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Wood

#13

(REVISED)

file

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

DECEMBER 28, 1948

7:30 - 8:00 PM PDST

(REVISED) -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 AND MOLLY SHOW
DECEMBER 28, 1948

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: What would it cost to fix up a room in your house? You know -- make it more attractive place to live in? It could cost you a lot of money, but Johnson's Paste Wax can improve a room more than you would believe possible... for less than a dollar. Imagine the floors in your living room so glossy...so clear and bright, that they shine like a mirror. Imagine the beauty and warmth such polished floors would bring to everything in that room. That's exactly what happens when you use Johnson's Paste Wax. ~~A little wax, and~~ your room is more beautiful than you thought possible...~~when that wax is Johnson's Paste Wax.~~ Johnson's Paste Wax protects your floors, too. Forms a hard shield over the surface that dirt can't penetrate...and that's very easy to clean. Next time you're at the store, pick up a pound of ~~Johnson's Paste Wax.~~ ~~That's~~ genuine Johnson's Paste Wax -- there's none other quite like it. No other wax can bring such lustrous beauty to the floors of your home...in exactly the same way. Johnson's Paste Wax.

ORCH: BRIDGE...TO OPENING

MB

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WILCOX: TONIGHT IS THE BIG FORMAL DANCE OF THE SEASON AT THE COUNTRY CLUB AND ONLY THE CREAM OF WISTFUL VISTA SOCIETY IS INVITED. THE CREAM LINE, HOWEVER, SEEMS TO BE A TRIFLE LOWER THIS YEAR, BECAUSE LOOK WHO'S GOING TO BE THE GUESTS OF MAYOR LA TRIVIA AT THE AFFAIR! YES --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: My, imagine US going to the Country Club dance, McGee! And as guests of the Mayor himself, no less! Zipper my dress in the back, will you, dearie?

FIB: Sure, turn around. (ZIPPING SOUND) There you are! Hey, how's my tuxedo look - okay?

MOL: Wonderful! Only stand up straight, dearie - you're getting your shoulders in more curves than Highway 66.

FIB: I'll straighten up when I get to the club. No use wastin' my strength now. You sure this single-breasted coat looks okay, though? Lots of the new tuxedos have double-breasted coats, and I don't wanta look--

MOL: A single-breasted jacket is still fine. Men's formal clothes don't change much, anyhow. The difference between one soup-and-fish and another soup-and-fish is superficial... There! How do I look now?

FIB: Ooooooo - beautiful! (CUTE) Hey look, baby - if you can sneak away from that old geezer you're married to tonight, let's you and me have a couple of dances, huh?

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MOL: (COY) Oh, I'm sorry, sir, but my husband is terribly jealous! He's never let me dance with a handsome stranger like you! He'd simply --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: I'll get it. (SLIGHT FADE - SINGING) "OHHHHH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL - YOU GREAT BIG --"

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, OFF

MOL: (CALLS) Who is it, McGee?

FIB: (OFF) Delivery boy! (SOUND: DOOR SLAM, OFF)
(FADING IN) Gee whiz, Molly, that La Trivia is a wonderful host! Look, - he sent you flowers!

MOL: Oh - how nice!

FIB: Yeah - A BEAUTIFUL CARNATION!

MOL: A carnation?

FIB: Yep ... AND LOOK! AN ORCHID FOR ME!

MOL: I'll trade you.

FIB: Okay ... I like carnations, anyhow. We oughta leave pretty soon, you know that? I told La Triv we'd meet him at his house at eight o'clock, and --

MOL: At his house? Aren't we driving out to the Country Club?

FIB: Nope - we're gonna leave our car at La Trivia's and ride out to the Country Club with him in his private limousine!

MOL: Heavenly days! Get us!!

FIB: Yeah! You ever see that forty-foot Cadillac he rides around in - with the two police sergeants in the front seat, splashin' mud on all the traffic cops? I hope we pass 14th and Oak because there's a cop directs traffic there that I'd like to--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

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

FIB: Hi, Old Timer.

OLD M: Hello there, kids! Hey, Johnny, whatcha all dressed up for? Fit to kill?

FIB: We're goin' out in society tonight, Old Timer. The Country Club dance. At the Country Club.

MOL: With Mayor La Trivia. We're his guests.

OLD M: Is thaaaaat so? Oh, I love parties, kids! I mind one time Poppa threw a party and made over three hundred dollars.

FIB: Yeah? Musta been a pretty big party.

