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(REVISED) #24

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

MARCH 15, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

(REVISED) -2-

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

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, Dick LeGrand,  
and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and  
Phil Leslie...Music by the King's Men and Billy Mill's  
Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

ORCH: BRIDGE IS OPENING

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
3/15/49

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You've probably used Johnson's Glo-Coat on your linoleum, but I wonder whether you've had an opportunity to use 1949 Glo-Coat. That's Johnson's new self polishing floor wax. It's a Glo-Coat that's brighter than ever ... better than any.  
Yes, it's brighter by far, this new 1949 Glo-Coat. And it's tougher. That resistant coat of Glo-Coat keeps its shine nearly twice as long. And you can wipe away dirt and spilled things without dulling the luster of the wax finish that makes your kitchen such a bright, cheerful place to be.  
Yet Glo-Coat is as easy to apply as ever. You just spread it on your linoleum and let it dry. You don't so much as raise a hand to make it shine. In twenty minutes or less, Johnson's Glo-Coat supplies its own sparkling, glossy finish without any help from you. Tomorrow, ask your dealer for Johnson's Glo-Coat. The new, 1949 Glo-Coat in the familiar yellow container with the bright red band.  
Remember, the Glo-Coat in that container is brighter than ever ... better than any. That's why we call it 1949 Glo-Coat.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

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WILCOX: THERE'S A BIG SURPRISE IN STORE FOR A CERTAIN PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON...FOR TODAY HAS BEEN SET ASIDE AS "DOCTOR GAMBLE DAY" IN WISFUL VISTA. EVERYBODY'S IN ON THE SECRET AND BIG THINGS ARE BEING PLANNED. LISTEN TO THE ORIGINATOR OF THE IDEA...THE SHY, MODEST, RETIRING MR. MCGEE, OF

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Yes, sir, when somebody ever thinks up an idea as good as I think up, they got to beat me at it, that's all! This one is a lulu...DOC GAMBLE DAY!!! What an inspiration! I got this town hoppin' like a barefoot kid on a hot sidewalk! ~~And strictly my own inspiration!~~

MOL: Well, I think it's wonderful, anyway!

FIB: You betcha...and when he finds out that I, personally, thought this idea up in his honor, I'll bet he'll never send us another bill!

MOL: That isn't the reason you did it, is it?

FIB: No, that's just a by-product, kiddo. Old Doc really deserves the recognition. Why my gosh, he was the delivery boy for half the kids in this town.

MOL: Yes, and their mothers and fathers, too.

FIB: You said it! Old Doc runs a bigger stork club than Sherman Billingsley. And not so exclusive, either. I never will forget the night he saved my life...over the telephone.

MOL: Which night do you mean, dearie? The night you got the double knot in the cord of your pajamas and woke up with the snoring hiccups?

FIB: Nope...this was after the Elks banquet..when I woke up with astute appendicitis or migroan headache, I couldn't tell which. I drug myself to the phone, described my symptoms to Doc between groans, and he saved my life.

MOL: What did he tell you to do?

FIB: He told me to shut up and go to sleep! I shut up and went to sleep and I haven't been troubled with it since! ....Ahh, good old Doc! Will we ever give him a celebration ~~banquet~~!

MOL: It's really building up into quite a thing, isn't it?

FIB: You haven't heard half of it yet, kiddo! La Trivia is workin' on some kind of a deal at the City Hall....the medical association is givin' Doc a surprise dinner at the Ritz Vista, after the parade ~~banquet~~...AND I got the Elks Club to vote him free pool table privileges for two years!

MOL: Heavenly days! Two years! I only hope he can find time to play.

FIB: Don't worry, it won't go to waste. I'm havin' the card made out to "Doc Gamble OR BEARER", see? That way I can fill in, if he's too...OH...OH! He's comin' up the front walk now! Doc is!

MOL: All right, now be careful you don't say anything about any of this, because so far.....

FIB: Don't worry, I won't pop. Ahh, good Old Doc! The Poulitice Laureate of Wistful Vista! The way he.....

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Hello, Doctor! So nice to see you!

DOC: Thank you, my dear. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Sinus Peeper! How's business? Your patients all coming along as expected - or are some of 'em getting well?

MOL: Oh McGee! Now that is neither polite nor funny! As a matter of fact, Doctor, we were just remembering awhile ago, how many times you've saved McGee's life.

DOC: Yes - fool that I am! Did I ever tell you that the Medical Board got so interested in his case that they called me in to tell them about it.

