off some excess energy, Molly! I got so much vim and vigor I gotta get rid of it someway.

MOL: Well, there's a rowing machine under your bed that Mr. Wilcox gave you last Christmas. Why don't you use that?

FIB: I can't - every time I try to use that thing I get my head caught in the bedsprings. That's the unhandiest thing I --

MOL: Why don't you take it out from under the bed?

FIB: (PAUSE) Migosh, I never thought of that! Hey, run get your hat and let's go for a good long walk - out past the dairy, once around Dugan's Lake, back through the stone quarry, take a long cut past the brewery --

MOL: A long cut?

FIB: Yeah - no short cuts for me today, I'm too full of energy!

MOL: Look, sweetheart - I have always prided myself on being able to take things as they come - and if they don't come I go out looking for them -- but I never looked for anything like this! WHAT GAVE YOU ALL THIS VITALITY?

mb

(2ND REVISION) -5-

FIB: (HAPPILY) Ah-ha! Brace yourself, kiddo! (DRAMATIC) I, my dear, have give up smoking!

MOL: (CALMLY) You've given up smoking? Since when?

FIB: (HAPPILY) Since I took my last puff on my last cigar this morning and quit! Forever! Maybe even longer!

MOL: Mmmm-hmmm.

FIB: You are now looking at a nonsmoker, tootsie. Any type guy that ain't got the will power to lick a bad habit that's got as strong a holt onto him as I got on this one, ain't the type guy I am. I've quit. For good.

MOL: Good.

FIB: See that cigar stub there. Feel it - it's stone cold! Dead in the ashtray!

MOL: Well, if you're not going to cremate it, I'll bury it. After all, a dead cigar lying around is not exactly -

FIB: OH NO NO NO, don't touch it! Leave it lay! That stub is a reminder of the battle I've won, kiddo! I fought it and I beat it!!

MOL: Yes, it looks beat, all right!

mb

(REVISED)

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FIB: Yessir, this is the greatest thing I ever done in my life! I can just feel the good clean healthy vitality rushin' through my veins!

MOL: You sure it isn't just blood?

FIB: NO SIR!!! THIS IS SHEER, BOUNDLESS ENERGY! THIS IS THE WAY EVERY HEALTHY PERSON OUGHTTA FEEL ALL THE TIME IF THEY WEREN'T SLAVES TO TOBACCO! FROM NOW ON, I STAY SO FAR AWAY FROM CIGARS, I AIN'T EVEN GONNA TAKE YOU TO SEE THAT PICTURE AT THE BIJOU TONIGHT.

MOL: What is it?

FIB: "ROPE". I'm tellin' you, I ain't had this much pep in years. And if I feel this good this quick, how'll I feel in six months?

MOL: Let's not borrow trouble.

FIB: Boy, do I feel great!!! I'll bet within two weeks I can throw out my chest so far I'll have to send a boy after it.. on a bicycle. Why, the way I feel now....

DOOR CHIMES:

MOL: DO come in!

DOOR OPEN:

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

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man, old kid. HEY, RUN ON HOME AND GET INTO SOME OLD CLOTHES, AND LET'S HAVE A SCRIMMAGE IN THE BACK YARD! MOLLY WILL LEND YOU THE SHIN GUARDS SHE USED TO WEAR WHEN I TOOK HER DANCING, AND WE'LL HAVE A COUPLE HOURS O' GOOD CLEAN EXERCISE. WHADDYE SAY?

WIMP: (PAUSE) Hello, folks.

MOL: Himself here has just joined Astorays Anonymous, Mr. Wimple. He has given up smoking.

FIB: And if you're smart, you'll follow my example, Wimp! Takes a lot of will power, but it's worth it! Since I quit cigars I feel like a new man! My hand is steadier - I got more muscle tone - my ears have quit ringin! And if I can do it, Wimp, you can do it! Come on, boy - join up!

WIMP: Oh, I - I just couldn't do it, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Of course you can, Mr. Wimple. Anybody can, if they really want to.

