

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

#18

(REVISED)

*file*

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

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WILCOX: Y 1. 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:

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:



FIBBER & MOLLY SHOW  
FEBRUARY 1, 1949.

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: There's no mistaking the Glo-coat glow ... when you see it on your kitchen linoleum. It has a luster you can't miss. A luster that can only be had with genuine Johnson's Glo-Coat.

What's more, that glow is now brighter. Yes, there's a new glow in this self polishing floor wax ... that makes your linoleum shine far more brightly than before.

Yet, while its glow is brighter ... Glo-Coat is as easy as ever to use. You just apply it to your linoleum and forget about it. As it dries, Glo-coat produces its own gleaming finish without any help from you.

Remember that there's only one Glo-coat. It's made exclusively by the makers of Johnson's Wax ... and it comes in the familiar yellow container with the bright red band.

Tomorrow ask for the self polishing floor wax that women favor two to one ... Johnson's Glo-Coat.

ORCH:

BRIDGE TO OPENING:

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WILCOX: ONE THING ABOUT MR. MCGEE, OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA - WHEN HE HAS SOMETHING TO SAY, HE SAYS IT! AND HE ALWAYS HAS SOMETHING TO SAY - ESPECIALLY WHEN SOMEBODY ELSE IS TALKING. LISTEN TO MRS. MCGEE TRYING TO READ HIM AN ITEM IN THE PAPER, AS WE JOIN --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

SOUND: RUSTLE OF NEWSPAPER

MOL: Say, here's an interesting thing, McGee. It says they're using airplanes now to drop hay to cattle that are stranded in the snow, and they -

FIB: Oh yeah, sure. That's called The Haylift, Molly.

MOL: I know. According to the paper, it says -

FIB: The reason they call it The Haylift is on account of they hafta lift the hay out of a hayloft and lift it into the Haylift <sup>plane</sup> plane, before The Haylift can lift the hay aloft - which is how a Haylift lifts hay, of course. Aloft.

MOL: (PAUSE) I see. Well, according to the paper -

FIB: Frankly, I think they're goin' at the thing all wrong, anyhow. I've fed cattle myself, you-know. On Uncle Sycamore's ranch, in Wyoming.

MOL: (PAUSE...RATTLES NEWSPAPER) Well, anyhow - this paper says the cattle are marooned in snow several feet deep, and they -

FIB: Shouldn't oughta turn cattle loose in snow that deep, anyhow. They'll catch cold....Read some more, Molly.



MOL: I'm trying to, McGee! It goes on to say that the planes -

FIB: When I worked on Uncle Sycamore's ranch that summer, we never had snow like that, all summer! It got a whole lot hotter than it did cold. It was --

MOL: MCGEE!! (SLAPS THE PAPER DOWN - ANNOYED) For goodness sakes!!

FIB: Huh?

MOL: (PATIENTLY) Sit down, Dearie - Mother wants to talk to you.

FIB: Huh?

MOL: Look, sweetheart. I like you a lot - you know that. But you DO have one bad fault!

FIB: I...I do?

MOL: Yes you do! You have a terrible habit of interrupting people when they're telling you something!

FIB: (SURPRISED) I do?

MOL: Yes. You should learn to keep quiet when other people are talking, dearie! Everybody likes a good listener. You wouldn't like it if nobody listened to you, would you?

FIB: OOOOO, WHAT A HORRIBLE THOUGHT! But you're right, kiddo - I'm sold! Everybody likes a good listener; and from now on, that's me.

MOL: Good.

FIB: Besides, I got a hunch you hear more stuff when you're listenin' than you do when you're talkin'.

MOL: I think you have a thought there.

FIB: Probably hear some awful tripe, too, but I'll listen! I'll stop buttin' in! I'll keep my big fat mouth -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: I hope this is somebody interesting, dearie.

FIB: Probably isn't. Probably just one of our friends. BUT - COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:



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MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Old Timer!

OLD MAN: Hello there, kids! Hi, Johnny! Hi, daughter! Hey, didja hear about the grass widow that dyed her hair, kids?

FIB: No - what about her?

