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Wood
(REVISED)

file
#3

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

October 19, 1948

7:30 - 8:00 PM PST

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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
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
10/19/48

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: You've probably used Johnson's Glo-Coat. So you know what a glossy surface it can give your kitchen linoleum. That's why I think that now you're going to like this remarkable self polishing floor wax even more. Because there's a new glow in Glo-Coat. A glow that makes your linoleum brighter ... far brighter than before. And you get that new glow without doing any polishing or rubbing yourself. Glo-Coat shines itself. As it dries, it produces its own brilliant luster. As it dries it does something else. Johnson's Glo-Coat forms a protective coat over your linoleum ... that resists dirt and spilled things. When your linoleum does get a little spotted, it's easy to zip away dirt with a few strokes of a damp cloth. Yes, Glo-Coat protects your linoleum ... saves you work, as it always has. But in addition, Glo-Coat has a new glow that makes your linoleum more lustrous ... far brighter than before. For brighter floors ... and prettier kitchens....use Johnson's Self Polishing Floor Wax, with the new glow. Glo-Coat. G-L-O-C-O-A-T.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

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WILCOX: WHEN MR. MCGEE, OF 79 WISFUL VISTA, MISPLACES SOMETHING, ALL HE HAS TO DO IS ASK HIS WIFE WHERE IT IS. BUT WHEN MRS. MCGEE IS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, SHE'S STRICTLY ON HER OWN. LIKE RIGHT NOW, AS WE JOIN --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: All right, McGee. I give up. Where is it?
FIB: Eh? Where's what?
MOL: The little portable radio.
FIB: You mean our little radio with the imitation red alligator plastic covering that the volume knob always comes off in your hand and you can't get anything on it except police calls except when you're trying to get police calls? That the one you mean?
MOL: Considering it's the only portable radio we have, that was a very shrewd guess, dearie. Where did you put it?
FIB: Put it right there on the hall table.
MOL: When?
FIB: Last May, I think. Yeah...that's when it was, all right. Last May. I remember, because that was the day I started to take the garden hose downtown to get a new nozzle, and I forgot to unscrew it from the hydrant, and halfway down the block it yanked me back on my, shall we say hips, so hard that a two-dollar bill in my wallet was changed into nickels. Then is when I remembered I'd left the portable radio on the hall table.
MOL: Sweetheart, sometimes you're harder to nail down than a tar paper roof in a high wind. WHERE IS THE RADIO NOW?

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FIB: Down at the repair shop. Freddy's Radio and Video Studio. Battery was dead.

MOL: AND IT'S BEEN THERE SINCE LAST MAY?

FIB: Loveboat, it ain't only been there since last May, but if the high-binder that runs that joint don't quit pickin' pockets and go straight, it's gonna stay there till Fred Allen sings "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby" on Stop the Music.

MOL: I've always considered Freddy's Radio and Video Studio very accommodating.

FIB: Yeah?

MOL: Yes...Why, I went in there once simply to buy a package of phonograph needles, and the man was so pleasant I bought six reeds for an E-Flat Clarinet and two Bobby Breen albums. (PAUSE) What happened with you at the radio shop?

FIB: Nothing, except that I won't be made a victim out of, that's all! I told the pirate to put in a new battery and he did, and I says how much, and he says four bucks, and I says I've never paid more'n three bucks, and he says things are tough all over and I says ~~remind me to send you a backshell button for your father's lapel, and he says~~ how would ^{you} like a poke in the nostrils, and one word led to another and I told him to keep the radio till he started running an honest business.

MOL: Why didn't you simply have him put the old battery back in it, and bring it home?

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FIB: I was on my way down to the Elk's Club and I didn't wanna lug the radio all the way. I was chairman of the PTA Committee and I was late for a meeting.

MOL: The PTA Committee of the Elks? Parent Teachers Association?

FIB: No, Pool Table Activities. I'm always chairman of that committee because I'm the only guy in the lodge that can put a billiard ball into his mouth and say "How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck would chuck wood?"

MOL: That should qualify you for almost anything, including an intelligence test. But look, sweetheart --

FIB: Mmm?

MOL: I miss that little radio. For all I know, Woman in White has turned grey and Just Plain Bill has had his face lifted. If the man has had our portable radio since last May, maybe he's learned his lesson. Shall we go talk to him?

FIB: Why not? I'd hate anybody to think I was stubborn or opinionated. I'm simply the type guy that he won't sit still for being made a chump out of, that's simply the type guy that I'm. Get your hat and let's go.

