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(REVISED)

#16

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

JANUARY 18, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

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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:

mc

mc



OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You know, there's only one genuine Johnson's Glo-Coat. No other self polishing floor wax can make your kitchen linoleum shine and glisten in exactly the same way. And I'm sure that's why more women use Glo-Coat than any other self polishing floor wax.

But now there's a special reason for changing to Johnson's Glo-Coat. Glo-Coat has a new glow...a glow that makes your linoleum shine with greater luster and beauty.... far more brightly than before.

And getting that glistening finish is so easy. You just apply Glo-Coat to your linoleum...let it dry...and watch it produce its own sparkling luster. Johnson's Glo-Coat needs no help from you...there's no buffing or polishing necessary.

Try the Glo-Coat with the new glow...the one made exclusively by S. C. Johnson and Son. You can tell genuine Johnson's Glo-Coat by the familiar yellow container, with the bright red band. Ask for Glo-Coat tomorrow...and make your kitchen a brighter place to work.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

WILCOX: IT'S AMAZING WHAT STRANGE THINGS CAN HAPPEN WITH ORDINARY OBJECTS. LOOK WHAT ALICE DID WITH THE LOOKING GLASS! REMEMBER WHAT FUN A LADDIN HAD WITH A LAMP! SEE WHAT A BEANSTALK DID FOR JACK, AND LOOK WHO'S COMING UP THE FRONT STEPS OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA WITH A COMMON-LOOKING SHOE BOX. YES, IT'S HIMSELF, OF ----  
--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Hey Molly, I'm back from downtown! I got home with my shoes okay!

MOL: Good for you! Did you get home with your trousers, too - because it's pretty nippy to be - Ohh, you mean the shoes you had half-soled.

FIB: Yep. "The Instant Service Shoe Repair". Left 'em yesterday - got 'em today. (THUMP OF PACKAGE) There they are. Might as well open 'em up and put 'em on. They're always - (PAUSE) Hm, that's funny, I coulda swore that shoemaker gimme my shoes in a brown box.

MOL: Looks like more of a dirty white to me. Maybe it faded.

FIB: (TEARING OF PAPER AND RATTLE OF BOX LID) Oh well, it don't matter as long as - Hey, these aren't my shoes at all! This is just an old box full of folding money and - MONEY???

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: HOLY H. SMOKE, MOLLY! LOOK AT THE GREENBACKS! A BOX FULL!



MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE! PAPER MONEY? Oh DEAR!

FIB: STACKS OF IT! TENS AND TWENTIES! (LAUGHS HAPPILY)  
Oboboyoboyoboy, money, money, money! We're rich, Molly!  
~~Rich at last!~~

MOL: Oh McGee - we're no such thing! And put the lid back  
on it quick! My goodness, I've never seen so much  
temptation in one pile in my life! Where did you  
get it?

FIB: MILLIONS! THOUSANDS, ANYHOW! Huh? Why, the shoe man  
give it to me and -- er, no, come to think of it, I  
watched him put my shoes in a box and hand it to me!

MOL: All right - and then what?

FIB: Well...I took a street car home...changed seats a couple  
times...Hey, that's what musta happened! I musta got  
boxes switched with somebody on the streetcar someway!  
And to think of all the nasty things I've said about that  
lovely street car company!

MOL: You can apologize to them tomorrow, dearie. Right now,  
we'd better -

FIB: Better count it! You said it! Watch out, I'll dump  
it out and (CLUMP OF BUNDLES OF BILLS) Ohhh, look at  
those beautiful stacks of jack! All labeled nice and  
neat and -

MOL: McGee, please! Put it back in the box! It's (PAUSE)  
OOOOOOO, THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY, ISN'T IT?

FIB: (LAUGHING HAPPILY) Oboy, I've waited a long time for  
this, Molly! This is a real American success story,  
Kiddo, you know that?

MOL: Success story?

FIB: Certainly! A poor boy - works hard all his life - always  
honest and fair to his fellow man - gives everybody an  
even break - picks up the wrong box on a streetcar - and  
winds up rich! That's America!! Opportunity for all!!!  
Lemme see, 500.... a thousand....1500....2000..

