

(REVISED)

#21.

file

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

FEBRUARY 22, 1949.

6:30 - 7 PM PST

-2-

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

ORCH: THEME.....FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson, ^{is Wax} and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill
Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur C. Bryan, Bea Benadaret,
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:

-SR-

-SR-

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

ORCH: THEME.....FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's ^{is Wax} and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Bea Benadaret, 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: To be really handsome, wood surfaces must be cleaned, and they must be wax-polished, too. That's the real secret of bright, beautiful floors. And that's why so many women use Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax. There's a magic dry cleaning ingredient in this wonderful floor polish. A quick application..a few strokes of your cloth....and dirt is whisked away. Then, you just zip over the surface with a dry cloth.... and that clean surface takes on a sheen, a fine gloss, that only a true wax polish can give it. Later - if some spots get worn by very heavy use - you can touch them up in a few seconds. A new application of Johnson's Liquid Wax blends in perfectly with the rest of the surface. Ask for Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax tomorrow. Your floor will be cleaned....polished... protected. No other wax gives you exactly the same dry-cleaning....bright-polishing action.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

FIB: Oh, I was just
WIL: I managed to keep a straight face when you told him about your private trout stream, with the umbrella lotion mixed in to keep the trout from getting speckled -
FIB: Oh, that was just a

WILCOX: DID YOU EVER GET FRIENDLY WITH SOMEBODY ON A VACATION TRIP, AND MAYBE POP OFF A LITTLE BIT ABOUT YOUR FORTY ACRE ESTATE, YOUR LARGE STAFF OF SERVANTS, YOUR HOT AND COLD SWIMMING POOLS, YOUR SWOLLEN BANK ACCOUNT AND YOUR THIS AND YOUR THAT? AND THEN GET A LETTER FROM THAT SOMEBODY A YEAR LATER SAYING HE WAS COMING TO VISIT YOU? THAT'S THE PROBLEM MR. MCGEE IS TAKING UP WITH HIS WIFE RIGHT NOW, AS WE JOIN --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

FIB: This is murder, kiddo! I really got myself in a jam this time. Old Harry is due at the Union Station at 2 P.M. That gives me three hours to make a millionaire out of myself.

MOL: You know, dearie, I thought at the time you were spreading it on a little thick to Mr. Sedgewick. You can get yourself into more spots than a flea on a leopard!

FIB: Well, my gosh, how did I know I was ever gonna see the guy again? And he WAS pretty nice to us, up there in Toronto, you know. The least I could do was make him think he was entertaining a big shot.

MOL: Well, you didn't have to go QUITE so big, dearie.

FIB: Oh, I was just -

MOL: I managed to keep a straight face when you told him about your private trout stream, with the sunburn lotion mixed in to keep the trout from getting speckled -

FIB: Oh, that was just a -

MOL: - and I never lifted an eyebrow when you described your private landing field with the 14 runways and personal wind tunnel.

FIB: Yeah, but gee whizz -

MOL: You've got a wind tunnel all right...running from the bottom of your head to the top of your chest. Heavenly days, the way you piled it on!

FIB: Yeah, I know I know...I was a chump. BUT WHAT AM I GONNA DO NOW? OLD HARRY IS DUE IN A COUPLE OF HOURS. IF HE SEES THE WAY WE REALLY LIVE, AFTER WHAT I TOLD HIM, I'M AFRAID HE'LL THINK I'M KIND OF A FOUR-FLUSHER.

MOL: Oh no!

FIB: Yeah...seriously. I'm afraid he might.

MOL: Well, as I always say, Sweetheart, if you insist on painting fancy pictures, you must expect to get stuck with some wet brushes. How many rooms did you tell him our house had?

FIB: 14, I think. Old Harry just had a eleven room house and I didn't wanna make him feel underprivileged, so I held it down to 14 rooms.

MOL: Mnhmm. You may be a braggart, love, but you're a TACTFUL braggart. How many cars are we supposed to have?

