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(REVISED)

#15. *file*

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

JANUARY 11, 1949.

6:30 - 7 PM PST

SR

-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
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: Ninety per cent of the women in this country, wax their floors ... because they know how much more beautiful it makes their homes.

And more of those women use Johnson's Paste Wax, than all other brands of paste wax combined.

The reason is, there's no other wax quite like Johnson's Paste Wax. No other wax can bring such lustrous beauty to the floors of your home ... in exactly the same way.

Johnson's Paste Wax improves the appearance of a room more than you would believe possible. It gives the floor a rich, mellow glow that makes the whole room a warmer-looking, pleasanter room to live in.

It protects your floors, too. Forms a hard shield over the surface that dirt can't penetrate ... and that's far easier to clean. Dirt comes off with a flick of your dust cloth.

Next time you're at the store, be sure to ask for ... Johnson's Paste Wax. No other wax can bring such lustrous beauty to the floors of your home, in exactly the same way.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

WILCOX: WISTFUL VISTA, SINCE LAST NIGHT, HAS BEEN UNDER THREE FEET OF BEAUTIFUL, ~~SOOT~~ ^{white} SNOW. THE TOWN LOOKS LIKE IT HAD JUST BEEN ENGRAVED BY CURRIER AND IVES. AND HERE, ADMIRING THE LOVELY SCENE THROUGH A TIGHTLY CLOSED WINDOW, ARE --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Isn't that simply beautiful, dearie! I LOVE snowdrifts just before they get the first coating of soot and cinders.

FIB: Yeah...and you know what? I never seen the snow so deep.

MOL: Oh it isn't so deep.

FIB: OH NO? LOOK AT THAT HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET!! All you can see is that piece of red chimney stickin' up!

MOL: That's a fire hydrant.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes...this window was kinda frosted up. Couldn't see the house. Hey I'd kinda like to go out and romp in that snow, you know it?

MOL: Go ahead! Obey that impulse! Live dangerously!

FIB: Don't dare. I'm too suskeptical to catching cold.

(LAUGHS) Hey, remember when we were kids in Peoria and I built that big hollow snow man with a tunnel under it, and I'd crawl into it at night, and talk to people when they walked past?

MOL: (LAUGHS) Yes, it was one of those nights that old man MacNally went on the water wagon. Wasn't that fun?

(REVISED) -5-

FIB: It was till my schoolteacher went past with her new boy friend. She says "Oh, look at the cute, snow man!" And I tipped the snow man's silk hat, and says, "You're cute too, kiddo, but who's your friend with the jazzbo tie and the bell-bottom face?"

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: Well, her boy friend started kickin' the bejunior outa the snow man, and I quick ducked out the tunnel, ran around the block and come up behind 'em weepin' because they ruined my snow man, and she made him gimme a dollar to stop bawling. I cried myself into 22 bucks that ~~winter~~ *right*.

MOL: We went on some beautiful sleigh rides in Peoria, too. In fact, I think the first time you ever kissed me was the night you rented the cutter from the livery stable.

FIB: I had to kiss you, Tootsie. Had too much invested to waste the evening. Besides, holding hands is all right in the summertime, but when it comes mitten weather, a man has to establish better contacts.

MOL: I'll bet tonight would be a beautiful night for a sleigh ride, McGee.

FIB: Yeah...yeah, it probably would at that.

MOL: Yes. It would.

FIB: Sure would. Probably. (PAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -6-

MOL: Well - it was just an idea. I didn't really expect...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble, McGee. COME IN, DOCTOR!!

DOC: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Wait'll I stamp the snow off these overshoes...

SOUND: (THUD THUD THUD THUD)

FIB: Not so hard, Fatso! That porch is built for people, not elephants. Take it easy.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

DOC: Hello, Molly. Good day, Short, Dark and Revolting.

FIB: Greeting, - lance-a-lot!

MOL: Beautiful day, isn't it, doctor?