MOL: NO, MCGEE, NO! Now stop talking like that! Somebody  
lost that money and----

FIB: I'll say they did! And I found it! So get the steamship  
companies on the phone, baby, time's a wastin'! Oh boy,  
Honolulu! Way-Kicki Beach! Lyin' on the sand at O-a-hu!

MOL: That's pronounced "Wahoo", dearie.

FIB: You said it! WAA-HOOO! FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS! I better  
count it again. Carefuller! 10...20....30...40...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: This is probably the man right now.

FIB: (FRANTIC) Hold it! Don't let him in! (SHUFFLE OF MONEY  
IN BOX) Wait'll I put this dough away! In the desk!  
Don't tell anybody about it! (SLAMS DESK DRAWER) There!  
.....COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS



(2ND REVISION) -7-

MOL: Oh, for goodness sakes, it's Doctor Gamble! Come in, Doctor!

DOC: Thank you, Molly. And good day to you, Eggface.

FIB: Oh..oh, it's you. Hiyah, Hemstitcher. You can't stay, can you? You're just passing through, I hope!

MOL: McGee! What kind of greeting is that for the good doctor?

FIB: Well.....

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DOC: Ignore him, my dear, I always do. Besides, I believe you can always find some good in everybody. Even little Gutternose here.

FIB: Certainly.

DOC: In fact, the more I talk to people about you, my boy, the more I realize you have one thing about you that everybody loves!

FIB: Yeah?? What, Doc??

DOC: Your wife.

FIB: Oh.

MOL: Thank you, Doctor...(EAGERLY) Say, sit down and visit awhile! Nice to talk to you!

FIB: Oh, don't encourage him, Molly - leave him go! I got no time to be gabbing about odds and ends with a guy with one of the oddest ends that ever busted a spring in our davenport! I got important things to do!

DOC: Your idea of something important to do, Knucklenose is to go sit in a corner and count your toes. Or can you count that high yet?

MOL: Oh now, Doctor, don't tease him - he's just got things on his mind this morning, that's all. He's really a pret-ty nice lad.

DOC: If he is, he manages to conceal it very well! I took out a ~~wrapped~~ appendix last week that had more charm and personality than he has.



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FIB: Oh yeah? You took out my appendix too - three years ago - but I still get sore throats, Fatso!

MOL: Oh, McGee, that's not from your appendix! It's only since you had your tonsils out that you keep catching colds.

FIB: Well, he took them out, too! Calls himself a doctor, and he can't even tell people how to keep from catching colds!

DOC: I can tell YOU how to keep from catching cold, Mushroom! Do as I say and you'll NEVER have another one.

FIB: Yeah? What do I do?

DOC: Stop breathing! .....Look, I'd like to stay and chat awhile, Molly, but I must be going. I'm taking Miss Fifi Tremayne out tonight and -

MOL: Ohh, good for you, Doctor! You know, I'd begun to think Mayor La Trivia was practically engaged to her, the way he talks.

DOC: That's what he thinks, too. (CHUCKLES) You just ask Fifi whose fraternity pin she's wearing these days!

FIB: Fraternity pin? No kidding! Yours, Doc??

DOC: (WISELY) Next time you see her, just ask her.

MOL: Oh, I will, Doctor.

DOC: And then let me know, will you? She's got such a collection of them, I've forgotten which one is mine! ..... So long, kids.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

(REVISED) -10-

FIB: At last! Lemme at that dough! (SOUND: FAST OPEN OF DESK DRAWER - RIFFLE OF MONEY) Boyoboy, is this living! Call the steamship companies, Molly! Get a travel agency!

MOL: Now look, McGee, whoever lost this money will undoubtedly run an ad in the paper and -

FIB: I got that covered! Don't let a newspaper in here! If we don't read the ad, we aren't responsible! If the paper boy throws the evening paper on the porch, I'll throw it back at him! I'll knock him off that bicycle so fast - lemme see - ten ... twenty ... thirty ... forty ... fifty ... sixty ...

ORCH: "SO IN LOVE"

APPLAUSE



(REVISED) -10-

FIB: At last! Lemme at that dough! (SOUND: FAST OPEN OF  
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forty ... fifty ... sixty ...

ORCH: "SO IN LOVE"

APPLAUSE

(2ND REVISION) -11-

SECOND SPOT:

FIB: (COUNTING MONEY) Four thousand nine hunnert 'n sixty,  
nine hunnert 'n seventy, nine hunnert 'n eighty, nine  
hunnert 'n ninety, - FIVE THOUSAND.!! Hot dog.!!  
Five grand.!! Better count it once more to be sure ...  
TEN, TWENTY, THIRTY, ....

