

WRITERS: DON QUINN

PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

# 19

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

ORCH: THEME UP AND 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 "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" and Billy Mills' Orchestra.  
FOR

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

FEBRUARY 8, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

FIBBER AND MOLLY  
2-8-49

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOR: I wonder whether you have tried the magic, dry-cleaning ingredient? It's Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax. Johnson's Liquid Wax

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

ORCH: ~~THEME UP AND FADE FOR:~~ ~~THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!!~~ ... then polishes that floor

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:~~ the wax does become waxy in spots

that are constantly used, it's easy to touch them up. A new application blends in perfectly with the rest of the waxed surface. Ask for Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax. No other wax gives you the same effective dry-cleaning action.

FIBBER AND MOLLY  
2-8-49

(REVISED)

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: I wonder whether you have tried the liquid floor wax with the magic, dry-cleaning ingredient? It's Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax. Johnson's Liquid Wax dry-cleans your floor first ... then polishes that floor to a beautiful luster. You just apply Johnson's Liquid Wax ... give a little extra attention to very grimy spots ... and dirt is gone. Then, zip over that surface with a dry cloth, and look at that floor. It has a warm, lustrous finish ... the kind of finish you can only get when your floor is cleaned and wax-polished. Johnson's Liquid Wax protects your floor, too. Makes it easy to keep clean. And when the wax does become worn in spots that are constantly used, it's easy to touch them up. A new application blends in perfectly with the rest of the waxed surface. Ask for Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax. No other wax gives you the same effective dry-cleaning action.

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: ON THE CALENDAR AT SEVENTY-NINE WISTFUL VISTA, THERE'S A RING AROUND FEBRUARY EIGHTH. MR. MCGEE PUT THE RING THERE. AND NOW MR. MCGEE DOESN'T REMEMBER WHAT MAKES FEBRUARY EIGHTH SO IMPORTANT! LET'S SEE HIM FUMBLE HIS WAY OUT OF THIS ONE, AS WE MEET ----

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Well, Tootsie. Know what day this is?  
MOL: Yes, Tuesday.  
FIB: It's also February 8th, kiddo.  
MOL: MmmHmmm.  
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, MMMMMM! DON'T FEBRUARY EIGHTH mean anything to you?  
MOL: What does it mean to you?  
FIB: Aw, come on, sneaky. Don't play coy with old twinkle-eyed, ruddy-faced Dad. I got a ring around it on the calendar! YOU KNOW VERY WELL WHAT FEBRUARY EIGHTH IS! (PAUSE) Don't you?  
MOL: Dearie, what I am more interested in at the moment is how you wear your socks out like this .. LOOK!! TOES AND HEELS BOTH GONE! WHAT DO YOU DO - TRACK MOUNTAIN LIONS IN YOUR STOCKING FEET?  
FIB: THAT last pair of shoes I bought are too big. I can take three steps before the shoes start to move. Besides, anybody that bowls as much as I do .. HEY, WHERE YOU GOING?

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
2/8/49

(2ND REVISION)

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MOL: Upstairs and get some more darnin' cotton. (FADE) This will be a prosperous year for the South if you keep wearing your socks out like this.

FIB: Yeah..hah hah...oh boy..Where's the phone..oh, here... right where it always is..(RECEIVER UP) Hello, OPERATOR.. Gimme Doc Gambles office at 14th and Oak, and hurry... (SHORT PAUSE) Hello, Doc. This is Eggface..eh? I know, but I thought I'd say it before you did..LOOK, DOC..I'M in a jam! I got today marked on my calendar and I dunno what for?! Eh? No, it can't be our wedding anniversary.. that was in the summertime..Eh? SURE I'M SURE!! Molly had a bee in her corsage and when I smelled of it I got stung on the nose and EH? HER BIRTHDAY? Oh my gosh..I never thought of that! No wonder she 'was clammin' up about it!! GEE THANKS DOC....Look, I'll whip up a party! Surprise her! I'll -- look out..here she comes!! (VOICE CHANGE) OKAY, WALDO. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT FIRST THING TOMORROW. OKAY, WALDO. 'BYE. (RECEIVER UP)

MOL: Who's Waldo? should they want YOU to pose for baby food  
FIB: Waldo Simmons. Caretaker at the Elks Club. Seems somebody tore the cloth on the pool table again. daughter. It'll And whenever anybody tears the cloth on a pool table down there, the first guy they accuse of it is me. BORNSNAFTER'S BABY FOOD!" Something like that.  
FIB: Well, somehow Old Timer, I never figured you for a photographer's model.

