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Wood *file*

#14

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

JANUARY 4, 1949

7:30 - 8:00 PM PST

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
COWCATCHER - 1/4/49

ANNCR: The Johnson's Wax Program!

With a special message ... about an outstanding new product. It's Johnson's Cream Wax ... the fastest wax polish you can buy ... for your furniture.

Johnson's Cream Wax cleans so quickly ... dries so quickly ... polishes so quickly that using it is practically as easy as dusting.

Even big dining room table-tops will be bright and lustrous almost as fast as I can tell you about it. That's possible because Johnson's Cream Wax not only cleans in a moment ... it dries and polishes in a moment. Leaves no wet, sticky, dust-catching oil on the surface of your furniture.

So to have furniture that's perfectly cleaned and beautifully polished ... and to have it with no more trouble than dusting ... get the fastest wax polish you can buy: Johnson's Cream Wax.

~~WILCOX: Yes, the Johnson's Wax Program with Fibber McGee and Molly.~~

~~(REFERENCE WITH REGULAR CROW INTRODUCTION)~~

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 & MOLLY SHOW
JANUARY 4, 1949.

OPENING COMMERCIAL.

WILCOX: I believe all of you who have been buying Johnson's
Glo-Coat will be pleased to hear that more people buy
Glo-Coat than any other self polishing floor wax.

S.C. Johnson and Son -- the makers of Glo-Coat -- are
especially happy to be able to make this announcement,
because now Glo-Coat has been improved even further:
There's a new glow in Glo-Coat ... that gives your
kitchen linoleum a glistening finish -- far brighter
than before.

Be sure to ask for genuine Johnson's Glo-Coat. It
comes in the same familiar yellow container, with the
bright red band ... but the Glo-Coat in that container
has a new glow that shines more brightly, far more
brightly.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

WILCOX: AN OIL BURNING FURNACE CAN MAKE A HOUSE MIGHTY COMFORTABLE THESE BRISK WINTER DAYS. IF YOU HAVE OIL FOR IT, OF COURSE - LIKE THE PEOPLE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA JUST RAN OUT OF, BECAUSE THE MAN OF THE HOUSE FORGOT TO ORDER ANY. HERE'S THE HOUSE NOW - WITH A COLD FURNACE - A FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE - AND --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: - so I told the guy we gotta have some fuel oil right now, see and he says well, why didn't I order it sooner - and I says "I didn't need it sooner, wise guy!" - and then he said something I didn't like and I hung up.

MOL: What did he say?

FIB: "Goodbye".

MOL: I don't know how you manage it, dearie - but you can rub more people the wrong way than a crosseyed masseur.

FIB: Well, I just always - Here, lemme throw another log in the fireplace. (THUD OF LOG - CRACKLE OF SPARKS) Maybe that'll help.

MOL: Isn't that pretty, McGee! I love to watch an open fire - although frankly -

FIB: Sure, it's great! It'll keep you nice and warm all day - if you happen to be an andiron! Our trouble is, we happen to be people!

MOL: Yes - COLD people! Brrr! I never realized how much heat this fireplace throws. Up the chimney!

FIB: You said it. Get six feet away from this mantel and it's colder than a wet overshoe.

MOL: I've got the oven turned on in the kitchen - and the oven door open - but it doesn't reach out here. And there's a terrible draft coming under the front door, McGee.

SOUND: WHINE OF WIND

FIB: Yeah - whew! That's what's makin' this room so cold. My feet are freezin', and I know why. It's that weather-strippin' I bought for the front door that makes that draft under there.

MOL: What? How on earth can the weather-stripping make it drafty?

FIB: By being down in the basement where I left it when I bought it summer before last.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Wasn't any use to put it on the door then - you don't need weather-stripping in the summer, naturally. Too hot.

MOL: I see.

FIB: And it's always too cold in the winter to take the door off the hinges to put the weather-stripping on it. Kind of a vicious cycle.

