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(REVISED)
#10

file

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

December 7, 1948

7:30 - 8 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

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: This is the time of year when most of us get our greatest pleasure and comfort out of our homes. With winter coming on, it's especially pleasant to sit in a warm, snug, attractive room ... and read, or talk, or listen to the radio.

Now, you can add to your enjoyment of these evenings ... if you make your rooms more beautiful with Johnson's Paste Wax. Your living-room for example ... it's a much more attractive place to be, if the floors have a polished wax luster.

And the beauty that you give your floors with Johnson's Paste Wax, is a beauty that lasts. Partly because Johnson's Wax forms a hard coat over your floors ... a coat that protects the wood from dirt and scratches. And partly because a waxed and polished floor is so easy to clean. Dirt comes off that smooth surface with a few strokes of a dust cloth.

Next time you go to the store, ask for Johnson's Paste Wax. Let it make your house a warmer-looking, richer-looking -- pleasanter place to live in -- during the winter months ahead.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

WILCOX: MARK TWAIN ONCE SAID "EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT THE WEATHER, BUT NOBODY DOES ANYTHING ABOUT IT". BY THE SAME TOKEN, A LOT OF PEOPLE TALK ABOUT EARLY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, BUT HOW MANY DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT? WELL, WE CAN NAME TWO --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee, do you remember the vow you made about this time last year?

FIB: Huh? Oh, you mean about puttin' the lawnmower away for the winter to keep it from gettin' snowed on? Well, don't think I forgot it, kiddo, I remembered it yesterday - but when I went out to put it away it was under three foot of snow and I couldn't find it. But next year I'm gonna put a red flag on the handle, so no matter how deep the snow gets--

MOL: No no no, that's not what I meant. What I meant--

FIB: Oh, you mean about leavin' my dead cigar butts on our night table at night. The reason for that is that when a night-flyin' mosquito smells a cigar butt, he always--

MOL: NO!

FIB: Huh?

MOL: The vow to which I have reference was where you said last year we will do our Christmas shopping early next year, which is this year - and you swore it on a stack of bills from the Bon Ton! Remember?

FIB: Certainly I remember. And I ain't forgot that either!
Within the next week or ten days, I'll start makin' out
a shoppin' list that -

MOL: A WEEK OR TEN DAYS!! Sweetheart, do you realize that there
are exactly FIFTEEN shopping days left till Christmas??

FIB: That's what I say. No hurry.

MOL: Well, I've already made out a list. What to get for whom
and for how much. We're not going to be wrapping presents
at the last minute this year.

FIB: Fine! That's for me, kiddo! And just to show you that I
ain't completely stupid about this thing, let's not wrap
'em at all - let's let the store do it!

MOL: Well, heavenly days, that's a very good idea and -

FIB: (LAUGHS) Remember the hours I spent last year tryin' to
wrap up the rockin' horse for the little girl across the
street?...You'll admit a department store is much better
equipped for that sort of stuff.

MOL: You're so right, dearie. You have no gift for that sort
of thing, and they have a thing for that sort of gift.

FIB: Yeah, you go put your face on and ~~fill up my hat~~ *we'll go down to the Bon Ton* and -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Old Timer.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: HELLO, THERE KIDS! What's doin'?

FIB: We were just gonna beat it down to the Bon Ton and do our
Christmas shopping, Old Timer. We always do it early,
startin' this year, to avoid the last minute rush, like
last year.

MOL: Yes, it's what you might call a new tradition with us.

OLD: Oh, I Looocove Christmas, kids! The jingle of
sleighbells, the smell o' the Christmas Tree, the crisp
winter air, and everybody full o' Christmas spirit -
especially papa, who was so full of it he always put his
beard on backwards, and I was fourteen years old before
I knew Santy Claus had a nose!

MOL: Did you always have a tree when you were a boy, Mr.
Old Timer?

OLD: Nope ... Jest at Christmas, daughter. I can see it now on
Christmas night, settin' there in the livin' room with the
top branches burnt off - candles and water and wet pine
needles all over the floor, and papa callin' Mr. Edison
to hurry up and invent electric lights for it!

FIB: Well, I'm goin' back to candles myself this year. I
always wind up with more dead bulbs than a tulip bed in
January! At least in your day you didn't hafta go
BUY a tree, anyhow!

