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(REVISED)

#28

*file*

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

APRIL 12, 1949

6:30 - 7 PM PST

(REVISED)

-2-

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,  
Bud Stefan, 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:

either pints or quarts. Now we offer you a special reason... we want you to see how our new  
Glo-Coat is... how much longer it will last. And you can transform all of your  
spine. Now each longer-Glo-Coat will last longer. And we're so sure you'll like  
are not satisfied, we will refund every cent you paid plus postage.

Everybody likes beautiful fibers, and every pair is a real bargain. Here's your chance to get both. Remember... you save 29 cents on every pair of pints... and every pair of quarts... and every pair is wonderful 100% Glo-Coat. This offer is for a limited time only. See your dealer tomorrow!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

MB

McGEE - 4/12/49

OPENING COMMERCIAL - CANADIAN OPENING CUT-IN (2ND REVISION) -3-

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment. (CUT-IN CUE)  
You know, when you go to the store tomorrow, you can really save money by buying the new 1949 Glo-Coat. You can save between 29 and 49 cents! Yes, the makers of Johnson's Wax are offering the biggest bargain in their history. It's the Twin-Can Sale, and here's how it works. You'll get one can of Johnson's 1949 Glo-Coat at half price when you buy one at the regular price... either pints or quarts. They're welded together. You'll save 29 cents on the twin pints, 49 cents on the twin quarts. Now we offer you this bargain for just one reason...we want you to see how much better the new 1949 Glo-Coat is ... how much more brightly it makes your floors shine..how much longer that shine will last..how quickly you can transform all of your floors and linoleum. And we're so sure you'll like the new Glo-Coat that if you are not convinced, we will refund every cent you paid, plus postage.  
Everybody likes beautiful floors, and everybody likes a real bargain. Here's your chance to get both. Remember.. you save 29 cents on every pair of pints -- 49 cents on every pair of quarts....and every drop is wonderful 1949 Glo-Coat. This offer is for a limited time only. See your dealer tomorrow!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: THERE ARE THREE THINGS EVERY MAN TAKES A FLING AT, AT LEAST ONCE IN HIS LIFE. CARRYING A CANE, RAISING A MUSTACHE AND SMOKING A PIPE. THE SQUIRE OF <sup>79</sup>WISTFUL VISTA QUIT CARRYING A CANE WHEN HE TRIPPED OVER IT AND FELL INTO A MUD PUDDLE. HE GAVE UP HIS MUSTACHE BECAUSE IT MADE HIM LOOK LIKE A SCHNAUZER. BUT - LOOK WHO'S COMING UP THE FRONT WALK AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA WITH A NEW DUDEEN IN HIS PUSS! YES, IT'S HIMSELF, OF -  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP WALK, UP STEPS, ON PORCH..PAUSE..DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Hey, Molly...I'M HOME! I'M HOME AND I GOTTA SURPRISE FOR YOU!  
MOL: A surprise? How nice! What is it?  
FIB: (CHUCKLES) Shut your eyes and sniff, baby.  
MOL: (SNIFF SNIFF) It's no use, dearie. All I can detect is that horrible pipe. And that smells like boiling varnish. Come on...tell mother!.....what's the surprise?  
FIB: Well, gee, I...well, it's the pipe. I got a new pipe. See? I'm smoking it. Or I would if I could keep it lit.  
MOL: Oh. Well, that is a surprise! MUCH more of a surprise than a new Easter hat, or two dozen long-stemmed smelly old American beauty roses. Where'd you get it?  
FIB: Drug store. It was gave me. Free.  
MOL: It was what?  
FIB: Free. Didn't cost me a cent. All I hadda do was buy this generous trial size can of tobacco. Three pounds.  
SOUND: THUD OF CAN

MB

MOL: Trial size? What trial were they thinking of --  
Nuremberg? There's enough tobacco there to wear out  
twelve auctioneers!

FIB: I'll smoke it, don't worry. It's a new brand they just  
got in from England at the *Mrs. McGee's* Smoke Show. "Old Mustard-  
Mouth".

