

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

Wood

(REVISED) #6

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

November 9, 1948

7:30 - 8:00 PM PDST

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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
Glocoat 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
11/9/48

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You'll say "it shines" ... the first time you use Glo-Coat on your kitchen linoleum. Shines brighter .. because there's a new glow in Johnson's Self Polishing Floor Wax, Glo-Coat...a glow that's more lustrous, far brighter than before.

And a beautiful, sparkling linoleum gives your whole kitchen a lift ... perks it up ... makes it prettier. It's easy, too ... that's the nice part. You just apply Glo-Coat and leave it. Walk away ... go upstairs...do anything you want. Because with no ~~rubbing or~~ buffing, Johnson's Glo-Coat produces its own brilliant luster. Twenty minutes after you've applied it, Glo-Coat dries to a coat that's handsome ... and tough. Your linoleum is protected from grime and spilled things. And easy to clean. You can flick dirt off that smooth Glo-Coat finish with a few strokes of a damp cloth.

This week, tell your dealer you want Glo-Coat -- that's Johnson's G-L-O-C-O-A-T, Glo-Coat. Enjoy the new glow in this self-polishing floor wax...the glow that's brighter ... far brighter than before.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

MCGEE
11-9-48

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: WHEN A DAVENPORT NEEDS RE-UPHOLSTERING, MOST SENSIBLE PEOPLE CONSULT AN UPHOSTERER. BUT THE ONLY SENSIBLE PERSON LIVING AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS DOWNTOWN SHOPPING FOR COVER MATERIAL. WHICH LEAVES LITTLE YOU-KNOW-WHO IN THE LET'S-TAKE-IT-APART-AND-HAVE-A-LOOK-DEPARTMENT. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT HOW NOT TO UPHOLSTER A DAVENPORT, YOU ARE HEREBY REFERRED TO --- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: CLOTH RIPPING

FIB: Pretty well-made davenport! Never saw it without its coat and pants on before.

SOUND: RIPPING

FIB: (SINGS OVER RIPPING) Ohhh, I had a little Blue-Jay, and every summer morn,
He would fly out in the country, and wrap himself around some corn....
Ohhhh, the monkey and the cocoanuts...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: My gosh, that must be Molly...only why would she be ringing the doorbell? Maybe she's ---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Eh? Oh, HIYAH!, Teeny. Come on in, and set a spell.

TEE: Okay.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

TEE: Gee, whatcha doin' with the sofa, mister? Hmm? Whatcha doin' with it? Hmm? Whatcha?

FIB: Rippin' the cover off it, sis. Mrs. McGee is downtown buyin' some new material and when she gets home, I'm gonna surprise her and re-upholster it myself.

TEE: Woocoooo! (GIGGLES) Oh boy!!!

FIB: What'sa matter? You think I can't do it?

TEE: Oh no, mister,--I betcha if anybody can do it you can do it, I betcha! I remember how you fixed my tricycle for me, once.

FIB: I did?

TEE: Sure you did, I betcha. You---hmmmm?

FIB: I says I DID?

TEE: Did what?

FIB: I fixed your tricycle.

TEE: When?

FIB: Once.

TEE: No, twice.

FIB: Okay. So I fixed your tricycle twice.

TEE: I know it! But that's all right - I was tired of that tricycle anyway.

FIB: (MODESTLY) Well, I always was kinda handy with tools, sis. And looka the muscle in my right arm...

TEE: Oboy! Gee!

FIB: That was developed kind of inadvertant. For the whole seven years I was in high school I was playin' tennis with a 12 pound snow shoe before anybody told me the difference. So a little chore like upholstering a davenport is a pipe!

TEE: Boy, it sure looks awful with the stuffing showin', doesn't it, mister? Hey, what's all that fuzzy stuff around the springs?

FIB: That's lint, sis.

TEE: Gee, is THAT lint?

FIB: Sure.

TEE: (WONDERINGLY) So that's what my mama gave up candy for!

FIB: (LAUGHS) No, that was LENT, sis!

TEE: No it wasn't. She gave it all away.

FIB: I don't mean lent in the sense of somebody borrowing it. I mean that lent in the sense---er---WELL, I BETTER GET BACK TO WORK, SIS.

SOUND: TEARING CLOTH

TEE: Hey..mister.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Did you say Miz McGee don't know you're gonna uphollister this davenport all by yourself?