FIB: No kidding, Doo? You mean they wanted to know how you saved my life?

DOC: Ohh, they didn't care HOW, what they wanted to know was WHY????....And do you know I couldn't think of a reason.

FIB: Well, I'll say one thing about you, Tweezer Squeezer -

DOC: Save it, Vacuum-Top! I'm in no mood for banter. I'm going home and take a nap. I'm worn out today.

(2ND REVISION) -7-

FIB: Well, if you'd get some sleep nights, instead of soattin' around nightclubs till daylight with Fifi Tremayne, you might -

DOC: For your information, Beavertail, the last time I was in a nightclub was on your wedding anniversary, when Molly called me at two A.M. because you got something in your eye! I remember what it was, too!

MOL: So do I, Doctor. The headwaiter's knuckles.

DOC: Well, you're married to a playboy type, my dear. I'm different. I WORK for a living! If you can call this living.

FIB: HAH! He works for a living! Spends three hours scrubbing his hot little hands with a knuckle brush so he can type out his bills without leaving fingerprints on 'em!

DOC: I won't even answer that one. I'm too tired. I've got to see a patient at the hospital and then I'm going home and take a nap.

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MOL: You look tired, Doctor. I hope you don't have an operation to do this afternoon.

DOC: No, this is a little patient we have under observation, Molly. He's become a sort of a pet of the whole staff around there.

MOL: Really? Is he very sick, Doctor?

DOC: Well, he was pretty hoarse when I left this morning, his eyes were bulging, and his skin was turning a sort of dark green color.

FIB: Migosh, what causes that, Doc?

DOC: Heredity, my boy. He's a bullfrog in the laboratory.... So long.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ahh, good Old Doc! There's nothin' this town could do for that guy that would be enough for a town to do for a guy that's done as much for a town as that guy's done for this town and - hey, where you goin'?

MOL: Out to the kitchen. I've got a cake in the oven to take over to him tonight. (FADING) You know how Doctor Gamble is about my cakes...

FIB: OKAY, KIDDO! Ahhh, there goes a good kid! And steady as a rock. The times she's seen Old Doc cure me of stuff I didn't even have, when I shoulda been left to suffer, even if it was imaginary...gee whiz-----

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

-SR-

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FIB: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:

TEE: Hi, mister. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh hello there, Teeny, come in. You gonna march in the parade today, for Doc Gamble Day?

TEE: Oboy, I'll say! I love parades, Mister! Me and Willie Toops and Margaret are gonna be in it. Margaret - he's my dog.

FIB: Yes, I've met Margaret. He's quite a dog. Part bull, isn't he?

TEE: Noo - he's all dog. He's part cockle spaniard and part poodle and part fox terrier and part retriever and part pomegranian and -

FIB: Okay, okay, that's all right, sis. Never mind the rest of him.

TEE: Okay. But that's why everybody likes Margaret, I betcha, because no matter what kind of dogs you like, he's it.

FIB: Well, I'll look for you in the parade this afternoon, Teeny. I and the Mayor and Mrs. McGee will lead it, of course and -

TEE: Oboy, will this be a wonnerful parade, I betcha. Me and Willie Toops are gonna push a baby buggy, with Margaret in it.

FIB: You are, eh?

TEE: We like to - HM?

-SR-

(2ND REVISION) -11-

FIB: I says you are, eh?

TEE: Who are?

FIB: You and Willie Toops.

TEE: Are what?

FIB: Gonna push a baby buggy.

TEE: Where?

FIB: In the parade!!!!

TEE: With Margaret in it! I know it!! Will you be playin' in the band, like my daddy says?

FIB: The band? Does your father think I oughta play in the band?

TEE: Sure he does, Mister. He told my mama - and I quote, you understand - quote - "Anybody as full of wind as he is and with all his brass, oughta be great on the tuba!" See you, mister!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MUSIC: ORCH... "RED ROSES FOR A BLUE LADY"  
(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS WALKING ON SOILED MARBLE WHICH COST  
THE CITIZENS OF WISTFUL VISTA \$43.52 PER SQUARE FOOT-FADE

MOL: My, the City Hall is quiet today. Does Mayor La Trivia expect us down here, McGee?

FIB: Nope. But that don't matter. He's always glad to see me. Every time I drop in on him unexpected, he kinda moans and puts his head in his hands.

MOL: That shows he's glad to see you?