MOL: "Old Mustard Mouth"? Sounds like a nice cool smoke.

FIB: Yeah, they speak very highly of it on the can. It says,  
"A bland blend, created for the particular smoker by  
Perique & Sons, tobaccoists by appointment to His Royal  
Highness, William of Orange."

MOL: William of Orange? History doesn't say what he died of,  
but I think I know now.

FIB: Boyoboy, I can hardly wait to get this pipe peaked!  
(RATTLE OF LID) I should of took up a pipe long ago.

MOL: I'll look wonderful! Yessir, you've saw the end of  
cigars around this house, Molly.

MOL: The ends were all I ever did see of your cigars, dearie!

FIB: The chewed-up, burned-out, soggy, wet ends.

FIB: Well, that's over. I'm a pipe smoker now! Where's a  
match?

MOL: Right here.

FIB: Thanks.

SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCH - PUFF, PUFF

MOL: My goodness, it's a noisy little thing, isn't it? It  
sounds like a small boy reaching the bottom of a  
strawberry soda.

FIB: Wait'll I get it - (PUFF-PUFF) - goin' good. (PUFF-PUFF)

OLE: You'll love seein' me - (PUFF-PUFF) - smoke a pipe!

FIB: I'll -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, it's Ole, from the Elks Club, McGee. Hello, Ole.

FIB: (PUFF-PUFF) Hi - (PUFF-PUFF) Ole.

OLE: Hello, Mrs. Well, McGee, what you doin' - fumigatin'?

FIB: Nope. Just got a (PUFF-PUFF) new pipe. Kinda hard to  
(PUFF-PUFF) get it lit.

OLE: Well, you keep puffing, you got plenty of wind to spare...  
Here, you need match, McGee.

FIB: Thanks. I'll get it goin' okay. (SCRATCH OF MATCH)  
A new pipe is always hard to get broke in.

MOL: How is everything at the Elks, Ole? Are you keeping busy?

OLE: For a janitor is always plenty work, Mrs. The Wistful  
Vista Elks Club is a job that keeps me jumpin'.

FIB: So what? (PUFF-PUFF) You get paid good money for it,  
don't you?

OLE: Money's good, sure - what there is of it - but I don't  
need no wheelbarrow to take it home....Here, you need

SOUND: match again, McGee.

FIB: Thanks.

SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCH

OLE: When I get pay envelope - is took out income taxes -  
took out social insecurity - took out old age pension -  
took out insurance. With all the took-outs, it comes out  
almost even!

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MOL: My goodness, it doesn't leave you much, does it?

OLE: When I see what it leaves, after I work all my life, Mrs., I think I have engraved on my tombstone, "Here Lies Ole - He Was Just Donatin' His Time".

FIB: (PUFF-PUFF) Well, at least you're raising a family, boy. That's something, these days! (PUFFS)

MOL: Yes, how is your family, Ole? All well?

OLE: Oh, the kids is fine, Mrs. Fine kids, too. I got to go to school, though, and talk to teacher about Christina. I don't know what goes on at high school with Christina.

FIB: What's wrong? (PUFF-PUFF) Christina flunk or something?

OLE: No, she make good grades, McGee. And last week she's in track meet, too....Here's match, McGee.

FIB: Thanks. (SCRATCH OF MATCH)

MOL: Athletic, is she?

OLE: Sure. Today she brings home big cup she wins. She says it's loving cup.

FIB: Swell! (PUFFS) Won a loving cup, huh?

OLE: Sure - I don't know what they teaching my kids if they win cups for that! I go find out! Goodbye.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: (PUFF PUFF) Got a match, Molly? Never mind - here's one.

SOUND: SCRATCH MATCH

MOL: Is it always that hard to get a pipe started, McGee? You're busier with your matches than a Lonely Hearts Bureau.

mb

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FIB: Takes a while to break it in, is all. (PUFF PUFF) It'll stay lit after a while. (PUFF PUFF) Say, speakin' of stayin' lit - have we heard from Uncle Dennis lately? (PUFFS)

MOL: No, and I wonder if he --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor La Trivia! Hello, Mr. Mayor!