OLD MAN: It's a TOP SECRET! (LAUGHS) Heered that one on the radio, ' Some comedian that -

FIB: You think that's funny? You oughta hear the jokes I useta tell when I and Fred Nitney was in vaude-

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Huh? Oh, excuse me, Old Timer - sorry I interrupted you. Go right ahead with the conversation.

OLD MAN: Well, I was jist goin' downtown, anyhow, so I -

FIB: I'm turnin' over a new leaf. Gonna stop buttin' in all the time, when people are talkin'.

MOL: Like that, he means!

FIB: Y'p, I'm gonna-listen more. Talk less. People hate a guy that talks all the time!...Go ahead and talk.

OLD MAN: You're so right, Johnny. Everybody talks too much. Papa useta always tell us not to talk so much when us kidses was kids, kids.

MOL: Good fatherly advice!

OLD MAN: Yep. I can hear him now, daughter. "Clam up, kids," he'd say, "Here come the cops!" We always --

FIB: What did your father do for a living, Old Timer? *work?*

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OLD MAN: Yep, he tried everything, Johnny, but luck was against him. I mind he opened up a restaurant one time - and they threwed him in jail!

MOL: Arrested him? Why?

OLD MAN: Politics, daughter! The restaurant he opened up belonged to the Mayor.

FIB: I suppose you had to work when you were little, eh?

OLD MAN: Like a beaver, Johnny! I mind one time I took up pigeon raising. I bought six pigeons, hung out a sign, sold twenty-seven of 'em the next week and -

FIB: Huh? Hey wait a minute - how could you sell twenty-seven birds, when you only had six to start with?

OLD MAN: Homing pigeons, son. Sell a pair in the mornin' and they'd be home by noon. Sell 'em again after lunch and they'd be back in the coop by sundown. I'd have made a fortune at it, if somethin' hadn't come up unexpected.

MOL: What came up?

OLD MAN: Jeperdy Sheriff, daughter .... We had a tussle that --

FIB: Well, that's nothin' compared to the racket I had as a kid. Sprayed white rabbits with aluminum paint and sold 'em for silver foxes. I had quite a -

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Oh. Excuse the interruption. Sorry, go ahead with your story, Old Timer. Very interesting.

OLD MAN: Thanks, Johnny. Well, like I say -

FIB: Not as interesting as my experience with the rabbits, of course, but go ahead anyway, I'll listen.

OLD MAN: No. You talk, Johnny. I'll listen.

FIB: No - you go ahead. I'll listen.



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OLD MAN: No. You.

FIB: No. You

OLD MAN: (PAUSE) Johnny! I'd love to stay and play games with you - but I got a date.

FIB: A date?

OLD MAN: Yep - I'm takin' Bessie to lunch, kids. Every pay day I take Bessie out - and do we eat!!

MOL: Isn't that thoughtful! So today's your pay day, is it?

OLD MAN: Nope - Bessie's! So long, kids.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

ORCH: "POWDER YOUR FACE WITH SUNSHINE"

(2ND REVISION) -10-

SECOND SPOT:

FIB: You know why it is that I ain't a good listener, Molly?

MOL: Yes. You talk too much. You should give others a chance to speak, now and then. For the sake of good manners, if nothing else.

FIB: Wel - l - l .... I'm makin' an effort, kiddo. And any time I make up my mind to do something, I DO it. All I gotta have is an acqueduct reason for doing it.

MOL: A what?

FIB: An acqueduct reason. If I don't have an acqueduct reason, I -

MOL: No, sweetheart - you don't mean an ACQUEDUCT reason. You mean an ADEQUATE reason.

FIB: You mean on account of adequate means good manners. Like Emily Post wrote a book on proper-adequate? You know, "should she ask the gentleman in for a cup of sassafras tea after he's spent ninety bucks on her in a night club, or should she just -

MOL: No, McGee. That was not "adequate".



FIB: I'll say it wasn't! The least a girl could do would be to smush a little in the ~~le~~ <sup>front face</sup> but -

MOL: I MEAN THAT WAS NOT A BOOK ABOUT ADEQUATE. THAT WAS ETIQUETTE.