(2ND REVISION)

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MOL: How ridiculous!  
FIB: Oh, I wouldn't say that. I'M always the guy that does it. That's because I -  
SOUND: DOOR CHIME  
MOL: COME IN!!  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN:  
MOL: Oh, it's the Old Timer, McGee. Hello there, Mr. Old Timer!  
FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer!  
OLD: HELLO THERE, KIDS...!! JEST THOUGHT I'D STOP IN ON MY WAY TO THE STUDIO.  
MOL: Studio!  
FIB: What studio?  
OLD: Photygraft studio, kids. Gettin' my pitcher took for a advertisement.  
FIB: He used to sleep under bridges, Molly, but now he's switched to Culverts.  
OLD: NO, this is for a baby food, Johnny. B' gsnafter's Baby Bunting Baby Food.  
MOL: Sure, sure, sure...she's a fine little girl ya got there.  
MOL: Why on earth should they want YOU to pose for baby food advertisements?  
FIB: Yeah, I know.  
OLD: They'll have a caption under the pitcher, daughter. It'll say: "YOU WANT YOUR BABY TO GROW UP AND LOOK LIKE THIS?  
OLD: A needle picker, on a dude ranch?  
FIB: NO? THEN STUFF THE LITTLE SO-AND-SO WITH BORNSNAFTER'S BABY FOOD!" Something like that.  
OLD: Yup...I took care of the dudes that fell offa horses into the cactus. Well, sir, this girl - Hey, am I keepin' you photographer's model.  
FIB: Well, somehow Old Timer, I never figured you for a photographer's model. You keep lookin' at your watch.



(2nd REVISION) -9-

SECOND SPOT

FIB: (ON PHONE - CONFIDENTIAL) What say, Wimp? Can't hear you. Oh. Yeah, Wimp - surprise party. Tonight. No, no, not MY birthday, Wimp - Molly's! ... Huh?... (CHUCKLES) Yeah, she thinks I've forgot what day this is, and she won't remind me, either! ... Okay, eight o'clock, boy! Bring a -- (LOUD) What say, Waldo? Oh. Okay Waldo. So lang, Waldo!

SOUND: HANGUP

MOL: (FADE IN) Old Waldo again?

FIB: (FAST AND NERVOUS) Yeah ... old nervous Waldo. Eager beaver type, Waldo is. I always - Huh?

MOL: (PAUSE) Is something troubling you, McGee? What's the matter? You seem awfully jittery this afternoon.

FIB: Me? Jittery? (NERVOUS LAUGH) What would I be jittery about today? What's different about today from any other day? Nothin'! Here- look at that right hand, kiddo -- steady as a rock!

MOL: That's your left hand. Your right hand is on the desk, with your thumb in the inkwell.

FIB: HUH? Omigosh! Hand me a blotter, willya? Thanks. (CHUCKLES) Don't worry about me, though - I'm okay.

I just -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

(REVISION) (2nd REVISION) -10-

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gambla - so nice to see you!

DOC: Hello, my dear. And good day to you, Thimblebrain!

FIB: What's new, Lance-A-Lot? Is it true you've discovered a way to raise the city's health rate fifty percent -- by retiring?

DOC: No - quite the contrary, Prong-Nose. I've been busier than ever lately. In fact, there was quite a crowd gathered in front of my office when I got downtown this morning.

FIB: A crowd? Waitin' for you? Did they have a rope, Doc? I been expectin' that for a long time, but -

MOL: McGee! Don't talk like that to Doctor Gamble! This crowd you mentioned, doctor - were they all your patients?

MOL: Well, love does funny things to dignity, doctor. I remember one time I went to a highschool dance with Otis Cadwallader and McGee hid under our front steps to see if Otis would try to kiss me.