OLD: Nope, gittin' a tree was easy, Johnny! All we hadda do was git up at 3 a.m. - walk through a blizzard seven miles to a patch of woods - and chop one down! Then we'd drag it home through bobwire fences, dodgin' the feller that owned the woods - on account of a twelve foot tree is kinda hard to hide under a Mackinaw - set it up and spend the next four days stringin' popcorn with needles and gittin' our fingers so fulla holes we could play a flute solo without a flute! Ahhh, Christmas! So long, kids!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: KING'S MEN: "FOURTEEN MORE SHOPPING DAYS"

APPLAUSE

SOUND: HUM OF VOICES IN BG

FIB: My gosh, I never seen it so quiet in the Bon Ton just before Christmas.

MOL: Well, we've never been in here this far ahead of Christmas before, McGee. Aren't you glad we decided to do our shopping early this year - and let the store wrap all the gifts for us?

FIB: Yeah, but I kinda miss that last-minute crowd of hysterical shoppers, though. Mort Toops and I had so much fun with 'em last year.

MOL: Fun with the crowds in here? How?

FIB: We had a game. Worm our way into a thick bunch of people and then stick out our elbows and raise our feet and see how far the crowd'd carry us. I'm the champion. Got carried from sporting goods on the main floor to girdles on the third, and never dropped my feet! Poor Mort was--

GIRL: PARDON ME, may I help you in any way? I am Miss Travis. I'm a Shopper.

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...so are we! It's a small world, isn't it?

FIB: Yeah, meetin' a shopper in the Bon Ton is like meeting a sailor in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

GIRL: What I mean is, I'm a Shopper for the store. I help people select gifts and things, and make suggestions.

FIB: Well, I got a suggestion for--
MOL: McGEE!
FIB: Well, my gosh, we're perfectly capable of doing our own shopping, aren't we?
MOL: Personally, dearie, I think it's very nice of Miss Travis to offer to help us. You know, I never have been able to think of a gift for Mrs. Toops.
FIB: Well, try it on the shopper here. Look, sis, if you were fair, fat and forty, and had five kids, what would you expect for Christmas?
GIRL: The screaming meemies, followed by three weeks of scraping candy out of the carpets.
MOL: Let's put it this way. What would you WANT?
GIRL: A month in Bermuda with Gregory Peck.
MOL: Well, I was thinking of maybe a nice handkerchief, Miss Travis. Have you any suggestions along that line?
GIRL: Oh yes indeed...we have some lovely Swiss imports. Just step over here with me.
FIB: Want me to come along and help, kiddo?
MOL: No thank you, dearie. The only Swiss import you know anything about is full of holes and you make sandwiches with it. (FADING) You browse around, I'll be right back.
FIB: OKAY, SNOOKY, I'LL LOOK FOR SOMETHIN' FOR WILCOX!...I wonder what Junior would like for--
MAN: Pardon me, sir, have you been waited on?

FIB: Eh? Oh, hiya, bud. Yeah, look - I need a small gift for a man who is kind of a dude. Radio announcer. Man about town. Golfer. Polo player. Sophisticated type.
MAN: Ahhh, that's the kind of man we really have things for! How about initialled poker chips, eighty-five dollars a set? Or maybe a silk bathrobe, a hundred and a quarter. Or possibly a set of matched golf clubs, a hundred thirty-seven fifty?
(PAUSE)
FIB: Got any good pipes, for around a buck and a quarter?
MAN: Try the plumbing department. North basement. (FADE) YES SIR...HAVE YOU BEEN WAITED ON, SIR? We have some beautiful--
FIB: Eighty-five bucks for poker chips! That's like buyin' a ninety-dollar pistol to shoot yourself with! My gosh, I never-- OH, HIYA, MOLLY. YOU GOT BACK QUICK.
MOL: I've learned by experience not to let you out of sight for long on a shopping trip, sweetheart. What did you buy.. that we couldn't afford?
FIB: Nothin', yet...I'm just snoopin' around. Tryin' to find something for Wilcox.
MOL: Harlow Wilcox?
WIL: Somebody mention my name?
FIB: Eh? OH, HIYA, JUNIOR!
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Yes, I was just saying I thought I'd seen you come in the store.

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FIB: Incidentally, Junior...you still play polo?

WIL: Nope, gave it up years ago.

MOL: Why?

WIL: My horse got the heaves. Kept heaving me on my head.

FIB: Oh. Gimme that Christmas list, Molly. I wanna scratch that horse off it.

WIL: Oh now look, fellas, gee whizz - you mustn't go to any--

FIB: Hey, Junior.

