

file

#-26

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

MARCH 29TH, 1949

6:30 - 7 PM PST.

-SR-

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 Mills'
Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

...those good will be...
...the Johnson's...
...convinced that...
...polishing wax you...
...and we will...
...and your postage...
...Every body likes beauty in the kitchen...
...a real bargain...
...pair of shirts...
...every drop is wonderful 1949 GIP-GOAT!

...BRIDGE TO SPAIN:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
MARCH 29TH, 1949.

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Now, here's a bargain offer -- an offer never made before on Glo-Coat. Buy two cans of Johnson's 1949 Glo-Coat ... and you'll save 29 to 49 cents! It all depends on which size you prefer ... pint or quart! Both ways you make a big saving!

So, see your Johnson dealer tomorrow. He'll have the special twin can bargain package ready for you. And one of those cans will cost you only one-half the regular price. You buy one pint at regular price and you get a twin pint at half price. You buy one quart at regular price and you get a twin quart at half price.

And ... use Johnson's Glo-Coat on your linoleum and floors. See the new 1949 glow. Then, if you're not convinced that the new Glo-Coat is the finest self polishing wax you have ever used, mail the remaining full can to S.C. Johnson and Son, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, and we will refund the full amount you paid for both cans, and your postage, too.

Everybody likes beauty in the kitchen. Everybody likes a real bargain. Now you get both! You save 29¢ on every pair of pints ... 49¢ on every pair of quarts. And every drop is wonderful 1949 Glo-Coat!

MUSIC: ORCH: ... BRIDGE TO OPENING:

-SR-

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: IF YOU HAD JUST ^{Received} ~~GETTEN~~ A LETTER FROM A LOCAL LAW FIRM, TELLING YOU THAT AN UNCLE IN ENGLAND HAD DIED AND LEFT YOU A THOUSAND POUNDS STERLING, I'LL BET YOU'D READ THE LETTER TWICE TO MAKE SURE YOU WEREN'T DREAMING. MAYBE YOU'D EVEN HAVE YOUR WIFE READ IT, TOO, LIKE MR. MCGEE OF -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: (EXCITED) Read it again, Molly! Read that last part again!

MOL: Glad to, dearie! This is the first letter you've ever gotten from a lawyer that didn't start out "You are hereby summoned to appear".

FIB: (EAGERLY) Go on, read it again! Read that beautiful prose!

MOL: It says "As one of the legatees in the will of your late uncle, Colonel Sir Chutney McGee, of Bristol, England, you -

FIB: Just read the last part! Skip Uncle Chutney, kiddo! Read the part about the money again!

MOL: It says "You have been willed one thousand pounds sterling which -

FIB: That's it! That's the part!

MOL: -- "which will be delivered to you by bonded messenger this afternoon". Heavenly days, that's four thousand dollars, McGee!

FIB: (HAPPILY) BOYBOYBOY, FOUR G'S! Ahhh, dear Old Uncle Chutney - I wish I'd known him better. In fact, I wish I'd known him at all! He lived in England all my life.

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(REVISED)

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MOL: Isn't he the one we read about, a few years ago, dearie?
When he was knighted, or benighted, or something?

FIB: That's him. He got so many knighthoods and stuff, he
had calluses on his shoulders from bein' hit with the
flat of a sword. Dear Old Uncle Chut! My favorite
uncle!

MOL: When did he become your favorite uncle?

FIB: The minute I read this letter! FOUR THOUSAND BUCKS!
Boy, he must of been - OH HEY! I wonder if I inherit
his title too!

MOL: His what?

FIB: His title. Maybe he left me his title! They hand
those things down too, you know.

MOL: Ohh - not down THIS FAR, surely.

FIB: I'll ask the lawyer this afternoon. Geewhiz, wouldn't
that be somethin'? I might even hafta go to England to
get my knighthood! "Sir Fibber McGee!" (CHUCKLES)
How's that sound, kiddo?

MOL: (FLAT) Terrible.

FIB: Yeah...yeah, I guess it - Hey, I got it! "Sir Quentin
Follansbee McGee, the Third;" That's it! Yeah!

MOL: Oh dear! Look, sweetheart -

FIB: I say, by Jove old girl - that's a jolly fine title,
what? "Sir Quentin Follansbee McGee, the Third!"
That's a bit of all right, doncha know? Ripping, rally,
eh wot? For an old Peoria boy.