DOC: Lovely, simply lovely! Very bracing!

FIB: 'Specially to a doctor, eh, Pillbox? The very thought of people sniffing through snowdrifts, and skidding into lamp posts must be very invigorating!

MOL: Oh stop it, McGee. The doctor isn't that much of a promoter!

DOC: Thank you, my dear. But we mustn't take little Eggface here seriously. He's the kind who bursts into our waiting rooms clutching his chest and moaning with pain - and when we rush him inside for an examination, we find he just has his dime-store stickpin too deep in his 50¢ necktie!

FIB: (INDIGNANTLY) I ONLY DONE THAT ONCE!

(REVISED) -7-

MOL: Twice, dearie. How about the time you sat on my sewing basket and had to stand on the running board as I rushed you down to the Doctor's office?

DOC: Yes, that episode is known to my staff as the time we went looking for a needle in a hayseed.

FIB: IS THAT SO! WELL IN THE FIRST PLACE, SPONGE-LOSER--

MOL: All right boys...all right! That's enough!

FIB: Well, my gosh-

DOC: I'll be quiet.

MOL: Good! When you came in, Doctor, we were talking about what a wonderful night it would be tonight for an old-fashioned sleigh ride.

DOC: A SLEIGH RIDE.!! I haven't been on a sleigh ride for thirty years!

FIB: There hasn't been enough snow to hold you for thirty years. But no kiddin', physician and sturgeon, you like sleigh rides!

DOC: Love 'em!! Why don't you promote one, sonny? Know where you can get a sleigh?

MOL: I'll bet he does, don't you dearie? He can't find his hat, or his left hand, or the piano, but just ask him to locate a sleigh or an octopus trainer, or the Police Gazette for October ~~third~~, 1917, and he's your boy! Tell him, lover!

FIB: Certainly I know where I can get a sleigh! Farmer friend of mine out on Route 62. Mel Hess.

DOC: Who?

(2ND REVISION) -8-

FIB: Mel Hess. His name is Melluva Hess, but they call him Mel for short. He'll rent us a sleigh.

MOL: Can we count you in, doctor?

DOC: Sure. I'd love it! I'll be on a case tonight, but I think I can get away in time.

FIB: Something serious, doc?

DOC: No. Man is suffering from Snoring Insomnia.

MOL: Snoring Insomnia!! What on earth is that?

DOC: He keeps dreaming he can't sleep...Rather baffling.

FIB: I'll call old Mel then - huh?

DOC: Sure!! Give him a ring!..let's make it a party...we can eat a chicken dinner out in the country...carry some hot coffee....I'll bring my harmonica...

FIB &
MOL: OHHH, NO.!!!

DOC: Okay, if you don't bring your mandolin. GO ON, CALL HIM, MCGEE!

MOL: What's his number, dearie?

(REVISED) -9-

FIB: I dunno..I got it wrote down in a little book somepla--

OH I KNOW..RIGHT HERE IN THE HALL CLOSET!

DOC: NEVER-MIND..SKIP IT.!!

MOL: I HATE SLEIGHRIDES...!!

FIB: Won't take but a minute. I know just where -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN..CLOSET EFFECT. BELL TINKLE: PAUSE:

FIB: Hello, Operator? Gimme Mel Hess, WISTFUL VISTA 786-W....

ARCH: "LAVENDER BLUE"

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -10-

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Well, this sleighride is really shaping up, Molly. I just talked to Wallace Wimple on the phone, and he's all set to go.

MOL: Good! Is his wife coming with him?

FIB: He says no. I dunno how he's gonna get away from her, but you know Wimp. He's as shifty as an armfull of coathangers.

MOL: Did you make arrangements for the sleigh all right?

FIB: Yup! All I gotta do is call Old Mel at seven o'clock and tell him ^{to pick every body up here at our house} ~~where to start pickin' people up -~~

MOL: What about food? You can get pretty famished riding around in this winter air, you know.

