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(REVISED) # 20

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

February 15th, 1949. 6:30 - 7 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:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Almost every woman is careful about her kitchen linoleum and proud of its appearance. So it's natural that far more women would use Johnson's Glo-Coat on their linoleum .. than any other self polishing floor wax.

And today, there's more reason for buying Glo-Coat than ever. It has a new glow ... that's why. Today, a linoleum covered with Glo-Coat shines far more brightly than before.

Yes, the luster you get with Johnson's Glo-Coat is more brilliant ... more beautiful. And the Glo-Coat finish is bright -- it wears longer ... it's smooth and easy to keep clean.

Yet applying it is as easy as ever. Just put it on ... and let it dry. Glo-Coat produces it's own bright luster without any help from you.

As a woman who is careful and proud of the appearance of her kitchen ... use Glo-Coat, and only Glo-Coat on your linoleum. It comes in the familiar yellow container with the bright red band. No other self polishing floor wax can make your linoleum glisten in exactly the same way. For Johnson's Glo-Coat has a new glow.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

WILCOX: WE DON'T WANT TO GET INTO THE MIDDLE OF A CONTROVERSY HERE - BUT WHAT MEN THINK OF WOMEN DRIVERS IS BEING EXPRESSED QUITE FRANKLY BY THE HUSBAND OF ONE, AS WE JOIN --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: - and furthermore, women always drive one of two ways - like they had a cake in the oven in the back seat, or like they were the only person left in the world and had to go forty miles in 12 minutes to make sure!

MOL: Dearie, I don't agree with you for a minute!

FIB: You don't eh? What do you use the rear-view mirror for?

MOL: I don't use it. It reflects in my eyes. Besides, I couldn't use it anyway. My purse is always hanging on it.

FIB: Mmmmhmmm. One more question. Suppose you find a parkin' space that's barely enough room to park. How do you do it?

MOL: Well, the way I always do it, is to pull up even with the car ahead, back into the car behind, bend the front fender about three dollars worth, burst into tears and by the time the nice policeman has stopped patting me on the shoulder, some kind gentleman has parked it for me.

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FIB: Snooky, accept my apologies. You get your diploma.

MOL: Thank you. And now if I take the car down to the dressmaker Mrs. Toops told me about, you won't be worried?

FIB: Not a bit, Kiddo, because I'll drive you.. Where'd you say you were going?

MOL: I want to see a new dressmaker Mrs. Toops told me about. She does some awfully nice work, and very reasonable.

FIB: Wait a minute! If she's the bobbin-happy seam-trimmer that slaps the burlap together for Mable Toopses' duds, you better find somebody else! Mrs. Toops always looks like a took-down beach umbrella.

MOL: On the contrary, dearie, Mr. Toops is always very smartly dressed. She looks like she had stepped right out of VOGUE Magazine.

FIB: She always looks to me like she'd been THROWN out! For trespassing.

MOL: Well, sweetheart, men aren't quite as expert about women's clothes as they are about women drivers. I'll be the fashion editor around here; you can run the automotive department.

FIB: Okay. Where does this taffeta twister throw her bastings?

MOL: At 1414 14th Street, wherever that is.

FIB: 1414 14th Street, eh? Let's see now, that'd be about three blocks west of Walt's Malts - or would it? Is it 1414 EAST 14th Street, or 1414 WEST 14th Street?

MOL: Heavenly days, I don't know. Mrs. Toops just said 1414 14th Street.

FIB: That's typical of her. She's got less idea of direction than a punch-drunk pigeon sittin' on a weather vane in a Kansas tornado. Oh well, I'll find it for you. How long you gonna ...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble, McGee. Hello, Doctor.

FIB: Hi, Ham Stitcher.

DOC: Hello, Molly - and good day to you, too, Lardbucket.

FIB: Lardbucket? Look who's callin' who Lardbucket! You've got more cheap beef on your shoulder blades than most people have in their freezers!

MOL: Oh, McGee, don't talk that way to the good Doctor.

DOC: I don't mind his little pleasantries, Molly -I know the boy through and through. He may be a little rough on the surface, a little unpolished, but deep down inside - he's a mess.

FIB: Ohh fine! Who ran the medical school you went to, ~~you big Tweezer-Squeezer~~ - Olsen and Johnson? I didn't know it was considered ethical for a physician and sturgeon to crack wise about his patients' interior decorating.