FIB: Why sure! If he jumped up with a glad cry and started pumping my elbow and handing me fifty-cent cigars, I'd know he was faking. That wouldn't be sincere. Hey! Here's La Trivia's office - after you, kiddo!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS .. CLOSES

SECRETARY: Good day, Mr. McGee. Go right in. The Mayor is expecting you.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: HE IS? I didn't even tell him I was coming in.

SECRETARY: That's always when he expects you, Mr. McGee. He says you are part of the Public Servant Problem. Go right in, please.

MOL: Thank you, Miss.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN .. CLOSES

FIB: HIYAH, LA TRIV!!

GALE: (GROANS)

FIB: See what I mean, Molly? See him put his head in his hands and groan?

MOL: Cheer up, Mister Mayor. We won't stay long.

GALE: OH..PARDON ME!! I DIDN'T NOTICE YOU WERE WITH HIM, MRS. MCGEE. Here..have a chair. Sit down....er... sit down, McGee.

MOL: Thank you. My, what a lovely big office, your honor!

FIB: He needs a big office when you're as honest as La Trivia, it gets kinda stuffy. EH, LA TRIV? HA HA HA.

GALE: Er..yes. Well, I'm really involved in your Doctor Gamble Day idea, McGee. Been working all week on it.

MOL: Are we going to have a big parade, Mr. Mayor?

FIB: You bet your sweet earlobes we're having' a big parade, baby! Brass bands, PTA's, American Legion, Baby Carriage regiment, Drum and Beagle corps from the Dog Pound, fire engines, floats - how about it, La Triv? Shapin' up all right? Will you ride that big white horse this time?

MOL: Oh, do you have a horse, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: No. Not of my own. Occasionally I borrow a big white one from the Brewery. But since a certain radio comedian started advertising beer, none of those horses will do anything but canter. No good for parades.

FIB: Where does the parade go, La Triv? I marked out a good route for it, you know.

GALE: Yes. You'd have had the parade go under the 14th street viaduct, which is only six feet three inches high and would have decapitated everybody riding on the floats.

FIB: My gosh, I never thought of that! HEY, WHAT IF WE GET A LOT OF MIDGETS, AND -

MOL: No, McGee!

FIB: Okay. Just a small thought.

(2ND REVISION) -14 & 15-

GALE: Anyway, the parade forms at the City Hall at three p.m., goes through the business district, out Oak Street to the doctor's house. We present him with the scroll, then we put him on the Official City Float and take him to the Ritz Vista Hotel for the banquet. There, <sup>we</sup> inform him about the new children's wing of the hospital.

MOL: The what?

FIB: OH, DIDN'T YOU KNOW, MOLLY? La Trivia put it through the City Council. The town is gonna build a new children's wing on the hospital in Doc's honor. The Doctor Gamble Wing.

MOL: Isn't that wonderful!

GALE: He's done a great deal of work among crippled children here, and... Oh! That reminds me.

SOUND: BUZZER

GIRL: (FILTER) Yes, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Miss Dolloway. Please get me some Easter Seals, and make out a check to the Society for Crippled Children and Adults, Chicago, Illinois. The usual amount.

GIRL: (FILTER) Yes, sir.

SOUND: CLICK

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FIB: Now then, La Triv. What I wanted to see you about was, when do I make my speech?

(PAUSE)

GALE: Er...your speech?

MOL: Were you going to make a speech, McGee?

FIB: (INDIGNANT) WHADDYE MEAN, WERE I GONNA MAKE A SPEECH? WHY, THIS WHOLE DOGGONE PROJECT WAS MY IDEA! SURE I'M GONNA MAKE A SPEECH...BUT WHERE? AT HIS HOUSE? AT THE BANQUET? WHERE? I'M LIKE DOC...YOU NAME IT AND I'LL DELIVER IT! Gee whiz, I do all the work, and--

SOUND: BUZZER - CLICK

GALE: Yes, Miss Dolloway?

GIRL: Mr. Wilcox to see you, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Pour him in and spread him around, Miss Dolloway.

GIRL: Yes sir.

SOUND: CLICK - DOOR OPEN

WIL: (FADE IN) HI, MISTER MAYOR, LOOK...HERE ARE THE PHOTOS OF THE JOHNSON WAX FLOAT FOR THE GAMBLE PARADE. AREN'T THEY BEAUTIF-- Oh, hello, Pal. Hello, Molly.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Let's see them photos, Junior.