DOC: No, they weren't waiting for me, Molly - they were  
FIB: gathered around a man who was lying on his face in the  
street. I rushed over to him, naturally, to see what  
I could do.  
FIB: Migosh, Doc - was he hit by a car?  
DOC: No, he had dropped a half-dollar down a sidewalk  
grating...He had a long stick and I had some chewing  
gum, so we got two bits a piece out of it.  
FIB: Still splitting fees - eh, Malpractice?  
MOL: Say, doctor, how is Miss Tremayne these days? Have  
you seen her lately?  
DOC: Indeed I have, Molly. As a matter of fact, I'm seeing  
Fifi tonight. We're going to a party.  
MOL: Oh, good. Will Mayor La Trivia be there, too?  
DOC: I'm afraid so. He's taking her!  
FIB: (LAUGHS) No kidding - cut you out again, did he, Doc?  
She must be pretty much in love with La Trivia, eh,  
Docky?  
DOC: NO, SHE ISN'T!! It's just a little sickening, too,  
they way he hangs around her house all the time!  
Apparently the man has no pride at all!  
MOL: Well, love does funny things to dignity, doctor. I  
remember one time I went to a highschool dance with  
FIB: Otis Cadwallader and McGee hid under our front steps  
to see if Otis would try to kiss me.

DOC: Did he try?  
FIB: I'll say he tried! Molly squealed - I lept up on the  
porch - Otis ducked around the side of the house - and  
Molly's dad opened the front door and booted me over a  
four-foot hedge!  
DOC: Well, you probably had it coming, anyhow. But what  
would you think of a mayor who spent all Saturday evening,  
sitting in front of Miss Tremayne's house, just to see  
who she went out with?  
MOL: Heavenly days, the Mayor! Did you see him there, doctor?  
DOC: See him? I sat with him!.....BUT - I'd better shove along,  
kids. Many Happy Ret-----u-----  
MOL: Many Happy what, Doctor?  
DOC: Er...Many Happy retired people live in trailers.  
So long.  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM:  
MOL: "Many happy retired people live in trailers". What did he  
mean by that?  
FIB: Oh you know Doc! He don't make any sense. He's as  
skippy as a barefooted kid on a hot sidewalk. WHY I  
MIND ONE TIME.....  
MOL: Say, I wish we were going to a party tonight, McGee,  
don't you? We haven't been to -  
FIB: A party? Nah, not tonight! Why should we go to any  
party tonight?

MOL: No particular reason, dearie. I just happened to think that we haven't been asked anywhere since that affair at the country club - when you gave the toastmaster a hotfoot and he sat down so quick he got his elbow in the butter!

FIB: Yeah. (CHUCKLES) They claimed that was the first hot buttered toastmaster they'd ever had out there and -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly - Hi, Pal!

MOL: Well, hello there, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Hi, Junior. Say did you get my message okay? About that ..uh...Deal? You know - the ..uh...the Deal?

WIL: What deal? Ohh - the .. The Deal? Sure, I got it, Pal. That Deal is okay as per your quote.

FIB: Good.

WIL: I checked the Deal with my - uh - my partner - and it's okay with her...er, with My Partner, too, Pal. We're in!

FIB: Good, the...uh...figure on that Deal is eight - don't forget.

WIL: Yeah - eight! Good deal, Pal! Good deal!

MOL: If you boys are going to deal around again, cut me in on this deal, will you? How is your wife these days, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Oh, she's fine. She was asking about you just today, Molly.

MOL: She's awfully sweet. I hope you told her I was well.

WIL: She didn't ask that, she asked me if you knew about Johnson's Liquid Wax, and I said of course you did--

MOL: OHHHH!

WIL: So she said did you know how Johnson's Liquid Wax cleans as it wax-polishes, because it contains a powerful cleansing ingredient that loosens grease and dirt as you apply it - so that the dirt comes off when you buff it lightly?

FIB: Yeah, yeah, sure we know all that. But whats that got to do with how my wife is?

WIL: And when she asked if you knew about just touching up the heavy wear spots on your floor with Liquid Wax - so that you only have to give it a complete waxing three or four times a year, I just chuckled, because I knew that you knew that -

FIB: Hey, hey, hey, Waxey!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

FIB: Hi, mister. (GUGLES)

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FIB: Isn't your wife about through asking questions? Because-

WIL: No, she's pretty gabby, Pal - but I've got to get going.  
Got to go down to the ~~Real~~ <sup>How Kum</sup> Chop Suey Parlor and see  
a friend of mine. ~~He's~~ <sup>Now, he's</sup> got some genuine Chinese Prints  
he wants to show me.

MOL: Real Chinese Prints! Say, I'd like to see them. Did he  
do them himself, with water colors, or what?