OLD MAN: Two hundred and twenty pounds. Feller named Monahan. Papa threw him down our cellar steps - hit a water pipe and busted it. Water flooded the basement, come up over the top of the furnace, put the fire out - and froze. Papa opened the first indoor skating rink in town and made hisself a fortune! A small fortune.

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FIB: Well, this'll be a little different tonight. This is a very high-class dance - with all the society big-shots and--

OLD M: Ohh, I know jist whatcha mean, Johnny. I useta travel around with all the society people myself - when I lived in New York.

MOL: You? In society?

OLD M: Yep - I went everyplace with 'em. The Morgans - the Vanderbilts --

FIB: Migosh, you went around with that crowd? What were you - a rich kid?

OLD M: Nope - a cab driver, Johnny. I drove 'em all. The Rocky - fellers, the Astors - Why, I even drove the poppa of the Dionne Quints one time.

MOL: My, that must have made you pretty proud.

OLD M: Yep - that was quite a father in my cab! (LAUGHS)
(PAUSE) Then there was another time when--

FIB: I guess you cab drivers have some pretty wierd experiences, eh, Old Timer?

OLD M: You said it, Johnny. Why, you wouldn't believe some of the things us New York hackdrivers go through - but I'll tell you a few of 'em.

MOL: You will?

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OLD: Yep - Stoplights. WELL, I KNOW YOU KIDS WANNA GIT ALONG TO THE PARTY ... HAVE A NICE TIME - AND HAPPY NEW YEAR!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Grab your coat, Beautiful, and leave us depart for the ball!

ORCH: "YOU WERE ONLY FOOLING"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: VOICES, LAUGHTER IN B.G.: TRES GALE, TRES JOLIE

MOL: McGee, I think the past three hours have been about as enjoyable as I ever spent. What a LOVELY party! Such wonderful music, such NICE people!

FIB: It ain't any hay-ride, that's for sure. There's so many blue-bloods here tonight they had to quit usin' the pink spotlight on the dance floor - made everybody look purple.

MOL: I never met so many important people in my life ... aldermen, Senators, the Chinese Consul, and, on the other hand, there's Wallace Wimple! Hello, Mr. Wimple!

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old Man!

WIMP: Hello, folks!

MOL: Isn't this a lovely party, Mr. Wimple? Are you having fun?

WIMP: Ohhh, am I ever having a time! Sweetface and I are playing hide-and seek.

FIB: Hide-and-seek! HERE? AT A FORMAL DANCE?

WIMP: Yes ... she wants to dance, and I don't want to, so she keeps looking for me and I keep hiding. I spend twenty minutes once within arm's reach of her and she never saw me. (SNICKERS) I was behind Doctor Gamble.

FIB: You'd have been safe there with two heavy friends!

MOL: Don't you like to dance, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh yes ... but not with Sweetface! She doesn't steer easily. Trying to lead my big, old wife on a dance floor is like a snow-plow driver trying to write "Goosey Goosey Gander, Whither do you Wander"? In two feet of slush. (SNICKERS) 00000000, Sweetface is headed this way!!... Goodbye now!!

VOICES: (POLITE LAUGHTER, ETC)

MOL: Shall we dance this next dance, Sweetheart?

FIB: Gee, I promised this next one to Senator Frinkel, Baby.

MOL: Well - I hope you both enjoy it. You'll make a cute couple out there on the -

FIB: No no no, I promised him he could dance with you. He seemed to be quite smote with you - says you're the most ...

VOICES: (POLITE CHATTER, ETC)

GALE: (FADING IN) Ah, there you are, Molly. I've been looking for you.

MOL: It's a lovely party, Mr. Mayor, and we're having a scrumptious time!

FIB: She said it, La Triv! I ain't seen so many off-the-shoulder dresses or so many off-the-polo-pony faces since I dunno when!

GALE: Er ... yes ... But what I wanted to see you for was to introduce an old friend of mine - the Governor of the State - the Honorable Walter M. Argabrite. Governor, two of my very good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fibber McGee.

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GOV: How do you do.
MOL: How do you do, I'm sure, your - er .. honorable er ...
your Highness!

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FIB: Hiyah, Walt. Heard a lot about you. Always wanted to ask you confidentially about that little black box with the two hundred grand in it that the investigating committee found in your -

MOL: (LOUDLY) JUST IMAGINE US MEETING THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE!

FIB: Yeeh...quite an occasion. Eh, Gov?

GOV: Mmmm.

GALE: I...er...I've been telling the Governor all about you, McGee, But I don't think he believed me.