SOUND: WIND WHISTLES UNDER DOOR AGAIN

MOL: Brrr! We'd better roll a rug against the door, or something, McGee. It's bad enough with the furnace off, but with that wind through here, too, we'll catch our death of cold.

FIB: Yep, I'm afraid you're right. Much as I hate to, I'd better weather-strip that front door right now! I'll go get my tools and my mittens and -

MOL: Oh it's too cold for that, McGee. Just roll a rug against it and -

FIB: No use doing it half-way, kiddo! I'll yank that door off - nail the weather-stripping on it - and have it back up there nice and tight before you can say -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...HOWL OF WIND...DOOR CLOSE

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor La Trivia, McGee! Come in, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv.

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. McGee...Mighty cold outside. (PAUSE) Mighty cold inside, too!

MOL: Yes it is - our furnace is out of oil, Mr. Mayor. Here, sit over here by the fireplace.

FIB: It wouldn't be so cold in here if it wasn't for a big draft under the front door, La Triv. But I'm gonna fix that. Gonna take the door off.

GALE: (PAUSE) You're - uh - going to take the door off to keep the wind from blowing under it?

FIB: Yep.

GALE: Isn't that a little like swimming to Europe for fear you might fall off the boat?

MOL: Oh, he's just taking the door down to weather-strip it, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Certainly!

GALE: Oh. Well, as I was saying to Miss Tremayne just the other day -

MOL: Ohh, Fifi Tremayne! We haven't seen her in weeks, Mr. Mayor! How are you two getting along, anyhow?

FIB: Yeah - how's that three-cornered romance between you and Fifi and Doc Gamble coming along, La Triv? Is it true Doc's Christmas present to you was a new set of strings for your violin?

GALE: I don't play the violin.

FIB: That's odd. Doc Gamble claims that you're playin' second fiddle with Fifi.

MOL: Don't you play any musical instrument, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Not really. Though I dabble a bit with the sweet potato.

FIB: Not very good manners, La Triv. Eat 'em or leave 'em alone, I always say. Don't dabble.

GALE: I didn't mean....

MOL: I like them, too, but they're so terribly fattening.

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GALE: Yes. Yes they are. In fact, I think I'll give them up and start playing the violin.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Er...where were we?

MOL: We were talking about Fifi Tremayne.

GALE: Oh yes..I...er....I had a date with Miss Tremayne last night. On the way home my right front tire blew out and we skidded into a ditch.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS..!.

FIB: Nobody hurt, I hope?

GALE: Oh no. But we did have to spend almost two hours marooned on a dark road 13 miles from town.

MOL: How awful!

GALE: (CHUCKLES) You think so? But, I have to see as much of her as possible these days. She may take the lead in a new play. Title role in fact.

FIB: What play, La Triv?

GALE: "Joan of Little Rock Ark". Fifi is a splendid actress, you know. Well, I must be getting back to the City Hall. I'm freezing to death here and I have rather a serious problem waiting for me down there. We've discovered that the City Treasurer has been playing the races with public funds.

MOL: OH NO.!! How much has he lost?

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GALE: Lost? He hasn't lost anything. In fact if he wins again, today, we'll be able to build a wing on the City Hall. The whole city council was up all night with the racing form! GOOD DAY.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN, WIND HOWL, OUT WITH DOOR SLAM

MOL: Woo- that wind is cold, McGee! Let's stuff some towels under that crack in the door and let it go till -

FIB: No use putting that weather strip job off any longer, Molly! You know me - I like to do things right now! (FADING) I'll get my tools - yank that door down - and nail that weatherstrip.....

MOL: Oh - kay, dearie...Ahh, there goes a good kid! But stubborn as a mule! And just as handy with tools! Well, there's only one thing to do about it - and I know what.

SOUND: CLICK

MOL: HELLO, OPERATOR, GIVE ME THE RITZ VISTA HOTEL...YES, THE RITZ VISTA, AT THE CORNER OF....