FIB: Hi - (PUFF PUFF) -La Trivia. (PUFF PUFF) Come in!

GALE: Hello, Molly. Well, new pipe, McGee?

FIB: (PUFFS) Yep, breakin' in a new briar, boy. Doggone it, it's out again! Got a match?

GALE: Here's one. What are you smoking? Eraser crumbs?

MOL: It's a new brand of tobacco, Mr. Mayor. "Old Mustard Mouth", it's called.

GALE: "Old Mustard Mouth", eh? Interesting name. What's it made of - suitcase handles?

FIB: (SCRATCH OF MATCH) No sir, this is a very fine tobacco, boy! (PUFF PUFF) This stuff was made up originally for an English King. William of Orange.

GALE: Orange, eh? (SNIFFS) Yes, now that you mention it, I believe I can smell the rinds.

MOL: You smoke a pipe, don't you, Mr. Mayor? I've seen---- OHHH, look at the smoke now, Your Honor! That's going good now, McGee!

FIB: (PUFFING FRANTICALLY) Yep, finally got it burning! (EXHALE) There! How's that, La Triv?

(2ND REVISION) -9 & 10-

GALE: Well, it's-smoky. But - as I said to Miss Tremayne yesterday. '--  
MOL: Ohhh, Fifi Tremayne! Say, how is she, Mr. Mayor?  
FIB: Yeah - (PUFFING) How's yours and Doc Gamble's romance comin, La Triv? (PUFF-PUFF) You still running a bad second?  
GALE: NO, I'M NOT RUNNING SECOND! For your information, McGee, I spent all Sunday afternoon in the Park with Miss Tremayne! As a matter of fact, I held her hand! Her LEFT hand - to be exact.  
MOL: Good for you! But why not her right hand?  
GALE: Uhh...Doctor Gamble was holding that one..Fifi always enjoys the out-of-doors though - she's quite a nature-lover, you know. Trees and animals.  
FIB: Yeah? (PUFF PUFF) What kind of animal does she like best, La Triv?  
GALE: Uh...mink, I believe.  
FIB: (PUFF-PUFF) *Look at her smoke now!*  
GALE: Oh, say! You just reminded me of an appointment I have downtown, McGee. I'm to address a convention of meat peakers.  
MOL: How in the world did McGee remind you of that, Mr. Mayor?  
GALE: Are you kidding, Molly? With that ham hanging there in a cloud of smoke? GOOD DAY!  
SOUND: *Over Jam*  
ORCH: "NO ORCHIDS FOR MY LADY"  
(APPLAUSE)  
MIL: No. Not until I'm 21. I don't think it would be good for me.

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED)

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SOUND: PUFFING ON PIPE...SCRATCH OF MATCH...PUFFING:  
FIB: I wish I knew how to keep this dad-ratted pipe lit. (PUFF PUFF) I'm gettin' a charley horse in my arm from strikin' matches. HEY, MOLLY..  
MOL: Yes?  
FIB: Has the kid from the drug store been here yet?  
MOL: No, - what's he bringing? A tank of oxygen? Or a pulmotor?  
FIB: Matches. I only got a handful left. Got the original pipeful of tobacco in this pipe, but I've used up enough matches to scare the pants off the Forestry Department.  
MOL: Personally, I think the matches burn with more fragrance than that tobacco. This room smells like--  
SOUND: DOOR CHIME  
FIB: Must be Kremer's delivery kid with the matches. COME IN!  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN  
MOL: Oh hello there, Milton.  
FIB: Hiyah, Milt. Bring me some matches?  
MILT: Sure, here's a whole carton of 'em. You like that Old Mustard mouth tobacco, Mr. McGee?  
MOL: He wouldn't know, Milton. He's only smoked matches, so far.  
FIB: Yeah, I think it's a fine tobacco, Milt. Tell better of course when I get this pipe broke in proper. You don't smoke yet do you, Milt?  
MILT: No. Not until I'm 21. I don't think it would be good for me.