DOC: Ordinarily, Bird-Brain, my patients can't complain about my discretion. But your medical record is so full of fakes, frauds and fancy hypochondria, it ought to be published. Make a great comic book! We could call it "Super-Phony, The Man from Outer Space, with the Steel Gallstones...."

MOL: Speaking of comics, Doctor, how is your romance with Fifi Tremayne coming along?

FIB: AHA!....TOUCHE, eh Fatso?

DOC: Quiet, Mousemeat. Why Molly, our romance is progressing nicely. I gave Fifi a rather handsome Valentine yesterday. Cost me six-fifty.

FIB: What was it like, ~~Pan-Handler~~? tweezer squeezer.

DOC: Well, it had a big red heart on it..

MOL: My, how original!

DOC: Oh that wasn't all....and it had lace all over it, and when you opened it up, there were two pairs of nylons in it, and a little card that said "I HOPE YOU'LL BE MY VALENTINE, IS THE WAY THESE VERSES ALWAYS START, AND THE REASON THE HOSE ARE TUCKED IN HERE, IS BECAUSE LOVE IS A BEAUTIFUL SOCK IN THE HEART!"

MOL: Isn't that sweet..!!

FIB: It'd be more effective if La Trivia hadn't given her the same card, DAY BEFORE yesterday!

DOC: WHAT? HE DID? WHY THAT DOUBLE CROSSING.....I TOLD HIM WHAT I WAS SENDING HER AND HE DELIBERATELY....MAY I USE YOUR PHONE?

MOL: Certainly Doctor, but....

DOC: Never mind....thanks anyway! I'LL GO SEE HIM....THANKS FOR TIPPING ME OFF, McGEE.

FIB: Now look, Bedside, don't go flying off the....

DOC: MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, NOSEY!!! SO LONG, MOLLY!!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: McGee....I don't think you should have told on Mayor La Trivia.

FIB: My gosh, kiddo, I didn't tell on anybody. Gee whizz, I don't even KNOW what La Trivia sent Fifi.

MOL: But you said....

FIB: Oh don't pay any attention to me...All I was doing was stirring up a little action. Them two over-age romeos will set on Fifi's front porch till the roof falls in. In their case Cupid needs a kick in the quiver and I'm just the boy to do it! WELL, GET YOUR HAT, BABY...LET'S GO.

MOL: Wait a minute....how about taking a city map? 1414 14th Street may be hard to find.

FIB: NOT FOR OLD HOMING PIGEON MCGEE, SNOOKY..!! I GOT AN INFALLIBLE SYSTEM HOW TO FIND PLACES WHILE THERE'S SNOW ON THE GROUND.

MOL: What is it?

FIB: I find somebody that's just come from there, and back-track 'em!! READY, TOOTSIE?

ORCH: "LITTLE JACK FROST, GET LOST!"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: CAR MOTOR ... SLOWLY ... FADE BEHIND:

FIB: You keep lookin' for the street numbers, kiddo, I'll drive slow. 1414 14th Street should be along here someplace.

MOL: That's what you said three blocks down dearie - but that turned out to be the 900 block, as near as I could make out. Half the houses on this street aren't even numbered!

FIB: Yeah, and when you do find a number, it's harder to read then a Greek timetable! Why does a guy put his address on his porch post and then plant honeysuckle in front of it?

MOL: Well, it's cheaper than a rose bush, I guess.

FIB: Come on, let's try the next block, maybe they got some numbers on their houses.

MOL: This is pretty silly, having to hunt around like this! What on earth would a stranger do in this town, anyhow?

FIB: Oh - check in at a hotel, I guess ... wash up ... shoot a few games of pool ... maybe catch a movie...

MOL: No, no, I meant how would -

FIB: Dadrat it, I'm gettin' sore! How do they deliver mail around here, anyhow - with bloodhounds? What do these people -

MOL: Ohh, I should have asked Mrs. Toops to come with us, I suppose. How she ever found this dressmaker in the first place is - Oh, wait, McGee! There's a number! Quick, stop the car!

SOUND: BRAKES SQUEAL ... MOTOR IDLE

FIB: Gotta get them brakes fixed.

MOL: Look - 1422! We're getting close. Come on, let's get out and walk around - 1414 can't be far now.

SOUND: KILL MOTOR ... CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, BEHIND:

FIB: By George, this is ridiculous! How does everybody expect anybody to know where somebody lives, if nobody puts any numbers on anybody's house so everybody can't find nobody?

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ALONG PAVEMENT, BEHIND:

MOL: Well, there's 1422 - but the next house is unidentified again. Look, here comes somebody across the street, McGee. Maybe he can help us.