ORCH: "CUANTO LE GUSTA"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: CARPENTER'S PLANE..SUSTAIN UNDER -

FIB: (SINGS)

Ohhh, I had a little Ostrich,
she had a vaudeville act with me;

But she died of sheer confusion
when I laid bigger eggs than she!

OHHH, the Monkey and the Cocoanuts - ah...whew!

SOUND: PLANE OUT:

MOL: How's the weatherstripping coming, dearie? You going to finish that front door this winter? Not that I want to hurry a craftsman like you, but my elbows are turning blue.

FIB: Don't you worry your little golden noggin about that, Passion-Flower. When I get this door back onto its hinges it'll be snug as a skunk coat on a skunk.

MOL: Well, get on with it, sweetheart. Those blankets over the front door aren't exactly air tight, you know. Look at 'em billow!

SOUND: WIND:

FIB: Yeah...I better get with it, I guess, before my hands freeze up. I got less circulation right now than The Wall street Journal in Stalingrad.

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

~~Molly, you hear that, Molly? I started out with 14~~
~~in the plane. Well sir, I started out with 14~~

MOL: ~~No, Molly. I started out with 14~~ COME IN...JUST PUSH THE BLANKET ASIDE!

OLD: (FADE IN) Okay, Daughter, I'll jest....(PAUSE) WELL! HELLO, THERE, JOHNNY....WHO'S DOIN' ALL THE WOOD WORK? AIN'T SEEN SO MANY SHAVINGS LAYIN' AROUND SENCE GRANDPA HAD TO WHITTLE HIS WOODEN LEG DOWN TO FIT SOME CHRISTMAS SOCKS.

FIB: Front door needed weather-stripping, Old Timer. There was a draft howling thru here that woulda blew the back teeth off a band saw.

OLD: Tis kinda breezy in here, Johnny! Minds me of the time I took my dogsled and mushed across Alaska with a load of popcorn.

FIB: Popcorn!!! Who in Alaska wanted popcorn that bad?

OLD: Feller that run a movie theayter in Skagway, Johnny. Had him a double bill that week that emptied the seats like the smell of smoke. But as long's he had plenty o' popcorn, the Eskimos would buy tickets. Had a sign in the lobby... "HOT BLUBBERED POPCORN."

MOL: And when the popcorn was gone..there they were, still holding the bag!

OLD: EH? Oh. Yeah. WELL SIR, I STARTED OUT WITH 14 MALAMUTES...THEM'S Eskimo dogs, Johnny -

FIB: What'd ja think I thought they were - derby hats for sour trumpets?

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OLD: BUT...IT WAS SO COLD THEM ESKIMO DOGS JEST GIVE UP....
LAY DOWN, CURLED THEIR TAILS OVER THEIR NOSES AND QUIT!
I WHUPPED 'EM AND I CUSSED 'EM, BUT TWAS NO USE...AND
ME A HUNNERT 'N 47 MILE FROM SKAGWAY, AT 46 BELOW ZERO!
MOL: I know how cold that can be, too! I went to a Ladies
Club luncheon once and three of us were wearing the same
model hat! We had to knock the frost off the tea bags.
FIB: Very interesting yarn, Old Timer. Well, back to work,
folks!
SOUND: PLANING:
OLD: HEY...WAIT A MINUTE, JOHNNY....ain't you interested
to know how I got outa that desperat sityashun?
MOL: You mean we have to stand here shivering while you go
that 147 miles to Skagway?
FIB: Make it snappy, Old Timer! I gotta finish this door.
OLD: Okay. (FAST) WELL SIR, I COULDN'T GIT THEM HUSKIES
TO MOVE, SO I WENT INTO THE WOODS AND TRAPPED ME A RABBIT
...THEN I TRAPPED ME A WEASEL, AND A WOLVERINE, AND A
TIMBER WOLF AND A CATAMOUNT. HITCHED 'EM UP IN A
STRAIGHT LINE. GRAABBED THE SLED AND JEST HUNG ON.
THE WEASEL CHASED THE RABBIT, THE WOLVERINE CHASED THE
WEASEL, THE WOLF CHASED THE WOLVERINE, AND THE
CATAMOUNT CHASED THE WOLF! MADE SKAGWAY IN TWO HOURS 'N
SEVEN MINUTES AND SOLD THE PELTS O THEM FIVE BRUTES FER
ENOUGH TO PAY MY HOSPITAL BILL.