FIB: You said it! And when Doc Gamble says he's hungry enough to eat a horse, they put on extra guards at Pimlico! So I took care of that.

MOL: You bought him a horse?

FIB: No - I called the Half-Mile House - six miles out the highway and they're gonna serve a fried chicken dinner for a buck and a quarter a plate..with cloth napkins, even! I'll take care of the check and -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Sounds like another customer, dearie.

FIB: Good! At four bucks apiece, I might even make a profit outa this. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

(2ND REVISION) -11-

WIL: Hello, Molly! Hi, Pal!
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Come in.
FIB: Hi, Junior - how do you like this weather, boy?
WIL: Isn't this wonderful, kids! Boy, what memories
this weather brings back!
FIB: Let's live in the present for a minute, Junior.
Do you like sleigh rides?
MOL: Himself here is drumming up a sleigh ride, Mr.
Wilcox. Everybody's going and -
WIL: A sleigh ride? Oh, sure, I love sleigh rides,
kids! Matter of fact, I proposed to my wife on
a sleigh ride, inadvertantly.
FIB: How could you propose inadvertantly?

(2ND REVISION) -12-

WIL: Well, I was sitting there in the sleigh with my girl, see,
and my father came out leading the horses. My girl said,
what's he going to do? And I said the horses are gonna get
hitched, and she said, WHAT? And I said GET HITCHED. And
she said, OKAY, PAL, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN AFFORD IT. I
couldn't either, but I did.
MOL: Wasn't that sweet!
WIL: Then as we were riding along in the sleigh, I was pointing
out to her how beautiful the dashboard looked after I had
waxed it with Johnson's Paste Wax, see, and -
MOL: That's very romantic, Mr. Wilcox, but -
WIL: And naturally - being anxious to impress me - her future
husband - she kept making up questions about Johnson's Wax
to ask me, see. Like was Johnsons' Paste Wax good for
window frames and floors and woodwork - and of course I'd
tell her how Johnson's Paste Wax is the best possible way to
protect and beautify all wood surfaces -
FIB: Yeah, but look, Junior - about the sleigh ride -
WIL: That's what I'm telling you about, Pal. Long before she
went on this sleigh ride with me, she knew all about
Johnson's Wax and how it beautifies and protects because her
mother not only used it at home, but her father had --

FIB: Hey, hey, hey, look, Waxey!
WIL: Yes, Pal.
FIB: You wanta go sleigh riding tonight?
WIL: Sure. What time?
MOL: Eight o'clock - at our house, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Cost you four bucks each - including a chicken dinner.
WIL: Great. Want me to pay you now or later?
FIB: Oh, you can give it to me any time, Junior. Right now is okay.
WIL: Okay. Here's ten bucks. Got change?
FIB: I can give it to you any time, Junior. Be ready at eight, willya?
WIL: Sure. I'll bring my wife - and you know what you can bring?
FIB: What?
WIL: My two bucks change!! See you, kids.
SOUND: DOOR SLAM
FIB: His two bucks change! What does he think I'm gonna do - take off for South America on a tramp steamer with it?
MOL: Oh, he didn't mean anything - Mr. Wilcox is just business-like, is all.

FIB: What's business-like got to do with it? Geewhiz, you'd think any two guys at all, that I and him have been friends this long, either one of 'em would automatically trust me, wouldn't he?.....I wonder if this ten-spot he gimme is good. It's awful new-lookin'.
MOL: Why don't you put it under a microscope, dearie? If Alexander Hamilton looks like Groucho Marx, it's no good.
FIB: Hey, I think I better phone La Trivia about this deal tonight. He may not get here in time to - hand me the phone, willya?
MOL: Here.
FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR, GIMME THE CITY HALL AT THE CORNER OF 14TH AND OOHHHHHHH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?
MOL: Oh dear.
FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?.....YOUR KID BROTHER? HAD A BEEF WITH THE COPS, EH?
MOL: Oh, the poor lad! What did they do to him?
FIB: Bought his lunch. He had a beef - on rye..HOW'S THAT, MYRT?.....okay, I'LL TRY LATER.
SOUND: HANG UP
FIB: La Trivia's phone's busy. Remind me to call him, because..
SOUND: DOOR CHIME
MOL: Come in.
SOUND: DOOR OPENS
MOL: Oh, it's the Old Timer, McGee! Hello, Mr. Old Timer!

FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer.
OLD: Hello there, kids. Some snowfall, eh?
FIB: Yeah, look...you wanna go on a sleigh ride tonight?
OLD: (EXCITED) A SLAY RIDE, JOHNNY? SURE I DO...WHO WE
GONNA SLAY, AND WHERE DO WE HIDE THE BODY? ONE GOOD WAY
IS TO MIX UP SOME CEMENT, SEE, MIX IT UP WITH YOUR FEET
SO'S YOU WON'T LEAVE NO FINGERPRINTS...
MOL: No no no, Old Timer! Not that kind of a sleigh ride!
FIB: A SLEIGH ride. S.L.A.Y.G.H. A wagon with skates on.
OLD: Ohhhhhh, one of themm.....say, I'D LOOOOOOVE that, kids!
MOL: Long, moonlight ride!!!!
FIB: Crips winter air!
MOL: Chicken dinner at midnight!
FIB: Classy joint, too....catchup right on the table, and
real cloth napkins!
OLD: THAT'S FER ME, KIDS!!.....COUNT ME IN! MIND IF I BRING
A DATE?
FIB: A date? (CHUCKLES) Go right ahead - plenty of room in
the sleigh. Cost you four bucks each, is all.
OLD: Oh, it's deductible, Johnny. I jist put it in my income
tax report as "foolishness - eight dollars." Wait'll
I look thru my little black book here (RIFFLES PAGES)
and see who to ask.
FIB: Sure. They are NOW.
FIB: I says snowflakes are all different designs now. But
they didn't used to be.
FIB: ...at?

TEE: Yeah, but after you pull that heavy thing up Dugan's
Hill a few times you begin to respect it. I betcha!
(GIGGLES)
FIB: (LAUGHS) You do, eh?
TEE: Yes, Willie always says - hmmm?
FIB: I says "You do, eh?"
TEE: Do what?
FIB: Have more respect for it.
TEE: For what?
FIB: FOR WILLIE TOOPSES BOB SLED!
TEE: I know it! (GIGGLES) Willie said he wished he had a
Shelland Pony to pull the sled back up the hill after
we coast down and he said he'd call the Pony "Radio"
on account of it would be a Coast to Coast hitchup.
(GIGGLES) Gee, Willie's a scream!
FIB: Yeah, that's why I like Milton Berle. He's the rich
man's Willie Toops.
TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmm?
FIB: Skip it. So you really like the snow, eh, sis?
TEE: I sure do, I betcha! Mamma gave me a lil piece of black
velvet and I was catching snowflakes on it. Gee, they
were all different designs!
FIB: Sure. They are NOW.
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: I says snowflakes are all different designs now. But
they didn't used to be.
TEE: Gee - honest?

(2ND REVISION) -19, 20 & 21-

MOL: Belita?
OLD M: Yep. Belita would be a fine date for a cold night.
She's a fire-eater with the circus - got a very warm
personality.
FIB: A lady fire-eater?
OLD M: Yep - she closes her act by drinkin' a bottle of
flamin' gasoline, Johnny. Very flashy! I took
her on a hayride one night and we got along fine
till she drunk some too-hot coffee, got the hiccups
and set fire to the wagon....Ohh, I better take
Bessie, I guess. Save me a seat in the sleigh,
kids.
MOL: We'll save you two seats if you're bringing a girl.
OLD M: One seat'll do, daughter - Bessie ain't heavy.
(CHUCKLES) See you at 8!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME"