GALE: We can all look at them at once...and a very handsome float, too, Harlow.

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WIL: Thanks, Your Honor. I designed it myself, you know.  
FIB: So what? This whole Doc Gamble Day was MY idea.  
I was the guy that--  
MOL: All right, all right. Let's not all take bows at once  
or we'll bump heads. What colors are on your float,  
Mr. Wilcox?  
WIL: Same as on the Glocoat containers, Molly. Yellow,  
red, black and white. Very effective. Got a beautiful  
girl on it, Glocoating a big square of linoleum. And a  
sign that says: "IT'S NO GAMBLE WHEN YOU DOCTOR YOUR  
LINOLEUM WITH JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT". Like it?  
GALE: We HAVE to like it. The parade starts in two hours.  
FIB: What else does the float have, Juney? ~~Let's see just how~~  
~~commercial you can get.~~  
WIL: Well, around the sides of the float we have lots of  
other signs, see...all tying in with the Doctor Gamble Day  
theme.  
MOL: I'll just betcha!  
WIL: Yeah. One says, "THREE CHEERS FOR DOC GAMBLE,  
WISTFUL VISTA'S GREAT HEALER -- HE'S ALMOST AS USEFUL  
AS A JOHNSON WAX DEALER!"  
FIB: WHADDYA MEAN, "ALMOST"? AIN'T THAT A LITTLE DEROG--  
GALE: Look, gentlemen, this is a very busy day for me.  
Can't we get on with it? Please?

(2ND REVISION) -18-

WIL: Well, I'll brief the rest of it, kids. On the other  
side of the float it says, "WITH GLOCOAT, LINOLEUM  
COMES RIGHT BACK TO LIFE, AND GIVES ALL YOU HUSBANDS  
A NEW LEASE ON WIFE!"  
MOL: "A new lease on wife"...Heavenly days!  
GALE: Gentlemen, please, will you all get out and let me  
get to work? Thank you, gentlemen. Good day, Molly.  
BIZ: AD LIB GOODBYES, TO:  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
WIL: Well, see you at the doings later, folks. Hey, how do  
we know Doc Gamble will be home?  
MOL: He told us, Mr. Wilcox.  
FIB: He's takin' the day off to rest up, Waxey. He did  
look kinda bushed.  
WIL: Well, he'd better rest up. This will be a big night  
for him. See you there, kids.  
SOUND: STEPS FADE  
MOL: All right, Mr. Wilcox. You know, McJee, this  
Doctor Gamble Day was one of your better ideas.  
FIB: You said it, Lover! When I get an idea as hot as this  
one, I don't-- OH, HIYA, WALLY, OLD MAN! Molly,  
here's Wally Wimple.  
MOL: Oh, for goodness sakes...Hello, Mr. Wimple!  
WIMP: Hello, folks!  
FIB: Kinda outa your territory, aren't you, Wimp?



WIMP: No, I wanted to see Mayor La Trivia about our Club marching in the parade.

MOL: Which club is that, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: The Wistful Vista Bird Watchers. We go out every Sunday with field glasses and cameras and lunch baskets. And compasses, of course, in case we get lost.

FIB: You ever get lost, Wimp?

WIMP: Yes, and believe me, that compass was simply useless! Unless I was using it wrong.

MOL: How were you using it?

WIMP: Well, I stuck the sharpened point into the ground and swung the pencil around, but all it did was make a circle. I STILL didn't know where I was.

FIB: I'm afraid you been using the wrong kind of a compass, Wimp. But is Doc Gamble interested in bird watching?

MOL: Aside from storks, that is?

WIMP: Oh, yes indeedy! He goes on lots of bird walks with us.

FIB: I believe it. He walks more like a bird than anybody. Like an ostrich with fallen arches, to be accurate.

WIMP: And anyway, now that I'm here in the City Hall, I have to get a charter for our new Pyramid Club. I'm the president.

MOL: Congratulations, Mr. Wimple! President of the Pyramid Club.

WIMP: (MODESTLY) Well, I guess I was the logical choice. They said I was the only member that looked like a mummy and had a pointed head.

FIB: Glad you're joining the tribute to Doc Gamble, Wimp. This whole thing was my idea, you know. He your doctor?

WIMP: Oh, yes...I'll never forget the time Sweetface called him--

MOL: WHO, MR. WIMPLE?