FIB: He don't look too bright, so maybe he lives around here. Hey bud, pardon me a minute.

MAN: ~~Sure, Mac~~ Certainly, old chap - what's on your mind?

MOL: We're looking for 1414 14th Street, sir. Could you tell us which house it is?

MAN: I wish I could help you, ma'am, ~~but I'm a stranger~~ Deeved in town. Just [redacted] awhile ago.

FIB: Oh. Well, okay, bud - we just thought -

MAN: Incidentally, which way is the Grain Exchange Building?

FIB: Grain Exchange? We haven't got any Grain Exchange here.

MAN: What? Isn't this Chicago?? (FADING) Gee, I better get a train and -

MOL: Heavenly days -- and I thought WE were lost!

FIB: Aww, if this isn't the stupidest dadratted way to -- doggone it, what kind of guys are runnin' this town, anyhow? Lettin' the street numbers get into the kind of a mess that you can't find Toopses dressmaker? I got a notion to -

MOL: Wait, wait, hold everything, dearie! I've got a clue! I think we're finally getting warm!

FIB: WARM?? I'M BURNIN' UP! I'M HOTTER THAN A BAKER'S KNUCKLES! I'M - (PAUSE) What's the clue?

MOL: Over there - across the street! 1413 - it says on the gate!

FIB: Yeah, but we're lookin' for -- Oh hey, I got an idea, Molly! If that's 1413 over there - then 1414 must be over here - across the street from it!

MOL: That's a wonderful deduction, dearie.

FIB: Come on, this is the place we're lookin' for - this gray stucco! I toldja I'd find it, Kiddo! Stick with me!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH, BEHIND:

MOL: It seems to me, Mrs. Toops said the dressmaker has a frame house - but ring the bell anyhow. We can ask.

SOUND: DOORBELL RINGS - OFF

FIB: This is a frame house - with stucco over it. All houses are built out of frames first. If you don't have the frame you can't -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WOMAN: Hello there. What can I do for you? I'd ask you to come in, but I've been cleaning house all day and everything is just a mess! A mess!

FIB: Well, you see, madam, we're trying to find -

WOMAN: You know how it is cleaning house with three kids under your feet, although goodness knows I don't have as much trouble with my children as my sister does with hers! Goodness knows!

MOL: Well - uh - maybe you could tell us where -

WOMAN: She just spoils them, that's the trouble! That's the whole trouble! That little Albert of hers - he'll be four this summer - late this summer - Labor Day - he's just a spoiled kid! Just spoiled!

FIB: She probably left him out in the sun too long. But look, sis, we're lost. We wondered if -

WOMAN: I said to her yesterday - "Thelma", I said, "Your little Albert is just a bully", I said. "Just because my Richard is twice as big as he is, is no sign your little Albert has to bully him", I said. No sign!

FIB: What did Thelma say to that?

WOMAN: Thelma? My sister, Thelma? Do you know Thelma?

MOL: Uh - no - no, you see we're looking for number 1414 14th Street. We wondered if you -

WOMAN: 1414? Oh that's not here - this is 1402 14th Street. We live here. 1402.

FIB: 1402??

MOL: In the middle of the block??

WOMAN: Yes, we used to live at 1402 Hoover Avenue, but when they changed the name of the street to Boulder Boulevard my husband sold the house. He just sold it!

FIB: Fine, sis! We just -

WOMAN: But we were always so happy at 1402 that he just brought the numbers along. He's gonna put them up when - (PAUSE) You're sure you won't come in?

FIB: No - no, thanks, sis. You've been a big help, though.

MOL: Yes - thank you very much - goodbye.

SOUND: HURRYING FOOTSTEPS ALONG SIDEWALK

FIB: (SORE) BY GEORGE, THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! NOW I'M REALLY SORE! THIS THING IS GETTIN' UNDER MY SKIN LIKE CHIGGERS AT A PICNIC!

MOL: Oh now, there's no use getting excited, McGee. Let's go pick up Mrs. Toops and -

FIB: EXCITED?? WHO'S EXCITED?

MOL: You are.

you know Thelma?

king for number 1414 14th

s is 1402 14th Street. We

over Avenue, but when they

to Boulder Boulevard my'

t sold it!

1402 that he just brought

put them up when - (PAUSE)

een a big help, though.

dbye.