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -22-

THIRD SPOT:

MOL: (ON PHONE) Yes ... I see. Well, that's really too bad,
but maybe some other time yes, I'll tell him.
Good bye!
SOUND: RECEIVER UP
FIB: What's really too bad and who you gonna tell what?
MOL: That was Mr. Wilcox. He can't go on the sleighride.
FIB: HE CAN'T? MY GOSH, HE'S GOTTA! I MADE ALL THE
ARRANGEM- I GOT SO MANY PEOPLE GOING FOR SO MUCH DOUGH
AND THE DINNER IS ALL ARRANG- GEE, HE'S GOTTA GO!!! I
WON'T COME OUT EVEN!
MOL: Well, he won't even come out. He's sitting up with a
sick wax customer.
FIB: That's a fine state of how do you do!!! Gee whizz, I -
MOL: By the way, isn't it about time for the man with the
sleigh to show up?
FIB: Yeah -- any minute now. Let's see now ... I got the food
took care of ... Old Mel's bringin' along a Thermos jug
of hot buttered root beer in case of frostbite ... I told
him to put in five bales of straw
SOUND: DOOR CHIMES

FIB: I'll bet that's La Trivia. He said he'd be here early.
COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Hello, Mayor La Trivia. Come right in!

FIB: Hi, La Triv.

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. McGee. Isn't this a beautiful
night for a sleigh ride? I've been looking forward to
this all day.

MOL: So have we. Do you enjoy winter sports, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Oh I like all sports, Mrs. McGee. INCLUDING winter
sports. When I was younger I was quite a ski-er,
and I also played a great deal of hockey!

FIB: Boy, me too! (LAUGHS) Every time I played hockey, the
teacher'd call the truant officer, and he'd come
hot-footin' it out to the old swimming hole. And there
I'd be, horsin' around in the mud - with the whole
gang, naked as a brass bedstead.

GALE: I don't think we are talking about the same thing, McGee,
The game of hockey, as I played it -

MOL: OH YOU CAN'T TELL HIMSELF HERE ANYTHING ABOUT PLAYING
HOCKEY, MR. MAYOR! HE was an expert!! (LAUGHS)
Particularly in the summer, when the weather was nice.

FIB: Yeah .. no fun playing hockey in the winter time.
Might's well stay in school and keep warm.

GALE: I think you are referring to HOOKEY, McGee. Hookey
and hockey are two different things. Hockey is played
on ice and -

MOL: You said it, Mr. Mayor ... he was on thin ice all the
time.

FIB: I'll say I was! Where'd you go when you played hookey,
La Triv?

GALE: No where. I just put on my ice skates and shin guards
... NO NO NO .. I PLAYED HOCKEY.

MOL: Ice skates and shin guards!! ... I'll bet you wish you'd
thought of that, McGee ... think of kicking a truant
officer in the shins with ice skates on!

FIB: Boy if we ever got -

GALE: I DIDN'T KICK ANY TRUANT SKIN IN THE OFFICER SKATES!
I MEAN I DIDN'T WEAR SKATES JUST TO KICK A - LOOK ...
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT HOCKEY. I WAS TALKING ABOUT
HOOKEY. HOOKEY IS A GAME YOU PLAY ON SKATES.

FIB: Oh no it ain't, kid. It's a game you play on teachers
and truant officers. You see, when you play hockey -