FIB: Well. Not counting the two station wagons, the jeep and the light truck I use on my golf course, I think I said we had four Cadillacs, a Duesenberg - HEY!!!

MOL: Yes?

FIB: I WONDER HOW MUCH IT'D COST TO RENT THE WISTFUL VISTA COUNTRY CLUB FOR TODAY.!! WE COULD TAKE OLD HARRY OUT THERE AND TELL HIM IT WAS OUR HOUSE, SEE?

MOL: This is Tuesday. Ladies day at the Country Club. There will be fifty or sixty women sitting around.

FIB: SO WHAT? I TOLD HARRY YOU ENTERTAINED A LOT! THAT MAKES IT EVEN BETTER.

MOL: How will you explain away the cigar counter and the magazine stand?

FIB: That's a cinch! I'll tell Harry I gave the magazine and cigar concession to a poor relative on account of he wouldn't accept any charity. I'll tell him--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Mayor La Trivia. Do come in, Mr. Mayor!

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

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. Hey, whaddyou think are my chances for renting the Country Club for the rest of today?

GALE: Very poor.

MOL: Why, Your Honor?

GALE: In the first place, it's Ladies Day out there, and you'd have as much chance of yanking the club out from under them as I'd have of winning the National Open with a bent poker.

FIB: Well, my gosh, it's sure to be perfect for my purpose. Tennis courts, swimming pool, 18 hole course, pitch-and-putt, driving range, steam room...EVERYTHING! I could sure make good to Old Harry with that set-up!

GALE: Am I..er..am I late?

MOL: Late for what, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: I seem to have come in the middle of the second act. I don't understand what's going on.

FIB: OH...Well here's how it is, La Triv. Last year up in Canada we met a nice guy, name of Harry, see? Entertained us all over the place. Hospitality comin' out of our ears. He rolled out so many red carpets for us, I still got pink lint in my cuffs.

GALE: So?

MOL: So, to reciprocate, in his own odd way, McGee told him about the McGee estate in Wistful Vista. All about our town house, country estate, private yacht, and a midget butler for guests who wanted a short beer before breakfast.

FIB: WELL MY GOSH, I HAD TO BE POLITE, DIDN'T I? I DIDN'T WANT HARRY TO THINK HE WAS ENTERTAINING A COUPLE OF PEASANTS, DID I?

MOL: Well, anyway, your Honor, this man is due to drop in for a visit with us in the next couple of hours. And here we are in our six-room mansion with the sweeping 72-inch driveway, and if he doesn't care for hot buttered rootbeer, he'll have a very dry visit.

GALE: McGee, has Doctor Gamble ever checked you for Hoof and Mouth disease?

FIB: EH?

GALE: Every time you open your mouth you seem to put your hoof in it. Look...I have a good idea.

MOL: Wait 'till I move the furniture back. A good idea in this house is going to crowd us a little. What is it, your honor?

FIB: Yeah, if you can get me off this spot, kid, I'M your friend for life!

GALE: Threats will get you nowhere, McGee. Listen. I have only one Cadillac and no golf course and no swimming pool. But I have a ten room house, a cook and my man Creevis is quite satisfactory. Why don't you take over my establishment for the day to entertain your friend?

MOL: WELL!! McGee, this looks like the answer!

FIB: La Trivia. You're a man's man. And I'M the man!
THANKS..OLD PAL..YOU'VE SAVED MY BACON! MY CANADIAN BACON!!

GALE: Well, if you're going to go the whole hog, you'll need it. I'll tell Grimes, the cook, and Creevis, my man, that you are the master of the house and to treat you accordingly. You can trust Creevis not to let the cat out of the bag.

MOL: Why not?...I think it's more realistic if there are a couple of pets around.