MOL: Very sensible, Milton. It wouldn't be good for you at your age.

MILT: I'll say it wouldn't! My old man would slap the skin offa me. I smoked one of his cigars, once.

FIB: A cigar, eh? Make you sick, Milt?

MILT: No, just kinda dizzy. I went inside and laid down for awhile with everybody cackling at me, and then I woke up and found I was in the henhouse. That cured me, all right.

MOL: Of smoking?

MILT: No. Of wearing my good clothes when I do it. Well, I got to get back to the store. Uncle Ed will beef his brains out.

FIB: Oh I didn't know Kremer was your Uncle, Milt. You just work for him after school, don't you?

MILT: Yes. For pocket money.

MOL: Pocket money?

MILT: Yeah. Uncle Ed won't let me have clothes with pockets in 'em as long as I handle the cash at the soda fountain. So I'm saving up for 'em. Bye now!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Not a bad kid, as kids go, and as kids go, he can. Any time. AHFFF, NOW FOR A GOOD SATISFYING SMOKE!!....Where's those matches?...ah yes...(SCRATCH OF MATCH..PUFF PUFF PUFF)

MOL: Do you have to cross your eyes when you light that thing?

FIB: Yeah, or I can't see the end of the pipe. I think a pipe...(PUFF-PUFF)...is kinda becoming to me, (PUFF-PUFF) don't you, Molly? Ever notice how thoughtful and studious pipe-smokers always look? Mustard Mouth, Molly.

MOL: Yes...but... You got the short end of that offer, Pal. The

FIB: Well, they ain't kidding, tootsie. They're studying about how to keep the dadratted things burning. If I can get it burning proper, you'll...(hand me a match. Thanks)...

(SCRATCH OF MATCH...PUFF-PUFF)...You'll... I guess.

MOL: I'm surprised more criminals don't smoke pipes. You haven't finished a sentence since you started with that thing. What can I say?

FIB: Well, as soon as I get the knack of keeping it burning, I'll bargain offers. Because you're so right! Take the

SOUND: DOOR OPEN offer for instance.

WIL: Hiyah, Molly! Hiyah, Pal! WELL...WHEN DID YOU START SMOKING A PIPE? dealers have a bargain that IS a

MOL: You mean when WILL he start, Mr. Wilcox. As soon as he gets it lit. Give him another three days. offer that

FIB: It's a new pipe, Junior. New pipes don't stay lit good.

WILL: I've got a T.L. for you, Pal. OLD pipes don't stay lit any better...but where'd you get <sup>that</sup> the heater, Pal? Christmas present?

MOL: He got it at Kremer's Drug Store on a bargain offer,  
WIL: Mr. Wilcox. It was free with seven pounds of OLD SADDLE  
BLANKET tobacco. their linoleum bright and gleaming.  
FIB: It was THREE pounds of Old Mustard Mouth, Molly.iful  
WIL: I'm afraid you got the short end of that offer, Pal. The  
only way Kremer can sell that loco weed is to throw  
something in with it. And you'd be surprised what people  
have suggested. also you, Molly - just tell them to check  
MOL: Well, there are all kinds of bargain offers, I guess.  
FIB: MOLLY...FOR GOSH SAKES! DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU -  
WIL: I'm glad you said that, Molly.  
MOL: Said what? What did I say?  
FIB: You said -  
WIL: About bargain offers. Because you're so right! Take the  
New Glocoat offer, for instance - , Pal...That Old Mustard  
FIB: See, Molly? See what you went and - er, what Wilcox the  
WIL: Johnson's Glocoat dealers have a bargain that IS a  
bargain Molly! It's a chance for more people to get  
acquainted with the new 1949 Glocoat - an offer that  
FIB: gives you one-third more of this wonderful self-polishing  
WIL: floor wax, for the same money! Think of it, one-third  
more, at no extra cost --  
SOUND: FOOT SLAM  
FIB: I think he was kidding. This MUST be good tobacco or they  
wouldn't give away a pipe with three pounds of it. They'd  
give you a pipe with ONE pound.