FIB: I thought an etiquette was kind of an overhead sewer, that brings water from some place that needs it down to where they don't want it.

MOL: Now we're getting some place. THAT'S an aqueduct!

FIB: It is? Then what did I say wrong in the first place?

MOL: You said you needed an aqueduct reason. You meant ADEQUATE.

FIB: Look. Let's leave Emily Post outa this. All I said was -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in, for goodness sakes!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Your Honor. McGee, it's the Mayor.

FIB: Well, so it is. Hiyah, La Triv!

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. McGee.

MOL: Do sit down, Mr. Mayor. We're in the midst of an interesting experiment.

GALE: Is that so? What is it?

FIB: I'm tryin' to get to be a good listener, La Triv.

You know how I always been. Minute somebody starts talkin' I butt in like a popcorn-eater at a sad movie.

GALE: Yes, I've often noticed how -

FIB: I'll say it wasn't! The least a girl could do would be to smush a little in the ~~le~~ <sup>front face</sup> but -

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GALE: Yes, I've often noticed how -



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FIB: GAB, GAB, GAB, that's me, and by George, I made up my mind to correct it!

GALE: I think that's a very excellent -

FIB: YES, SIR, FROM NOW ON, I LISTEN.

GALE: I'm very glad to hear that, because --

FIB: So you set right down there, La Triv, and start talkin'.

MOL: Better make some pointed remarks, Mr. Mayor. It's the only way you'll ever get them in. KEEP QUIET, DEARIE!

FIB: Okay. I'll be quieter than a rubber-heeled butterfly tiptoein' over 20 foot of wet moss. Go ahead and talk, La Triv.

GALE: ...How?

FIB: I'll keep quiet. What's the news of our City Government, boy? What's the latest civic improvement?

GALE: YOU -- KEEPING QUIET!!!.....If I live long enough to see it. I was telling Miss Tremayne last night that -

FIB: Fifi Tremayne? Yours and Doc Gamble's girl friend? How is Fifi, La Triv?

GALE: MISS Tremayne is fine, thank you. She may go east to do a play.

MOL: Oh, really? Say, she's a fine actress, isn't she, Mr. Mayor?

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FIB: Terrific, Molly! If you could see her makin' La Triv and Doc Gamble both think they're the only man in her life - Boy, what a performance! What a -

MOL: MCGEE! You say she's going east, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: She's considering it, yes. If she finds the right vehicle for her talents in New York, she -

FIB: OH, THEM NEW YORK VEHICLES!! MINGOSH, THEY SCARE ME TO DEATH, LA TRIV! Tell Fifi to stay out of 'em!

GALE: I'm afraid we're talking about two different kinds of -

FIB: I'LL NEVER FORGET ONE EXPERIENCE I HAD IN A NEW YORK VEHICLE! THE DRIVER SAYS, "WHERE TO, MAC?" and I SAYS, "FOLLOW THAT CAB UP AHEAD THERE!" I says, AND HE SAYS, "ARE YOU A COP OR A PRIVATE EYE?" and I says, "I'M NEITHER ONE, BUD," - I says, I'M JUST A MUGG THAT GOT OUT OF THAT OTHER TAXI AND LEFT HIS SUITCASE IN IT."

WELL SIR, -

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: SO HE STEPS ON THE GAS, AND - huh?

MOL: You haven't let Mayor La Trivia finish one single sentence. You've interrupted everything he's said.

FIB: I have? My gosh, I'm sorry, La Triv.

GALE: That's quite all right, McGee - you've done me a favor. When the next election comes and the papers start asking me questions, I want to remember to do one thing.

FIB: Yeah? What, La Triv?

GALE: SHUT UP!!!!.....Good day, Molly.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

-SR-



MOL: You see, McGee? He was really annoyed. You simply MUST be more courteous to people.

FIB: I know. I GOTTA start controlling myself, this gab habit is a worse curse than drink. BY THE WAY, WHADDYE HEAR FROM UNCLE DENNIS?

MOL: I had a card from him the other day. He's very well.