FIB: Besides, we like cats. I had one once I just loved. A brown cat with a very short tail. A chocolate maltese, I think. He was -

GALE: Wait a minute. When I said Creevis wouldn't let the cat out of the bag, I was only -

MOL: THAT'S NO WAY TO KEEP A CAT ANYWAY, MR. MAYOR....My goodness, the poor little thing will get claustrophobia.

FIB: Don't let the Humane Society hear about you keepin' your Siamese in a sack, La Triv. Keepin' a puss in a poke is liable to get you a poke in the puss!!

(REVISED) -10-

GALE: I TELL YOU I DON'T CREEP A HAT....ER...KEEP A CRAT....I
WAS MERELY SAYING THAT..LETTING A BAT OUT OF A CRAG...
ER...A CAT OUT OF A BAG....I DON'T EVEN HAVE A CAT!!

MOL: You mean it's just a little kitten? Oh dear..that's worse!

FIB: That ain't good cat psychology, La Triv. Keepin' it in
a bag like that. Make friends with it. Get him to LOVE
you. Then he'll stick by you thru thick and thin, as
long as the milk holds out. When I had my cat --

GALE: (ROARS) THIS IS ALL A ROT OF LOT! I MEAN A LOT OF ROT..
WHEN I SAID I KEPT A RAT IN A TRAG...A CAP IN A BAT....A
BAG IN A CUP....A PIP..A..POP....THIS ALL STARTED WHEN I
SAID CREEVIS WOULD NOT LET THE BAG OUT OF THE...YOU SAID
HE....I DIDN'T EVER....IT WAS YOU WHO..YOU WHO...YOU HOO..
MOL: Yoo Hoo! Wave to the Mayor, McGee. He's calling to you.

FIB: Yoo Hoo, La Triv!

GALE: *Yoo Hoo?* I....WE.....~~IT WAS~~....(PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: I believe you wanted to borrow my home for the day?

MOL: OH NOW MR. MAYOR....AFTER ALL, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
RENIG, JUST BECAUSE -

FIB: Gee, we were just kidding, La Triv....My gosh, after
all, you PROMISED and --

(REVISED) -11-

GALE: Be quiet. Here are my keys. I'll let Creevis know
you're coming!

SOUND: KEY JINGLE

FIB: Oh boy....thanks, kid!

GALE: I'd like to tell you one thing about the house.

MOL: Yes, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: What is it, boy?

GALE: The back stairs. They're very steep and quite
dark. If you use them, McGee, I'd suggest you
take a fast run at them...with your eyes shut!
Good day!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

ORCH: "FAR AWAY PLACES"
(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: R.R. STATION IN B.G. ... FADE FOR:

MOL: Isn't this exciting, McGee? I just LOVE railroad stations! The hustle and the bustle and people coming and going. AND DID YOU SEE THE BEAUTIFUL NEW STREAMLINER WITH THE GLASS ROOF THAT JUST PULLED OUT?

FIB: Yeah, but I wouldn't wanna ride on it. How can you undress in an upper berth with a glass roof over you? It ain't decent!

MOL: My goodness, I never thought of that. Maybe they just have them over the observ -- SAY..IS THE TRAIN FROM TORONTO ON TIME?

FIB: I dunno. I been lookin' it up in this timetable but I can't make anything out of it. Look. It says, TORONTO NORTHBOUND READ UP.

MOL: Mr. Sedgwick will be southbound. Read down. No, no, no - you don't have to bend way over that way to read it! Let's ask at the information booth. Right over here.

FIB: Good idea. HEY, SIS..WE'D LIKE SOME INFORMATION, PLEASE.

BEE: Well sir, you may certainly have it, because dispensing information is exactly what we're here for to serve the public. Dispensing information.

MOL: What we would like to know is....

BEE: Believe me, you'd be surprised to know the kind of information we get asked about too, you'd be surprised. One lady yesterday asked me what was the mean annual rainfall in southeastern Guatemala and also what was the length of Jerry Colonna's moustache, and I just had to look it up once because nine inches answered both questions. Nine inches.