WIMP: Not me.

FIB: Why not?

WIMP: I don't smoke.

MOL: Didn't you ever smoke, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well, I had a pipe once, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: I love to see a man smoke a pipe!

WIMP: Oh, I didn't smoke it, I blew bubbles with it. I remember one time at a party -

FIB: Well, when a man has smoked as long as I have, Wimp, it takes a lot of character to break the habit. But you know me, I got more will power than a dying millionaire.

WIMP: Yes, I know. Sweetysface...

FIB: You mean---

WIMP: Yes, my big old wife, Sweetysface has been trying to break me of one of my habits for years and years.

MOL: What habit, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Breathing!

FIB: What's Sweetysface doing these days, Wimp?

WIMP: Well she isn't going out much these days. She's staying pretty much around home. She really looks rather sweet sitting there working on those tiny garments.

MOL: Tiny garments. Why, Mr. Wimple...how wonderful! When is the happy event.

WIMP: Well, she goes on the road with it in February.

FIB: ON THE ROAD?? WITH WHAT, WIMP?

WIMP: Her flea circus! Goodbye folks.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "YOU CALL EVERYBODY DARLIN!"

APPLAUSE



(2ND REVISION) -11-

TEE: Hams. He smokes hams for all his friends and -  
FIB: No kidding? Well say, tell him he can put me and Mrs. McGee on his list this year, Teeny!  
TEE: Oh no, mister - no. He already talked about that.  
FIB: He did?  
TEE: Sure. He says bringin' a ham to this house would be like carryin' coal to John L. Lewis. (PAUSE) What does that mean, Mister McGee?  
FIB: It means your old - er, your father - Oh skip it! Hey, is that one of your schoolbooks you got there, sis?  
TEE: Sure, it's all about Mythology. We got Mythology in the Third Grade this year.  
FIB: Myth Ology, eh? We had Myth Fidditch when I was in the third grade. She was a tall freckled faced woman with a....  
TEE: Oh no, mister McGee, no! This is GREEK Mythology!  
FIB: Oh, THAT mythology!  
TEE: (GIGGLES) Pluto and Hermes and Venus and Mercury and Ulysses and stuff.  
FIB: And Atlas, too?  
TEE: Atlas? Oh, you mean the giant that's always standin' there with the whole world on his shoulders?  
FIB: That's the guy - remember him?  
TEE: Sure, but I don't understand about him, though, I betcha.  
FIB: WHADDAYE MEAN, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT HIM? HE'S JUST STANDING THERE WITH THE WHOLE WORLD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

MB

(2ND REVISION) -12-

TEE: Then what's he standin' on?  
(PAUSE)  
TEE: (GIGGLES) Explain that to me sometime, mister...so long!  
DOOR SLAM  
FIB: Hmm! Never thought of that. I wonder what he WAS standin' on. Omigosh, I know! He probably just give up smokin' and was walkin' on air! Like I am. Boboboy, I'm so full of health and energy that - HEY, MOLLY, WHEN DO WE EAT??  
MOL: (FADING IN) Very shortly, dearie. I have some biscuits in the oven, and -  
FIB: Well, with the energy and vitality I got now, kiddo, I'm gonna need a lot of fuel! LOOKA THIS CHEST EXPANSION!  
(DEEP BREATH)  
MOL: MMM-HMM! I hope your lungs know how to handle all that fresh air. Up till now they've only had cigar smoke to work with.  
FIB: Yeah...imagine what a fool I been all this time? I'LL NEVER SMOKE ANOTHER STOGIE AS LONG AS I -  
DOOR OPEN  
WIL: (EXCITED) Hello, Molly. Hey Pal! My brother's wife just had a new baby last night. I'm an Uncle. Have a cigar!

(PAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -13-

WIL: Go on...take it! I've got a whole box of 'em to give out!