WIL: Yeah?

FIB: What's in the package?

WIL: This? Gift for my wife. It's a hand-tooled leather box to keep her love letters in.

MOL: Her love letters from YOU, I presume?

WIL: Sure. See, here's one I brought along just for size.

FIB: No kidding? Hey, lemme read it, Junior. I'll bet you were real poetic.

MOL: McGee, for goodness sakes...why should you read other people's love letters? Have you no sense of personal privacy?

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FIB: What's privacy got to do with love? Ever see a park bench with a wall around it? Where do lovers carve their initials? On the biggest tree they can find! Why do they put diamonds in engagement rings? So they won't be seen? Come on, Junior. Let's see the love letter.

MOL: You don't really have to, Mr. Wilcox. Himself here is nosier than a swordfish.

WIL: Oh I don't mind. Listen to this. (RATTLE OF PAPER) June 3, 1935. "DEAR SPANIEL EYES".

FIB: Spaniel eyes! How'd you two spend your honey-moon - chasin' cats?

MOL: Quiet, McGeel

WIL: "DEAR SPANIEL EYES:

I SOLD 32 ORDERS OF JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX TODAY.

FIB: That's a love letter?

WIL: "AS I HAVE SO OFTEN TOLD YOU, AS WE SAT THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT ON THE LOADING PLATFORM OF THE JOHNSON WAREHOUSE, AND YOU HELD MY HAND - THE VERY HAND THAT TODAY TOOK 32 ORDERS FOR JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX --

FIB: Now I know why Juliet got her heart broken - she found out Romeo was a Fuller Brush Man!

MOL: Hush, dearie..maybe he hasn't reached the sentimental part. Go on, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: "I OFTEN DREAM OF THE TIME WHEN I SELL ENOUGH WAX SO WE CAN AFFORD TO GET MARRIED...I DREAM OF YOU AND ME IN OUR OWN LITTLE COTTAGE - ME IN MY SMOKING JACKET AND SLIPPERS.

FIB: You're gonna catch cold, settin' around like that, kid.

WIL: "ME IN MY SMOKING JACKET, SLACKS AND SLIPPERS.....

MOL: Well, now I can open my eyes.

WIL: "AND YOU, DEAR, IN YOUR PINK HOUSEDRESS, ADDING A RICH, WARM, MELLOW LUSTER TO OUR FURNITURE WITH JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX, THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WAYS TO PROTECT AND BEAUTIFY WOOD FLOORS, FURNITURE, ^{AND} WOODWORK, ~~AND LINEN~~. I'M GLAD MY LITTLE WIFIE USES JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX BECAUSE IT IS SO LONG WEARING AND BECAUSE SOME DAY WE MAY HAVE A LITTLE - Well, the rest is personal.

FIB: Hey, Waxey.

WIL: Yes, pal?

MOL: I do hope we aren't delaying you, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Oh no. Not at all. In fact I'm just in time to meet my cousin, Big Brassie Wilcox at the doctors.

FIB: NOT BIG BRASSIE WILCOX, THE GOLF PRO!

MOL: Is he your cousin? And what happened to him?

WIL: He tried to show his wife how he could drive a golf ball off her forehead. Broke her nose and the front window and she got up and said you need a stooge like you need a hole in the head and picked up a number three iron and gave him a hole in the head. (FADE FAST) Well, see you later, friends.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Well...what are you listening for, McGee?

FIB: I was listening for a door slam; - forgot we were here in the Bon Ton. WELL, ~~WHAT ARE WE, YET?~~ Who's next on the list? *Kiddo?*

MOL: Doctor Gamble. We decided we could spend up to five dollars for his gift. How about a nice shirt?

FIB: FOR DOC? ARE YOU KIDDING? You can't waste a five buck shirt on a guy that always looks like he'd got dressed in an upper berth with one arm in a sling! My gosh - OH HEY, HERE'S WALLACE WIMPLE! HI, WIMP! Hey, Molly - here's Wally!

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes. Hello there, Mr. Wimple!

WIMP: ...Hello, folks.

FIB: Doin' some Christmas shoppin', Wimp? We got smart this year ourselves.

WIMP: No, I'm just looking for a going-away present for a friend of mine, Mr. McGee. He's flying down to Miami for the Winter Season.

MOL: Flying to Florida! Isn't that wonderful!

FIB: I didn't know you had friends like that, Wimp. What is he - a millionaire?