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MOL: Hospital bill? Frost bite?
OLD: Nope....travelled so fast my snow shoes caught on fire
and burnt my feet. WELL, GIT WITH IT, JOHNNY. (FADE)
SO LONG, DAUGHTER!
~~SOUND~~ WIND HOWL
FIB: I'll be glad when I get this door hung up again, so
we'll know when people go out. How can you slam a
blanket?..oh well...
SOUND: PLANING:::
MOL: Haven't you got about enough trimmed off the door by
this time, McGee? I've dumped five loads of shavings
in the fireplace.
FIB: Don't worry, there'll be more, kiddo! This door has
gotta fit perfect and I can tell by lookin' I ain't got
enough off yet..(PLANING SOUNDS)
~~SOUND~~ WIND HOWL
MOL: ...MCGEE, YOU'LL HAVE TO PIN THAT BLANKET A LITTLE MORE
TIGHTLY OVER THAT DOOR BECAUSE...Oh, never mind.
It's just Mr. Wilcox coming in.
FIB: (PLANING OUT) Whadja say, kiddo? OH, HIYAH, JUNIOR.
WIL: Hello, Pal. Hello, Molly.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Sit down and split a chilblain
with us.
WIL: It is a little frigid in here...now that you speak of
it. Didn't you pick kind of a silly day to take the
door off, pappy?

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FIB: What's silly about it? Does a icy wind come bloopin' thru here on nice sunny days? What's there to fix on a day like that? Use your head, Junior!

WIL: Well, if I'd known what you were doing, Pal, I'd have brought my wife over. She's pretty handy with a hammer and a saw. Loves carpentry! You ought to see the necktie rack she made me for Christmas!

MOL: Pretty, is it?

WIL: No, - it isn't very pretty exactly. But you ought to see it hold a necktie.

FIB: How does she get time for that stuff, Junior? Woodworkin' is a full-time hobby.

WIL: Oh, she has plenty of time. Got the housework pretty well simplified, you know..

MOL: (GROANS) Ohhhhh....

FIB: (BITTERLY) Me and my big fat oral cavity! Here I think I got the conversation all safely tied up, and then I give him an opening he could walk thru with a raised umbrella! Well, go ahead, Jun... Pour it out!

MOL: Spread it around!

FIB: Let it dry!

WIL: WHAT ARE YOU TWO TALKING ABOUT? I was telling you about my wife's hobby. Woodwork. Today she started to make a -

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MOL: Yes, Mr. Wilcox, we know...and then McGee said something about "How does she get the time" and you said "she has her housework pretty well simplified".

WIL: What do you mean?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHAT DO WE MEAN? WE MEAN JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT, THAT'S WHAT WE MEAN!

WIL: Yeah, but I didn't -

MOL: AND WE KNOW WHAT "SIMPLIFYING HOUSEWORK" MEANS, TOO, MR. WILCOX. YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME RIGHT OUT AND SAY IT! THAT "GLOCOAT ON THE KITCHEN LINOLEUM SAVES HOURS OF HOUSEWORK AND GIVES MORE LEISURE TIME FOR MAKING NECKTIE RACKS AND STUFF...."

FIB: BECAUSE IT'S SO EASY TO APPLY, AND IT REQUIRES NO RUBBING AND NO BUFFING. COME ON ... TELL US!