MOL: Fine! I'll put my face on and --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh, dear...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Well, I'll be an anthropoid's uncle. It's La Trivia...
HIYA, LA TRIV!

DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: Good day, Your Honor.

GALE: Good day, Molly. Hello, McGee. I was just going by and I thought I'd stop and pass the time of day.

FIB: I have one forty-seven.

GALE: I have one fifty-two.

MOL: My watch says eight-fourteen, but it isn't running.

FIB: Well, now that we've passed the time of day, La Triv, how's everything else? Everything on an even keel at the City Hall?

GALE: Yes, things are running very smoothly, thank you. Everyone has his...(PAUSE)

MOL: Everyone has his what, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: I was about to say that everyone at the City Hall has his shoulder to the wheel, but I caught myself in time. (LAUGHS) I can imagine what you two would do with that!

FIB: Spoil-sport! Hey, will it make any difference to you, politically, La Triv, if the presidency goes Republican?

GALE: Did you ever take a long ride on a bus?

FIB: Yes, we did.

GALE: Did they change drivers?

MOL: Several times.

GALE: Did it make any difference in the ride?

FIB: I dunno. I slept all the way.

GALE: Well, there you are. Besides, my city organization is honest and well managed.

MOL: Well, you certainly have that reputation, Mr. Mayor. Since McGee found out he couldn't get a ticket fixed, he's hardly had the car out of the garage.

FIB: Well, my gosh, you'd think they'd be a little more lenient with war veterans. I'M a vet, you know, La Triv. World War One. The Big War.

GALE: Yes...I know. My brother served in your outfit. Maybe you remember him...Waldo La Trivia.

MOL: Haven't I heard you speak of Waldo La Trivia, McGee?

FIB: Hmm. Can't recall him right now. What's he doing now, La Triv?

GALE: Well, he's ^{one of the First} National Guards-

MOL: OH, THE NATIONAL GUARD. A FINE BODY OF MEN. FROM CONCORD BRIDGE TO THE BATTLE OF MANILA. HE MUST BE PROUD TO SERVE WITH THEM.

GALE: Yes, but Waldo is -

FIB: They tell me they're gonna double the membership, too, La Triv. They got about three hundred and twenty thousand, and they want about six hundred and eighty-four thousand.

GALE: Yes, but Waldo is -

MOL: I think the National Guard is a wonderful thing for a young man, Mr. Mayor. They train at home, earn extra money, build character and become leaders of their community.

GALE: Yes, but Waldo is -

FIB: How's he like it, La Triv? Is he happy with his setup?

GALE: Yes, but Waldo is - (PAUSE)

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FIB: (PAUSE) Well - IS WHAT, La Triv? You said he's a National Guard.

GALE: Yes, Waldo is! A guard! At the ~~Bank~~^{First} National! It's a bank. Is that clear?

MOL: You remember him now, McGee? The guard at the ~~Bank~~^{First} National?

FIB: Yeah, but his face is always just a blur, to me.

GALE: Why is my brother's face just a blur?

FIB: Well, I always get there just after they close, and he always stands there behind the door and shakes his head at me. Some day I'm gonna get there on time and see what he looks like.

GALE: I think he'd love it McGee. if you could make it on a Thursday.

MOL: Why, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: ~~That's~~^{That's} his day off. Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I sometimes wonder how a man who is so easily confused got so far in politics.

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FIB: Don't be nave, tootsie. Politicians only SEEM confused. How far would they get if they come right out and said what they thought? Imagine a candidate on the back platform of a train, at six a.m. - half awake, with his pants on over his pajamas - sayin', "LOOK, YOU FROG-FACED INHABITANTS OF THIS DIRTY LITTLE WHISTLE-STOP, THEY TELL ME I NEED YOUR VOTES, BUT IF I HAD A BETTER RADIO PERSONALITY YOU WOULDN'T CATCH ME RIDIN' THIS CINDER BUCKET THRU YOUR SLOPPY COMMUNITY FOR ALL THE INDIAN HEAD-DRESSES WEST OF POCATELLO!!" No, they ain't confused, tootsie. WE'RE CONFUSED! Come on, let's go!

ORCH: "FAIR OF GOLD"

APPLAUSE:

(REVISED) -11-

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: WALKING ON PAVEMENT - TRAFFIC UP AND FADE FOR:

MOL: I'm awfully anxious to get our little portable radio back, McGee. With cold weather coming, it'll be nice to have Gabriel Heater turned on again.