(PAUSE)

WIL: Oh, you think it's loaded, or something? Well, watch, I'll smoke it myself! And when you get a whiff of that mellow fragrance - that deep down, satisfying, sweetness of pure Havana -

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, WE MUST HAVE A NEW SPONSOR!!! AND JOHNSON'S WAX WAS SO SATISFACTORY!

FIB: Look, Uncle...if you wanna undermine your health, waste your money and burn holes in your vest, it's your own business, BUT DON'T TRY TO GET ME BACK ON THE HABIT.... I'M THROUGH!

WIL: You mean...you've quit smoking?

MOL: He's had just one cigar today, Mr. Wilcox. And he's being very smug about it. If he could give up smirking as easily as he did smoking...

FIB: NO KIDDING, JUNEY....YOU OUGHTTA GIVE IT A WHIRL. YOU GOT NO IDEA HOW MUCH BETTER YOU'LL FEEL...WHY, MY GOSH...I ONLY HAD ONE CIGAR TODAY AND SINCE I QUIT I'M FULL OF VIM AND VITALITY...I GOTTA NEW OUTLOOK...I GOTTA NEW VIGOR....I GOTTA NEW GLOW...!!

mb

(2ND REVISION) -14

WIL: Yeah, but the new glow you've got, Pal, is strictly for you alone. But the new Glo in Glocoat is for every housewife who takes pride in a sparkling, happy-looking home! Your glow is from taking something away, but Glocoat's new glow is from something added!! A new glow that gives kitchen linoleum a brighter polish than ever before. An easy-to-use linoleum saver that retains its luster, and--

FIB: Yeahbutwhatthatgottodowith--

WIL: YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT A NEW GLOW! WHY, IF YOU COULD SEE THE NEW GLOW ON THE FACES OF HOUSEWIVES FROM NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS, FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO NEW ZEALAND, THE NEW GLOW THEY GET FROM THE NEW GLOW IN THE NEW GLOCOAT --

FIB: WAXEY!!

mb

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: What were we discussing before you got off on your favorite topic?

WIL: The subject of our conversation was my sister-in-law's baby. And you know where I'm going now?

MOL: Where, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I'm going home and change the subject.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Him and his sister-in-law that just had a baby's big fat cigars! WHAT DO PEOPLE THINK I HAVEN'T GOT ANY - WILL POWER?

MOL: Well, if you're definitely and positively thru with cigars, sweetheart, may I PLEASE throw out this old dead one.

FIB: No, leave it there for a while, snooky. That's my character-tester. EVERY TIME I LOOK AT THAT BITTER OLD BUTT, THAT CHOMPED-UP HUNK O' FRAYED-OUT TUGBOAT HAWSER, THAT TOOTH-TORN, STOMPED-ON STALE OLD STUB; THAT NASTY NERVE-WRECKIN', NICKEL'S WORTH OF NICOTINE, I...er...that is...what did I start out to say?

MOL: You've quit smoking.

FIB: YES, AND I'M GLAD...GLAD, I TELL YOU - GLAD, GLAD, GLAD!! HEY, WATCH ME DO A DOUBLE ROLLING SOMERSAULT AND A TWISTING BACK FLIP OVER THE DAVENPORT!

MOL: Oh no, dearie...please...that's too strenuous!

FIB: It is? Well, how'd you like to see a jackknife from the top of the piano?

MOL: That I'd like to see.

FIB: Okay...hand it here. It's right there on top of the music rack. It's the one Doc Gamble lost when I borrowed it to clean a bluegill out at Dugan's Lake and --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh, dear...more visitors and me that ought to be getting back to the kitchen...But COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Well, I'll be a-- HIYA, LA TRIVIA...

MOL: Good day, Mr. Mayor...nice to see you.

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Good day, McGee. I was just--

FIB: You may not know it, La Triv, but you're lookin' at a guy that's gave up smokin'! Only one cigar today - and then I quit!

GALE: Again?