WIMP: Sweetface. That's my big old wife. She would have come with me today but she was having a little cosmetic trouble. She's trying some new pancake makeup and she <sup>she</sup> ~~looks~~ ~~keeps~~ ~~running~~ ~~down~~ ~~her~~ ~~chin~~. ANYWAY, she called Doctor Gamble once when I got a concussion from being hit on the head with a maple leaf, and --

MOL: A CONCUSSION...FROM BEING HIT WITH A MAPLE LEAF?

WIMP: Yes... (CHUCKLES) <sup>it was</sup> ..out of our dining room table.  
See you at the parade, friends!

ORCH: "OH-HE, OH-HI, OH-HO!" -- KING'S MEN

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: STREET NOISES...CROWD SOUNDS, BEHIND:

MOL: Heavenly days, just look at this mob, McGee!

It looks like a clearance sale at Fort Knox!

FIB: Certainly! This is big stuff, kiddo! I don't  
handle any small time deals! Boyoboy, what a  
parade this is gonna be! Half of mile of  
baby buggies - the Fireman's Band --

MOL: -- and the presents, McGee! There's almost  
a truckload of gifts for the doctor! From just  
everybody.

FIB: Yeah, did I tell you what I and Kremer at the  
drug store are givin' Doc, Molly?

MOL: No - what?

FIB: Well, you know how beat that old car of Doc's is?  
The way it clanks and bangs and hammers and rattles  
all the time? Kremer and I are chippin' in, and  
guess what we're givin' old Doc.

MOL: Not a new car?

FIB: Nope, a set of earmuffs...He won't be able to hear anything less than a block-buster when -- oh hey, let's take a look at the Elks Club float before the <sup>parade</sup> ~~thing~~ starts. Come on!

MOL: Which one is it, McGee? Oh, the one with the deer heads on it?

FIB: Yeah. The janitor oughta be around here someplace and - Oh hey, Ole! Commere, willya? Is this our float?

OLE: (FADING IN) It ain't the U. S. S. New Jersey, McGee. I built it myself, you know. On my own time.

MOL: Well, no matter what anyone says, I think it looks nice.

FIB: Nice??? Migosh, howja build this thing, Ole - throw an armfull of lumber up in the air and nail it together the way it fell?

OLE: I'm just the janitor, you know. I don't hafta build floats. I'm just donatin' my time.

FIB: Well, geewhiz, I don't like to complain, Ole - but there's a lot of nice floats in this parade! After all, we gotta hold up our dignity, you know.

OLE: I'm just the janitor - I don't know about holdin' up dignity, McGee. Just donatin' my time on the float, for Doctor Gamble.

MOL: Do you know the doctor, too, Ole?

OLE: Sure, long time. He's the doctor delivered me, you know.

FIB: What? Doc Gamble delivered YOU?

OLE: Sure, he delivered me four kids. He's a great kidder.

FIB: Well, we might as well get start-- Hey, wait a minute! Are these Elk heads on this float, Ole? They look like moose heads.

OLE: Sure. Moose. You burned us out of the Elks, you know. I don't hafta argue, McGee, I'm just donatin' my time.

SHARP SHRILL WHISTLE...EXCITED SOUNDS...SHUFFLE OF FEET...SHOUTS

MAN: (OFF) All right, places, everybody! Band members up front here!

YATATA...AD LIB COMMENTS...WALLA AND STUFF

FIB: Come on, Molly, they're gonna start! We're ridin' in the Mayor's car, kiddo. Hurry!

MOL: Oh, this is wonderful, McGee! I'm so proud of you for thinking this up!

FIB: Aw, shucks, it's nothin' any redblooded American boy couldn't of done, if I hadn't - Hey, La Triv, wait for us!

GALE: Come on, McGee. Mrs. McGee - hop in!

BLAST OF WHISTLE AGAIN

CRASH OF BIG BRASS BAND INTO SOUSA MARCH...CROWD SHOUTS, ETC...!

ESTABLISH MUSIC AND PARADE IN MOTION...BOARD FADE..UP AND FINISH WITH A BANG

CROWD NOISES, EXCITED, BEHIND:

FIB: Well, here we are! Come on, La Triv. Molly! Let's get old Doc out on the porch!

GALE: I'll ring his doorbell and -

SHOUTS FROM CROWD:.. "HOORAY FOR DOC GAMBLE".."GOOD OLD DOC!".."HEY DOC!"

ETC.

MOL: There he is, Mr. Mayor! Look. The upstairs window!

DOC: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hey, what goes on out there? Can't a man sleep around here?