FIB: Yeah, but we wanted to find out what -

BEE: Another man said his daughter was home from school with a bad case of Dizzy Gillespie and what did I recommend, well, my goodness, I'M a be-bop fan myself so just what was it you wished to know, sir? Just what?

MOL: The train from Toronto. If it's on time - and what time is it?

BEE: It's due any minute on track six and the reason I know is my sister Thelma is on it, she's been in Toronto visiting some people, she just LOVES Toronto and she spends a lot of time up there with the winter sports and believe me, she knows them all, old and young. She knows them!

FIB: Well, Toronto is a wonderful town, sis. *She met Thelma*
~~We were up there~~
last year and --

BEE: OH DO YOU KNOW THELMA? Well now isn't this a small world! She'll be here any minute you know, because I'm meeting her, and she'll stay at my house because -

WILCOX: (ON P.A. SYSTEM) YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! NOW ARRIVING ON TRACK SIX, "THE TORONTOAN", FROM TORONTO AND BRANTFORD CANADA, WHICH IS THE CANADIAN HOME OF S.C. JOHNSON & SON, MAKERS, IN ADDITION TO OTHER FINE AND FAMOUS PRODUCTS, OF THAT WONDERFUL JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX!

MOL: Heavenly days, that sounds like Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: It can't be!

WILCOX: (ON P.A.) IT CAN TOO! IN FACT, IT IS. DRY CLEAN YOUR FLOORS WITH JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX. BESIDES WAX IT CONTAINS A POWERFUL CLEANSING INGREDIENT. RUB JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX ON LIGHTLY TO LOOSEN DIRT AND GRIME..THEN POLISH AND SEE THE BEAUTY EMERGE UNDER THE SHINING, PROTECTIVE COAT OF WAX!!

FIB: Hey, Waxey - !

WILCOX: (ON P.A.) QUIET, PAL. YOU DON'T HAVE TO RE-WAX YOUR WHOLE FLOOR EVERY TIME..JUST TOUCH IT UP WHERE THE WEAR IS HEAVIEST..IN BETWEEN WAXINGS A FLICK OF A DUSTCLOTH KEEPS IT SHINING AND CLEAN. SO TRY JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX, FROM RACINE, WISCONSIN AND BRANTFORD, CANADA, WHERE "THE TORONTOAN" IS JUST PULLING IN FROM....ON TRACK SIX!!

SOUND: TRAIN UP STRONG .. FADE WITH STEAM HISS ETC.

MOL: I wonder how Mr. Wilcox ever got a position calling trains down here.

FIB: I dunno, but it's no job for a guy with a one-track mind. If they ever find out how - HEY, THERE'S HARRY....HEY, HARRY!....HIYAH, HARRY!!

MOL: Yoo hoo..Mr. Sedgwick!! Here we are! It's us.

FIB: The rich McGee's. Remember us, Harry?

SEDG: AH YES....Hello there. Nice to see you again, Mrs. McGee. And you, too, Quentin.

MOL: Who, too?

FIB: He means me, Molly. Up in Canada I had to admit my real name was Quentin. Quentin Follinsbee McGee, the Third. Old Family name, Harry.

MOL: Yes, you must visit his ranch in California some time too, Mr. Sedgwick. San Quentin, we call it.

FIB: BUT DON'T YOU GO BOTHER WITH FORMALITIES, HERE, HARRY. EVERYBODY HERE JUST CALLS ME FIBBER. ON ACCOUNT OF I'M A BLUE BLOOD IN EVERY FIBBER OF MY BEING.

MOL: That's fiber.

FIB: It is? Well, these ignorant peasants around here wouldn't know that. HAVE A NICE TRIP, HARRY?

SEDG: Splendid, thank you. Very restful. You're both looking very well.