FIB: Nope. It's gonna be a surprise for her. I was...HEY, YOU GONNA GO, TEENY? WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

TEE: No hurry, mister. Only after the way you fixed my tricycle, this is gonna be the kind of a surprise I just as soon not be here when somebody gets it. (GIGGLES)

G'Bye, mister!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: She's awful young to be so cynical! But, maybe women are beginning to understand men younger these days. Ahh, well...better get the rest of this material off....

SOUND: TEARING CLOTH...POPING OF TACKS...

FIB: (SINGING) Ohhh, I had a little elephant,--I kept him for a pet. But he joined the Foreign Legion, 'cause he's trying to forget! Ohhh, the donkey and the cocoanuts...

SOUND: RIPPING CLOTH

FIB: Ahh, that does it! There we are! A davenport in all its naked glory!! Now if Molly would only get here with the-----

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: (FADE IN) Oh, McGee, I got the most heavenly shade of material for the davenpo----(PAUSE) HEAVENLY DAYS!..... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? What happened?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Surprise!! I'm gonna re-cover the davenport myself, tootsie!

MOL: Oh no!

FIB: Yup!

MOL: But I thought we had decided to call in an upholsterer and--

FIB: (~~READING OVER~~) That's the EASY way! If I do a good job on this, I might work up a little upholstery business myself. You can be my partner. As one lion said to the other when they threw Daniel into the den, "Whaddya say, kid - shall we share the prophot?" (LAUGHS) Got it? "Share the profit"? It's a pun, involving the different meanings of the word profit. You see, the word P-R-O-P-H-E-T is --

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: It ain't? That's odd. For five weeks, I've been lookin' for a spot to throw that gag in, and now you claim it ain't -- Oh well...let's see the material, kiddo.

MOL: Wait a minute! Now look, McGoo...you can't do this upholstering job yourself. Just look at those springs! I haven't seen such a scrambled mess of wire since you fell down the attic stairs with an armful of coat hangers!

FIB: Ah, ptah!!...I can tie them things down so they'll have more zing than a harpist with the hiccups! Why, my gosh, anybody with a brain and a tack hammer could--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh, HIYA, OLD TIMER!!!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD: HELLO THERE, KIDS!! Hey..what happened to the sofa, Johnny? You fall asleep with a lighted cigar again?
(PAUSE) That WAS a sofa, wasn't it?

MOL: Yes, and himself here tore the covering off so he could re-upholster it. He doesn't know the first thing about it, of course, but after all, what did Fulton know about steamboats?

FIB: Don't worry about me, my friends! I'm strictly the type guy that you gimme a hammer and a roll o' Scotch tape and I'll go around fixin' stuff that don't even need it, that's the type guy that you gimme a hammer. You a handyman, Old Timer?

OLD: Nope. Outdoor type, myself, Johnny. I been a lumberjack, explorer, big game hunter. Anything over a two-bit limit.

FIB: I was always a pretty good hunter myself, Old Timer. Best wing shot in Peoria. Although a lot of my reputation was due to a mighty fine huntin' dog I had. His name was Desk Sergeant. An Irish Setter.

MOL: Oh, I love Irish Setters! What do I mean, I love them? I married one!

OLD: Nothin' like a good huntin' dog, kids. Mighty intelligent critters! I lost a mighty fine retriever up in Oregon last year!

FIB: How?

OLD: Well, I'd had him trained so when I threw a stick into the water he'd go fetch it without me sayin' a word. But up in Oregon we passed a lumber camp, and when my dog seen 'em dumpin' logs into the river, he broke his little heart tryin' to haul 'em out again!...That was the old dog I had when I was a cook on the tobacco plantation.

FIB: A dog on a tobacco plantation? Spitz, I presume?

OLD M: Nope - beagle. This pup of mine caught all my rabbits for me.

MOL: Did you use a lot of rabbits?

OLD M: Jist the feet, daughter.

FIB: The feet?

OLD M: Yep, every day at one o'clock I'd cook up a batch of rabbit's foot mulligan. We called it Lucky Stew.

MOL: Lucky Stew, eh?

OLD M: Yep. There was a sayin' among the tobacco pickers -
"With Men Who Know Tobacco Best - it's Lucky Stew to One!"
HEH HEH - so long, kids!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: I think he's inclined to exaggerate a little. Well, hand
me my Scotch tape and the tack hammer, kiddo - I got work
to do.