FIB: He's in good spirits, and vice versa, I suppose? The only time he ever -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, Molly - Hiyah, Pal.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior.

WIL: Before I forget it, I brought you a cigar, Pal. Got it at a sales meeting.

FIB: Swell, Junior, just put it on the desk here - I'll smoke it later. One of your salesmen have a baby?

WIL: No, but his wife did. He was passing out cigars - so I grabbed us each one.

MOL: Sit down, Mr. Wilcox. We were just working on a little problem when you came in.

WIL: What problem is that?

FIB: Me. I talk too much.

MOL: It isn't your talking so much, sweetheart. It's the fact that you keep interrupting everybody else. If the government ever heard you in a conversation they'd arrest you for operating a monopoly.

WIL: She's right, Pal. You're ALWAYS interrupting me. The minute I say "JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT," for instance, you -

FIB: - BUT YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT GLOCOAT. YOU'RE ALWAYS -

MOL: MCGEE...YOU INTERRUPTED MR. WILCOX, RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF -

FIB: MOLLY...PLEASE...YOU INTERRUPTED ME, WHEN I WAS -

WIL: PAL...WAIT A MINUTE!

FIB: MY GOSH, I CAN'T EVER - huh?



(2ND REVISION) -16-

WIL: Look...we're off to a bad start here. Everybody's interrupting everybody.

MOL: Yes, you are McGee. Now let Mr. Wilcox talk.

FIB: OKAY, I'LL BE QUIET, MOLLY. SHOOT JUNIOR! I mean shoot, Junior!

WIL: Okay. Mind if I sit on the corner of the desk here, Molly - where I can look out to the kitchen and see that beautiful Glocoat on your kitchen linoleum?

MOL: Not at all, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Thanks. BECAUSE JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT IS NOT ONLY A DELIGHT TO LOOK AT, BUT IT'S THE FINEST PROTECTION FOR YOUR LINOLEUM THAT MONEY CAN BUY! IT NEEDS NO RUBBING ---

FIB: HEY, WAIT A -

WIL: AND NO BUFFING! EASY TO USE, JUST POUR IT OUT, SPREAD IT AROUND AND LET IT DRY IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS TO A BEAUTIF-

FIB: YEAH, BUT LOOK -

MOL: HUSH, MCGEE!

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FIB: YEAH, BUT HE -

MOL: QUIET!!!! GO ON, MR. WILCOX.

WIL: TO A BEAUTIFUL SPARKLING FINISH, THAT MAKES SPILLED THINGS SO EASY TO WIPE UP. AND GLOCOAT NOW HAS A NEW POST-WAR GLOW ADDED WHICH -

FIB: BUT -

MOL: SHHHH!!

WIL: WHICH EVERY HOUSEWIFE WILL APPRECIATE. JOHNSON'S SELF POLISH--

FIB: HEY, LOOK, WAXEY, YOU -

WIL: All right, all right, I give up! Look Pal - you ask me in - you tell me to talk - you invite me to sit down - and what happens?

FIB: I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENS! YOU'RE SITTING ON MY CIGAR!

WIL: WHAT??

FIB: Look at it! Busted all to pieces! Migosh, you lay it on the desk and then park your -

WIL: Oh gee, I'm sorry, Pal!...But look - about this habit of butting in all the time- you keep working on it - you can cure it. I had a cousin with the same trouble.

MOL: Did you Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yep -BIG BUTTINSKY WILCOX. He got over it, finally.

FIB: Yeah? How, Junior, how?

WIL: He died....So long, kids.

DOOR SLAM



(SECOND REVISION)

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FIB: Lotta help he was. Give me a good cigar and then parks his big fat sales talk on it and busts it.

MOL: Well, I'm going upstairs to sort the laundry. (FADE)  
You just keep concentrating, dearie...you can conquer this thing!!

FIB: OKAY, TOOTSIE! Ahh, there goes a good kid! And to think how patient she's been with me all these years, and me so darn gabby! After she said "I DO", she's hardly been able to get a word in since...and that ain't---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Hiyah, sis. Come on in!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE:

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FIB: How's things, Toony?