FIB: Yeah, but have you got --- you the pipe AND the tobacco.  
WIL: Of course, Glocoat has always saved housewives time and  
FIB: effort in keeping their linoleum bright and gleaming, like  
Molly - because it shines as it dries to a beautiful  
luster and needs no rubbing or buffing - but now Glocoat  
saves you money, too. anyway, so while I go out in the  
FIB: Got a match, Junior? This pipe is always -  
WIL: So if anybody asks you, Molly - just tell them to check  
FIB: with their nearest dealer for the New offer on the New  
Glocoat with the New Glow! Because the New Glocoat with  
the New Glow ---  
FIB: Hey, hey, hey...Waxey!  
WIL: Yes, Pal? ...POP! ...come in end ... have a cigar,  
FIB: Can you tell me how I can keep this dadratted pipe lit?  
WIL: Sure. Get some different tobacco, Pal...That Old Mustard  
Mouth is no good. My Cousin, Big Meerschaum Wilcox the  
radio actor, - used to smoke that -  
MOL: And what happened to him?  
WIL: His skin turned sort of a mail box green.  
FIB: My gosh, that's awful!  
WIL: Yeah, but he looks sensational on television! Well, see  
you later!  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
FIB: I think he was kidding. This MUST be good tobacco or they  
wouldn't give away a pipe with three pounds of it. They'd  
give you a pipe with ONE pound.

MOL: They could afford to give you the pipe AND the tobacco, just for your match business.

FIB: Yeah. (SCRATCH MATCH) You know, I'm gettin' to kinda like the taste of matches. (PUFF-PUFF-PUFF) One of these days I'm liable to throw the pipe away and just inhale matches.

MOL: That's what you're doing anyway, so while I go out in the kitchen and make some cookies --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME, (PUFF-PUFF) IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble, McGee. Do come in, Doctor!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

FIB: Yeah...(PUFF-PUFF)...come in and (PUFF-PUFF) have a chair, Baby-Spanker.

DOC: Well well, well!!! Look at Big Chief Swamp-Fire sending up smoke signals! What are you burning in that coal scuttle -- carpet fluff?

MOL: It's a tobacco called Old Mustard Mouth, Doctor. But I wouldn't say he was burning it. So far he's barely singed it.

FIB: Can't keep the dad-ratted thing burning, Medicine Ball. (PUFF PUFF) You smoke a pipe?

DOC: No, I don't. I consider a pipe a bulky nuisance. You have to carry a cord and a half of matches, a pipe reamer and scraper, a package of pipe cleaners.... something to tamp the tobacco down with, a pouch of tobacco and an eyebrow pencil.

MOL: EYEBROW PENCIL!

DOC: Yes, if you drive a car and smoke a pipe. You keep burning your eyebrows off.

FIB: You just don't have enough patience, Doc.

DOC: I have enough like you, my boy!

MOL: You ever smoke any of this tobacco? ~~Doctor?~~ Old Mustard Mouth?

*Fib:* *She means you.*  
DOC: No, but I've treated people who have. That's not a bad tobacco, McGee, if you don't mind your hair falling out, your teeth coming loose and an aroma of just having fallen into a vat of dill pickles.

MOL: It does have rather a peculiar fragrance, Doctor.



(2ND REVISION) -18-

DOC: FRAGRANCE!!!! It smells like a hot-box on a cattle train!  
Look, Scatter-Skull. What was the object in taking up  
pipe smoking anyway?

FIB: Oh, I dunno, there's something kinda thoughtful-lookin'  
about pipe smokers. Kinda dignified. Studious.  
Intellectual.

DOC: Oh Eggplant! With that stench-bomb protruding from your  
face, you look about as intellectual as the third man from  
the bottom on a lightning-struck totem pole!

MOL: Well! Heavenly days!!! What a LOVELY insult!

FIB: Doctor, if I wasn't the dignified, pipe-smoking type-

SOUND: TELEPHONE

DOC: I'll get it, Molly. I told my office I'd be here.  
(RECEIVER UP) Hello, Gamble speaking. WHO? Oh yea  
Mrs. Kladderhatch!