WIL: Oh now look, fellas -

MOL: AND DON'T FORGET THAT THE NEW GLOCOAT HAS A NEW GLOW, TOO! DON'T FORGET THAT! THE SAME FAMILIAR CONTAINER ON THE OUTSIDE WITH THE ADDED GLOW ON THE INSIDE. KEEP YOUR LINOLEUM AND YOUR WIFE BOTH LOOKING YOUNG WITH JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT!

(PAUSE)

FIB: He's being stubborn. He ain't gonna tell us!

MOL: Well, I guess we can't FORCE him to sell the product if he isn't in the mood. TELL US ABOUT WHAT YOUR WIFE IS MAKING IN WOODWORK NOW, MR. WILCOX?

WIL: EH? BRRR. ... Oh I was shivering so hard I didn't hear what you were talking about.

FIB: Your wife .. what's she making now, outa wood?

WIL: A fire! And I'm going home and sit by it! So long now!

SOUND: WIND WHISTLE AND OUT

MOL: Sweetheart .. please get busy and hang that door up again. My feet are so numb right now they feel I'd been standing in a bear trap since September!

FIB: Well, just be patient baby....Little Fibber's back on the job! With a heart full of song and a mouth full of nails.

SOUND: PLANING

FIB: (SINGS) OHHH, THE MONKEY AND THE COCOANUTS -

DOC: (YELLS) I SAY .. STOP THAT INFERNAL NOISE, WILL YOU?

SOUND: PLANE OUT

FIB: Hey, you're gettin' hoarse Molly. You better -

MOL: That wasn't me, hearie. It was Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Oh him.

MOL: Come in, Doctor. Just push the blanket aside.

SOUND: WIND UP AND FADE

DOC: Thank you, my dear. But what, may I ask, goes on, - or comes off - here?

FIB: The door, Doc. I'm shaving off the bottom of it so I can put on some weather stripping.

DOC: So you wait till the coldest day we've had this winter to take it off and fix it! Well, that's fairly logical for you, Leather-head.

MOL: It's the old story of the leaking roof, Doctor. You can't fix it while it's raining, and when it stops raining it doesn't leak.

FIB: Don't explain it to him, Snooky. Don't even talk to him - maybe he'll go away! Maybe he's just a nightmare from them pickles and ice cream I ate last night!

MOL: Oh now, McGee. Don't talk like that to -

DOC: Let him go, my dear - I like to watch his jaws flap. It's always fascinating to see how Nature makes up for a nugget-size brain with a bucket-size mouth.

FIB: (IGNORES HIM) Did I tell you what I heard about Doc at the Elks Club last night, Molly?

MOL: No, but I don't think you -

DOC: Go ahead and tell her, Fracture-Coaxer - whatever it was. I'm not the least bit interested.

FIB: Okay. They tell me Doc let his secretary go yesterday, Molly!

MOL: His secretary? Why?

FIB: He HAD to let her go. She threatened to scream if he didn't!

DOC: THAT'S A DELIBERATE FALSEHOOD!!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Sure it is.

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DOC: My secretary is 47 years old - she's been with me since 1925 -- and besides -- she's got laryngitis....Which, now that I think of it, makes her a lot better off than you are, Molly.

MOL: How do you mean, Doctor?

DOC: She'll get over her affliction in a few days - but you're married to yours! Heaven help you!

MOL: Oh now, don't talk like that about McGee. Doctor! He's a mighty good husband!

FIB: You're darn right! You know any other woman that's got a man willing to take a front door off on a freezing day and weatherstrip it, just so's his wife would be warm and comfortable?

DOC: I'll have to admit you're original, Beetlebrain.

FIB: Okny. Now get outa the way, willya, Fatso? I got work to do.

DOC: I've got to get back to the hospital anyway. Got a couple of cases coming in I want to prepare for.

MOL: What kind of cases, Doctor?