MOL: A Peoria boy who's getting older by the minute. This is
the -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

(REVISED)

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FIB: Who's that?

MOL: Some sort of tradesman, your lordship. The janitor
from the Elks, to be exact.

FIB: Well, let's be pleasant to the chap, my dear. One
should treat one's menials firmly, but decently, y'know.
I do wish the blighter would use the tradesmen's
entrance, but -

MOL: Ohhhh - COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Good morning, Ole... Come in.

OLE: Morning, Mrs....Hello, McGee.

FIB: (VERY BROAD) I say, my good fellow, it's quaite nice,
your popping in like this. Ripping, rally! I'd awsk
you to sit down, but one simply doesn't with tradesmen,
y'know. Tradition, you understand. Right-ho?

OLE: (PAUSE) What's wrong, Mrs?

MOL: He just got word that he's been mentioned in his Uncle's
will, Ole. His English uncle left him something.

FIB: Quaite!

OLE: What did he leave him - his adenoids?...My boy, Lars,
he's got 'em, too, Mrs.

MOL: Adenoids?

OLE: No - uncles in England....I live in England myself before
I come to Wistful Vista.

FIB: Well, that's veddy interesting - but I'm quaite busy at
the mo. May have to pop off to jolly Old Lunnon for a
fortnit. The estate, y'know. May have to pop off
any time.

-SR-

(REVISED)

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FIB: ~~Always~~ popping off.....You don't hafta pop off for me, McGee. At the Elks I'm the janitor - for wages -- but here, I'm just donatin' my time!

MOL: No, he means he may have to go to England, Ole, although I doubt it myself. Did you say you used to live in England?

OLE: Sure. I work in London for long time, Mrs. I make good living working on the piers.

FIB: On the piers, eh? Were you a freight handler?

OLE: No - I do massage for House of Lords. All my customers peers.

FIB: Well, you might just pass the word along at The Club, my good man. Tell them I may be detained in England for a fortnit. May decide to run over to Scotland for the grouse shoot.

OLE: Sure, I tell 'em. If you get back from the grouse shoot, you come to the barber shop Saturday night, McGee. We have crapshoot! Goodbye, Mrs.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Quaint sort of chap, doncha think? Rather an Odd Fellow, for an Elk - what?

MOL: Oh for goodness sake, dearie, relax! You don't have to impress me, I'm already impressed with that four thousand dollars. Or I will be when I see it.

FIB: Me? Oh nothing, Mrs. Nothing at all. At least, nothing exciting, like your news.

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FIB: ~~You said it! Boy, can we have fun with dough like that!~~
~~But hey,~~ wouldn't it be terrific though, if I did inherit a title, Molly? Turn out to be a knight or something!"Sir Quentin Follansbee McGee, the Third, Knight of the Bath!"

MOL: Incidentally, Knight - did you fix the handle on the shower? It drips all the time and our water bill -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Hey, here comes Wimp.. Wait'll I tell him about Uncle Chutney leavin' me -- COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Hello there, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp.

WIMP: Hello, folks. (EXCITED) My gracious, I saw the most exciting thing this morning! I was in the woods with my Bird Book, and guess what??

FIB: Well, that's interesting, Wimp - but I just got word my rich Uncle died. In England.

WIMP: Yes Sir, I heard this strange noise and I looked into a clump of elderberries and there it was!

FIB: Uncle Chutney. Rich Uncle. Died.

WIMP: Just imagine! A beak like an eagle - wings like a hummingbird - and feet like a duck!

MOL: Heavenly days! What kind of a bird was that?

WIMP: It was three birds. An eagle, a hummingbird, and a duck. (PAUSE) What's new with you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Me? Oh nothing, Wimp, nothing at all. At least, nothing exciting, like your news.

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MOL: We did hear today that Mr. McGee's uncle died in England and left us four thousand dollars, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: 000000 my! Wasn't that thoughtful of him! I had an uncle who died, once.

FIB: Once is usually enough. Did he leave much dough, Wimp?

WIMP: Well, he left all he had, of course. Doesn't everybody? Twelve dollars, I think it was.

FIB: The only thing that bothers me about Uncle Chutney's will, Wimp - I may have inherited his title, too. May have to go to England to get knighted, or something.