MOL: Oh we're fine, Mr. Sedgwick. Just fine. My housework keeps me fairly well -

FIB: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) My dear girl..you don't call ordering thirteen servants around HOUSEWORK, do you? I'M afraid she's kinda pampered, Harry. BUT, I'M glad you think I look well. Play a lot of golf you know....a little big game hunting....some yachting..can't spend all one's time clipping coupons in a stuffy old bank vault, you know.

SEDG: A POLO BOY...IN CHARGE OF AN

SEDG: That reminds me, McGee...I'll be wanting to cash a check while I'm in town. Of which bank did you say you were a director?

MOL: Did he say he was a director OF a bank or would direct you TO a bank, Mr.Sedgwick. Because...

FIB: (LAUGHS) Always joking, eh, old girl? I'm with the Third National, Harry. Just keep my personal account there, though. Do my big banking in New York, naturally.

MOL: In the Corn Exchange. But if Mr. Sedgwick is a little short of cash McGee...can't you tide him over with a few thousand, or whatever you happen to have on you?

FIB: I...er...well, as a matter of fact I'm... .

SEDG: I don't need much for now. Five hundred or so will carry me till I can make some banking arrangements.

FIB: FIVE HUNDRED!! YOU THINK WE'D LET OUR GUESTS CREEP AROUND THIS TOWN WITH A PALTRY HALF A GRAND...MY GOSH WHAT IF YOU SHOULD WANNA BUY SOMETHING? BUT, we can talk that over later, Harry. Let's get over to our town house and let you wash up a bit...What?

SEDG: Fine idea....but, your town house? I was looking forward to seeing your country estate. By the way, did The Colonel's leg heal up all right?

MOL: The Colonel?

FIB: His leg? OH...OH, THE COLONEL!! SURE, HE HEALED UP REAL GOOD, HARRY. GONE BACK TO HONOLULU. HE'S IN COMMAND OF AN AIRFIELD OUT THERE.

SEDG: A POLO PONY...IN CHARGE OF AN AIRFIELD?

MOL: He must mean COLONEL, your best polo pony, McGee, Remember?

FIB: OHHHH, HIM...(LAUGHS) I'd almost forgot about him, Harry, on account of I've gave up polo. Games getting too common. Bad element creeping in. Chaps with no background. Mean well, you know...but definitely not our type.

SEDG: Your wife looks a little ill, McGee. We'd better be going.

MOL: Oh I'm all right, Mr. Sedgwick. It's all the hot air in here, that gets me down. BRING MR. SEDGWICKS' BAGS, McGEE.

FIB: WHAT? I CARRY LUGGAGE? Don't be ridic, old girl....I say, PORTER. BRING THIS LUGGAGE TO THE CARRIAGE ENTRANCE. That's where I have the Cadillac waiting, Harry. The Cadillac. Right this way. (FADE INTO MUSIC) BY GEORGE, HARRY THIS IS A FINE DAY FOR US...THE WAY YOU TREATED US UP IN TORONTO....

MUSIC: "OKLAHOMA" KING'S MEN
(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP AND OUT....CAR DOORS OPEN:

FIB: Here we are, Harry. Creevis will bring your bags in. Creevis...that's my butler. Right up the steps here, Harry.

SEDG: Very handsome home you have, McGee. Lived here very long?

MOL: My goodness, Mr. Sedgwick, it seems like almost no time to us. I hardly know my way around in it myself.

FIB: We spend so much time at our country place and our shooting lodge and on our yacht, you see.....

SOUND: DCOR OPEN

MOL: Ahhh there, Creevis. We're home!

CREEVIS: I beg you.....Oh yes...home,.....yes, indeed you are, Madam. Do come in.

FIB: Creevis, this is Mr. Sedgwick. From Toronto. Gonna spend the day with us.

SEDG: Hello, Creevis.

CREEVIS: Mr. Sedgwick. A pleasure, sir. Your hat, sir?

FIB: CERTAINLY IT'S HIS HAT! YOU THINK HE GOES AROUND STEALING HATS?

MOL: Please, McGee.....Creevis will you get Mr. Sedgwick's bags and put the car in the garage?