MOL: Her, again!

DOC: WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN, MRS. KLADDERHATCH? No, I'm afraid  
those wrinkles are there to stay, Mrs. Kladderhatch.  
No, facial cream won't do a bit of good. Sorry Mrs.  
Kladderhatch. (RECEIVER UP)

FIB: You're a fine guy to consult! You might at least have  
let her down easy...given her a little hope.

MOL: How old is Mrs. Kladderhatch, Doctor?

DOC: About 23.

(2ND REVISION) -19-

FIB: 23!!! AND WORRIED ABOUT A FEW WRINKLES?

DOC: Oh not HER wrinkles? She's having company for lunch and  
wanted to know how she could smooth out some prunes,  
Well, so long, Molly. So long smudge pot!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH AND KINGS MEN: "IF YOU STUB YOUR TOE ON THE MOON"

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

FIB: Who's that?

WIMP: (OFF) It's only me...Wally. What's anybody here?

MOL: Out here in the kitchen, Mr. Wimple.

SOUND: CLINK OF DISHES.....KITCHEN NOISES, BEHIND

FIB: (PUFF....PUFF) Dadrat it...out again! Where's a match, Molly?

MOL: On the sink there, dearie. Watch these cookies now, they're still hot.

SOUND: CLINK OF DISH

FIB: Okay. (SCRATCH MATCH) (PUFF..PUFF..PUFF) Awww, this dadratted thing is harder to break in than the Third National Bank! OUT AGAIN! DOGGONE IT, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS PIPE, ANYHOW?

MOL: It won't burn.

FIB: You said it! But by George, I'll whip this thing yet. I give up cigars and took up a pipe and by George when I give up somethin' and take up somethin', nothin' 's gonna make me give up what I just took up! Either! I'm gonna.....

SOUND: DOOR OPENS....OFF

FIB: Who's that?

WIMP: (OFF) It's only me...Wallace Wimple. Anybody home?

MOL: Out here in the kitchen, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Come on out, Wimp. (SCRATCH MATCH) (PUFF..PUFF)

WIMP: ...Hello, folks. I was just going to...Ohhhh my, Mr. McGee! Are you smoking a pipe?

FIB: (PUFF...PUFF...PUFF)

MOL: He's trying to, Mr. Wimple...but the pipe won't cooperate. The score so far is one teaspoonful of tobacco and one washtub full of matches.

FIB: Havin' a little trouble gettin' this baby to burn, Wimp. (PUFF...PUFF) Gotta get it broke in! (~~PUFF~~)

WIMP: My, I just love to see a man with a pipe. I had a pipe one time, Mrs. McGee. (SIGHS) But no more!

MOL: Did you lose it, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Noooo....I was going out with my pipe in my mouth one time and Sweetface said...Sweetface, that's...Mrs. Wimple.

MOL: Yes, we know.

WIMP: Sweetface said "Wallace, you didn't kiss me goodbye." So I quick turned around and kissed her, without taking the pipe out of my mouth. Sweetface lost two front teeth and I lost my pipe.

FIB: That's tough, Wimp.

WIMP: Yes. (SIGHS) And it blew such beautiful bubbles, too!

FIB: Well, I claim (PUFF...PUFF...PUFF) Dadrat the dadratted thing! Out again! (SCRATCH OF MATCH) I'm so full of phosphorus from these matches I'll.....

WIMP: I never will forget the first time I ever smoked, Mrs. McGee. I sneaked out behind the woodshed and made a real cigarette out of Bull Durham!

(REVISED) -22-

MOL: Bull Durham? How did it affect you, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well...(CHUCKLES) Did you ever see the Bull on a package of Bull Durham turn white right before your eyes? I still get embarrassed every time I think of it.

FIB: Nothin' to get embarassed about, boy. Kids all try it... and they all get sick. How old were you?

WIMP: Oh this was just ~~say before~~ yesterday. Say, are those cookies on the sink, Mrs. McGee? Oh, they look wonderful.

MOL: Yes, I just baked them, Mr. Wimple. If you'd like some why....