FIB: Well, if this radio guy persists in askin' four bucks for a three-dollar battery, we STILL won't get it back. It can stay in that radio shop till it rots. His prices are so HI, WIMP, OLD MAN!

MOL: Oh, hello there, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP:Hello, folks.

FIB: We'd walk along with you, Wimp, but we're only going to Freddy's Radio and Video Studio. Where you bound?

WIMP: Around the waist, a little. These shorts shrunk and they bind something terrib -- OHHH, you mean where am I going?

MOL: Yes.

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) Oh. Well, I thought while Sweetface was out on -

FIB: Who, Wimp?

WIMP: Sweetface. That's my B. O. W.

MOL: Oh yes.

WIMP: I thought while Sweetface was out on her motorcycle, I'd tippie-toe downtown and shop for her Christmas present.

MOL: Your wife rides a motorcycle, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Yes. She bought it from a second hand motorcycle dealer two weeks ago.

FIB: Indian?

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WIMP: No, a Smiling Irishman. I used to drive the motorcycle while Sweetface rode behind with her arms around me. But we had to change places because we had so many accidents.

MOL: Are you reckless?

WIMP: No. (SNICKERS) I'm ticklish.

FIB: What you getting your wife for Christmas, Wimp? Decided yet?

WIMP: Oh yes....I've seen it in a shop window. A beautiful little shake-tail cocker.

MOL: A what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: A shaketail cocker.

FIB: You mean a cocktail shaker.

WIMP: No, this is a little spaniel puppy that keeps wagging his tail, ^{a shaketail cocker.} I'm going down and get him right now...So long, folks.

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE - WALKING

MOL: When I think how long we've been without our little radio it just makes me sick, McGee. My goodness, you could have designed five new ones in that time.

FIB: You said it. Matter of fact, I had a job doin industrial designing once. In a canning factory. Designing tin cans.

MOL: MCGEE, YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU USED TO DESIGN TIN CANS!

FIB: What? I never told you about the two-tone tuna tin I designed for the Town Talk Tuna Company?

MOL: YOU NEVER DID!

FIB: Well, Snooky, I will! I was the top tin can designer for the Town Talk Tuna Company and I turned out tuna tins by the ton! I had a type of tin in two tones of tan that was the talk of the tuna trade, but one tan turned two tones too tawny, so I had to tone down the tawny tan and tone up the other tan so the tuna tin I turned out was the finest two tone tan tuna tin in town. I used tons of tan, and tens of tons of tin, in turning out the toniest two tone tan tuna tin they ever tinned tuna in. Kept me pretty busy turning out tins and between the tons of tan and the tons of tin - the tan on the tin and the tuna in the tin, the two tone tins with the tawny tone of the tons and tans and tins and --

MOL: HOLD IT, McGEE - WHO, WAIT, HEY -- Here comes Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Say hello to him for me - I'm out of breath.

MOL: All right, dearie. Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Hiya, Junior!

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hello, Pal. Hey, what're you breathing so hard for, Pal - you been running?

FIB: No, I was telling Molly about the time I was a two tone tan tuna tin turner-outer for the Town Talk Tuna Company. I'd take two tones of tan and two tons of tin and-- But you don't want to hear this again, do you, Molly?

MOL: No, dearie, no! Not even if you could say it again. We're just on our way over to Freddy's Radio and Video Studio, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Oh, I know Freddy - my cousin installed his plate glass windows when he built the place.

FIB: Which cousin is that, Junior?

WIL: That's the fat one - Big Bay Window Wilcox. He's front man for the glass company...Gonna look at television sets, Pal?

MOL: Not yet, Mr. Wilcox - not until they have smaller prices and bigger screens.

FIB: And we won't buy it from Freddy anyhow, Junior. That guy's a burglar! You know what he tried to do to me? Charge me four bucks for a three-buck B Battery!

WIL: Freddy? Why, I've always found Freddy very pleasant to do business with. And a fine salesman, too. I went in there last week just to talk about Glocoat and he sold me ~~three~~^{5/x} reeds for an E-Flat clarinet and two Bobby Breen albums.

MOL: Well, heavenly days, he sold me the same thing!

WIL: Oh, it was worth it to me - I sold him a year's supply of the new Glocoat with the new glow.