ORCH: "LITTLE GIRL"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: TACK HAMMER.

FIB: There we are! All done! And I must say you did a good
job of sewing, too, kiddo....that material fits the
davenport like the skin on a weenie.

MOL: The admiration is mutual, dearie. How you ever got those
springs tied down with fish line and scotch tape, I'll
never know! You think they'll hold?

FIB: HOLD!! (LAUGHS SCORNFULLY) Snooky, them springs are
tighter than a forty dollar girdle after a spaghetti
dinner. Sit down on 'em once. Bounce up and down! Try
'em out!

MOL: No thanks. You try it.

FIB: Certainly! I got faith in my own handiwork, even if you
haven't. Watch.

SOUND: BOUNCING ON SPRING...SUDDEN BOINGGGGGGG!!

FIB: OUCH. !!! Ooooo...I'm stabbed...!!

MOL: My goodness, that spring punched a hole clear thru the
cushion.!!

FIB: Yeah..just shows what a good job I done tyin' 'em down.
If they hadn't of been tied so tight, they couldn't of
sprung up so hard. Ooooo, my back. !! Am I bleeding?

MOL: No dearie. It just ripped the back of your vest a little.
However, if you'd been ^{sitting} ~~leaning~~ back a little farther,---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

HM

(REVISED)

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MOL: Oh, McGee, it's Doctor Gamble. Come in, Doctor.
DOC: Thank you, my dear. Hello, Poopsquawk.
FIB: Poopsquawk?
DOC: Yes, that's an elderly Pipsqueak. And why are you rubbing your back? Dislocate a vertebra trying to fasten your thirty cent suspenders?
MOL: He sat down on the davenport and a spring stabbed him, Doctor. And after he'd spent several hours re-tying and upholstering it too.
FIB: I dunno how that spring ever busted loose, too, either. I tied 'em down with my best tapered fishline and some scotch tape right fresh from Kremer's Drug Store. I'll admit I never opened up a davenport before, but you know me - I'll try anything once!
DOC: (EAGERLY) Anything? Have you ever thought of hara-kari, my boy?
FIB: Is he an upholsterer?
DOC: Skip it!
MOL: Personally, I thought we ought to have the davenport done by an upholsterer, Doctor, but you know himself, here, when he gets his mind made up.
DOC: A flop-house ~~not~~ ^{bed} gets made up oftener and better than his cluttered little mind!

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FIB: Yeah? Well, just for your information, Revenue Cutter, it ain't often I go wrong on any little job around the house. Who was it installed all our new electrical outlets?
MOL: And who was it that immediately plugged in the waffle iron and got Hildegarde, singing "And There I Stood With My Piccolo?"
DOC: "There I Stood With My Piccolo" is not a song. It's a book, by Meredith Willson. Very amusing, too.
FIB: Since when has Meredith Willson been singin' for Hildegarde? I always thought -
SOUND: TELEPHONE
MOL: Probably for you, Doctor.
DOC: Probably. That office nurse of mine would track me down if I was crossing the China Sea in a lobster pot! I have about as much private life as a private.
SOUND: TELEPHONE RECEIVER UP
DOC: Hello. Gamble speaking. Who? Oh yes, Mrs. Kladderhatsch.
MOL: Hmm! Her again!
FIB: Don't sneer at any of Doc's customers, kiddo. They stand by him thru thick and thick. Nobody can remember when he was thin.

(REVISED)

- 14 -

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DOC: What was that, Mrs. Kladderhatsch. He got what in it? Well, that's very unusual! Tell him to glue his hand to a flat board and I'll stop by on my way home and take a look at it. Okay, Mrs. Kladderhatsch. (RECEIVER UP)

FIB: Glue his hand to a flat board!!

MOL: What did he get in his hand, Doctor?

DOC: Thirteen spades. Playing bridge. Well, good^{my}day, dear. So long, Chowderpuss.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

FIB: Ahh, good old Doc! I dunno what the medical profession would do without him, but I'll bet they'd welcome any suggestions.

MOL: I have a suggestion myself. Let's get this davenport fixed.