GOV: I do now, La Trivia. Mrs. McGee, I hope you appreciate the honor of being the Mayor's guest tonight. Finest man I know, and HARRUMMMPPPPH, possibly the next...ahhhh.... Governor. Delighted to have met you. Good evening. (FADE) Come La Trivia....let's see if we can find a.....

FIB: So! They're grooming La Triv for the governorship, eh? How much'll you bet I don't wind up as Secretary of State?

MOL: How much money is there?

FIB: Well, just as a hint, kiddo I'll -

ORCH: IN B/G: DANCE #. (RHUMBA)

MOL: Shall we dance, dearie, or just stand here and wait for the Senator?

FIB: Let's dance it ourselves, tootsie. He's a Republican anyway, so he's used to sitting 'em out.

MOL: It's a rhumba, McGee.

FIB: So what? I can rhumba. After all, you merely shut your eyes, and imagine you're a Chevvy coupe, hauling a half-ton trailer with a wobbly wheel. Let's go!

ORCH: UP FOR FEW BARS AND FADE FOR -- KEEP UNDER --

FIB: Some fun, eh?
MOL: Oh I just love to dance. Of course some of the new rhythms are tricky, but I SAY, LOOK AT MR. WILCOX!
FIB: Eh? Where?
MOL: Dancing with that beautiful girl over there to the left. Is that his wife?
FIB: Nah ... That's Old Man MacDonald, the President of the Third National Bank's wife.
MOL: Oh, it is? Let's dance past them and see what he's saying.
FIB: That's kinda snoopy, kiddo, but nobody's a bigger snoop than I am. Come on.
MUSIC: UP BRIEFLY AND FADE
WOMAN: (FADE IN) Oh, do tell me more, Harlow!
WIL: Well, I happen to know, on very good authority, Genevieve, that all the floors, woodwork and furniture in the Country Club are treated with Johnson's Paste Wax for beauty and protection...
WOMAN: Really? Well

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FIB: Oh my gosh, that's just a lot of drivel! Let's not ...
MOL: Shhh ... I want to hear this -

WIL: You see, there's a tremendous investment in this club, Genevieve, so naturally they want the finest kind of wood surface protection that money can buy. And that, naturally, is Johnson's paste wax.
WOMAN: Oh let's not talk any more business. You're such a splendid dancer. Those little extra steps you take -
WIL: Well, -- I'm sort of an expert on extra steps too. Because Johnson's Paste Wax makes housework so much simpler that extra steps are practically obsolete. Makes furniture and woodwork so easy to clean and keep clean. Dust won't cling to it, and fingerprints wipe right off with OH HELLO THERE, MOLLY. HIYAH, PAL!
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Hiyah, Junior.
WIL: You folks know Mrs. MacDonald? Genevieve, this is Molly and Fibber McGee.
WOMAN: How do you do.
MOL: Er ... how do you do, I'm sure.
FIB: Hiyah, Gen! How ya been? Up to your ears in paste wax?
WIL: Say, pal, I'm certainly glad I saw you doing the rhumba, tonight.
MOL: Really, Mr. Wilcox?
FIB: Like the way I rhumba, Junior?

WIL: No, but it just reminded me that I've got to get my cocker spaniel back from the kennel tomorrow. Boy, will he wag his tail when he sees me again! (FADE) See you later, folks ...

MUSIC: UP - SUSTAIN - BRIEFLY TO FINISH

VOICES: POLITE APPLAUSE AND CHATTER

MOL: Ahhh, what fun!! My wasn't it grand of the Mayor to ask us to come tonight, McGee. Such a fine man. So handsome, and so dignified. So well liked!

FIB: Yeah, that's a great kid, La Trivia! With his personality and what I could do for him if I was his campaign manager --

DOC: (FADE IN) If you were WHOSE campaign manager, Turtleneck?

FIB: EH? Oh Hiyah, Doc!

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble. Isn't this a lovely party?

DOC: It is, indeed. I never miss these annual dances.

FIB: You oughtta go to a few in between too, Fatso. Confidentially, I been watching you dance tonight, and there's nothing wrong with your style that you couldn't correct by careful observation of a drunken rhinoceros.

MOL: Now McGee, that is simply not correct. The Doctor is an EXCELLENT dancer.

DOC: Thank you, my dear. I've seen him dance too. Dragpants, you are about as graceful as a three-toed sloth, creeping across a bed of hot horseshoes. Or, in a faster tempo, you look like you had just got into a pair of trousers which had been put out to dry on an ant hill.