MOL: Look, McGee --- you've got to get rid of that money.  
You've GOT to find the owner. Why don't you put an ad  
in the Gazette?

FIB: Oh, FINE!!! Great idea!!! "WILL PERSON OR PERSONS WHO  
LOST FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN TENS AND TWENTIES ON  
FOURTEENTH STREET STREET CAR PLEASE CONTACT SIMPLE-MINDED  
FIBBER MCGEE, 79 WISTFUL VISTA." My gosh, tootsie, with  
an ad like that, we'd make the 1849 Gold Rush look like  
a turtle race!

MOL: You don't have to advertise like that, silly. But you  
can't keep money that isn't yours!



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FIB: WELL, THEY GOT MY SHOES, HAVEN'T THEY? IS IT MY FAULT IF THEY GOT THE WORST OF THE TRADE? LOOK...it was cold this morning. Suppose some barefoot guy seen them shoes. He says to himself, WELL, he says, there's a nice pair of shoes!...I'll just take them shoes and leave this five thousand dollars. So, he swaps boxes. I get five grand and he keeps his feet from freezing. YOU WANT I SHOULD WELSH ON A DEAL LIKE THAT?

MOL: Well, you'll have to wrestle with your own conscience, if any. I'm sure you'll find some way to get this money back to its owner. (FADE) In the meantime, I've got to get some potatoes in the oven for dinner.

FIB: Okay, tootsie. Ahhh, there goes a good kid! Too good, almost. Here she has a chance to get a mink coat, a trip to Sun Valley, and a diamond tarara and what does she do? Tries to give five grand back to some dimwit that -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Oh - Oh, better cover this dough. (RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER)  
There! Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:

TEE: Hi, mister!

FIB: Oh hiyah, Teeny. Come on in.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES:

FIB: I'm glad to see you, sis. I got a question I'd like to ask you.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Okay.

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FIB: Look - you're a nice clean, upstanding little girl -  
TEE: Sure. I'm nice and clean on account of my mama made me take a bath, I betcha - and I'm upstanding because she hadda persuade me with a hairbrush. (GIGGLES) Boy, can my mama persuade!

FIB: I know what you mean, Sis. I was 18 years old myself before I knew you could use a hairbrush for brushing hair too. But look, about my question - just suppose you accidentally found 5000 dollars on a street car, see -

TEE: 5000 dollars???

FIB: Just supposing, of course. What would you do with it? Keep it?

TEE: Ohhh no, mister, noo! Never!

FIB: (LET DOWN) Oh. You wouldn't, eh?

TEE: Oh no!..(PAUSE) I'd give it to my daddy, I betcha.

FIB: (EAGERLY) Yeah? What would he do with it - keep it or take it back?

TEE: That, mister, is a very interesting question. I've seen him get 30¢ too much change at the cigar store and forget to mention it - but on the other hand, I've seen him get shortchanged 2¢ and yell his head off! (GIGGLES) That's human nature, I guess.



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FIB: Yeah. Well, you're not much help, sis, but thanks for tryin to -

TEE: Is that the 5000 dollars over there, mister? All that green stuff. Under the newspaper? Hm?

FIB: Well - uh - Oh, now look, sis - don't go blabbing this all over town! Migosh, you'll start a stampede in here that - Do me a favor - forget it, willya?

TEE: Oh sure - I'm a good forgetter, I betcha! Specially when I'm drinkin' chocklit sodas. (GIGGLES) Oboy, I could drink 3 chocklit sodas and forget my name, I betcha!

FIB: Aw, fer the - here, here's a buck! Forget my name too, willya?

TEE: Okay, so long, mister!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, I guess I better count it again. Let's see now, Ten, Twenty, Thirty --

MOL: (FADE IN) McGee, for goodness sakes, stop counting that money. It's five thousand dollars and it isn't going to change.

FIB: Okay, but I wish you'd realize what we could do with this dough. MY GOSH, KIDDO, YOU ALWAYS SAID, IF WE COULD AFFORD IT, YOU'D LIKE TO TRAVEL.