FIB: Aw, fer the--

WIL: Because being a progressive business man, and knowing the value of appearances, Freddy felt that the new Glocoat with the new glow would give his shop a certain eye appeal --

FIB: I APPEAL, YOUR HONOR!

MOL: Appeal overruled. Proceed with your case, counselor.

WIL: Thank you. As I say, the new glow in Glocoat does so much to bring back the fading beauty in worn linoleum and give it a hard, protective finish that is practically impervious to scuffs and scratches. The new Glocoat is so easy to apply, too - just pour it out, spread it around, and in twenty minutes or less it dries to a shinier finish than ever before because --

FIB: LOOK, WAXEY!!

WIL: Yes, Pal.

FIB: Were you on your way somewhere? We don't want to detain you.

WIL: I was just on my way to the police station. We haven't seen our minister for several days and we're a little worried about him.

MOL: Oh, that's too bad, Mr. Wilcox. To whom do you report a case like that?

WIL: The Bureau of Missing Parsons. (APPREHENSIVE PAUSE)
Pretty corny - but it gets me out. So long, kids.

FIB: Bureau of Missing Parsons! (CHUCKLE) You know something, he might come out of there with Louella...Well, here's Freddy's Radio and Video Studio, kiddo. Let's go in.

MOL: You go ahead, dearie, I want to stop at the Bon Ton a minute. (FADING) I'll be with you shortly.

FIB: Take your time, kiddo - Freddy's a hard man to convince.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE INTO DOOR OPEN AND SLAM BEHIND:

FIB: (BELLIGERENTLY) Now look here, Freddy! About that radio I left here last May-- (PAUSE) Hey, Freddy!

TEE: Hi, Mister. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Huh? Oh, hiya, Teeny. Where's Freddy?

TEE: He's in the back room, Mister - and he doesn't wanta be disturbed - the doctor's examining him.

FIB: The doctor? Migosh - he have an accident or somethin'?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Kind of one, I guess.

FIB: What happened?

TEE: Well, he was playing a record for me and I said "What record is that?" and he said "I don't know, I forgot to look at the label" and he tried to read it while the record was spinning and he turned his head around so fast he thinks maybe he broke his neck. (GIGGLES) The doctor is out there unwinding him now.

FIB: I hope he didn't break his neck, sis. I was looking forward to doing that myself. Hey, what're you doing out of school this afternoon, anyhow?

TEE: Oh, Willie Toops and I got let out early today, on account of we got a hundred in spelling, I betcha.

FIB: Oh, you did, eh?

TEE: Sure, we always-- HM?

FIB: I says you did, huh?

TEE: Did what?

FIB: Got let out early.

TEE: Who?

FIB: You and Willie Toops!
TEE: Why?
FIB: BECAUSE YOU GOT A HUNDRED IN SPELLING!
TEE: I know it. (GIGGLES) Willie got 60 and I got 40.
That's a hundred.
FIB: (THOUGHTFUL) No, sis, 50 and 50 is a hun-- (PAUSE) Well,
you can do it with 60 and 40, I guess.
TEE: (GIGGLE) Sure. Hey, whatcha doon down here, Mister, hm?
Whatcha doon? Hm? Whatcha?
FIB: Left a radio down here for a new B Battery. You know
what a B Battery is, sis?
TEE: No - I didn't even know they used batteries - I thought
they just flew around.
FIB: Well, you're on the right track, sis - because in this
shop a B Battery is something you get stung with. You
know what Freddy wanted to charge me for a battery?
FOUR BUCKS!..and everybody knows they're not worth over--
Oh, you gotta go, sis?
TEE: Yes, I gotta go home and get my goldfish down out of
a tree.
FIB: YOUR GOLDFISH?? How'd your goldfish get up in a tree?
TEE: Our cat ate 'em and jumped out the window. (GIGGLES)
So long, Mister.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH AND KING'S MEN - "LOVE SOMEBODY"

APPLAUSE:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
10/19/48

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THIRD SPOT

MOL: (FADING IN) I hurried as fast as I could, dearie - did
you get the radio?
FIB: No, I haven't seen Freddy yet - he hurt his neck and he's
in the back room with the doctor. It's just like him to
waste my time like this.
MOL: Well, that isn't a very sympathetic attitude -- if he's
hurt.
FIB: Well, migosh, if I didn't hafta stand around here like
this I could be at home workin' on my --

DOOR OPENS:

DOC: (FADING IN) (CALLS OVER SHOULDER) You'll be okay,
Freddy - it's only a bad sprain. But after this, if
you must read a label while the record is turning,
climb up on the turntable and ride around with it....
MOL: McGee, it's Doctor Gamble. Hello, doctor.
FIB: Hiya, Doc.
DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Lardbucket. If you're down here
looking for a job with Freddy as a loudspeaker, you can
go home. You're too loud, your tone is bad, and you've
got no connections.
FIB: Look, Horse Nurse - remind me to give you a joke book
for Christmas. If you could get as thin as your
material is getting --
MOL: Oh now, boys, boys, stop it. Was Freddy seriously
hurt, Doctor?