WIL: No - his waiters did them with muddy feet. But they'll  
wipe right up! See you later, kids!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Chinese Prints! Migosh, that guy'll do anything for a  
laugh to get out the door on! And such a little bitty  
laugh, too! He's - hey, where you goin', kiddo?

MOL: Out to take another look at the potatoes. (FADING) I'll  
be in the kitchen if you want anything.....

FIB: Okay, tootsie!....(CHUCKLES) Boyoboy, she don't suspect  
a thing! Is she ever gonna be a surprised cookie when -  
lemme see now, I got a case of rootbeer ordered -  
sandwiches comin' over - everybody's invited, and their  
wives - gotta call Kremer about the ice cream - in' to give

SOUND: DOOR CHIME party for Mrs. McGee tonight, so I don't want

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS What time, mister? I can come!

TEE: Hi, mister. (GIGGLES)

(REVISED) -16-

FIB: Oh, hello there, Teeny - come in.

TEE: Okay, mister. Hey, where's Miz McGee, Hm? Where is she,  
mister? Where?

FIB: She just stepped out in the kitchen, sis. Why?

TEE: I wanta go out and wish her a happy birthday. I'll go  
holler HAPPY BIR-

FIB: (PANIC) OH NO! SHHHH! OMIGOSH, NO, SIS!

TEE: Hm? Gee, doncha want her to have a happy birthday,  
mister?

FIB: Of course I do, but -

TEE: Okay! Then I'll sing to her, too! I'll sing (SINGS)  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU! HAPPY -

FIB: HEY, NO! SIS! PLEASE! OHHHH, NO! Hey, hey, hey - look,  
how did you know it was her birthday, anyhow?

TEE: Ohh, I get around, Mister. I hear things. Doctor Gamble  
told his nurse and she told her cousin and he mentioned  
it to his brother-in-law that works for Kremer's Drug  
Store, and when Willie Toops got an ice cream cone,  
Doctor Gamble's nurse's cousin's brother-in-law told -

FIB: Okay, okay, skip it! But look, Teeny, I'm tryin' to give  
a surprise party for Mrs. McGee tonight, so I don't want  
her to -

TEE: I CAN COME! What time, mister? I can come!



(REVISED) -17-

FIB: No, no, dadrat it, sis, this party is not for kids!  
Look - you - you wouldn't like it, Teeny. No games.  
No prizes. Just - just a lot of stale old folks.

TEE: Oh ... Gee, it does sound dull, mister.

FIB: Sure. Now let's forget the party! Forget the  
birthday! Mrs. McGee is liable to walk in here any  
minute and -

TEE: Okay, mister - only it's somebody else's birthday  
today, too, I betcha. The Boy Scubts of America!

FIB: It is, eh?

TEE: Sure and - HM?

FIB: I says it is, eh?

TEE: What is?

FIB: Today is.

TEE: Is what?

FIB: Their birthday!

TEE: Whose?

FIB: The Boy Scouts!!

TEE: Of America. I know it! ... Our teacher says the Boy  
Scouts was founded thirty-nine years ago and all this  
week is their anniversary, and Boy Scouts have lots of  
adventure and I think everybody oughta be a Boy Scout  
when they're twelve years old except girls. Don't you,  
Mister?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Why that conniving little midget!

MUSIC: ORCH AND KING'S MEN - "THE PUSSY CAT SONG"

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(2ND REVISION) -18&19-

FIB: Yessir, you're absolutely right, Teeny. Scouts not  
only have a lot of fun, but being a Scout gives a boy  
a good clean start in life. Teaches him loyalty and  
honesty.

TEE: Sure, and how to make a fire with sticks, I betcha. But  
I better go, Mister, only - well, gee, I wish I could  
give Miz McGee my present before I go. Will you give it  
to her for me, Mister?

FIB: Present? Oh now, sis - you shouldn't have bothered.

TEE: (SADLY) Oh, it isn't much, Mister McGee. But you and  
Miz McGee are always so nice to littul childrun and -  
well, it is all that I po-zess! Give it to her with my  
love, Mister. Here - my crayolas!

FIB: (TOUCHED) Oh well, gee, Teeny - she'll - she'll love it.  
It's just what she needed .... All broke in good, too,  
so she don't hafta bust all the points off of 'em herself!

TEE: (SAD) I hope she likes them! I - guess I'll go now.