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ST STRAW! NOW I'M REALLY

DER MY SKIN LIKE CHIGGERS

excited, McGee. Let's go

FIB: YOU SAID IT! THIS THING, BY GEORGE, HAS GOT MY BACK UP - THAT'S WHAT THIS THING, BY GEORGE, HAS GOT UP! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CITY HALL? COME ON, I'M GOIN' DOWN THERE AND BLOW THE LID OFF THAT JOINT IF IT'S -

MOL: Ohhh, for goodness sake, just because people are careless about their house numbers - why blame it on the city hall?

FIB: (AMAZED) Why? Why migosh, kiddo - this is a democracy we're livin' in.

MOL: I know but -

FIB: And when somethin' goes haywire in a democracy, who do you blame? The guys that done it? NO SIR! YOU TEAR THE ROOF OFF THE CITY HALL! Get in the car, I'm goin' to Kremer's Drug Store.

MOL: Kremer's Drug Store?

FIB: Yeah - boyoboy, do I ever need an aspirin!

MUSIC: ORCH .. SHORT ANGRY BRIDGE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT

FIB: Come on in the Drug Store, Molly. I gotta calm down a little, and I calm down better when you keep shutting me up.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Well, I think you're taking those street numbers too big, sweetheart. Let's just have a soda and forget the -- OH, HELLO THERE, MR. WILCOX!

WIL: Hi,

FIB: Hi,

MOL: Are

WIL: Oh,

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MOL: Yes,

WIL: Hi, Molly - hello, Pal.

FIB: Hi, Junior.

MOL: Are you down here buying or selling, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Oh, I was just back there giving Kremer a little help, Molly. I just filled a prescription for him.

MOL: (SHOCKED) YOU WHAT?

WIL: I just filled this presctiption for Kremer. He's been complaining lately about a terrible pain in the neck, see - caused by his customers makin' cracks about the dingy, faded look of the linoleum in here.

FIB: (TO SELF) ~~Where was I? Oh yeah, those scrambled up addresses~~..... 1414 14th St. Can't tell 1414 from 1402.

WIL: So - I wrote out a simple prescription for him and filled it myself. You just take one part of Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, see - and pour it out on one part of your linoleum - spread it around on all the other parts - and let it dry!

FIB: (MUTTERS) Of all the way to run a town! Houses blank all over the joint!

WIL: Glocoat dries to a gleaming finish that brings back all the brightness of your linoleum's original colors - in just 20 minutes or less! 20 minutes that adds years of life because Glocoat -

MOL: Yes, we know.

FIB: (MUTTERING) 20 minutes or less! Numbers! Numbers! Numbers! If they'd put some on houses....

WIL: Glocoat spreads a thin tough film of wax protection over your floor covering that guards it against wear and tear and dirt and -

FIB: Hey, hey, hey, look, Waxey!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: Look - I got a burn on, see? We been all morning tryin' to locate 1414 14th Street, but the numbers in this town -

WIL: 1414 14th Street? Well gee, kids, that's odd. That's my sister-in-law's address.

MOL: It is? Well, for goodness sake, where is the house, Mr. Wilcox? Tell us where it is, will you?

WIL: Glad to, Molly. It's in Omaha, Nebraska....So long, kids.

FIB: Well, no wonder we couldn't find the place if ---Awww, Toopses dressmaker wouldn't live in Omaha! He's confused and - oh-oh!

MOL: What is it?

FIB: Look who just blundered in here! La Trivia! AH-HA!! JUST THE GUY I WANT TO SEE!

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Mayor. Now, McGee, don't -

GALE: Hello, Molly - McGee. Nice to see you both.

FIB: (FROSTY) You think so, eh? Look, Mr. Mayor, has anybody wrote in to congratulate you lately on the swell way you got the houses numbered on 14th street?

GALE: Why....why no, I don't believe anyone has.

FIB: Well, nobody's goin' to, either. IN CASE YOU DON'T KNOW IT, LA TRIVIA, THOSE PEOPLE OUT THERE HAVEN'T GOT ANY NUMBERS ON THEIR HOUSES! LOOKIN' FOR AN ADDRESS AROUND THIS TOWN IS LIKE LOOKIN' FOR A BB IN A BUCKET OF BUCKSHOT!

GALE: Really? Well, this is news to me, and -

FIB: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE GOVERNMENT IN THIS TOWN, ANYHOW? WE GOT LAWS FOR STUFF LIKE THAT, HAVEN'T WE?