FIB: YEP, -QUIT COLD! WHAM, JUST LIKE THAT! NO SHILLY-SHALLYING! NO TAPERING OFF! JUST QUIT! TAKES CHARACTER, BOY! AND DO I FEEL GOOD! I'M JUST BUSTIN' WITH ENERGY AND-- HEY, MOLLY, WHERE'S MY JUMP ROPE?

MOL: It's in the hall closet, dearie, but let's not --

GALE: Well, I hope you can stay with it, McGee. Our new City Treasurer, Charlie Peabody, quit last week, and it was really tough.

MOL: Peabody? He's the one who was just sworn in, isn't he, Mr. Mayor?



(2ND REVISION) -17-

FIB: Keep an eye on him, La Triv. I met him in an elevator the other day, and I must say I don't trust a City Treasurer who carries a Racing Form inside of his Wistful Vista Gazette.

GALE: (AMUSED) Oh, don't worry about Peabody, McGee - he's doing a fine job. Only been in office a few weeks, and he's a perfect example of the fact that a new broom sweeps clean.

MOL: Well, I think that's a very good sign, Mr. Mayor. A man who keeps his office clean, will usually keep his politics the same way.

GALE: ...Uh, I don't think I quite --

FIB: Personally, if I was City Treasurer, I'll be darned if I'd sweep out MY office, new broom or not! Migosh, you got janitors down there, haven't you?

GALE: Uh...look, McGee! I think you're a little confused! Please understand that I merely---

FIB: Listen to me, La Triv! I ain't the type guy that butts in and tells the mayor of a town like this how to run his City Hall. I'm strictly the type guy that stands back, lets him get into trouble, and says, "I told you so!"

BUT WHEN A TOWN THIS SIZE IS SO CHEAP THAT IT MAKES THE CITY TREASURER SWEEP OUT HIS OWN OFFICE--

GALE: HE DOES NOT SWEEP OUT HIS OWN OFFICE! ALL I SAID WAS --

MOL: You mean he sweeps out YOURS?

(2ND REVISION) -18-

FIB: OH-HO! THE GUY'S AN APPLE-POLISHER, EH? YOU HEAR THAT, MOLLY?

MOL: Yes, and I don't know how he does it! Between sweeping out the Mayor's office and polishing apples all day, I don't see how he gets time to do any treasuring, let alone--

GALE: I TELL YOU HE DOES NOT SWEEP OUT MY APPLES! I MEAN I DIDN'T SAY HE POLISHES MY OFFICE! I MERELY STATED --

MOL: My goodness, don't shout, Mr. Mayor. Let's be calm about this! There's nothing anybody can pin on you, just because the Treasurer sweeps out your office.

FIB: OF COURSE NOT. And furthermore, a type guy like you, La Triv, that's a sharp enough operator to get the City Treasurer to sweep out your office and wax your winesaps for you, is the type guy that gets my vote every week in the year!

GALE: (YELLS) I DON'T WANT YOUR WEEK EVERY YEAR OF THE VOTE!  
AND I'M SICK OF BEING BAITED INTO THESE ARGUE  
STUPIDMENTS!

MOL: What was that again, Your Honor?

GALE: LOOK...WHEN I MADE THE INNOCENT REMARK THAT A NEW CLEAN  
BROOMS A SWEEP...A NEW SWOOM BREEKS A...A BREW NOOM...  
YOU SAID I HAD THE CITY APPLE-POLISHER TREASURING MY  
OFFICE...ER...THE APPLESWEEPER POLISHING THE...THE  
TRITTY APPLESWEEPER...SWEEPLE APPER...I NEVER SAID THE  
OFFICE SWEEPLER...YOU WERE THE ONE WHO...OHHH, LET ME  
OUT OF HERE!!

MOL: NOT THAT DOOR, YOUR HONOR! NO!

FIB: THAT'S THE HALL CLOS--

DOOR OPEN:

GALE: (YELPS)

CLOSET EFFECT...BELL TINKLE:

(PAUSE)

FIB: Help him up, Molly, ~~he's~~ <sup>he's layin' on</sup> my jump rope.