GALE: BUT I DIDN'T ...!! I PLAYED HOOKEY (PAUSE) er ...
no. YOU played Hookey. I played Hockey.
MOL: Did you ever get caught?
GALE: Any number of ti - OF COURSE I DIDN'T. THAT'S
RIDICULOUS. WE PLAYED IT ON A RINK RIGHT IN
THE SCHOOL YARD.
FIB: Oh a sissy, eh? Scared to get outa sight of the school
... what fun was that? My gosh, the fun of playin'
hookey, La Triv is gettin' chased all over town by a
truant officer and -
GALE: I TELL YOU I DIDN'T PLAY HOOKEY .. I PLAYED HOCKEY
IT'S AN ICE GAME -
MOL: Hookey's a nice game too ... if you don't get caught.
FIB: Anyway, I never heard of playing hookey right in the
school yard! That's the pantywaist version, I guess.
But back in Peoria, when us kids got caught --
GALE: (YELLS) I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU GOT CAUGHT WITH IN
PYHORRHEA -- er .. PEORIA ... I TRIED TO TELL YOU I
SCOOTED .. ER SKATED ON A ROOTING SKINK ... SKATING
FRINK ... HOCKEY GAME WITH A ... I WAS HOCKEY PLAYER
WHEN ... A HOCKEY JOCKEY WITH A ... YOU WOULDN'T LIST
~~ME TELL WHAT I HOOKED ... HOCKED ... SKEE ... SKOO ...~~
I SAID ... YOU WERE IT WAS ... I ... YOU
(PANTS) (PAUSE) McGee!
FIB: Yes?
SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

GALE: There's a ringing in my ears. Would that be your voice,
or the telephone?
MOL: That's the phone, Mr. Mayor. Excuse me. (RECEIVER UP)
79 Wistful Vista, - Molly McGee speakin'. Who? Oh yes
he's right here. For you, Your Honor.
GALE: Thank you. (IN PHONE) HELLO. YES, THIS IS MY HONOR
SPEAKING. OH YES...YES...I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN. YES RIGHT
DOWN. YES RIGHT AWAY. THANK YOU FOR CALLING. (RECEIVER
UP.) A special council meeting, have to get right down
to the City Hall. Sorry I can't make the sleighride.
FIB: HEY YOU CAN'T BACK OUTA THE SLEI- LOOK...ALL THE
ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE AND MY GOSH -
MOL: Besides, Mr. Mayor...you're leaving the field open for
Doctor Gamble to take Fifi Tremayne on this sleighride.
Have you thought of that?
GALE: Yes. I have. I thought of it two hours ago. About
the same time that Doctor Gamble got an emergency call
and had to drive out to Dugan's Lake. OH, BY THE WAY,
HE WON'T BE ON THE SLEIGHRIDE, EITHER. BUT HAVE FUN!
GOOD EVENING!
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:
FIB: Why the dirty...
MOL: Looks like the sleighride is falling apart, doesn't it,
Dearie? No Mr. Wilcox, no Mayor La Trivia, no Doctor
Gamble, no Fifi Tremayne -

FIB: Well, there's still the Old Timer and me and you and Wally Wimple. That's enough for "Down By the Old Millstream," of course, I'll get stuck for about sixteen bucks, but -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WIMP: Hey, Mr. McGee, come on, Mrs. McGee! The sleigh is outside! It drove up just as I got here!

FIB: Where's Sweetface, Wimp?

WIMP: You mean my Big Old Wife? (DEFIANTLY) I didn't bring her!

FIB: No kidding, Wimp?

WIMP: No sir! I'm sick and tired of having her boss me around, so I just made up my mind to go out alone this time! I stomped around the house getting ready, and then I just sneered and slammed the door! I'll show her!

FIB: Wow!

MOL: When does she get back in town??

WIMP: Next Thursday. AWWW, you guessed it! Oh - By the way ----

FIB: Yeah?

WIMP: You know the Old Timer? Well, he called up and said he was sorry, but -

MOL: OH NO....

FIB: YOU MEAN HE CAN'T COME WITH US ON THE --

WIMP: Yes....He said he was staying at his girl's house to watch her knitting...

MOL: YOU MEAN HE BACKS OUT OF A BEAUTIFUL SLEIGHRIDE...

FIB: Just to watch his girl knitting?

WIMP: Yes...it seems she fell on the ice this morning, broke three ribs ~~and~~ leg and had them set this afternoon, and he's over there watching her knitting.