GALE: Well, yes, but -

FIB: (MENACING) IF I THOUGHT THE PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN WERE GREASING UP THE OLD PORK BARREL, JUST TO KEEP FROM PUTTIN' NUMBERS ON THEIR HOUSES, I'D _

MOL: Oh McGee, that's ridiculous!

GALE: Certainly! As a matter of fact, we do have an ordinance that requires all places of residence to be plainly numbered.

MOL: Does the city enforce it, Mr. Mayor?

FIB: Certainly not, they don't enforce it! We run all over 14th Street lookin' for 1414 14th Street and where was it? Who knows?

GALE: Well, perhaps our existing law is not as strong as it should be, but --

FIB: Well, let's make it strong! Let's put some teeth into that law! Let's put a set of teeth into it that'll take a hundred dollar bite out of every guy that don't have a number on his house!

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GALE: Personally, I'd be in favor of it, McGee. Why don't you come down and tell that to the City Council?

MOL: We'd be glad to, Mr. Mayor. When?

GALE: The council meets tonight - their regular meeting - at eight ~~o'clock~~ thirty - city hall. Will you both be kind enough to be there?

FIB: I'll say we will, boy! You may wind up in the political ashcan, but by George, we'll have a better city!

MOL: McGee, that's not a very -

GALE: You know, you're an interesting character, McGee. My father would enjoy knowing you.

FIB: Honest? You think so?

GALE: Yes. In fact, I think I'll drop dad a letter about you.

FIB: Drop who?

GALE: DROP DAD!.....See you at eight thirty, Molly!

ORCH. AND KING'S MEN -- "SUNFLOWER"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

MOL: My goodness, the city hall seems deserted at this time of night!

FIB: Whatta you expect when we come in here with a squawk, kiddo? A brass band? No sir -- when five PM rolls around, these boys hit for home like a third-base runner on a shortstop's fumble. Come on, let's go in.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK

MOL: It's a very dignified building, isn't it, dearie? A nice City Hall.

FIB: Yup. And you know why....OH HIYAH, OLD TIMER!!

MOL: Hello, there, Mr. Old Timer!

OLD: HELLO, THERE, JOHNNY! HELLO, DAUGHTER!

FIB: What are you doing in the City Hall at this time of night? We're attending a Council Meeting. You too?

OLD T: Nope. It's just that...well, they's something about this place that impresses me at evenin' time, kids....here is where the common citizen can raise his voice an' be heard; THIS IS OUR BUILDING, KIDS....in these here rooms and through these silent halls, is transacted the business of OUR city as WE demand it.

MOL: MmmHmmmmm! But why are you REALLY here?

OLD T: I'm waitin' fer my brother. He's a bailiff in the Circuit Court and he owes me three bucks!

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MOL: Hello, there, Mr. Old Timer!

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MOL: MmmHmmmm! But why are you REALLY here?

OLD T: I'm waitin' fer my brother. He's a bailiff in the Circuit Court and he owes me three bucks!

FIB: Well, we got a job to tend to, Old Timer. We come down here to put up a beef. You see -

OLD T: Saayyy, I got a mighty fine recipe fer puttin' up a beef, Johnny! You take a young beef and soak it overnight in a bathtub full of dilljuice and the squeezin's from a bushel of paw-paws - then you take the hoofs off and make ashtrays out of 'em and -

MOL: Oh no, Mr. Old Timer. No. He means we have a complaint to make to the City Council.

FIB: I'll say I've got a complaint to make! I'm gonna blow the lid offa this joint! I'm goin' through that Council like a pair of pigeons through a peck of popcorn!

OLD T: (CHUCKLES) Well, you're jist like I was as a young feller, Johnny - full of vim, vinegar and stale jokes! I mind one time....

MOL: Speaking of time....what time is it, McGee?

FIB: 'Bout happast. Excuse us, Old Timer...we gotta get upstairs.

OLD T: Sure, Johnny. You run right along. Soon's I see my brother I'm leavin' in a few minutes myself. I'm fiddlin' fer a square dance tonight, and I gotta locate a horse.

MOL: A horse? What for?

OLD T: My bow strings are kinda straggly, daughter. Gotta find me a horse and clip me some off his tail.

FIB: I didn't know you were a square dance fiddler, Old Timer. You call the dances, too?