WIMP: Oh, that's wonderful, Mr. McGee!...How will you go? Fly?

MOL: If he goes, he'll take a boat, Mr. Wimple. Although personally -

FIB: Yep, I'll take a boat to Livvel, Wimp, and then -

WIMP: A boat to where?

FIB: Livvel. L-I-V-E-R-P-O-O-L -- Livvel. ^{Pronunciation} English, y'know. And then a train to Sampton, maybe -

WIMP: Sampton??

FIB: S-O-U-T-H-H-A-M-P-T-O-N ^{-sampton} yes. And a tram to Lunnon.

WIMP: Oh, I see. Well, I'd better run along now, folks - Sweece is expecting me.

MOL: Sweece?? Oh, you mean --

WIMP: Yes - My B O Wife! Slong!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MUSIC: "ROSE WOOD SPINET"

(APPLAUSE)

-SR-

FIBBER & MOLLY 3/29/49

(2ND REVISION) -10-

SECOND SPOT

FIB: You know, old girl, I simply cawn't get over the idea of being a member of the British nobility.

MOL: I'll bet the British are a little upset about it too. You know, you never told me you had noble relatives in England.

FIB: Got lots of 'em. Ever tell you about the Marquee McGee?

MOL: No, but Marquee is quite a nice title.

FIB: This guy ain't a nobleman. He's just a ham actor. They call him the marquee because he hangs out in front of theatres. All lit up. Another relative of mine ----

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Visitors, your lordship. Are we receiving today?

FIB: Probably just one of my tenants, or maybe the vicar. Ahsk them in, - do!

MOL: Good of you, old rutabaga! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, it's his Honor the Mayor, McGee. Do come in, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Thank you, Molly. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. Heard the good news?

GALE: What good news?

FIB: I may go to England to live.

GALE: Well, that really IS good news, McGee. Though we'll miss Molly.

FIB: Thanks...er...EH?

(2ND REVISION) -11-

MOL: He just inherited some money from a relative in England,
Mr. Mayor. Colonel Sir Chutney McGee.

FIB: My Uncle. I'll probably be Sir Quentin Follinsbee McGee,
the Third, La Triv. Dunno yet whether I inherit the
title or not.

GALE: Well, you'll probably meet some of my people over there,
McGee. My great Uncle is Sir Hector La Trivia, Count of
Fourteen.

MOL: Count of Fourteen. What a strange title!

GALE: Yes, they call him the Long Count. Great sportsman.
Rides to the hounds.

FIB: Ahhhhh fine sport, hound hunting!

GALE: It's Fox hunting.

FIB: Oh -- Yeah -- You ever do any fox hunting, La Trivia?

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GALE: Yes. Just last night, in fact.

MOL: FOX HUNTING...AT NIGHT? Where, for goodness sakes?

GALE: At the country club dance. Miss Tremayne couldn't find
her silver fox and Doctor Gamble and I hunted all over the
club for it.

FIB: Where was it?

GALE: At the Bon Ton, in storage. Fifi is a trifle absent
minded, at times, I find.

MOL: She seems awfully sweet, Mr. Mayor. Where is she from,
incidentally?

GALE: Fifi comes from an old southern family. One of the
F.F.V.'s.

FIB: One of the what, La Triv?

GALE: F.F.V.'s. First Families of Virginia.

MOL: How interesting!

FIB: That's nothing. I'M an old F.L.O.P., myself. Families
Living in Old Peoria.

GALE: Well, I'd congratulate you, McGee. And I'm sorry not to
be able to witness your arrival in England.

FIB: Thanks, boy!

GALE: I've often wondered what a real clown would do for
Piccadilly Circus. Cheer-oh!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't he nice!

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FIB: Yes, but he better be careful how he talks to a guy with a title. If he called me a clown in England, I'd have him drawn and quartered!

MOL: What's drawn and quartered?

FIB: That's an old British punishment. They draw a nasty picture of you and sell copies of it all over town for a quarter a piece. Think you're gonna like England, kiddo?

MOL: Oh I think so. And I'd like to stop over in Paris on our way. You can't expect Lady McGee to attend the Cinema in her old dotted swiss. Besides, I've been reading a lot about this new plunging neckline, and I'd like to--

FIB: PLUNGING NECKLINE? What's so new about that? My cousin Jake McGee had one of 'em in 19-ought-three, in Utah.