FIB: Yeah? Well, for your information, Kidney-napper, -

MOL: Boys Boys Boys! .. please! .. not here, and not tonight. I'm having too much fun to listen to you two bicker.

FIB: Wel-l-l-l ...

DOC: You're right, my dear. It IS a nice party, isn't it? And you two are guests of the most popular man in town. You are with La Trivia, aren't you?

FIB: Yeah, he's with us.

MOL: And he's introduced us to simply EVERYBODY, Doctor. Even the Chinese Consul.

DOC: Is he here?

FIB: Yeah, and I wish I'd had more time to talk to him. On account of all the Chinese friends I used to have in San Francisco.

MOL: McGee, you never told me about having a lot of Chinese Friends!

FIB: I NEVER TOLD YOU ABOUT HOW I USED TO SPEND SO MUCH TIME PLAYIN' MAH JONG AND SINGIN' SONGS WITH AH FONG AND SAM HONG OF THE LONG BONG TONG?

MOL: You never did!

FIB: Well, Lotus Flower, I will. Chop Chop!

DOC: Excuse me while I run over to the refreshment table.
It's the only punch I expect to get out of this.

FIB: Please, Doctor. Don't go. This is extremely interesting.
WELL, SIR, THE LONG BONG TONG -

MOL: What's a tong?

FIB: A tong, my dear, is a Chinese lodge. Sort of a mutual benefit association. And the Long Bong was a fine Tong.

DOC: If you had a deeper voice, you'd sound like a toy fire engine.

FIB: WELL SIR, AH FONG AND SAM HONG WERE HEADS OF THE TONG, AND WE USED TO SPEND LONG, LONG HOURS PLAYIN' MAH JONG IN THE TONG, AND SINGIN' THE TONG SONG: "YOU CAN'T GO WONG WITH THE LONG BONG TONG". And when I and Ah Fong and Sam Hong and a throng of Long Bongs got thru with the song, and said "so long", it was hard on the tong's lungs because "YOU CAN'T GO WONG WITH THE LONG BONG TONG" is a long song. (SIGHS) Too bad me and Ah Fong split up like that.

DOC: Too bad they didn't just split you up, Foreign Devil.

MOL: Why McGee? What happened with you and Ah Fong?

FIB: Oh I guess I was just a little un-tactful. It seems that Ah Fong and the whole Long Bong Tong went to the circus one day, and a tiger got loose and into their box and ate up every one of 'em, except Ah Fong, who had just stepped out for a sack of ~~peanuts~~ *leechi nuts*.

MOL: How were you untactful?

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FIB: Well, not knowing about the tiger eatin' his friends -
the next time I seen Ah Fong, I says "HIYAH, BOY, HOW
ARE ALL THE FELIAS?" and he just stares at me. Finally,
I says, "WHAT'S THE MATTER?" I says, "GAT GOT YOUR TONG?"
- and he bust into tears and like to beat the bejunior
outa me. That's why I - (PAUSE)

DOC: What's the matter?

FIB: Who was the dark haired guy standing here just now?
The one that kinda sneered, and walked away?

MOL: That dearie, was the Chinese Consul.

FIB: Eh? Oh! My gosh, I -

SOUND: LONG DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL CRASH

VOICES: POLITE CHATTER

MOL: Heavenly days, what goes on? Looks like the Governor is
going to make a speech!

FIB: Pompous old goat, ain't he?

DOC: Quiet, Taxpayer - I'd rather hear him than you.

(2ND REVISION) -19-

GOV: (OFF A LITTLE) AH ... MEMBERS OF THE WISTFUL VISTA
COUNTRY CLUB, GUESTS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... I ah ...
HARRUMPHHH ... I ah ... HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU
.... AH ... FOUR LOCAL LADS TO SING FOR US -- THEY HAVE
LEFT THEIR WORK IN FILLING STATIONS, GROCERIES,
BOOKMAKERS, AND LAUNDRIES AT GREAT ... AHHHHHHH, PERSONAL
SACRIFICE TO, AH ... THEY ARE GOING TO SING AN OLD
FAVORITE FOR US ... AH .. WELL, HERE THEY ARE, THE ANSWER
TO THAT OLD QUESTION, "WHAT HAS FOUR HEADS, EIGHT LEGS,
AND SINGS?" HAH HAH

FIB: Ohh, brother!!

GOV: THE KING'S MEN!

KINGS MEN: "WINTER SONG"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP AND FADE BEHIND:

MOL: Ohh, it was such a wonderful party, Mr. Mayor! I just hated to hear them play the last dance!