CREEVIS: Immedjitley, madam. What room will Mr. Sedgwick occupy, madam?

FIB: Oh throw his stuff through the first door you come to upstairs, Creevis.

MOL: My, I think Creevis is a wonderful name for a butler.

CREEVIS: Thank you, madame. However, that is not my real name. My real name is Butler. But how can you call a butler Butler? Sounds silly. HAW...! Thank you, madame.

~~CREEV: Very well, sir.~~
~~SOUND: DOOR SLAM~~
MOL: Ahh, isn't it nice to be home again! Do come into the drawing room, Mr. Sedgwick. Right in here...I think. No...it's in here....(LAUGHS) My goodness this house is so big I STILL get lost in it.
SEDG: Lovely home, Mrs. McGee. And very handsomely furnished.
FIB: Well, what's the use of having dough, Harry if you don't fling it around a little. Easy come, easy go, you know.
MOL: We're just sort of roughing it here, Mr. Sedgwick. Camping out, you might say. Heavenly days, if we run out of rosewood to burn in the fireplace we use just plain old bird's-eye maple or mahogany. Solid, of course. No veneer.
SEDG: Well, this is a very handsome room. Isn't that a Picasso up there over the fireplace?
FIB: Eh? Oh no...that's just an oil painting, Harry. Got lots of 'em. Been trying to get Da Vinci to paint my wife's portrait, but you know how these artists are. Money means nothing to them.
SEDG: I'm sure it means nothing to Da Vinci.
FIB: No, he's as independent as a hog on ice. WELL, MOLLY... HOW ABOUT SERVING SOME TEA. Ring for the cook, willya?
MOL: Where do I ring?
pleasant afternoon!

FIB: Stamp around under the coffee table. Ought to be a buzzer there someplace. (LAUGHS) You see, Harry, we usually have somebody standing around just to push buttons for us, but you know how the servant problem is...we....AHHH THERE, CREEVIS.
CREEV: Yes sir. May I show Mr. Sedgwick to his room, sir?
SEDG: Thanks, Creevis, please do.
MOL: Yes, Creevis....and please tell the cook...what's her name?
CREEV: HIS name is Grimes, madame.
MOL: Oh yes...tell Grimes we'll have tea in here in fifteen minutes.
CREEV: Certainly, madame. This way please, Mr. Sedgwick. (FADE) I took the liberty sir, of laying out some fresh linen for you and.... (SLIGHT PAUSE)
FIB: Ahhhh, good old Creevis. He's really a treasure. I wonder where I found him!!!
~~ORCH: BRIDGE~~
~~SOUND: CLINK OF TEACUPS~~
MOL: Have another cookie, Mr. Sedgwick, and some more sandwiches. How about some more tea?
SEDG: Oh, not a thing thank you, Mrs. McGee. Everything is delicious, but I'm simply stuffed. My, it's been a pleasant afternoon!

FIB: I'll take some more cookies, Molly. Thanks. Yeah, it's swell gettin' with you like this, Harry old man - in our own mansion like this. Pass Harry the dollar cigars, Molly. Where's the cigars? The dollar cigars?

SEDG: I would enjoy a good cigar, if it isn't -

MOL: I haven't seen them, McGee. Although we spend so little time here I don't know where anything is. I don't even know where I am, and....

FIB: Dadrat it, where's the dollar cigars? You know how servants are, Harry. Creevis keeps putting the dollar cigars in different places all the time and..

SEDG: Maybe they're in this humidor here, McGee....Yes, here they are.

FIB: Good. That's just like Creevis, puttin' 'em in a humidor! Help yourself, Harry, take a handfull - they're only a buck apiece. I'll stuff some in my pocket, too, for after while.

SEDG: They look very good. I just hate to think of leaving, McGee - but it's getting close to five o'clock and I'd better get ready to rush off.

FIB: Wish you could stay, boy - but if you hafta, you hafta.