FIB: Okay. All I have to do is tuck this spring back in... (SLIGHT TWANGGGGGG) like this....I'll get in there with some more scotch tape and -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

(REVISED)

- 15 -

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(SLIGHT TWANGGGGGG) like this....I'll get in there with
some more scotch tape and -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

(REVISED)

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WIL: Hiyah, Molly. Hello, Pal. Well!! New sofa, old top?

FIB: No, old sofa, new top! (LAUGHS) My gosh, I haven't used
that one for a long time.

MOL: How is everything with you, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Fine, thanks. Who did the upholstery job?

FIB: We did. That is, Molly bought the material and run up the
cover, and I tied the springs and kinda assembled the
production. Try it, son. Sit right there, in the middle.

WIL: All right. But I just stopped by to tell you that Johnson's
Glo-(WHANGGGGGGG) OOOOOOAH!!

MOL: What's the matter, Mr. Wilcox? Said she, full of girlish
innocence, which was not very convincing.

WIL: Look, Pal. What did you tie those springs down with -
macaroni? I just got jabbed in the hip like I'd backed
into a unicorn!

FIB: Gee, I'm sorry, Junior! I thought I had 'em in there
pretty solid. One of 'em come loose, did it?

WIL: Loose...!! You must have an Indian under there with a bow
and arrow....Ooooooh! I'll bet I'm the first ventilated
salesman Johnson's Wax ever had.

FIB: What were you gonna say when you started to sit down,
Junior? Something about Glo-?

MOL: To me it sounded more like Glo-ooo!

FIB: My gosh, Big overstuffed Wilcox do with and tell
him I'm at you.

FIB: If I do, will he give a discount?

WIL: Please!!! After all, there are some things we shouldn't joke about. Like politics..~~religion~~..and ..and The Product.

MOL: I just love to hear you talk about "The Product", Mr. Wilcox. You get such a scouful look in your eyes.

FIB: Yes, Juney...every time you speak of "The Product", you kinda lower your voice, your hands tremble, and you stand there like Brigham Young lookin' for a spot to build the Salt Lake City Hall.

MOL: By "The Product", Mr. Wilcox...I presume you mean--

WIL: Yes. Glocoat. Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, the floor polish with the New Glow. The ADDED glow that makes linoleum more impervious than ever to dust, dirt and dampness and gives a brighter luster than ever before. That is so easy to apply, because you just pour it out, spread it around and let it dry. And by the way...this Glocoat with the New Glow comes in the some old familiar container. No change on the outside...but inside, that New Gloccooah....this hurts.!! WHY DON'T YOU LET SOMEBODY DO YOUR UPHOLSTERING THAT KNOWS HOW?

FIB: Are you inferring, Waxey -

WIL: Yes, I am!

MOL: I agree with you, Mr. Wilcox. Who is a good upholsterer in town?

WIL: My cousin. Big Overstuffed Wilcox at 14th and Oak. Tell him I sent you.

FIB: If I do, will he gimme a discount?

WIL: No.. He hates me, so he'll give you a very dirty deal. Which is all right with me after what you've put ME through. Or rather, what you've put thru me! So long now!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You know, he's right, McGee? We'd better get this re-done by a professional. After all, we can't have all our friends stuck full of our furniture.

FIB: Yeah...yeah, I guess you're right, kiddo. Who'll we talk to about it?

MOL: Heavenly days, I don't know, dearie. Mrs. Toops always goes to Looie the Fourteenth Street Furniture Man. She says he's very good at repairing.

FIB: That's for me, then. Looie the Fourteenth Street Furniture Man. If we get a theatrical rate, on account of me using to be in vaudeville -

MOL: On account of you WHAT?

FIB: Using to be in vaudeville. Why? You KNOW I used to be in vaudeville. So, if I get a discount on account of using to be in vaudeville, I'll -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN.!! (TO HERSELF) Using to be in vaudeville! I never. (DOOR OPEN) OH, HELLO THERE, MR. MAYOR!!

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv, Old Man. How's everything?

GALE: Fine, thank you. How are you, Molly?

MOL: Just splendid Mr. Mayor. Do you know of a good upholsterer?

GALE: Well, now let me see. I think the best man in town is Looie the Fourteenth Street Furniture Man. I happened to remember the name because the City Council was arguing about maintenance expenses in the City Hall just last night. Half the council wanted to hold up the appropriation, and the other half voted to pass it.