ORCH: KING'S MEN: "IT'S A MOST UNUSUAL DAY"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

THUMP THUMP OF JUMPING ROPE, BEHIND:

FIB: (CHANTING IN RHYTHM) "CALL FOR THE DOCTOR - CALL FOR THE  
NURSE - CALL FOR THE LADY WITH THE ALLIGATOR PURSE!"

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: (STOPS) Huh?

MOL: The living room is no place to skip rope! Better take  
it out in the driveway.

FIB: Okay, Snooky. (CHUCKLES HAPPILY) Just workin' off energy!  
Boy, I got more steam up than Kate Smith's reducing  
cabinet! I got more snap than a 20-dollar girdle!  
Since I give up cigars --

MOL: Oh, dear! Look, sweetheart, why don't you sit down and  
rest awhile? All this activity is -- Heavenly days!  
What happened to the phone book?

FIB: (HAPPILY) I tore it in two, kiddo! With my bare hands!

MOL: My goodness!

FIB: Three pages at a time! Just testin' my power! I never  
been so full of vim and vigor since the day I --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble! I'm glad to see you!

DOC: Glad to see you, my dear. Hello, Dishface.

FIB: Hi, Needlepoint! Come in! I feel so sensational today  
I don't even mind seeing you! Sit down and soak up some  
of the pep and vitality that's oozing out of me like  
optimism outa the Democrats.

DOC: Is that vitality, my boy? I thought your fountain pen was leaking. What are you so disgustingly happy about, anyway, Bacon-head? Did you eat something that agreed with you for a change?

FIB: Nope....I've did something today that I should of done long ago, Doctor.

DOC: You mean....you shot yourself? Lie down and take off your shirt and I'll.....

MOL: Oh no, Doctor, of course not.

DOC: I thought I was being a little too hopeful.

MOL: He gave up smoking, Doctor. As of today.

FIB: (PROUDLY) Yep..you are now looking at a non-smoker, Doctor. A man who has freed himself forever from slavery to tobacco. I smoked one cigar today and quit forever. There it is in the ashtrey...my last cigar.

DOC: Great. I've seen those cigars you smoke, my boy, and between you and me, every time you lit one I expected it to be your last.

MOL: He feels wonderful, Doctor. In fact, if he gets any more pep, I'm going to lock him in the garage to protect our little home.

FIB: (LAUGHS HAPPILY) I'm so full of sparkling good health, I can't control myself, Doc! All this dynamite bubblin' through my veins has got me on edge like a near-sighted roofer. I'm bustin' with energy! I'm -- Hey, you know what I'm gonna do, Doc??

DOC: No, and I'm happy to say I can't stay to find out! I'm going to visit a little orphan girl today and I want to pick up some candy for her downtown.

MOL: Candy for an orphan! Isn't that sweet, McGee?

FIB: Yeah, that's swell of you, Doc. How old is the kid?

DOC: Thirty-three! I met her at the surgeon's dance last week and we've been seeing a few shows and --

PHONE RINGS:

FIB: I'LL GET IT! I'M SO LOADED WITH PEP THAT --

RECEIVER UP:

DOC: I got it. MCGEE'S RESIDENCE, GAMBLE SPEAKING...OH YES, MRS. KLADDERHATCH!

MOL: Oh, her again.

DOC: HOW'S THAT, MRS. KLADDERHATCH? YOUR HUSBAND?

FIB: Tell him to quit smokin', Doc. He'll feel so much better --

DOC: (TENSE) HE WHAT? REALLY? HOW LONG HAS HE HAD IT? OH, THIS IS A VERY RARE CASE, MRS. KLADDERHATCH! I'LL PICK UP A SPECIALIST FRIEND OF MINE AND BE RIGHT OVER! HE'S JUST THE MAN FOR IT!! GOODBYE.

HANG UP:

FIB: What's the guy got, Doc?