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FIB: TRAVEL AGENTS, DECK STEWARDS, JEWELRY SALESMEN, MINK RAISERS, -- my gosh, they gotta live too, you know! They're people, same as us.

WIL: Look - pal, let me tell you something.

FIB: Yeah?

WIL: You know I'm no goody-goody. I don't preach to people. But after all, you got to live with yourself, pal.

You got to be honest with yourself. SUPPOSE SOMEBODY WALKED UP TO ME AND SAID, "HARLOW, WHAT IS ABSOLUTELY THE ONLY ANSWER TO SCUFFED-UP, WORN LOOKING LINOLEUM?"

MOL: Heavenly days, how did we ever get way over there?



WIL: SUPPOSE THEY ASKED ME, "WHAT IS IT THAT BRIGHTENS UP THE COLORS OF THAT LINOLEUM, MAKES SPILLED THINGS SO EASY TO WIPE UP....PROTECTS IT AGAINST DUST AND SNOW AND MUDDY FOOTPRINTS, THAT SHINES AS IT DRIES TO A LOVELY, SPARKLING PROTECTIVE GLOSS? THAT REQUIRES NO RUBBING AND NO BUFFING, AND HAS AN ADDED GLOW THESE DAYS THAT MEANS SO MUCH TO WINTER HOUSEKEEPING?"

FIB: You mean?

WIL: WHY CERTAINLY! I'D SAY "JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT" NATURALLY! IF I GAVE ANY OTHER ANSWER IT WOULD BE SHEER DISHONESTY. I WOULDN'T SLEEP A WINK. I'D BE DECEITFUL. I'D FEEL LIKE A DOG!

MOL: See what he means, McGee!

FIB: Yes. Yes, I do. I'm convinced. Waxey - you've made me see the light.

WIL: Good!

MOL: Thank goodness! At last!

FIB: Yep - from now on, anytime anybody asks me what's good for linoleum, I'll tell 'em Glocoat!...BUT - to get back to this five thousand dollars I found, Junior, do you think I oughta keep it.....or spend it?

WIL: Take it back, Pal, and be a hero! Whoever lost that dough will turn this town upside down looking for it - so you might as well kiss it goodbye anyhow.

FIB: Kiss it what?

WIL: Goodbye!

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Lotta help he was!

MOL: Look dearie. Why don't we just take this money to the police station, they'll find the owner, and all our worries will be -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor LaTrivia, McGee. Come in, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Thank you, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv.

GALE: What are you looking so grumpy about?

MOL: He just found five thousand dollars in cash, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Oh, my heart bleeds for you McGee! What would you do if you found 50 thousand - beat your head against the wall?

FIB: I ain't sore because I found it. I'm sore because nobody wants me to keep it. What's the use of clean living - outdoor exercise - eatin' a lot of fresh eggs and vegetables if a guy can't keep what he finds on a street car?

MOL: As the man in the phone booth said as he flew over Kansas in a tornado, "I don't believe I quite get the connection."

GALE: McGee. I am a member of the legal profession. Give me the details of this case and I'll try to advise you according to law.



FIB: GREAT, LA TRIV.!! Raise your right hand.

GALE: Very well.

FIB: DO YOU SWEAR TO BELIEVE EVERYTHING I SAY, NO MATTER HOW RIDICULOUS-

MOL: McGee! YOU'RE THE WITNESS. He's the lawyer.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes. Well, swear me in, Counsellor.

GALE: It won't be necessary for a preliminary hearing. Now then, how did this happen?

MOL: You see, Mr. Mayor, he'd had his shoes repaired and was bringing them home on the street car and he evidently got the boxes mixed up and...

FIB: I OBJECT! THAT'S HEAR SAY EVIDENCE BESIDES BEING IMMATERIAL AND REAR ELEPHANT. Watch yourselves kids... I read Erle Stanley Gardner too, you know!

GALE: You mean, McGee picked up the wrong shoe box when he got off the street car, got home and found five thousand dollars in it?

FIB: Yeah, and if I try to return it, what's to prevent the legal owner from brushin' me off with a three dollar reward?

GALE: Nothing. In fact that's probably what will happen. Then you can say, "Where are my shoes," and he'll say, "I threw them away." And you'll say, "I had ten thousand dollars sewed up in the lining of those shoes, and I'm going to sue you, but I'll settle for twenty-five hundred."