MOL: Oh, fine...well..who does that leave, McGee?

FIB: My gosh..just you and me and Wimp. And the driver, of course..Mel Hess.

WIMP: WHO?

MOL: Mel Hess, Mr. Wimple...He's renting us the sleigh and --

FIB: WIMP!!..YOU'RE TURNING PALE...WHAT'S WRONG, KID?

WIMP: Mel...Mel Hess....that's Sweetface's brother...he HATES me!!! I can't go with him!! I'm sorry, folks...
goodnight!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well! Fine sleighride! And I'm a great little promoter. Might as well go out and pay Mel off and send him home. Come on. Button up your coat, it's cold! Where's my muffler - oh - here....

SOUND: DOOR OPEN....FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH...CRUNCH ON SNOW...HORSE WHINNY... SLIGHT JINGLE OF BELLS

FIB: Hiyah, Mel. I got some bad news....HEY, YOU AIN'T MEL HESS!

MAN: No, Mel couldn't come, Mr. McGee. But I was comin' in to town so I brung the sleigh for you. Have to drive it yourself, I guess. Keep tight rein on old Bolivar on the left. He's a stumblebum. WELL, HAVE A NICE SLEIGHRIDE! (FADE) Goodnight.

SOUND: CRUNCHING FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT; HORSE STAMPS..SLIGHT JINGLE (PAUSE)

(REVISED)

-29-

FIB: Next time I promote a sleighride, I'll make everybody take a loyalty test. Hiyah, Babe!

MOL: Hiyah, Bud.

FIB: Care to go for a thirty-two dollar sleighride?

MOL: Why not?

FIB: A very good question! Get in.

SOUND: SLIGHT SCUFFLING: FIB CHIRRUFS TO HORSES..HORSES HOOFS
AND JINGLE BELLS UP, SUSTAIN AND FADE INTO ----

ORCH: "SUNDAY IN OLD SANTA FE" -

(REVISED)

-30-

FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY
1/11/49

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: All of you who use Johnson's Paste Wax ... know that mellow beauty it can bring to your home. You've seen the rich, lustrous finish of wood surfaces that have been polished with this remarkable wax.
But maybe you don't know how easily and quickly you can polish your waxed floor, when you have Johnson's New Beautiflor Electric Polisher. The big whirling brush buffs your floor in a few seconds. All you do is guide this polisher across the floor. Ask your dealer about Johnson's New Beautiflor Electric Polisher. You can buy one now ... or rent one at low cost if you prefer.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

MOL: Well, dearie, it's nice to be home again. I will say
you promote some beautiful sleigh rides...that was a lot
of fun!

FIB: (GRUNTS)

MOL: It's too bad you got stuck for all those chicken dinners.

FIB: Mmmm.

MOL: I (LAUGHS) ate about two complete dinners myself. AND
YOU!!! I never saw anybody put away so - MCGEE...WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?

FIB: Kitchen.

MOL: What do you want?

FIB: Soda.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Goodnite---

MOL: Goodnite, all!!!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
HITCHHIKE 1/11/49

LAING: Here's news of an outstanding new furniture polish. The
fastest..yes, the fastest ... wax polish you can buy.
It's Johnson's Cream Wax, and it cleans so quickly...
dries so quickly .. polishes so quickly that using it is
practically as easy as dusting.
Johnson's Cream Wax, you see, not only cleans in a moment.
...it dries to a hard finish in a moment. So you can
give an end table or chair a glossy polish almost as fast
as I can tell you about it. And Johnson's Cream Wax
dries absolutely. Leaves no wet, dust-catching oil on the
surface of your furniture.
Clean your furniture to perfection...polish it to beauty
with Johnson's Cream Wax. It's the fastest wax polish
you can buy ... the polish that does a brilliant job
with no more trouble than dusting.

ORCH: THEME SWELL: FADE FOR:

WILCOX: 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.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)