FIB: She'll love 'em! And here, look - take this half buck -  
no, take a buck! Buy yourself some more, honey! Mrs.  
McGee will cherish these till -

TEE: Gee, you ARE nice to littul childrun!

MUSIC: (SOUND: DOOR OPEN FAST) (HEY, WILLIE, IT WORKED!)  
HERE'S A DIME FOR YOUR OLD CRAYOLAS AND NINETY CENTS  
FOR SODAS! OBOY! SO LONG, MISTER!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Why, that conniving little midget!

MUSIC: ORCH AND KING'S MEN - "THE PUSSY CAT SONG" Honor.

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) 20-

*Needs Kremer / gotta fuck fast! Jack Keen*

FIB: (ON PHONE) ~~Yeah, and look, Kremer...~~ don't send the ice cream over till about ten-thirty, see? And wrap that bottle of perfume real pretty. Yeah...it's her birthday and I'm givin' her a surprise--- OKAY, WALDO...I TOLD YOU I'D TAKE CARE OF IT TOMORROW AND STOP CALLIN' ME UP ABOUT IT...OKAY, WALDO. G'BYE. (RECEIVER UP)

MOL: Your friend Waldo is making quite a fuss over a torn pool table cover, isn't he, McGee?

FIB: Well, like I said, old Waldo's a fussy type guy. Been kinda shaky ever since one day in 1927 when he run outa gas in the Holland Tunnel in a borrowed car that the owner didn't know he'd borrowed it. And Waldo with a expired driver's license, the back seat full o' home brew and, as he discovered later, two Chinese aliens in the rumble seat.

MOL: Heavenly days...what did the police do?

FIB: Pushed him outa the tunnel, bought him two gallons o' gas and told him to get the New Jersey outa there. (LAUGHS HAPPILY) BUT WHAT AM I STANDING HERE YAMMERING ABOUT OLD WALDO FOR? THIS IS FEBRUARY EIGHTH, KIDDO!!

MOL: That's what you've been saying all day, dearie. But just what does--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor La Trivia....do come in, Your Honor.

(2ND REVISION) -21-

FIB: HIYA, LA TRIV, OLD MAN!! GLAD TO SEE YOU.

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. McGee. Am I too early?

MOL: Too early for what, Mr. Mayor? My goodness, we're not --

FIB: SURE YOU AIN'T TOO EARLY, LA TRIV ... YOU'RE WELCOME ANY OLD TIME, EARLY OR LATE. Come on in and set down, La Triv. Relax ... like me. How's everything at the City Hall?

GALE: Splendid, thank you. In fact, we have just completed balancing the City Budget. I suppose you people budget yourselves.

MOL: We should, I suppose, but we don't. McGee is an advocate of the H. I. P. system.

GALE: What is the H. I. P. system?

FIB: Hand-in-Pocket, La Triv. Put your hand in your pocket, and if the pocket is empty you don't spend the dough you were reachin' for. Better'n a budget, really.

GALE: I agree. Credit is a wonderful thing, but it can be abused. It's very disheartening to pay for a dead horse.

FIB: A dead horse? That's a pretty silly purchase, La Triv.

MOL: Oh now, don't jump to conclusions, McGee. Maybe the Mayor needed the hide to cover some baseballs.

GALE: Wait a minute. The expression "Paying for a dead horse" is merely a --

FIB: Personally, I think they shoulda paid you to haul it away, kid. What'd he die of .. natural causes, or foul play by a bankrupt bookie?

GALE: Look, this was not a real animal! I was speaking metaphorically when I....

MOL: You know, I had a shetland pony once that didn't seem like a real animal, either! Seemed almost human! We called him Soft Touch because he was always good for a couple of bucks. (CHUCKLES)

FIB: What was your horse's name, La Triv?

GALE: He didn't have any mane! Name! Look, he was not an actual horse! He...

FIB: Oh, a mare! You see, Molly, technically speaking, only a male horse is a horse. A female horse is a mare.

MOL: I see. And a stake horse is called filet, isn't it? How much does a dead horse cost, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: I DON'T KNOW! NOR CARE! THIS RIDICULEMENT ARGIMUS IS... I DON'T KNOW WHY PERMIT MYSELF TO....(PAUSE) My goodness, I almost forgot!

FIB: Huh? Forgot what, La Triv?

GALE: You know....the surprise! Are you ready?

FIB: Eh? Oh! Oh my gosh! Sure! Let's go!