WIMP: Nooooo...he's a sparrow.

FIB: Oh. Well, if he's an English sparrow, you might pick him up a monocle. They always -

MOL: Say, how are you getting along with your bird watching these days, Mr. Wimple? Are there many birds around now?

WIMP: Oh, I keep busy, Mrs. McGee. I had a pet humming bird this Fall that I enjoyed a lot. I used to feed him every day with a little glass feeding tube.

MOL: Really? What did you feed him - honey?

WIMP: Sugar and water, dear. (EMBARRASSED) OOOHHH, EXCUSE ME! I mean sugar and water, MRS. MCGEE!!!

FIB: That's better!!

WIMP: One day, though, I put a few little teensy drops of apple cider in his water, just for fun. Ohh, it was terrible.

FIB: Made him sick, did it?

WIMP: No - he just took a big drink of it - did two outside loops and a wing-over - whistled at a lady woodpecker on a telegraph pole - and the last I saw of him, he was chasing a Constellation toward Chicago!...But I really must be going now. Sweetface says the folks across the street are expecting the stork!

MOL: Oh, wonderful!

WIMP: Yes - I haven't seen a stork in years! Goodbye, now!

FIB: Ahhh, a great little guy, Wimple! Too bad such a fine-grained fellow is so henpecked...BUT, maybe that's why. WHO'D YOU SAY WAS NEXT ON OUR LIST, MOLLY?

MOL: Doctor Gamble, but we can't do anything about it now. Because here he comes!

FIB: He is? Oh-oh. Pretend you don't see him! HEY, CLERK! ABOUT THAT 12-GAUGE SHOTGUN! IT'S FOR A FRIEND OF MINE, THAT FINE SHOTGUN. AND PRICE IS NO OBJECT, SEE. HE'S A DOCTOR AND HE'S USED TO FINE THINGS, SEE, SO THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD FOR HIM, SO IF YOU SAY THIS IS REALLY A FINE SHOTGUN-- Oh, hiya, Doc. Didn't see you coming!

DOC: Hello, McGee. Hello, my dear.

MOL: Hello, Doctor.

DOC: Sorry if I interrupted anything, my boy. But your doctor friend HAS a good shotgun, and besides you can't buy a shotgun for three dollars, which is all you ever spend on me, bless your fat little heart, and besides, this is the hosiery department.

FIB: I was just kiddin', Bedside-Boy. What are you doin' out here during office hours? Got an office full o' patients with baffling diseases? Not that you could diagnose anything more serious than a large cinder in a small eye.

MOL: Now you know better than that, McGee. Didn't you read where Doctor Gamble has just been elected president of the State Medical Association?

FIB: Well, my gosh, that was inevitable.

MOL: The best man for it, huh?

FIB: Nope. He counted the ballots!

DOC: Oh, stop it! Look - may I make a suggestion?

MOL: Certainly, Doctor.

FIB: If it's about my bill, Needle-Plunger, I'll pay it when I get darned good and ready to, and not--

DOC: YOUR BILL IS PAID UP.

FIB: It is?

DOC: Yes, thanks to a wife who manages to keep you honest. But I was going to suggest that if you had planned on buying me some small Christmas gift, don't do it. I'd rather you sent an equivalent donation to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. Friday is Damon Runyon Day, you know.

MOL: That's a wonderful idea, Doctor. Where do we send it?

DOC: Send it care of WALTER WINCHELL, NEW YORK CITY - it'll get there all right. How about it, Lumberbrain?

FIB: That's a swell idea, Doc! I'll even send it in your name!

DOC: In that case, let Molly sign it - so they can read it.

(2ND REVISION) 17 - 18

FIB: Now if you don't mind, Fatso, we will proceed with our Christmas shopping.

MOL: We're shopping early this year and letting the store do all our wrapping, Doctor. Good idea, don't you think?

DOC: Whose idea was that?

FIB & MOL: Mine.

MOL: Well, I guess it was McGee's, at that, Doctor.

FIB: No, I think it was Molly's, Doc.

MOL: No, dearie, I'm sure you--

FIB: DON'T YOU REMEMBER, KIDDO? I WAS STANDING THERE IN THE LIVING ROOM AND YOU WERE IN THE DOORWAY, AND--

MOL: No, I was in the living room, and YOU were in the doorway.

FIB: Eh? Well, anyway, you said LET'S DO OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY. So you see, Doc-- (PAUSE) Oh. He's gone.