FIB: Who lost.

GALE: Oh, we compromised. I'M always the peacemaker, you know, so I kept trying to strike a happy medium.

MOL: What was she doing at a council meeting.

GALE: Who?

FIB: That medium. The happy one you kept trying to hit.

GALE: Oh, don't be silly. I didn't actually hit anybody! I just----

MOL: But I don't understand why you kept trying to hit her? What did she do? Warn you about a dark candidate crossing your path?

GALE: (ANGRILY) I TELL YOU I DIDN'T TRY TO HIT ANYBODY. THE HAPPY MEDIUM I MEANT WAS....

FIB: She must be a wonderful woman to stay happy with politicians takin' swings at her all evening. You better be careful she don't turn around some time and slug somebody with her crystal ball.

GALE: SHE DOESN'T USE A CRYSTAL SLUG...ER...BISTAL CRAWL...
LOOK! I MERELY SAID THAT I WAS TRYING TO STRIKE A
HAPPY MEDIUM AND YOU IMMEDIAT----

MOL: Please, Mr. Mayor...PLEASE...let us not shout at each other. Heavenly days...After all, we know you well enough to know that any time you take a poke at a fortune teller, she certainly has it coming.

FIB: You're damn right, boy! Those doggone star gazers can be pretty exasperating. I almost slugged one of 'em myself once when she told me I--

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GALE: (BLOWS UP) I TELL YOU I DID NOT TAKE A STAR AT A POKE
GAZER.!! WHEN I SAID I SAPPED A SLUGGY MEDIUM!...ER...
STRUCK A SLAPPY FORTUNE BALIER...CRYSTAL SLUGGER...LOOK...
WE HAVE NO MAPPY HEDIUMS...HAPPY CRYSTALS...FORTUNE
SMELLERS...TILLERS..I DIDN'T HIT ANYBODY THAT...YOU WERE
THE ONE WHO..WE...I....(PANTS) (PAUSE) McGee....

FIB: Yes?

GALE: The trouble with you is, that you think you are as clever
as all get out!

FIB: All what?

GALE: Get out!

FIB: Okay.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

GALE: Well, now that he's gone maybe we can have a more rational
discussion.

MOL: Certainly. Sit down, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Thank you. I'll -

MOL: NO, NOT THERE ON THE DAVEN--

SOUND: WHANGGGGGGGGG

GALE: (YELPS)

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Hey, WHY SHOULD I GET OUT? I LIVE HERE!

GALE: WELL I'M GLAD I DON'T HAVE TO! GOOD DAY.!!!

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE, BOY.....WE'LL RIDE DOWNTOWN WITH YOU..

MOL: Yes, you can drop us off at the upholsterer's.!!!

GALE: (GROANS)

ORCH: KING'S MEN "HARVEST MOON"

APPLAUSE:

THRID SPOT

(REVISED)

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CAR MOTOR OUT...CAR DOOR OPEN AND SHUT

FIB: There's the place, right down the street, Molly.
"Looie the 14th Street Furniture Man."

MOL: That's it. I hope he isn't too expensive

FIB: As long as the guy does good work, I don't care what
it costs, as long as it's cheap. You know me,
quality is the -- Oh hey, there's Wally Wimple.
Hi, Wimp!

MOL: Yochoo - hello, Mr. Wimple!

WIMP: ...Hello, folks....If you're looking for a place to
vote, Mr. McGee, you're just a week late, because -

FIB: Oh don't worry, Wimp, we voted all right.

MOL: Yes, indeed. How did you like the election this
time, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh, I thought it was simply peachy, Mrs. McGee. We
went down early and Sweetface gave me -

MOL: Who, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Sweetface - that's my Big, Old -

FIB: Oh, that one!

WIMP: Yes. Her! Sweetface gave me a sample ballot to
show me how she wanted me to vote, because they
wouldn't let her come in the voting booth with me.

MOL: Oh, I should say not! That's one place even your wife
can't go with you.

FIB: (SARIS) Dr. Hello, Mr. McGee - Mrs. McGee. Glad to
see you.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

WIMP: I know. And I loved every minute of it! (CHUCKLES)
I'd be there yet if they hadn't flushed me out when they
closed the polls at seven o'clock!

FIB: Well, how'd you vote, Wimp - like your wife told you to?