FIB: (SORE) DADRAT IT...OUT AGAIN...! WHY DON'T THIS DADRATED THING BURN! I'VE STRUCK ENOUGH DADRATED MATCHES TO...DADRAT THE....Where's a match, Molly?

MOL: Now take it easy, dearie. The rest of the matches are in the living room. Personally I wish you'd give it up.

WIMP: Did you ask me if I wanted some cook....

FIB: DADRAT IT I'LL GET THIS THING TO BURN OR KNOW THE REASON WHY! (FADING) No dadratted two-bit briar is gonna lick me. I'll.....

WIMP: Ooooo, doesn't he get excited? Say, did you ask if I wanted some....

MOL: Ahhh, there goes a good kid, Mr. Wimple! (CHUCKLES)  
And stubborn as a bluenosed mule!

WIMP: Yes, did you ask if I wanted some cook....

MOL: He knows that I know that the worst mistake he ever made was letting the man at the drug store give him that pipe. But will he admit it? Will he?

(REVISED) -23 & 24-

WIMP: I'm sure I don't know, Mrs. McGee...but did you ask if I wanted some...

MOL: Of course he won't!

WIMP: ....cookies?

MOL: He'll keep striking matches till...Oh say, Mr. Wimple.. I baked a batch of cookies today. They're there on the sink if you'd like to...

WIMP: OH, THANK YOU, MRS. MCGEE! (CLINK OF PLATE) They look lovely! I'd better take some for after while, too, because.....

FIB: (OFF) HEY, MOLLY! I GOT IT! I GOT THIS PIPE DEAL WHIPPED NOW, KIDDO! I GOT THE SECRET!

MOL: You what, McGee? Got what secret?

FIB: HOW TO KEEP FROM HAVIN' TO LIGHT THIS PIPE EVERY MINUTE! COME HERE, I GOT IT GOING NOW, MOLLY!

MOL: Good for you. I'm coming.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

WIMP: (FADING) I'll stay here and watch the cookies, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: What did you do, dearie...what is it?

FIB: (FADING IN) I finally solved it, tootsie! I finally got this dadratted pipe to burn! Ahhhh, this is great!

MOL: I don't even see the pipe...where is it?

SOUND: CRACKLE OF FLAMES

FIB: Right there, kiddo...in the fireplace! It's been burning for five minutes now, and my pipe troubles are over! Gimme one more match, so I can light a cigar!

ORCH: "YOU BROKE YOUR PROMISE"....FADE FOR:  
(APPLAUSE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment. (CUT-IN CUE)  
Now, let me remind you, please. For a very limited time...  
the makers of Johnson's Wax are making an unprecedented  
bargain offer to introduce you to new 1949 Glo-Coat.  
You can get a can of Glo-Coat...the wonderful new  
Glo-Coat with the bright 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 floors  
and linoleum...you will save money by doing it.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

TAG

(2ND REVISION) -26-

MOL: McGee, why have you got all the windows wide open?  
FIB: I'm smokin' a cigar, kiddo. And I remember what you  
always say about the smell of my cigars.  
MOL: Well, close the windows and move your chair over near  
to me. PUFF HARD AND BLOW THE SMOKE MY WAY!  
FIB: (AMAZED) Huh?  
MOL: After that pipe and Old Mustard Mouth tobacco, your  
cigars smell wonderful.  
FIB: They're really pretty awful.  
MOL: I know. I was speaking comparatively.  
FIB: Oh. Goodnight.  
MOL: Goodnight, all!  
MUSIC: TAG 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? Goodnight.  
MUSIC: UP AND BOARD FADE FOR

(SWITCH TO HITCHHIKE STUDIO)

ANNCR: Both detectives and housewives look for fingerprints on furniture. Detectives love to find them. Housewives hate the sight of them.

That's why so many women are using 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 large table in a minute or two. That's because it not only cleans in a moment. It dries in a moment. So you can polish your table 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.

MUSIC: UP

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

(CHIMES)

pb

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

APRIL 19, 1949

6:30 -