SEDG: Yes, I'd better be getting along. I certainly want to thank you for the afternoon. It was grand!

MOL: Well, we've enjoyed it too, Mr. Sedgwick. (LAUGHS)
We do so little entertaining in this home.

FIB: You said it! I wish you could spend the night with us, Harry, but as long as you can't - oh hey, where can I drive you?

SEDG: Well, I promised my wife I'd look up her cousin, McGee - and I suppose I'll have to spend the night at his house - wherever that is.

MOL: Your wife's cousin lives in Wistful Vista? Do you have his address, Mr. Sedgwick?

SEDG: No, I'll get him at his office, though. He works at your city hall - some sort of official, I believe.

FIB: The City Hall? Say, we know a lot of people --

MOL: What's his name, Mr. Sedgwick?

SEDG: Le Trivia.

FIB & MOL: LA TRIVIA!!

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well, it's a small world, isn't it? And I feel just small enough to be comfortable in it. Oh - CREEVIS - THE CAR PLEASE!! *The Cadillac.*

ORCH: "POWDER YOUR FACE WITH SUNSHINE"

FADE FOR:

MOL: Well, we've enjoyed it too, Mr. Sedgwick. (LAUGHS)
We do so little entertaining in this home.

FIB: You said it! I wish you could spend the night with us,
Harry, but as long as you can't - oh hey, where can I
drive you?

SEDG: Well, I promised my wife I'd look up her cousin, McGee -
and I suppose I'll have to spend the night at his house -
wherever that is.

MOL: Your wife's cousin lives in Wistful Vista? Do you have
his address, Mr. Sedgwick?

SEDG: No, I'll get him at his office, though. He works at
your city hall - some sort of official, I believe.

FIB: The City Hall? Say, we know a lot of people --

MOL: What's his name, Mr. Sedgwick?

SEDG: Le Trivia.

FIB & MOL: LA TRIVIA!!

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well, it's a small world, isn't it? And I
feel just small enough to be comfortable in it. - Oh -
CREEVIS - THE CAR PLEASE!! *The Cadillac,*

ORCH: "POWDER YOUR FACE WITH SUNSHINE"
FADE FOR:

FIBBER AND MOLLY SHOW
FEBRUARY 22, 1949

(2ND REVISION)

-23-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You get a clean floor...a beautifully polished and
protected floor with Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and
Polishing Wax. And here's a way you can get those
advantages with unbelievable ease and speed. Use
Johnson's Beautiflor Electric Polisher. The Johnson
Beautiflor Polisher brings out the luster in a few
seconds. All you do is guide the polisher across the
floor. The big whirling brush does all the work.
Tomorrow, buy a Beautiflor Electric Floor Polisher from
your Johnson dealer. Or, rent one by the day if you
prefer.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

MOL: Well, I'm glad that's over with, McGee. Where's the hatchet?

FIB: The hatchet? Out in the garage. Whatcha gonna do with the hatchet?

MOL: Chop down that little cherry tree in the back yard. If I can be as deceitful as this on Washington's Birthday, I might as well go all the way. I'M GOING TO CHOP DOWN THE CHERRY TREE AND THEN SAY I DIDN'T!

FIB: Oh. Oh yeah. Ha ha. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

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?

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

CLOSING TAG

LAING: Have you ever wondered whether the beauty of a blond wood cabinet...is worth the trouble of keeping it clean? Then use Johnson's Cream Wax. It cleans so quickly.... dries so quickly...polishes so quickly that using it is practically as easy as dusting. Johnson's Cream Wax will both clean and polish a large blond wood cabinet of yours in less than 5 minutes. And it dries completely.... contains no sticky oil to catch and hold dust. Think of the convenience of using a polish that makes cleaning and polishing all your furniture just about as easy as dusting. Then get Johnson's Cream Wax...the fastest wax polish you can buy.

ORCH: THEME UP

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

(CHIMES)

###