WIMP: (NASTY CHUCKLE) Wouldn't she like to know!!...She's
not going to intimidate me - no sir!

MOL: Good for you!

WIMP: *Not* When I'm in a voting booth - with the door locked!
Mr. McGee, did you ever hear of Basil B. Bainbridge,
Secretary of the Basil Bainbridge Branch of the Back Bay
Bird Watchers?

FIB: Can't say that I have, Wimp. Why?

WIMP: (PROUDLY) He got one write-in vote for President!
(CHUCKLES) Ohhh, I really made my ballot count this time!
So long, folks!

FIB: Come on, Molly, let's get in the furniture shop
before somebody else stops us.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

MOL: My, just look at the beautiful furniture in here, McGee!

FIB: Yeah. If this guy is as good as they say he is, I
should of let you talk me into havin' you call him in the
first place - and saved my Scotch tape.

MOL: Well, far be it from me to say "I told you so,
sweetheart" - but I told you so, Sweetheart!...This must
be Mr. Louie coming.

LOUIE: (FADING IN) Hello, Mr. McGee - Mrs. McGee. Glad to
see you.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: Hi, bud. We-- Hey, how did you know our name?

LOUIE: Doctor Gamble told me you were upholstering your own ~~divan~~ *davenport*
this afternoon. I usually allow three to four hours
after that, before the customer breaks down and comes in.
You're three and a half minutes late.

MOL: (APOLOGETIC) Well...uh...we stopped to talk to
Mr. Wimple, sir.

FIB: Yeah, sorry, bud. But let's get down to brass tacks.
We'd like to look over some of your work before we
make a deal.

LOUIE: Naturally. Here are samples of my work all around you,
sir. There's a ~~divan~~ *davenport* I've just finished for
Mrs. MacDonald. She's the president of the Third
National Bank's wife.

FIB: That's the kind of a job I want, bud. No lumps. Only
trouble I had was some of the springs wouldn't stay down.
I used enough Scotch tape to hold the Super Chief
together, but--

LOUIE: (TOLERANTLY) Well, it's just a matter of know-how,
Mr. McGee. When you've been at it as long as I have,
it's quite simple. Sit down there and try that ~~divan~~ *davenport*
Bounce around on it.

MOL: Go ahead, dearie.

FIB: Okay. Ahhh, this is perfect! (BOUNCES A LITTLE)
These springs are wonderful! This is the way I want ours
to be, bud --

SOUND: BIG BOINNGGG!!

FIB: OWWWW!

LOUIE: Don't worry. I'll fix that. Hand me that roll of Scotch tape over there, Mrs. McGee. A little more scotch tape will.....

MOL: Ohh, this is ridiculous.

ORCH: "YOU WALKED BY"

McGee - 11/9/48

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Let me ask you...what part of your kitchen has the shiniest surface?
Your refrigerator...maybe. Maybe your stove. Well, in case your linoleum doesn't quite stack up, here's the tonic that will make it sparkle, too.
Apply Johnson's Self Polishing Floor Wax, Glo-Coat, to that linoleum of yours. You'll see it take on a more brilliant finish, without any help from you.
Glo-Coat shines as it dries...and shines brighter. Because there's a new glow in Glo-Coat. A sparkling glow that's brighter, far brighter than before.
And that Glo-Coat finish - so glossy to look at - is tough. It forms a hard protective coat over your linoleum. Helps prevent damage from liquids and spilled things. And - of course - when your linoleum does get dusty, a few strokes with a damp cloth will bring back its luster.
Try Glo-Coat yourself - that's the way to tell. Use it tomorrow, and watch that new glow that's brighter - far brighter than before. Tell your dealer you want Johnson's Self Polishing Floor Wax, Glo-Coat.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

hen has the
 stove. Well, in
 up, here's the
 x, Glo-Coat, to
 take on a more
 you.
 s brighter.
 A sparkling glow
 re.
 look at - is
 over your
 uids and spilled
 oleum does get
 ill bring back
 o tell. Use it
 brighter - far
 you want Johnson's

TAG

MOL: McGee, there's a man outside with some more election
 jokes.

FIB: Tell him to come back later.

MOL: How much later?

FIB: About four years.

MOL: All right.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
 Glo-Coat, 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)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
 PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER M

JO

NOVEMBER 16, 1948