MOL: Doesn't care for debates, I guess. WELL, LET'S SEE YOUR LIST, DEARIE...AH YES, BILLY MILLS...NOW LET ME SEE... DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'D LIKE A HARMONICA? OR MAYBE A --

ORCH: "FOR YOU"
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

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SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON FRONT PORCH...DOOR OPENS, BEHIND:

MOL: (UP SLIGHTLY) I'll open the front door, dearie. You want me to help you with the bundles?

FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) No, I got 'em okay. Boy, I haven't carried in such a load since I brought Uncle Dennis home last New Year's Eve.

MOL: You've got all our ~~shopping~~ ^{packages} there. Watch the front steps, now.

FIB: (FADING IN) I'm okay! Migosh, you think I'm so fumblefooted I can't carry a few packages up the steps without-- Oops!

SOUND: SCUFFLE OF FEET - CLATTER OF PACKAGES

FIB: DADRAT THE DADRATTED!

MOL: I'll help you pick them up. (PICKING THEM UP)

FIB: DOGGONE IT, WHEN DID THAT STEP GET LOOSE LIKE THAT??

MOL: In 1932.

FIB: Huh?

MOL: You stomped it loose when I told you the grocer had raised the price of butter to twenty-three cents.

FIB: Oh...Well, migosh, why don't I fix it, then? That's the--

MOL: Put the packages on the hall table. There!

SOUND: CLATTER OF PACKAGES ON TABLE - MORE OF SAME - DOOR CLOSE

MOL: Ahh, just look at them, dearie! Aren't they wrapped pretty?

FIB: Swell! Those guys take a six bit necktie and wrap it up so it looks like five bucks. Which is just about what a six-bit necktie costs these days.

(2ND REVISION) -20-

MOL: Well, it's wonderful to have our presents all bought -- and wrapped - this far ahead of Christmas. And wrapped so beautifully, too!

FIB: I'll say! Why we didn't do this last year, I'll never...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Somebody must have followed us home. COME IN.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Ohh, it's Mayor La Trivia! Do come in, Mr. Mayor!

FIB: Yeah. Hiya, La Triv!

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. McGee. Are you going out?

FIB: Just come in, La Triv. Hey, you got your Christmas shoppin' done yet? Like we just done?

GALE: No, I haven't. I've been looking at things -- for Miss Tremayne, but so far -

MOL: Say, how are you and Miss Tremayne getting along anyhow, Mr. Mayor? Did you patch up that little quarrel last week?

GALE: Yes, I fixed it up. (CHUCKLES) I waited a couple of days for her to phone me - but she didn't - so I finally just took the bull by the horns and went over to see her!

MOL: (PAUSE) I suppose you wore your cowboy suit, of course?

GALE: My..uh...my cowboy suit?

FIB: Yeah, when you grabbed that bull by the horns. Boy, you musta made quite an entrance at Fifi's house! (CHUCKLES)

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MOL: I should say!

FIB: I bet when she opened the door and saw you wrestlin' a bull on the porch, she like to busted a hame-string!

GALE: No..no, I don't think you understand what I -

MOL: Did you used to be a cowboy before you were mayor, Mr. Mayor?

FIB: He musta been! Any guy that can sneak up on a bull, grab it by the horns and take it to see his girl, must be a regular South American Groucho! Migosh, I -

GALE: I did NOT sneak up on ANYTHING! Look, I merely said -

MOL: Maybe he didn't have to sneak up on it, McGee. Probably it was a pet. Lots of people have pet bulls and -

FIB: Even so, they're tricky. I mind one time I grabbed a bull by the tail at Uncle Sycamore's ranch - and hung on for 10 minutes! It was a dead bull, of course, or I wouldn't have -- HEY, was that a dead bull you took to Fifi's house, La Triv??

GALE: Of course not! Why would I call on Miss Tremayne with a dead bull? That's ridiculous!!

FIB: Just a thought.

MOL: How long have you had this pet bull, Mr. Mayor? Did you raise him yourself from a heifer?

GALE: I don't HAVE a pet bull! I said nothing about taking a bull to Miss Tremayne's house! I DID NOT take a bull anyplace! Is that clear??