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DOC: No, he's just getting dressed - he'll be out in a minute.
FIB: Is he well enough for me to give him a poke in the nose, Doc?
MOL: Is he small enough?
FIB: They don't come too small for me! If he don't --
DOC: Now wait a minute, Grumblebum, what have you got against Freddy? He's a nice guy and a friend of mine.
MOL: Oh, it's just a misunderstanding, Doctor.
FIB: In a pig's clavicle it's a misunderstanding. You know what the dirty pirate tried to do, Doc - tried to stick me four bucks for a B battery for my radio - after he'd already put it in! I stomped out and left the set set here!
MOL: That was six months ago and we just came back to see if the man is inclined to be more reasonable. Since McGee won't be.
DOC: Not knowing anything about the case, my sympathy is automatically with Freddy. For a guy who is no bargain himself, Bucklewart, you're awfully fond of getting one! You hang onto a buck like a lovesick squaw!
FIB: Oh yeah? Well, I'm just careful, Forcep Fingers! When I spend my dough for something, I expect a fair price on it...Unless I can chisel it down, of course.
MOL: He does like to get his money's worth, Doctor.

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DOC: I know. Every time he comes to my office for a two-dollar call, he sits on a seven dollar test tube and plays darts with my new hypodermics.
FIB: Incidentally, Old Liver Twiddler, I notice that no matter how many people are waitin' to see you, you always take me first.
MOL: Isn't that nice.
FIB: I sure appreciate it, too, Doc. Nothin' like bein' a friend of the doctor!
DOC: Friendship has nothin' to do with it. I don't dare leave you in the reception room with other people. By the time you get through telling them your horrible symptoms it takes me the rest of the day to convince them they'll live through the night. By the way --
FIB: Yes, Doctor.
DOC: I had an interesting conversation with the pinboys at the bowling alley about you, last night.
MOL: About McGee, Doctor?
DOC: Yes, they can't understand how a man who is so loose with his lip, can be so tight with his tips.
FIB: Hey, now wait a minute, Tissue-Stitcher -

(2ND REVISION) -21-

MOL: Now, that isn't quite fair, Doctor. When McGee won the Elks' tournament last year I saw him tip one of the pinboys three dollars. With my own eyes I saw him!

FIB: Certainly! Three dollars. The serial numbers were A-19768 - 69 and 70!

MOL: AND HE WAS THE CLUMSIEST PINBOY IN THE PLACE, TOO!
Every time McGee rolled the ball, I saw that boy kick over three or four pins!

DOC: Well, I'd love to stay and hear more about how the boy throws his money away, Molly, but I must run along. I've got to stop at the hospital for a little cutting chore and then make some house calls.

MOL: My, you must do some wonderful operations, Doctor Gamble!

FIB: Yeah, what's this one gonna be like Doc? Pretty tricky?

DOC: (MODESTLY) No, it's nothing, really. I merely take a special instrument with a sharp cutting edge and make a series of sweeping lateral strokes, parallel and contiguous to each other, and sterilize the entire area. Then I apply hot gauze packs to the skin, and if there is any unusual bleeding, I cauterize the wounds. It's nothing.

FIB: (ADMIRINGLY) Migosh, that sounds plenty complicated to me, Doc. What do you call an operation like that?

DOC: Shaving....See you later, Molly.

DOOR SLAM:

(2ND REVISION) -22-

FIB: Shaving! I wish he'd let me shave him some time! I'd take his whiskers off so deep he could -- OH, THERE YOU ARE, FREDDY! I WANNA TALK TO YOU!

MAN: Hello, McGee. Hello, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: LOOK, FREDDY - REMEMBER THAT PORTABLE RADIO THAT YOU PUT THE B BATTERY IN LAST MAY AND TRIED TO STAB ME FOUR BUCKS, WHEN A FAIR PRICE WAS THREE?