DOC: A house for rent. So long kids.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: He moves pretty fast for a guy that smokes. Hey, you know what I'm gonna do?

MOL: I'm afraid to even guess.

FIB: I'm gonna take this wonderful new discovery on the road. Tell the world the way to perfect health. Maybe run slides of me "before and after"--hey, have we got any slides of me before?

MOL: No, and besides, it's a little early in the day to--

FIB: I don't think you're excited enough about this terrific thing I've did today, Molly. Just think of it...think of my will power! I HAVE ONLY SMOKED ONE CIGAR SO FAR TODAY! IMAGINE THAT? JUST ONE CIGAR!

MOL: Yes. And mother's proud of you. Now come on, dearie--- breakfast is ready.

ORCH: "IN MY DREAMS".....FADE FOR

APPLAUSE

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
10/12/48

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: (CUE LINE) FIBBER AND MOLLY WILL BE BACK IN A MINUTE  
But first, I'd like to remind you of that new glow -- in Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. It's a glow that, well really outglows the old glow. And, as a result...when you use new Glo-Coat ... your kitchen linoleum will have a higher, brighter polish than ever before.

Of course, you know that your linoleum flashes that new glow ... that higher, brighter luster ... without any rubbing or buffing. Just apply the new Glo-Coat to your linoleum, and forget about it. As it dries, it produces its own shine .. without any help from you.

Now Johnson's Glo-Coat protects your linoleum, too. Keeps liquids and dirt from getting through. And it's easy to clean. You can zip dirt off with a damp cloth.

So, ask your dealer for Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat tomorrow. See your linoleum take on a beautiful waxed luster; a polish that's far brighter-- and makes your kitchen prettier--than ever before.

ORCH: MUSIC UP: FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
10/12/48

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SECTION CUT-INS: NBC Hollywood (KFI) TAKES AND FEEDS  
Fresno (KMJ), Los Angeles (KFI), Portland (KGW)  
San Diego (KFSD) San Francisco (KNBC) Seattle (KOMO)  
Medford (KMED), Sacramento (KCPA), Santa Barbara  
(KRST) Bakersfield (KERO)

CUT-IN CLOSING COMMERCIAL (TIMING: 60 SECONDS)

(CUE LINE) FIBBER AND MOLLY WILL BE BACK IN A MINUTE.

ANNCR: What's the use of having a fresh, clean shirt ready for  
your husband, if it gets rumped in an hour?

Well, 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 gives the finish of newly laundered shirts 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, too ..  
because Drax is an invisible wax rinse that keeps dirt  
from penetrating, but most important ... Drax helps  
clothes keep their fresh, bright newly-washed finish  
much longer, as you wear them.

This week, try Drax. See how much longer clothes keep  
their smooth look ... their fresh-from-the-iron beauty.  
Get Johnson's Drax today.

(2ND REVISION) -26-

TAG

FIB: Y'know, Molly since I quit smokin' I'm a new man! By  
next week I'll be twice as healthy and six times as  
full of energy! I'm gonna,....

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Yeah?

MOL: Here....take this---quick!

FIB: (AMAZED) But---why, Molly. That's a cigar. A two-bitter!

MOL: Yes...light it quick. (SCRATCH OF MATCH) There!  
Take a drag! Take two drags! GET CRABBY! GET IRRITABLE!  
GET NORMAL! I CAN'T STAND THIS PEP!

FIB: (DEEP DRAG) Ahhhh! There's nothing like the stench of  
a good cigar! (GRIPES) Where's my ashtray? Doggone it,  
just because I quit smoking for a few minutes, do you  
hafta hide all my ashtrays! Migosh, Molly.

MOL: (HAPPILY) That's my boy.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: SIGNOFF AND PLAYOFF

WIL: The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING  
GLOCOAT, Racine, Wisconsin...and Brentford, Canada....  
bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this  
time....and Fred Waring on Monday and Wednesday mornings.  
Be with us again next Tuesday night, Won't you. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY  
(CHIMES)