FIB: It is to me, boy! When you grab a bull by the horns,
you don't take him anyplace - HE TAKES YOU! You're
just lucky he went past Fifi's house, because -
GALE: He didn't go fast Heefi's pouse -- er Bifi's full --
Fifi's bull! I mean he took me -- I took the horn --
bull --
MOL: Oh now, now now, Mr. Mayor, let's not lose our tempers;
PLEASE! (CUTE) Santa Clause is listening these days,
you know!
FIB: Sure. You don't hafta holler at us just because you're
a little mixed up, La Triv.
GALE: All right! Now look. When I said "I took the bull by
the horns." I was merely using an old familiar
approach to the subject.
MOL: And I'll bet the approach is important, too.
FIB: Betcha! If you approach the subject from the left,
that gives you a right-hand grab for his horns, and
once you've got the bull by the horns -
GALE: (ROARS) I DIDN'T GRAB A RIGHT-HAND BULL BY THE CORNS!
THORNS! ... WHEN I SAID I HOOKED A BULL BY THE BARN -
THE HORNS - I DIDN'T MEAN I -- YOU WERE THE ONE THAT SAID
I FEEFED A BULL TO TAKE SEEFI! TOOK A FEEF TO BULL SEEFI!
FIPI! ... YOU ALWAYS TRY TO ... I NEVER SAID I... YOU
WERE THE... I... YOU.. (PAUSE) McGee?
FIB: Yes?
GALE: You know so much about bulls - I wonder if you know
anything about bullfighting.

FIB: Ask me anything, boy!
GALE: All right - what do they call the matador's assistant?
FIB: The guy that throws the darts at the bull? He's the
picador.
GALE: The what?
MOL: Picador, Mr. Mayor.
GALE: Very well, I'll pick this one here. (DOOR OPEN)
Good day!
SOUND: DOOR SLAM
FIB: Great kidder, La Triv. Always tryin' to mix me up!
MOL: Look, let's put away these Christmas presents,
sweetheart.
FIB: Okay. Boy it's great, to have this job done!
MOL: Yes, let's tag them now and put them in the closet
till Christmas Day. I'll start writing out tags.
FIB: Swell.
MOL: Hand me Harlow Wilcox's gift first. I've got a card
here.
FIB: Okay, lemme see (RATTLE OF PACKAGES) This must be
Junior's necktie right here... Er, no, I think that's Doc's
sox. Although Doc's sox are pretty loud, and this is a
quiet package, so maybe it's the billfold we bought Mort
Toops.

MOL: (PAUSE) You...uh...you didn't ask the store to mark
what was in each package?

FIB: (PAUSE) I should of, huh?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: ...Well - hand me the paper knife and stand back! Boy,
I loove to open Christmas packages!!!

SOUND: RIP OF PAPER...TEARING SOUNDS...CLATTER AND RATTLE INTO

ORCH: "RENDEZVOUS WITH A ROSE"...FADE FOR:

FIBBER & MOLLY
12/7/48

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You know, your living room rug, and your living room
floor are -- you might say -- partners in beauty.
Because no matter how expensive a rug is, it can only
really look its best when the wood floor bordering it
has a clear, polished luster -- the kind of luster your
floors have when you use Johnson's Paste Wax.
Johnson's Paste Wax -- you know -- also makes it easy to
keep your floors glossy. That tough coat of wax
protects your floors ... that's one reason. And another
is, it's so simple to clean a waxed surface.
Save yourself work, and save your floors, with Johnson's
Paste Wax. And after you've applied it, notice how the
glistening finish of those polished floors sets off the
beauty of any rug in your house. Johnson's Paste Wax.
(PAUSE) Now, if you'd like to give your best friend a
practical gift this Christmas...present her with the New
Johnson Beautiflor Electric Floor Polisher. She'll
remember you as the person who made it possible for
her to have a brilliantly polished floor in a few
seconds. See your Johnson dealer about the New
Beautiflor Electric Polisher.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

SOUND: RATTLE AND THUD OF BUNDLES

MOL: There! All wrapped up again - and what a job!

FIB: Whew! Yeah. My fault too, kiddo - I shoulda had the clerk mark what was in 'em in the first place.

MOL: Well, they're properly wrapped and tagged this time, anyhow.

FIB: Swell. I suppose you looked 'em all over to make sure they took the price tags off of 'em.

MOL: (PAUSE) I should of, huh?

FIB: Yeah.

MOL: (PAUSE) Welllll - here we go again!

SOUND: RIPPING AND TEARING OF PAPER BEHIND:

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

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 N B C ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(CHIMES)

*Cut Post
Time*

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

DECEMBER 10th, 1948