OLD T: Sure do, Johnny. (CALLS) ALL JOIN HANDS AND CIRCLE TO THE RIGHT - SWING THAT GAL WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT, BALANCE AND SWING WITH A DO SE DO, AND HONOR THE LADY AT YOUR LEFT ELBOW. THREE GO FORWARD AND THREE FALL BACK, WITH THE GENTS IN THE MIDDLE AND TAKE UP THE SLACK. SASHAY RIGHT AND TURN LIKE A STREAK, THAT'S HOW WE DO IT, KIDS, SEE YE NEXT WEEK...(FADE OUT SINGING)

MOL: If I knew where that square dance was I'd like to go down there for a while and --

FIB: We'd never find it, anyhow, the way these streets are numbered! Come on, I'm gonna blast that City Council and -- here, right up these stairs...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS INTO

MUSIC: BRIDGE - "TIME ON MY HANDS" - FADE FOR:

FIB: (ECHO CHAMBER) Well, I happen to know this is where the City Council meets, Tootsie...but where's The City Council? My gosh, we been waiting here for almost two hours. It's ten-twenty.

MOL: And they were supposed to meet at eight-thirty. I don't like to be an old wet blanket, dearie - but I think we're stood up!

FIB: OOCHHH! WILL I EVER GIVE THE NEWSPAPERS A STORY ON THIS! THAT JUST PROVES WHAT A MESS THIS TOWN IS IN! EVEN THE CITY COUNCIL CAN'T GET TO A COUNCIL MEETING ON TIME, SO WHAT CAN WE EXPECT OF THE--

SOUND: DOOR OPEN, OFF

MOL: Wait. Look - here comes a man with a broom. I'm going to ask him what- PARDON ME...ARE YOU THE JANITOR?

MAN: I ain't the City Treasurer, sister.

FIB: Well look, bud...the Mayor told us to meet him here tonight to talk to the City Council on an important matter. THIS IS WHERE THEY MEET, AIN'T IT?

MAN: Yup. Certainly is! Move your feet, mister, so I can sweep under there.

MOL: Well, why is the Council so late getting here?

MAN: Council meetin' was called off fer tonight, girlie. Alderman Hogan busted his gavel.

FIB: WHAT? WHADDYA MEAN,IT WAS CALLED OFF? MY GOSH, WE --

MOL: WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY TELL US? MR. McGEE AND I WERE TOLD--

MAN: Oh...you Mrs. McGee? Hey, they sent you a message tellin' you the Council Meetin' was postponed.

MOL: WHEN?

MAN: 'Safternoon. Lemme git through to the waste basket there, willya, Mac?

FIB: LOOK...WE WERE HOME ALL EVENING...NOBODY SENT US ANY MESSAGE!

MAN: You live at 79 Wistful Vista, don'tcha?

MOL: WE DO INDEED.

MAN: Well, I was the feller that took the message. I couldn't locate the house.

FIB: WHY NOT?

MAN: You got no numbers on your house. SAY...I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND SETTIN' HERE IN THE DARK. GOTTA TURN THE LIGHTS OUT.

ORCH: "AS YOU DESIRE ME" - FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: There's a container in your store that holds a brilliant surprise for you. A surprise for anyone who hasn't recently tried Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. For there's a new glow in this bright, longer-wearing floor wax. A glow that shines with a greater beauty... a higher luster on your linoleum...than before. Ask for that container of Johnson's Glo-Coat tomorrow... the yellow container, with the bright red band. You get a surprising new glow...when you get Glo-Coat.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE FOR:

MOLLY: Well, I'd still like to get to that dressmaker, McGee.

FIB: Stay away from that Stitch-Witch, kiddo. I don't like her.

MOL: You don't even know her!

FIB: No, but I heard what she told you on the phone. About she thought you oughta drop me.

MOL: Drop YOU? Why, she didn't say anything of the kind.

FIB: No? She didn't tell you to "drop that Ham"???

MOL: She said "HEM", H-E-M.

FIB: Oh. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGN OFF

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?

CLOSING TAG

LAING: Question: What piece of furniture in your house collects more smudges..,more fingerprints than any other in the whole house?

Probably it's your radio. Your family just naturally uses it more often...and that means extra clean-up work for you.

But not if you use Johnson' Cream Wax...the cream wax that cleans so quickly...dries so quickly...polishes so quckkly...that using it is practically as easy as dusting.

With Johnson's Cream Wax you can completely clean... beautifully polish your whole radio in just forty seconds. Johnson's Cream Wax cleans in a moment...dries and polishes in a moment...and leaves no oil to stay wet and catch dust.

So make cleaning and polishing practically as easy as dusting. Use Johnson's Cream Wax...the fastest wax polish you can buy.

ORCH: THEME UP

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(CHIMES)