TEE: Oh just dandy, Mr. McGee. I botcha. I just thought I'd stop in and say hello on my way to the liborry.

FIB: You did, eh?

TEE: Yes, it was, Hmmm?

FIB: I says, YOU DID EH?

TEE: Did what?

FIB: THOUGHT YOU'D STOP ON YOUR WAY AND SAY HELLO.

TEE: On my way where?

FIB: TO THE LIBRARY.

TEE: And say hello to who?

FIB: TO ME!

TEE: I know it. Hello.

FIB: Hello. What's the book you're taking back to the library?

TEE: Oh this was a dandy book, I betcha. Robertson Crusel.

FIB: Robertson Crusel, eh? Yes, that's a fine book, sis. Great story.

TEE: Gee, I'll say, mister! He was casted away on a desert island and almost got ate up by some cannonballs and he saw a fingerprint of a man's foot on the sand and it was a man and Robertson Crusel saved his life from the cannonballs and named him Friday.

FIB: Yeah...I remomber. Tell me some more.

TEE: Okay. (GIGGLES) Gee, I LIKE to tell you stories, Mr. McGee. (APPLAUSE)



(2nd REVISION) -21-

FIB: You do, sis? Why?  
TEE: On account of you never interrupt me, like other people do.  
FIB: Well, I think it's rude to interrupt people, Teeny. Bad manners. I always been considered a good listener, myself.  
(PAUSE)  
TEE: Why are you blushing, Mr. McGee?  
FIB: Eh? Oh I guess I was just embarrassed to think how long its been since I read a good book like Robertson Crusel. You know why Robertson named his man "Friday"?  
TEE: Sure I do, I betcha.  
FIB: Why?  
TEE: Because he wanted to keep him with him there on that island. He didn't want anybody to take him away.  
FIB: What's that got to do with naming him Friday?  
TEE: Well, gee, what if he'd named him "SATURDAY". Lots of people take Saturday off, but nobody ever takes Friday. Well, I gotta get down to the liberry, mister. ~~Get~~  
*and just stepped into my heels. Heels*  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM:  
ORCH: KING'S MEN "SIESTA" OR "YAT-TA-TA YAT-TA-TA YAT-TA-TA"  
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT (2nd REVISION) -22-

FIB: Hey, Molly, I'm makin' progress! I'm learnin' to listen kiddo - I'm gettin to be a Good Listener!  
MOL: Well, good! You can do it, dearie, if you just watch it. I was talking with Mrs. Toops on the phone and I was telling her about ---  
FIB: Hey, did she say how Mort is? She say anything about Mort? Mort Toops?  
MOL: Oh dear! There you go again, McGee!  
FIB: Huh? Ohhh, migosh, I keep forgetting, Molly! I didn't mean to - Doggone it, what's the matter with me anyhow?  
MOL: I told you, you talk toomuch.  
FIB: You said it! I'm just a Blabbermouth! A loud-voiced leather-lunged, loose-lipped old Blabbermouth!  
MOL: Oh, now I wouldn't go that far, dearie! Look, if this thing is going to upset you, let's not worry about it. Let's forget it! I love you just the way you are, so-  
NO SIR!  
MOL: WHY, I DO, TOO!! It's the talk of the town how-  
FIB: Oh, I didn't mean that, baby! I know. I mean I'm not gonna forget about listenin' to people! By George, I'll ---  
SOUND: DOOR CHIME  
MOL: Here comes your chance. Frankly, I'm not too hopeful, but - COME IN!  
FIB: I'll be polite. I'll be -  
SOUND: DOOR OPENS



(2nd REVISION) -23-

MOL: Oh, do come in, Doctor Gamble!

FIB: Ohhh, this is gonna be tough!

DOC: Hello, Molly - and good day to you, Livebait!

FIB: Hi, Splint-Whittler. How's business?

DOC: Business, I'm happy to report, has been as dull as your conversation... Except for one interesting case I had yesterday.

MOL: What was the case, Doctor?

DOC: Man came in with a lacerated forehead, and asked me if a bird's beak was poisonous.

FIB: A BIRD'S BEAK! MY GOSH, DON'T TELL ME A -

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Eh? Oh, sorry. Go on, Doc. Didn't mean to interrupt.