MOL: JAKE? Had a plunging neckline?

FIB: Yeah - he got hung for horse larceny. Oh I had a lot of interesting relatives, old girl, but the British branch is really top hole! Uncle Chutney--

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hiyah, Molly. Hiyah, Pal.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

(2ND REVISION) -14-

FIB: Good day, lad! Sporting of you to drop in. Won't be seeing much more of you, you know. Been jolly nice knowing you, though. Chin up, and all that. Pip pip. Top hole. Raw-ther!

(PAUSE)

WIL: Who is he today, Molly? Arthur Treacher?

MOL: Mr. Wilcox, you are maybe gazing at the new Sir Quentin Follinsbee McGee, the Third!

WIL: Gee. Should I put on my sun-glasses?

FIB: Just inherited part of Uncle Sir Chutney's estate, old chap. May have to go to England to assume my title. I say, old chap, we do hope you can drop in at the castle one day, old chap.

MOL: Look, your Lordship.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Suppose we all drop our monocles and act like just plain old middleclass, middle-western, low income, red-flannel yankees. Shall we?

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WIL: That's for me, Molly. Besides, I've seen him do better English down at the Elks - on a pool ball....But look, Pal - if you DO take over your uncle's estate, remember something, will you?

FIB: What's that, Juney?

WIL: When you're walking the halls of your ancestral castle, and notice the scuffed and worn linoleum in the scullery, tell your butler to tell the footman to tell the charwomen to give it the Johnson's Glocoat Treatment, will you?

MOL: Oh, a jolly good idea!

FIB: Yes, Junior, I'll -

WIL: Because even if you're to the manor born, the manner in which Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat, with the new Glow, can restore brilliance and beauty to worn and dreazy linoleum with almost no effort is really noble.

FIB: But really, old chap, discussing this with a tradesmen -

WIL: - just think, Pal, with Glocoat protecting perserving and beautifying the floors of your castle, you can give your friends a royal welcome. You know the old saying around Racine: "RAGS ARE ROYAL RAINMENT WHEN WORN FOR VIRTUE'S SAKE, BUT THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR DINGY FLOORS WITH THE GLOCOAT THAT WE MAKE!" And if I may go so far--

FIB: HEY HEY HEY....WAXEY!

WIL: Eh?

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MOL: We'll remember what you said, Mr. Wilcox. If, and when, we move into the old McGee chateau, every dungeon in the joint will be full of Johnson's product.

WIL: Thanks, Molly. And Pal, if you ever get over around Buckingham Palace, look up my cousin - Big Bridle-Path Wilcox.

FIB: Big Bridle-Path Wilcox, eh? In charge of the royal horses, Juney?

WIL: No, when they have a wedding in the garden, he mows the lawn. Good day, Knight!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Migosh, I can't get over this, Molly! Four thousand bucks and a title - from an uncle I never even seen! Colonel Sir Chutney McGee - bless his old oatmeal!

MOL: Bless his what?

FIB: Oatmeal. That's how he made all his dough. He was the Oatmeal King of Great Britain. Discovered a way to make synthetic oatmeal outta peat moss. After the oatmeal was drained off, the liquid that was left smelled like old tweed, so he dipped suits in 'em and sold 'em to American tourists.

MOL: That, I believe! You had a 14-dollar suit once that smelled like burnt oatmeal. (FADING) Hold the fort, dearie, I'm going upstairs and sort the laundry.....

FIB: He is, eh?

FIB: He says they - HEY?

FIB: I says he is, eh?

FIB: OKAY, TOOTSIE-BABY! Ahh, there goes a good kid. And what an addition to British Nobility!! I can just see her at a reception at the French Embassy, talkin' Swedish to the Hungarian Ambassador, and nobody knowin' what anybody else is sayin' because -

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi mister.

FIB: Eh? Oh, HIYAH, TEENY. Glad to see you!

TEE: Well, I was just....(SURPRISED) YOU ARE?

FIB: Yup. On account of I may not be seeing you much more. I might move to England.

TEE: Gee, Ingle-lund!! My Daddy spent the whole war in Ingle-land, mister. He was a Lieutenant Commander. With the Army.