GALE: I'm glad you enjoyed it, Mrs. McGee - so did I. Did you have fun, McGee?...McGee?!

FIB: (SLEEPILY) Huh? Wha--? Oh. (YAWNS) Musta dozed off. I'm okay, Molly. (PATTING HAND) You relax, kiddo. (YAWNS) I'm okay.

GALE: That's MY hand you're patting, McGee.

MOL: (CHUCKLES) I'm on this side of you, dearie. We're almost to the Mayor's house.

FIB: Migosh, it's dark! Don't they have streetlights out this way, La Triv? It's blacker than the inside of--

GALE: Your hat's down over your eyes...There...that better?

FIB: Oh. (CHUCKLES) Yeah, thanks, I can see now.

MOL: I was just telling His Honor what a wonderful time we had, McGee. Did you see all the beautiful clothes on those women? The place was simply crawling with mink coats!

FIB: Aaagh, ptah! Mink coats! Who'd ever want a coat that everybody else has one just like it?

MOL: I would.

FIB: I know what you mean. But it takes a certain type woman to wear a mink coat, though, you know.

MOL: It does? What type?

FIB: The type woman that's got a rich husband...Hey, by the way, La Triv - how about that scuttlebutt tonight about you bein' our next Governor?

GALE: (CAUTIOUSLY) Ohhhh, I - well - some of my friends would like to see me try it - but - it's entirely too early to--

MOL: Well, congratulations, Mr. Mayor! When will you start the job?

GALE: Oh, I - it - it's just talk, Mrs. McGee. Let's not be hasty. I - well, I suppose I've always been afflicted with - gubernatorial ambitions, but --

FIB: So what? That's no worse than sinus trouble, boy! Get the right treatment for it and make your campaign. I'll--

MOLLY: Yes, you act like you always have, Mr. Mayor, and you'll win. Quiet and dignified --

SOUND: CAR SLOWS DOWN - BRAKES ON

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GALE: Well here we are. I believe your car is parked just ahead of us there, McGee.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS

CHAUF: (LOW) Here we are, Mayor. The ride okay?

GALE: Fine, Mike.

FIB: (LOUD) Yeah, fine, Mike,

MOL: (SOFTLY) Keep your voice down, dearie - it's half past two.

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAM....(EVERYBODY SPEAKS SOFTLY THROUGHOUT)

GALE: Yes, the whole neighborhood's asleep. I'm going to sleep late myself tomorrow, Mike, and I think I'll walk to the office. Take the morning off and bring the car to the City Hall about noon.

CHAUF: Right, Mayor. Thanks. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight.

SOUND: CAR ROARS AWAY

GALE: If it wasn't so late, McGee, I'd ask you folks in, but --

FIB: Oh we gotta get going, La Triv. This is really a swanky neighborhood you got here, though. Who lives next door?

GALE: There? That's the Editor of the Gazette, and over there is MacDonald the president of the Third National Banks house, and -

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FIB: The Gazette, you say? That's the paper that rode you so hard during election? Hates your administration?

MOL: McGee, come on! Let's go home and let the Mayor go to bed.

GALE: It HAS been a long day. The dance was great - but I'm worn out. I'm going to bed and sleep around the clock!

MOL:You are?

FIB: If you roll over in the night and it falls on the floor, won't it wake you?

GALE: If...what falls on the floor?

MOL: The clock, Mr. Mayor. The one you're going to bed and sleep around.

FIB: Yeah, if that's the way you sleep, La Triv, I hope you've got a smooth round clock to curl yourself around.

GALE: I don't curl myself around a clock, McGee. I merely -

MOL: I had a sister that slept around a pillow - and my little brother slept around a teddy bear for years - but I couldn't sleep around a clock if I -'

GALE: Look, please! When I said I was going to sleep around the clock, I merely meant I intend to get myself 12 hours of good sleep tonight!

MOL: Well, if you hope to get any sleep at all, Mr. Mayor, take my advice and don't go to bed with an alarm clock in your midriff.

FIB: No, we gotta marble Venus with a clock in her stummick, and you never saw such an uncomfortable lookin' -----

(2ND REVISION) -24-

GALE: I'M NOT A VENAL MARBUS - A MARBLE CLOCKUS --- SHHH!
Great Scott!

MOL: (SOFTLY) That was you.

GALE: I'm sorry. But look, you two don't understand. I -

FIB: No, I don't, La Triv. I've had time on my hands lots of times, but I never had time on my stomach. If you gotta sleep wrapped around a clock, take an electric clock and pull out the plug first. That way....