MAN: Yes, I remember that. I left the new battery in it, and put it in the back room 'till you decided to pay up. But I need the space, so if you still want it, you can have it for the three dollars.

MOL: Well now, what could be more fair than that!

FIB: WHAT'D I TELL YOU, MOLLY? STAND UP FOR YOUR PRINCIPLES AND YOU'LL WIN IN THE END!! IF YOU KNOW YOU'RE RIGHT, KEEP FIGHTIN'!! Hand it here, Freddy.

MAN: Here you are. (THUD) And the B Battery is still in it.

FIB: Okay. And here's your three bucks.

MAN: Thanks.

CASH REGISTER...REGISTER DRAWER CLOSE

MOL: Turn it on, McGee...I want to hear how it sounds. I've really missed that little radio.

FIB: Okay. (CLICK) If I'd of had this thing during the World Series, I'd of-- HEY, FREDDY...NOTHIN' HAPPENS...I THOUGHT YOU PUT A NEW B BATTERY IN IT.

MAN: I did. But that was six months ago. They go dead if you don't use them, you know.

MOL: My goodness, I never thought of that.

FIB: Me either. Get me a new battery, Freddy.

MAN: All right.

FIB: How much?

MAN: Five dollars. They've gone up.

FIB: That's fair enough. Put it in, Freddy. I'm no piker!

MAN: Okay. And say, I've just got a fresh batch of reeds for an E-Flat clarinet. They're pretty hard to get, so you better lay in a supply ---

ORCH: "YOU ARE ONLY FOOLING"...FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
October 19, 1948

CLOSING COMMERCIAL ..

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

WIL: When this program is over -- take a quick look at your kitchen linoleum. See if it has the glow ... the new, brighter glow you now get with Johnson's Glo-Coat. For there's a new glow in Johnson's Self Polishing Floor Wax, Glo-Coat. A glow that's brighter ... far brighter than before. Makes it a pleasure to look at your linoleum ... it sparkles so brightly. And that glossier surface is as easy to get as ever. You just apply Johnson's Glo-Coat to your linoleum ... and your work is finished. Glo-Coat does the rest. Produces its own brilliant luster, as it dries. It's a luster that protects your linoleum...and a luster that's easy to clean. You can zip dirt off that glossy Glo-Coat surface with a few strokes of a damp cloth. Why not order Glo-Coat tomorrow? That's the Johnson Self Polishing Floor Wax with the new glow ... G L O C O A T. You'll see what the new glow means .. when you see a brighter gloss on your own linoleum, in your own kitchen.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
10-19-48

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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 (KCRA), Santa
Barbara (KRST), Bakersfield (KERO)

CUT IN CLOSING COMMERCIAL (TIMING: 60 SECONDS)

(CUE LINE) FIBBER AND MOLLY WILL BE BACK IN JUST A ~~MOMENT~~ ^{MINUTE.}

ANNCR: But first, here's news about a new kind of washday product
... designed especially to protect the clean, snowy look
of pillow cases, table linen and all of your newly washed
things. Its name is Johnson's Drax ... D-R-A-X ... and
it's made by the makers of Johnson's Wax.
When you're washing your linens you just add a little Drax
to the final rinse. Then iron them. And those linens
will stay crisp and smooth-looking far longer.
Drax makes all your washables easier to iron. And
Johnson's Drax makes them easier to wash next time,
because Drax is an invisible wax rinse that keeps dirt
from penetrating into your clothes.
But the quality that women like most is ... Drax keeps
all washables fresh and clean far longer.
Try Johnson's Drax next washday. Try it first on your
pillow cases ... or husband's shirts. Use it with or
without starch. See how much longer things keep a smooth,
clean, beautifully laundered look. That's Drax. D-R-A-X,
Drax. Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax.

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TAG

FIB: You know - that Freddy is a swell guy, when you get to
know him, Molly.

MOL: Yes, he's very nice. And quite a salesman, too.

FIB: Sure. But I'm no sucker for a sales talk - you don't
catch him sellin' me a bunch of stuff I can't use - like
he does some people.

MOL: Good for you.

FIB: Yeah. (PAUSE) You seen my old mandolin, Molly? These
clarinet reeds will make swell mandolin picks. I been
needing a mandolin pick for a long time and -

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAY OFF AND SIGN OFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing
Glocoat, Racine, Wisconsin...and Brantford, 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)

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