FIB: A Lieutenant Commander belongs in the Navy, sis.

TEE: Sure. (GIGGLES) Boy, was he ever lost!! He never DID find his outfit!

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Well, just so he's home now okay, sis.

TEE: Oh, he's not home now, mister. He's downtown.

FIB: Oh.

TEE: He's helpin' out at the Boys Club. He's teachin the kids ping pong at the Brys' Club of America!

FIB: He is, eh?

TEE: He says they - HM?

FIB: I says he is, eh?

TEE: Who is?

FIB: Your daddy.

TEE: Is what?

FIB: Teachin' ping pong.

TEE: Who to?

FIB: The kids!

TEE: Where?

FIB: At the Boys Club!

TEE: OF AMERICA! I KNOW IT! My daddy says every neighborhood should have a Boys Club, so kids will have someplace to play, besides the street.

FIB: That's right, Teeny.

TEE: He says there's all kinds of Clubs, but when it comes to makin' good citizens out of kids, the Neighborhood Boys' Club is the Ace of Clubs!..Hey, are you really gonna live in Ingle-lund, Mister.

FIB: It's very possible, sis. I'll bet you'd be surprised if I turned out to be a knight, too.

TEE: Gee, you mean like Sir Galahad and Sir Lancelot and Little Sir Echo?

FIB: Well, sort of - yes. It's quite an honor, you know. In England a knight is entitled to the same deep respect that a rich used-car dealer is over here. Know anything about the nobility, Teeny?

TEE: Sure I do, Mister. American, anyway.

FIB: AMERICAN? We got no American nobility, sis.

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TEE: I betcha we have too, I betcha! Gee, we got Count Basie, and the Duke of Ellington, and King Cole and Queen For a Day, and the Earl of Wilson!

FIB: Yeah, but those people ain't -

TEE: Gee, my daddy LOVED Ingle-lund when he was there. Even if he did bump into a lamppost in the fog one night and knocked out a lot of teeth and he only had two days to get 'em fixed.

FIB: Well, I hope he manages to get some decent new choppers, sis.

TEE: Oh, sure. Except they're a little loose, though. He says his London Bridge keeps falling down. (GIGGLES)
Well, send me a postcard, mister. So long!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: &
KINGS MEN: "I WAKE UP EVERY MORNING"

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -20-

THIRD SPOT

FIB: Hey, Molly, what time is it?

MOL: About half-past, dearie. Why?

FIB: That guy oughta get here with our dough pretty soon. I hope the lawyer brings it himself, so I can find out about my title. If I get made a lord, that makes you a lady, you know.

MOL: And high time, I'd say!!!!

FIB: But title or no title - the things we can do with that four thousand bucks! - I'm gonna cut a lick thru this town ---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh, dear! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

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

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

FIB: Look, Tonsil Snatcher - you might do well to use a little respect after this, when you're talkin' to one of your peers.

DOC: You? HAH! You're built more like a breakwater than a pier, my boy.

FIB: Well, for your information, Fatso, you are looking at one of the heirs to the fortune of my late great-uncle, Colonel Sir Chutney McGee, of England!

DOC: Colonel Sir Whatney Mc-Who?

MOL: Sir Chutney McGee, Doctor. Himself here's uncle. Died in England and left him a thousand pounds sterling. It's being sent to us this afternoon.

FIB: Yep, and that ain't all, Docky! I may have inherited his titles, too. (CHUCKLES) You didn't know I had blue blood, didja, boy?

DOC: No, I always thought it was yellow, judging from the way you cringed the last time I took a fishhook out of your ear.

MOL: Well, you know that he meant to knight me, didn't he? I mean, I go over there and get knighted. I mean, I don't think just being knighted is enough for you, my boy. I'd like to see you crowned. In fact, some day I'm going to do it myself!

FIB: Thank you, Doctor. Will I show the society crowd in this town when I come back here as a knight? When I walk into them formal dances at the country club in my iron pants with the stainless steel coat and my valet walkin' behind me, carryin' my helmet -

MOL: Oh no, McGee! No! Knights don't wear armor any more.

FIB: They don't? Why, migosh, I thought -

FIB: Well, you may be talkin' to the future Sir Quentin Follansbee McGee, the Third - Knight of the Bath, Knight of the British Empire, Order of the Garter, K.B.E., ~~M.P.~~, PhD, P.D.Q., and -and -

MOL: N-B-C!