GALE: (ROARS) I DON'T HAVE TO CREEP SLAPPED AROUND WITH A ROCK! CURLED UP WITH A CROCK! CLOCK!

MOL: Shh! Mr. Mayor, the neighbors!

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY I WAS GOING TO ROCK AROUND IN MY SLEEP!
SLEEP AROUND IN MY SOCKS! CLOCKS! I MERELY SAID I WAS A CREEP - I WAS GOING TO SHEEP - SLEEP --- YOU WERE THE ONE THAT SAID I SOCKED A RAP AROUND WITH A CLOCK...CURLED A CLOCK AROUND..SOCKED A CURL...PEARL..

SOUND: A COUPLE MORE WINDOWS GO UP THROUGH THE ABOVE:

BOB: (OFF) WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?

BILL: (OFF) CALL THE POLICE SOMEBODY!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, THE NEIGHBORS!

GALE: (PANIC) Oh no! Great Scott! I woke the neigh - oh, this is -'

BOB: SHUT UP AND GO HOME, WILL YOU?

(2ND REVISION) -25 & 26-

MOL: SHUT UP, YOURSELF, YOU BIG LOOGAN! I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS WAS A REFINED NEIGHBORHOOD, MR. MAYOR. LISTEN TO THOSE RUDE PEOPLE YELLING AT US!

GALE: Oh, please! What are you doing to me!!

VOICE 1: GO ON HOME, I SAID!

BOB:

FIB: THIS IS THE MAYOR YOU'RE YELLING AT AND HE IS HOME!..... GO BACK TO BED, STUPID!

VOICE 2: QUIET, YOU! IT'S HALF PAST TWO! WHAT DO YOU MEAN YELLING LIKE THAT?

BILL:

GALE: Ohhhhhhhh! How do I get into these things!

MOL: THIS IS MAYOR LA TRIVIA AND HE'S GOT A RIGHT TO YELL AT HALF PAST TWO IF HE WANTS TO!

GALE: (MOANS)

FIB: CERTAINLY, HE RUNS THIS TOWN, LOUDMOUTH! SO - YOU GONNA PIPE DOWN, OR HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HAVE YOUR NEWSPAPER RAIDED?

MOL: That's telling them, dearie! Don't you worry, Mr. Mayor, we'll take care of you. You've got friends!

VOICE 2: GET MY SHORGUN, GRACE!

BILL:

VOICE 3: CALL THE CHIEF OF POLICE, SOMEBODY!

BEA:

VOICE 1: GET THE GOVERNOR ON THE PHONE....

BOB:

VOICES: GENERAL HUBBUB: OFF:

MUSIC: SNEAK IN HERE

GALE: (CRYING) Ohhh, I'm ruined! The newspapers! I'll have to resign! They'll run me out of town! Ohhhhhhhh.....

ORCH: "I LOVE YOU SO MUCH IT HURTS"

FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
12/28/48

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Sometimes when you fix a room up ... so that it's prettier and more attractive, you make it harder to take care of. But when you give a room new beauty with Johnson's Paste Wax ... cleaning it is much easier. That's because the same coat of Johnson's Wax that makes a floor so brilliant so glossy to look at ... is a very hard coat. Dirt and grime can't penetrate that tough surface. So a coat of Johnson's Paste Wax is easy to clean. Dirt comes off with a light stroke of a dust cloth. Remember ... it isn't enough to ask for floor wax. Ask for Johnson's Paste Wax. No other wax makes your floors beautiful and easy to clean in exactly the same way. (PAUSE) Now here's a way to polish your waxed floor in a few seconds. Get Johnson's New Beautiflor Electric Polisher. The big whirling brush buffs your floor brilliantly. All you do is guide the polisher across the floor. You can buy a Beautiflor Electric Polisher from your Johnson dealer ... or rent one at low cost, if you prefer.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -28-

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen - you're going to hear it pretty often in the next two or three days, but nobody is going to mean it more sincerely than we do when we say HAPPY NEW YEAR!

MOL: We hope you'll have not only a Happy, but a SAFE, New Year. Because the figures on traffic accidents all over the country are pretty appalling - and they are usually the result of speed and carelessness. So PLEASE drive carefully.

FIB: Remember - you can spend a lot of bitter years explaining to yourself why you were trying to save two minutes!

Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF: 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. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you? Goodnight.

ANNOR: THIS IS N.B.C. -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)