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DOC: No, I'm not. McGee, you're the only man I ever know who interrupted himself. You couldn't keep your mouth shut.

DOC: So I said what kind of a bird was it? And he said, "A Cuckoo". It seems he was examining a broken clock and all of a sudden it struck noon and stabbed him twelve times on the head before he could duck. So I told him he -

FIB: I HAD A SIMILAR EXPERIENCE ONCE, DOCKY. I HAD A COUPLE OF PET LOVEBIRDS AND A PARROT. AND THE PARROT KEPT ASKIN' THE LOVEBIRDS WHY THEY DIDN'T GET MARRIED. HE SAID HE'D PERFORM THE CEREMONY FOR SIX PUMPKIN SEEDS, BUT THE LOVEBIRDS -

MOL: McGee, YOU INTERRUPTED THE DOCTOR!

FIB: Eh? I did? I'm sorry, Doctor. Please forgive me. It was unexcuseable of me. Please proceed with your very interesting story.

(PAUSE)

DOC: What goes on here? When did you start being sorry for your own bad manners, Wobblepuss?

MOL: Today.

FIB: You see, Fatso, I just come to realize that I ain't a good listener. I talk too much. My trouble is that my life has been so much more interesting than anybody else's that I just got impatient and first thing you know, I'm yammering away sixteen to the dozen!

DOC: Your trouble, my boy, is that you're just a Loud-Voiced, Leather-Lunged, Loose-Lipped Blabbermouth!

MOL: That's odd, Doctor - he said the very same thing himself!

FIB: Yeah, but I was kiddin'. He's not.

(PAUSE)

FIB: MAMMA!!



DOC: No, I'm not. McGee, you're the only man I ever knew who interrupts himself. You couldn't keep your mouth shut five minutes, Flaplip, if your life depended on it!

FIB: How long?

DOC: FIVE MINUTES!

FIB: FOR HOW MUCH DOUGH?

DOC: FIVE BUCKS!

FIB: YOU GOT A BET!

MOL: Oh now, boys, what a silly way to -

DOC: IT'S A BET! I'LL TIME YOU!

FIB: You said it, it's a bet! Lemme get a drink of water, so my throat don't get dry. (FADING) Where's a drink of water, Molly? In the kitchen? Okay, I'll be ....

MOL: You know, this might help him, at that, Doctor. If we could fix it so every time he interrupted a conversation it cost him money - No - he'd have to be rich and --

Oh, here he comes.

DOC: All right, you ready, Loudmouth? I'll time you and -

MOL: Oh look, he's already started, Doctor. He's just nodding his head.

FIB: MM-Hmm!!

DOC: Okay, let's just relax awhile, and watch his blood pressure come up ... You know, I had an interesting thing happen at the Elks Club last week, Molly.

MOL: Really, Doctor?

DOC: Yes, they have a chairman of the Pool Table Committee down there who is a very noisy, offensive little character and --

(TRUMPET)

FIB: MMMMMM!!

MOL: Who is it, Doctor? Anyone we know?

DOC: Nobody interesting, Molly. Just a little twerp with more time than brains, who volunteered for the job because it allows him three free games of pool a week.

FIB: ARGHHH!

MOL: My goodness, how'd they ever happen to let the fellow join?

DOC: It's a mystery to me! I hear that when his name was mentioned for membership, he got so many blackballs it looked like a plate of caviar! And they say he -

ORCH: SHORT BRIDGE

MOL: He hasn't said a word so far, Doctor -

FIB: HMMM!!

MOL: Look - he's pointing at the clock, is the time up?

DOC: Well, well - it's been so pleasant chatting with you that I completely overlooked the time, Molly! He's had his big fat mouth shub for nearly ten minutes.

FIB: HMMM????

MOL: You won, McGee! You won. You had your big fat mou -- er, your mouth shut nearly ten minutes! Pay off, Doctor!