DOC: Oh great! That's all he needs, Molly - a phoney title! Then he WILL be insufferable!

FIB: Whattaya mean -in-sufferable! I suffer just as much as you do!

MOL: I don't think he meant that, McGee.

FIB: Well, who knows what he means? He'll sing a different tune when I go over there and get knighted. When I come back here with my knighthood. o ~

DOC: Personally, I don't think just being knighted is enough for you, my boy. I'd like to see you crowned. In fact, some day I'm going to do it myself!

FIB: Thank you, Doctor. Will I show the society crowd in this town when I come back here as a knight? When I walk into them formal dances at the country club in my iron pants with the stainless steel coat and my valet walkin' behind me, carryin' my helmet -

MOL: Oh no, McGee! No! Knights don't wear armor any more.

FIB: They don't? Why, migosh, I thought -

DOC: Look, Sir Quentin - I can't take any more of this!
As the picknicker said when the grasshopper jumped in the potato salad - this simply isn't cricket! So long, Lady McGee!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: I didn't know Doc was English. If he plays cricket, he - say, that guy oughta be here pretty soon, oughtn't he, Molly? With the dough?

MOL: The letter just said "this afternoon" - and I haven't been out of ear-sight from the doorbell since we got it.

FIB: Four thousand bucks! Boyoboy, I just wanta rub my hands through that long green stuff and -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Oh-oh! Here he comes! This is it, kiddo! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MAN: You Mr. McGee?

FIB: Right you are, my good man. You ah - you brought my legacy?

MAN: Sign here, Mac. Sign the receipt first.

FIB: Right-ho! You brought - the - uh - the inheritance?

MOL: Th thousand pounds? Sterling?

MAN: Right out here, lady. You must know somebody in the oatmeal business, Mac.

FIB: Yep, my uncle - HUH?

MAN: Well, it's all yours now, Mac. A thousand pounds of Sterling Brand Oatmeal! Half a ton of it. I'll dump it in the back yard, Mac!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well. I'll be a --- Hey, Molly -- where-you going?

MOL: To the grocery. We'll need two hundred pounds of sugar and a tank car of cream.

FIB: Wow! What a gruelling experience!

ORCH: PIAYOFF

FIBBER & MOLLY
3/29/49

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in just a moment.
And she takes that
~~New just a moment~~ to remind you that for a limited time
the makers of Johnson's Wax are making this unprecedented
bargain offer. You can get a can of Glo-Coat ... the
wonderful new Glo-Coat with the new glow ... for one
half its usual price ... when you buy another can at the
regular price. That means a saving of 29¢ when you buy
twin pints ... 49¢ when you buy twin quarts.
See your Johnson dealer tomorrow. You will not only get
a brighter glow ... a longer wearing glow on your
linoleum and floors ... you will save money doing it.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(REVISED)

-26-

TAG

MOL: Well, dearie, it looks like an oatmeal breakfast for us
every day for many years.

FIB: Mmm Hmmm.

MOL: You don't seem surprised. Heavenly days, you even seem
HAPPY about it.

FIB: I am. Because now I know what that Gypsy fortune teller
meant at the Elk's Carnival last fall.

MOL: What did she say?

FIB: She said that before summer you and I would have a
long-term connection with a morning cereal. Naturally,
I never mentioned it.

MOL: Thank you.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

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?~~

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

FIBBER & MOLLY
3/29/1949

(REVISION)

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CLOSING TAG

LAING: Those fingerprints on your furniture got there by accident. But it will take more than an accident to get them off.

Then by all means get Johnson's Cream Wax. The cream wax that cleans so quickly ... dries so quickly ... polishes so quickly that using it is practically as easy as dusting.

With Johnson's Cream Wax you can both clean and polish a big radio cabinet in less than two minutes. That's because it not only cleans in a moment -- it dries in a moment.

~~So you can polish your radio without waiting.~~ What's more, there's no dust-catching oil in Johnson's Cream Wax.

So, tomorrow, clean and polish all your furniture to lustrous beauty. Do it with the fastest furniture polish you can buy. Johnson's Cream Wax.

ORCH: MUSIC UP TO FINISH

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

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND M

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

APRIL 5, 1949