DOC: Frostbite. And I'll see if I can get you a room with twin beds. Good day, my dear. So long, Mittens.

SOUND: WIND HOWL

ORCH AND KING'S MEN: "SASKATCHEWAN"

(APPLAUSE)

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THIRD SPOT

HOWL OF WIND..SOUND OF MCGEE PLANING THE DOOR, BEHIND:

FIB: (SINGS) OHH, I HAD A LITTLE SPITZ WHO LIKED TO SIT ON THE FLOOR...BUT, HE BACKED INTO A STOVE AND NOW MY SPITZ, HE SITS NO MORE.. Ohhh, the ~~monkey~~ monkey and the cocoanuts..

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Huh?

MOL: How soon will you have that door fixed? I'M FREEZING!

FIB: Well, it won't be long now, kiddo. Soon as I shave a little more off this door I'll nail on the weatherstrip. I would of been through here by now, but it's kind of slow doin' work like this with my fur mittens on. The string keeps sawin' my neck.

MORE PLANING..WIND HOWLS

MOL: I only hope the door fits when you get through with it!

FIB: Hope it fits? HAH! You're talkin' to a master carpenter, tootsie! I don't just guess at this stuff - I measured it right to a T - and marked the door just how much to shave off.

MOL: Good.

WIND HOWLS

FIB: Only thing is I can't find the mark. Look thru those shavings and see if I - or never mind, I got a better idea. I'll put the door up and try it again before I nail on the weather stripping and -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

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

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp.

WIMP: ..Hello, folks. (PAUSE) For goodness sakes! Termites, Mr. McGee???

MOL: Oh no, Mr. Wimple. He's just fixing the door.

FIB: Yep. I'm weather strippin' it. You're just in time to help me put it back on the hinges, Wimp. Gimme a hand, willya?

WIMP: Okay. Will a hand with two wool gloves and an Argyle sock on it be all right?

MOL: I thought those were mighty fancy for mittens, Mr. Wimple. Your wife knit them for you?

WIMP: Yes. She promised they'd fit like a glove. And they do, too!

SOUND: WIND MOANS

FIB: Come on, time's a wastin', Wimp - let's get this door up.

WIMP: All righty. You lift it up there and hold it and I'll put the pins back in the hinges and -

FIB: Oh, don't bother - I'LL put the pins in the hinges. That's pretty tricky. You just hold the door up, that's all.

WIMP: I thought so!

FIB: Okay, let's go - grab the door by the edges, boy - that's the way!

MOL: Be careful, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: (GRUNTS) Ooooo, this is heavy! You better help me, Mr. McGee.

FIB: You're okay, boy, you're doin' fine! Great! Hold it up in front of you. That's it!

WIMP: (STRAINING) Oooo! I haven't had anything this big and heavy in my arms since Sweetface proposed to me!

MOL: Can you see what's in front of you, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No. (SNICKERS) I couldn't then, either!

HOWL OF WIND, BEHIND:

FIB: I'll steer you, boy Bring it this way..That's it.. Watch the lamp cord.

WIMP: Thank you. (GRUNTS) This door is -

MOL: Watch out FOR THE FOOTSTOOL, MR. WIM - LOOK OUT!!

CLATTER AND CRASH OF FALLING DOOR AND WIMP

MOL: Oh, dear!!

FIB: Awwww, for the -- Here, lemme help you up, Wimp. Migosh, watch it, willya? I don't want this door all scratched up. Look at the teeth marks you put in it!

WIMP: I have a wonderful idea, Mr. McGee. You hold the door and I'll go home.

MOL: Yes, hold the door up yourself, McGee. It's too heavy for Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Too heavy? Why, Molly, do you mean to insinuate that Wallace Wimple can't handle a door like this? You think he's a sissy? Just look at the muscles under those three sweaters and that overcoat! Wallace Wimple is no weakling!