(2ND REVISION) -27-

DOC: Gladly, Molly, gladly! Here's the five dollars, McGee!  
FIB: UNG! MMMM! GUG!  
MOL: (CHUCKLES) You can talk now, sweetheart - you won your bet!  
FIB: GUNG! OOOGGG! OOOONNNNGGG!  
DOC: What's he trying to do? Open your mouth, McGee! What --  
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN YOUR MOUTH??  
MOL: (ALARMED) DOCTOR! LOOK! HE'S GOT A TENNIS BALL IN HIS MOUTH!  
DOC: WHAT? WHY, THE DIRTY LITTLE --  
FIB: (PANIC) ELP! IT OO BIG! HON'T HUM OUT! OCK! WHICK!  
DOC: Well, stand there and suffer, you little chiseler! No wonder you didn't interrupt! You couldn't TALK, you little -  
MOL: Doctor, please! Do something! He'll choke!  
FIB: HLEASE, OCK! I'M HYOKIN!!! ELP!  
DOC: All right Molly, I'll take it out. It's a pretty picture, though. With that tennis ball in his mouth and his ears sticking out, he looks exactly like the Davis Cup. OPEN WIDE, STUPID! WIDER! Let me get hold of --  
THERE!

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FIB: WHEW! That's better! (LAUGHS) Well, I won my bet, Molly, 5 bucks!  
MOL: Heavenly days, of all the silly things to--  
FIB: Oh, thanks a lot for takin' the tennis ball out, Doc! Thanks!  
DOC: It's a pleasure, my boy. And very reasonable, too.  
FIB: Huh? Goo-Cost had a new girl... a girl that makes you...  
DOC: The fee is exactly five dollars!  
MOL: McGee, your mouth is open again!  
ORCH: "GIRLS WERE MADE, ETC"....FADE FOR:



Fibber & Molly Show  
Closing commercial - Feb. 1, 1949

WILCOX: There's no doubt about it ... you will find it hard to keep your eyes off the gleaming finish of your linoleum, after you have used Johnson's Glo-Coat. Especially now that Glo-Coat has a new glow...a glow that makes your linoleum shine far more brightly than before.

Be sure to look for Johnson's Glo-Coat ... the self polishing floor wax made exclusively by the makers of Johnson's Wax. Once you take home that familiar yellow container with the bright red band; once you have seen the luster it gives your linoleum; you will know why ... more than twice as many women buy Johnson's Glo-Coat, than any other self polishing floor wax.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

FIB: What a gyp! What a swindle! Five bucks just for takin' a tennis ball out of my mouth!

MOL: Well, it was worth it, dearie. If it hadn't been for Dr. Gamble---

FIB: Worth it? Migosh, he could be the world's champ with a tennis racket like that! (LAUGHS) Doncha get it, Molly? Racket - tennis racket - it's a --

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY MCGEE!

FIB: You said it! My jaws hurt! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all

ORCH: PLAYOFF & SIGNOFF:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, 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.

ORCH: THEME...FADE:



(SECOND REVISION)

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FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY.  
2/1/49.

CREAM WAX TAG;

LAING: Do you put off polishing your dining room chairs? If so, there must be a reason. And it's probably this.. polishing furniture used to take time. Well, you can' now clean and wax-polish a chair in less than 90 seconds. The polish that will do it is Johnson's Cream Wax....an almost unbelievably fast polish that cleans so quickly....dries so quickly...polishes so quickly, that using it is practically as easy as dusting.

A few strokes with a cloth clean the chair. A few more and the chair is brightly polished. That's because Johnson's Cream Wax not only cleans in a moment. It dries in a moment. And it polishes in a moment to a hard satin-smooth wax finish. Start tomorrow with Johnson's Cream Wax....the fastest wax polish you can buy.

ORCH: THEME SWELL:

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

WRITERS: DON QUINN

PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER  
MOLLY!!!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FACE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's  
Polishing Gloo-at present Fibber McGee  
with Bill Thompson, Gene Gordon, Arthur  
and me; Harlow Wilcox. The script is by  
and Phil "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"  
Billy Miller's orchestra

FOR

ORCH: THEME UP AND FACE FOR:  
JOHNSON'S WAX

FEBRUARY 8, 1949

6:30 -