BIG CHEER FROM CROWD

FIB: QUIET EVERYBODY! COME ON DOWN, DOC! THIS IS DOC GAMBLE DAY, BOY! I THOUGHT IT UP!

GALE: THIS IS YOUR DAY, DOCTOR! YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH FOR THIS TOWN THAT WE WANT TO DO A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU!

DOC: Then go away and let me get some rest!

MOL: (CHUCKLES) YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SLEEP TODAY, DOCTOR. THIS IS DOCTOR GAMBLE DAY!

BIG CHEER FROM CROWD

FIB: I THOUGHT IT UP!

DOC: Say, what is -- Aww, geewhiz, I - Is this a joke?

GALE: NO, DOCTOR! - WE'VE COME TO PRESENT YOU WITH A FEW LITTLE TOKENS OF OUR THANKS, FOR 30 YEARS OF DEVOTED SERVICE TO THIS TOWN! COME ON DOWNSTAIRS!

MOL: Yes, come on downstairs, Doctor. We've got all sorts of things to give you. Including thanks from the bottoms of our hearts for all the years you've given this town!

DOC: (ALMOST IN TEARS) Oh, all my good friends! You've - you've - doggone it, you'll have me crying in a minute! But I - I can't come down.

GALE: WELL, IF YOU'RE TOO TIRED TO COME OUTSIDE, DOCTOR. JUST LET US IN, AND WE'LL GIVE YOU THE AWARDS RIGHT IN YOUR OWN LIVING ROOM. THIS IS YOUR DAY!

FIB: I thought it up, ~~etc.~~

DOC: (CRYING) I - I just don't know what to say, La Trivia - and McGee -- I don't know how to thank all you wonderful people - but I can't even let you come in.

FIB: Well, why not, for Pete's sake?

DOC: Because I - I'VE GOT THE MEASLES!

ORCH: *If this is ridiculous!* PLAYOFF "MY DREAM IS YOURS" - FADE FOR -

FIBBER & MOLLY SHOW  
3/15/49

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Tomorrow, if you ask your dealer for Johnson's self polishing Glo-Coat ... you're going to make a discovery. You're going to find out how much brighter ... how much more beautiful your linoleum can be. For the Glo-Coat you get will be the new 1949 Glo-Coat. Tougher, longer-lasting, more beautiful. Get some tomorrow, and see what we mean when we say: 1949 Glo-Coat is brighter than ever ... better than any.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC FADE FOR:

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

TAG

(2ND REVISION) -28-

MOL: My goodness, I wish McGee would get home! After I lost him in the crowd, I--

SOUND: TELEPHONE - RECEIVER UP

MOL: Hello?

FIB: (FILTER) HI, SNOOKY...GUESS WHO THIS IS!

MOL: THERE AREN'T THAT MANY PEOPLE WHO CALL ME SNOOKY, DEARIE. WHERE ARE YOU?

FIB: I'M PLAYIN' GIN RUMMY WITH DOC GAMBLE.

MOL: DOCTOR GAMBLE! BUT HE'S GOT THE MEASLES!! YOU'LL GET THE MEASLES!

FIB: I prob'ly got 'em already. But I couldn't leave old Doc to suffer here all alone. Leave some pajamas and my toothbrush on his front porch, will ya?

MOL: But...but McGee, I --

FIB: AND HEY, SPEAKIN' OF GIN RUMMY - YOU KNOW THAT BILL WE OWED DOC? SIXTEEN-FIFTY?

MOL: Yes?

FIB: WELL, IT'S TWENTY-THREE DOLLARS NOW. BUT DON'T WORRY, I GOT A WEEK TO WHITTLE IT DOWN. CALL YOU TOMORROW, TOOTSIE.

MOL: Well...all right, dearie.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: (RECEIVER UP) GOODNIGHT, ALL!

MUSIC: 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

ANNCR: You can't dust furniture smudges away. But there's a way to clean your furniture...and polish it, too... that's just about as easy as dusting.

Use Johnson's Cream Wax...the fastest wax polish you can buy. It cleans so quickly...dries so quickly... polishes so quickly, that using it is practically as easy as dusting.

Johnson's Cream Wax will whisk dirt off an armchair, and polish that armchair, too, in only two minutes.

And most surprising of all, Johnson's Cream Wax leaves no oil to stay wet and collect dust. Why not get Johnson's Cream Wax tomorrow? It's the fastest wax polish you can buy!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

CLOSING TAG

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