WIMP: (PROUDLY) No, he isn't!!

FIB: Good!

WIMP: And he's no pigeon, either....I'll put the pins in the hinges.

FIB: Okay. (GRUNTS) Door is kinda heavy, at that....

MOL: Hold it higher, dearie.

WIMP: That's it, Mr. McGee....more to the right..That's it! Perfect!

TAP TAP OF HAMMER ON METAL

WIMP: The top pin is in!

FIB: Wooooo! Boy, was that ever heavy!

TAP TAP AGAIN .. HOWL OF WIND, BEHIND:

FIB: Attaboy, Wimp - that's got it!

MOL: Good! Slam it quick and let's see if it keeps some of this wind out!

DOOR SLAM .. HOWLING OF WIND

WIMP: Oooo! Just like a Dutch door. With the bottom half open.

FIB: Holy Smoke! How did I ever cut that much off of it. I must of made a little mistake somewhere!

MOL: You're just being modest. You made a BIG mistake!

WIND MOANS .. IN AND OUT BEHIND:

WIMP: I'm going outside, folks - where it's warmer! Don't bother opening the door, Mr. McGee - I'll just bend over and go out under it! Bye now!

^{SOUND}
FIB: ~~Migosh,~~ ^{WIND HOWL} that wind is getting bolder every minute! Look at that door, Molly! What did I do? I musta been lookin' at the wrong mark when I cut it! BRRRRR!

MOL: Look, sweetheart - let's face it. We won't get a carpenter till tomorrow, that's for sure. And where can you get a new door tonight?

FIB: I - I don't know. Omigosh, kiddo, what'll we do? We can't stay here and freeze!

MOL: We'll go downtown. Spend the night at a hotel.

FIB: Yeah but, geewhiz, we'll never get a reservation this late in the day.

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MOL: Oh yes, we will. At the Ritz Vista. They have dinner dancing, too! In fact, we already have a reservation.

FIB: We have? Who made it?

MOL: I did.

FIB: When?

MOL: Five minutes after you said you were going to fix the front door. Tighten up your muffler, dearie - your mouth is hanging open.

ORCH: "THAT CERTAIN PARTY"

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
1/4/49

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Have you tried the most popular self polishing floor wax? It's Glo-Coat, formulated and manufactured by the makers of Johnson's Wax...to make your kitchen linoleum more beautiful. And there's a special reason for trying Johnson's Glo-Coat now. Because Glo Coat has a new glow ... a glow that gives your linoleum a finish that's brighter .. far brighter than before.

Well, I think you'll agree that a lustrous, gleaming linoleum is worth having, even if it took a little time and trouble to get it. But using Glo-coat is almost unbelievably easy. You just apply it ... let it dry .. and watch it produce it's own sparkling lustre without any help from you. Johnson's Glo-Coat shines as it dries....there's no buffing or polishing necessary.

Tomorrow, ask for Glo-Coat, G-L-O-C-O-A-T, Glo-Coat, the self polishing floor wax made by S. C. Johnson and Son. Johnson's Glo-Coat still comes in the same familiar yellow container with the bright red band. But the wax in that container has a new glow ... which brings new, brighter beauty to your kitchen linoleum.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(REVISED) -28-

TAG

MOL: Isn't this a pleasant hotel room, McGee.
FIB: Very cozy! But I didn't have enough dough to pay for it
when we checked in. And my bank account is all scrambled
up, as usual.
MOL: What did you do?
FIB: Called old man MacDonald at the Third National. He's
bringin' me over a bank draft.
MOL: What'll he do if we're out to dinner?
FIB: Stick the draft under the door. Ain't life strange?
MOL: Yes, it is.
FIB: Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!

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. By
the way, you will be able to hear the new Alan Young Show
next Tuesday night over most of these stations...then be
back again with us, won't you? Goodnight.

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

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND

FOR

JOHNSON'S W

JANUARY 11, 1949.