MOL: Heavenly days, I never...

FIB: LA TRIVIA...YOU'RE RETAINED!!! YOU'RE THE FINEST.....

GALE: BUT - he'll say "If you sue me I'll charge you with malicious prosecution and sue you for a HUNDRED thousand!"

MOL: We're losing money fast!

FIB: Yeah, migosh, I haven't-

GALE: THEN - you merely answer "I'LL COUNTER-SUE YOU FOR HALF A MILLION FOR DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER"! -- He says, "I'll SUE YOU FOR A MILLION, YOU CHISELER!" -- And you say, "CHISELER, EH? THAT'LL COST YOU TWO MILLION DOLLARS FOR SLANDER!"

FIB: WOW! TWO MILLION BUCKS! Can I collect it, La Triv?



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GALE: No - because he'll check up on your bank account, look into your financial background, and have you jailed as a vagrant.

MOL: Oh dear!

GALE: So, my advice to you is to take the three-buck reward, if any. Come on, I'll drive you down to the police station to turn it in.

FIB: Awww.....

ORCH; AND KING'S MEN: "GALWAY BAY"

APPLAUSE

(2ND REVISION)-22-

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ALONG PAVEMENT

FIB: Yeah, but gee whiz, Molly - I STILL say this is the wrong way to handle this money!

MOL: (FIRMLY) The police station is right in front of us, dearie. Nice of Mayor La Trivia to drive us this far.

FIB: But look, kiddo - ~~turn in five thousand bucks in found dough over to the cops to like~~ - Hey look just lemme go back to Kremer's Drug Store and break one of these tens, willya? I'll get a cigar out of it, <sup>at least</sup> if I never -

MOL: NO! Don't touch a penny of it, McGee! Now, come on! Open the door - and don't drop that money!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

FIB: Don't worry - if everybody ... hey look on that bench over there - is that Wallace Wimple?

MOL: Where? Oh, it certainly is! Hello, Mr. Wimple - imagine meeting you here!

FIB: Yeah, hi, Wimp. Trouble, boy?

WIMP: .... Hello, folks. Nooo, nothing special, Mr. McGee. I just wanted some license information.



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MOL: Dog license or hunting license?

WIMP: No- my cousin kept his restaurant open too late and these policemen revoked his beer license - and my uncle ran into a lamp post and they revoked his driver's license.

FIB: So?

WIMP: Well - (CHUCKLES) I was wondering if they could do something about my marriage license. (SADLY) They said no....But - what brings you down here, Mr. McGee - a policeman?

FIB: Nope. I and Molly just came down to turn in a shoebox I found with 5 G's in it, Wimp.

WIMP: Five G's ? I found 2 G's in front of the Bijou Theatre one day. They <sup>fell</sup> ~~blow~~ <sup>electrical sign</sup> off the canopy during a high wind and - (PAUSE) DO YOU MEAN MONEY??

MOL: Open the box, dearie.

FIB: Okay. (RUSTLE OF PAPER - RATTLE BOX LID) There! Cast your glimmers on that pretty pile of pesos, boy!

WIMP: OOOOOOO! LOOK AT THE LOOT !!

MOL: He picked up the wrong package on a street car this morning, Mr. Wimple. This is it.

WIMP: My goodness! I picked up the wrong package on a bus one time - and when I got it home and opened it, do you know what it was?

FIB: What, Wimp?

WIMP: Somebody's garbage.....I ran an ad in the paper, but nobody ever - (SOTTO VOCE) Ooo, cover up that money, quick, the sergeant's looking at you!

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
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FIB: Where?

SERG: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Right here, mister! Bring it up here and let's have a look at it! That's a lot of money you got there!