MOL: What's this all about, boys?

GALE: (CHUCKLES) Oh, just a little surprise for you, Molly.  
(DOOR OPENS) COME IN, EVERYBODY!

CROWD VOICES: HARLOW, WIMP, DOC....HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MOLLY! SURPRISE, MOLLY! HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ETC!

MOL: Heavenly days, what on earth....?

WIL: Many happy returns, Molly.

WIMP: Here's a little gift, Mrs. McGoe...Happy Birthday!

MOL: But, Mr. Wimple, what on....?

WIMP: Oh, it isn't much, really. Just some nylon hose.

MOL: Nylon hose? Why, this package must weigh twenty pounds!

WIMP: Yes, it's for your garden...there's fifty feet of it, and....

DOC: Here, Molly! Happy Birthday....hope you like this!

MOL: Oh, Doctor, that's wonderful, but....look, boys....

FIB: How's about it, kiddo? (LAUGHS HAPPILY) Some surprise, eh?

MOL: Yes, it is. And I have a surprise for you, too.

FIB: Yeah?

MOL: Yes, this isn't my Birthday...my Birthday is in April.  
(PAUSE)

FIB: April? Your birthday in April? Ooomigosh.....

CHATTER OF VOICES: "SO WHAT"...."LET'S HAVE A PARTY ANYWAY"....  
"GREAT IDEA".....ETC.

DOC: Sure...I better call the hospital <sup>I forgot to</sup> and tell 'em where

I am. (RECEIVER OFF HOOK...CLICK...CLICK) HELLO!

(CLICK-CLICK) HELLO! HELLO! HELLO! (HANGS UP) Say,

your phone is dead!

FIB: Dead? Whaddye mean, dead?

MOL: Ohhh dear! Wasn't today your last day to pay the phone

bill, McGee? February 8th?

FIB: FEBRUARY 8TH! OMIGOSH, SO THAT'S WHY I MARKED A RING

AROUND THE CALENDAR! WELL, I'LL BE A...

ORCH: PLAYOFF The big, whirling Beautiflor

the work ... all you do is guide the Beautiflor

Tomorrow, buy a Beautiflor Electric Floor Polisher from your Johnson dealer. Or, rent one by the day, if you prefer.

C}

FIBBER & MOLLY  
2/8/49

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, not too many years ago,

WILCOX: Probably you know what a beautiful luster Johnson's Liquid Wax will give your wood floors. But if you want to get that luster with almost unbelievable speed and ease, use Johnson's Beautiflor Polisher.

MOL: This wonderful Electric Floor Polisher makes the waxed surface of your floor shine brilliantly .. in a few seconds. The big, whirling Beautiflor Brush does all the work ... all you do is guide the Beautiflor Polisher across the floor.

FIB: Tomorrow, buy a Beautiflor Electric Floor Polisher from your Johnson dealer. Or, rent one by the day, if you prefer.

FIB: And set it off your chest! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Beautiflor Polisher, Glencoe, 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: THERE PADE FOR:

(2nd REVISION) -26-

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, not too many years ago, tuberculosis was the Number One Killer of all diseases. Now it is down to SEVENTH!

MOL: - And the reason we are making progress against it, is because we are learning to diagnose it earlier and treat it efficiently. EVERY ADULT IN THIS COUNTRY should have his chest ~~ex-rayed~~ at intervals. In this way, it would be possible to stamp out tuberculosis almost completely.

FIB: In some communities - maybe yours - there is a free ~~ex-ray~~ service. Use it if you have one. But somehow or other, find out yourself!

MOL: (PAUSE) Do it now!

FIB: And get it off your chest! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!!

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

ORCH: THEME FADE FOR:

ANNOR: A question for our women listeners ... Who leaves the smudges on the top of your table? Well, I guess no matter who leaves them there...you have to clean them off. Then why not use the Cream Wax that cleans so quickly... dries so quickly...polishes so quickly, that using it is practically as easy as dusting. It's Johnson's Cream Wax ... and it's the fastest wax furniture polish you can buy. For example, Johnson's Cream Wax will completely clean and polish an end table in 80 seconds. This wax -- you see -- not only cleans in a moment ... it dries and polishes in a moment. And Johnson's Cream Wax contains no oil to catch and hold dust. Clean and polish your furniture as easily as you'd dust it .. with the fastest wax polish you can buy. Johnson's Cream Wax.