FIB: 5000 bucks! I had my shoes in a box on a street car, see, and some guy picked up the wrong box and left me this one. My wife says I oughta turn it in ~~and~~ -



*Ken -*  
SARGE: ~~Thanks~~ you. Now, your name and address, please?  
FIB: Me? I'm Fibber McGee of 79 Wistful Vista and this is my wife, Molly.  
MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.  
SARGE: Fibber McGee. (ASIDE) Check that, Brannigan.  
WIMP: I'm Wallace Wimple. A friend. I can vouch for Mr. McGee - he's all right. Unless you've got something on him.  
SARGE: Your occupation, Mr. McGee?  
MOL: A good question!  
FIB: Well, I'm - I - well, I do a lot of things...that is....  
SARGE: (ASIDE) Check that, Brannigan.  
MOL: For goodness sakes, Mayor La Trivia himself drove us down here! We're very good friends of his! CHECK THAT, TOO, BRANNIGAN!  
SARGE: He will!  
FIB: Now about this dough, Sarge. There's 5000 bucks there in 10's and 20's. You can gimme a receipt for it and if your boys can't find the guy that lost it, I'll pick it up in the morning, see?  
MOL: He's got a trip he'd like to take to Honolulu, Sergeant - and if you can't find the owner, I'll go with him.  
FIB: Sure. And if somebody does claim it, call me and we'll tear down his story so fast -  
SARGE: (ASIDE) How's that, Brannigan? Okay. All right, you folks can go now. We just contacted the Mayor and he vouches for you.  
MOL: Well, he'd better! The things we know -

SERG: Thanks for bringing this in and I know the Secret Service boys will be glad to see it. They'll want to ask you a few questions tomorrow about where you found it, of course.  
FIB: Secret Service?  
MOL: What have they got to do with it?  
SERG: ~~THIS IS COUNTERFEIT DOUGH~~, lady. If you'd tried to spend any of it you'd really have been in trouble. There's a cop behind every cash register in town, waitin' for it!  
WIMP: I know a store that doesn't use a cash register. They have a paper bag under the counter and -  
SERG: QUIET, you!  
WIMP: Oh, go fry a pig!  
SERG: WHAT WAS THAT?  
MOL: Take it easy, Mr. Wimple.  
FIB: Much obliged, Sarge. Tell the Secret Service boys, I'm always glad to co-operate. YOU KNOW, I HAD A FEELING THAT DOUGH WAS NO GOOD! THAT'S WHY I INSISTED ON RUNNIN' RIGHT TO THE POLICE WITH IT. EH, MOLLY?  
MOL: Yes, we wanted to go to Honolulu the hard way, officer. We'll stop at the radio station on the way home and see if we can get on a quiz program. Come on, McGee!  
ORCH: "ONE HAS MY NAME" .. FADE FOR:  
(APPLAUSE)



FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
1/18/49

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You know, there's no doubt about it. The self-polishing floor wax that you want is the one that will give your kitchen linoleum a higher lustre.. make it shine far more brightly.

Well, there is a wax that will do it. It's Glo-Coat, the self-polishing floor wax made exclusively by S.C. Johnson and Son. Glo-Coat has a new glow that makes your linoleum glisten with a more beautiful finish. So be sure to look for the familiar yellow container with the bright red band. In that container is genuine Johnson's Glo-Coat....the new, glowing Glo-Coat....for a brighter, more attractive kitchen linoleum.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC .. FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -28-

TAG

FIB: Ten .... Twenty .... Thirty .... Forty .... Fifty ...  
MOL: (YAWNING) McGee - what are you counting now?  
FIB: Sheep .... with greenbacks ..... jumping out of a shoe box.  
MOL: Put the lid on and go to sleep, dearie.  
FIB: Okay. Goodnight .... sixty .... seventy .... eighty ....  
MOL: Goodnight all.  
ORCH: PLAYOFF AND THEME - FADE FOR:



FIBBER AND MOLLY  
1/18/49

(2ND REVISION) -29-

TAG COMMERCIAL

LAING: If you want lustrous, beautiful furniture .... dusting won't do. To clean your furniture to perfection, polish it to beauty ... you need Johnson's Cream Wax. It cleans so quickly ... dries so quickly ... polishes so quickly ... that using it is practically as easy as dusting. Why, with Johnson's Cream Wax, it's possible to completely clean and polish a coffee table in just forty seconds. Because Johnson's Cream Wax not only cleans in a moment ... it dries and polishes in a moment. And it dries hard ... leaves no sticky oil to catch more dust as soon as you've finished. Ask for Johnson's Cream Wax today ... the fastest furniture wax polish you can buy. You'll get clean furniture ... furniture polished to a high luster -- practically as easily as you now do your dusting.

ORCH: THEME UP - FADE FOR:

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.

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C. .... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.  
(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

Fil  
(REVISED)

#17

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

JANUARY 25, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.