

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

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 Wax "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" McGee and
Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur
Q. Bryan, Dick LeGrand, Bud Stefan, and me,
Harlow Wilcox. **FOR**
JOHNSON'S WAX
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:~~

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

file

#30

FIBBER AND MOLLY
4/25/49

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: **THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE**
Fibber and Molly join us in a moment -- If you haven't
AND MOLLY!!
taken advantage of the new 1949 Glo-Coat money-saving

ORCH: ~~THEME ... FADE FOR:~~ you'd better do it right away. Because

these twin cans are going fast. Now here's how this
WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self
money-saving bargain works. You get one can of Johnson's
Polishing Glocoat present Fibber McGee and
self polishing Glo-Coat at half price when you buy one
Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur
can at the regular price. Buy either pints or quarts.
Q. Bryan, Dick LeGrand, Bud Stefan, and me,
you save 29 cents on the twin pints; 49 cents on the twin
Harlow Wilcox.
quarts. We offer this bargain in beauty because we want
The Script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie -
you to know how much better the new 1949 Glo-Coat is for
Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'
floors and linoleums. We want you to see how much more
Orchestra!

ORCH: ~~THEME UP AND FADE FOR:~~ brightly the new Glo-Coat shines, how much longer it
and we're sure you'll like it. In fact,

we're so sure, we make this guarantee. If you're not
convinced that the new Glo-Coat is the finest self
polishing wax you have ever used, we will refund every
cent you paid, plus postage.

Remember -- on this big bargain in beauty you save 29
cents on every pair of pints...49 cents on every pair of
quarts. And you'd better hurry...because those twin
quarts and pints are going fast. Tomorrow, ask your
dealer for the new 1949 Johnson's Glo-Coat.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

FIBBER AND MOLLY

4/26/49

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment -- If you haven't taken advantage of the new 1949 Glo-Coat money-saving twin can sale...you'd better do it right away. Because those twin cans are going fast. Now here's how this money-saving bargain works. You get one can of Johnson's self polishing Glo-Coat at half price, when you buy one can at the regular price. Buy either pints or quarts. You save 29 cents on the twin pints; 49 cents on the twin quarts. We offer this bargain in beauty because we want you to know how much better the new 1949 Glo-Coat is for floors and linoleums. We want you to see how much more brightly the new Glo-Coat shines, how much longer that shine will last. And we're sure you'll like it. In fact, we're so sure, we make this guarantee. If you're not convinced that the new Glo-Coat is the finest self polishing wax you have ever used, we will refund every cent you paid, plus postage. Remember -- on this big bargain in beauty you save 29 cents on every pair of pints...49 cents on every pair of quarts. And you'd better hurry, because those twin quarts and pints are going fast. Tomorrow, ask your dealer for the new 1949 Johnson's Glo-Coat.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

(SECOND REVISION)

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WILCOX: THERE'S AN OLD SAYING - "MAN WORKS BUT FROM SUN TO SUN; BUT WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE!" THEN THERE'S ANOTHER OLD SAYING - "IF YOU WOMEN WOULD JUST ORGANIZE YOUR WORK LIKE WE MEN DO, AND SO FORTH, AND SO FORTH." LISTEN TO THE ORGANIZER, AS WE MEET -

- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Of course you got time to read the mail, kiddo. Just relax! You don't see ME gettin' in a lather just because I got a few little jobs hangin' over me, do you?

MOL: What little jobs were you speaking of?

FIB: Well, my gosh, I gotta put new laces in my bowling shoes, I gotta run to the hardware store and get a new plug for the bathtub so I can fix the alarm clock. I gotta take the....

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE! What's getting a new plug for the bathtub got ot do with fixing the alarm clock?

FIB: Well gee whizz, baby, you know how I always fix clocks and watches and delicate stuff. I put the plug in the tub, strip to the pink, get into the tub and fix 'em. Don't lose any parts that way. COME ON, LET'S READ THE MAIL.

MOL: Look, dearie. You take the mail in the other room so I can clear the breakfast dishes. My work will pile up today so badly -

FIB:

MOL:

WITH A BOWLING BALL!

(SECOND REVISION)

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FIB: NOW, NOW, NOW...TAKE IT EASY, SNOOKY!' Don't get your teeth in a turmoil. Why don't you organize your housework? Get it on a schedule?

MOL: (WEARILY) Dearie, if I had 15 cents for every time a husband has said that to his wife, I could buy the Hope diamond and use it for a back scratcher. HOUSEWORK SIMPLY DOES NOT ORGANIZE.

FIB: Oh clamjuice!...ANYTHING organizes! You just gotta get it onto a schedule and cut out the waste motion. Efficiency, that's --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!!!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh it's the janitor from the Elk's Club, McGee. Good morning, Ole!

FIB: Hiyah, Ole!

OLE: Hello, McGee. Hello, Mrs. I just stopped by on my way to work to bring back your bowling ball, McGee.

FIB: Oh, thanks, Ole!

OLE: Thank you for letting my Mrs. use it. She win first prize with it.

MOL: Does your wife bowl that well, Ole?

OLE: Oh my Mrs. she don't bowl at all, Mrs. She won first prize in a flower show.

FIB: A FLOWER SHOW...

MOL: WITH A BOWLING BALL?

(REVISED)

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OLE: Yes, she just arranges it in the thumb-holes with cherry blossoms and puts a little sign on it, says "LIFE IS JUST A BALL OF CHERRIES." Anyway, thanks very much. I got to go now past the high school and get my wrist watch.

MOL: You have more strange errands, Ole. Why is your wrist watch at the high school?

OLE: Well, last week my boy Lars is in a track meet. Hundred yards dash. Pole jump, sitting broad jump -

FIB: You mean STANDING broad jump, Ole.

OLE: Starting, he stands up. Finishing, he sits down. Anyway the coach busts his stop watch and I let him borrow my

FIB: wrist watch. For nothing, of course.

MOL: You mean ---? work on an efficiency basis?

OLE: Sure. Like always. I was just donatin' my time. So long, McGee. Good morning, Mrs!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Now then - what were we talking about?

MOL: YOU were talking about getting my housework on an efficiency basis. One of the GRIMMEST Fairy Tales I ever heard.

FIB: Oh it can be done, cutie. And I'm just the guy that can

MOL: do it! How will you make out a schedule, dearie?

MOL: (ALARMED) OH NO!!...NO, MCGEE!...NO!...PLEASE!...LOOK-take?

FIB: I ESTIMATE IT!!! THEN, FROM DAY TO DAY, I CONSTANTLY RE-ESTIMATE, I FIND NEW WAYS TO SAVE TIME. FROM DAY TO DAY I WHITTLE DOWN EACH OPERATION TO A BARE MAXIMUM!

FIB: Think nothing of it, Tootsie. All I gotta do is take a pencil and paper and lay out the work, see? Time each operation. So many minutes for this...so many seconds for that. WHERE'S A PENCIL AND PAPER?...HERE...NOW FIRST I'LL ---

DOOR CHIME: You probably mean, "epidemic".

MOL: COME IN! I mean that "epidemic" business, Tootsy Thumper! I

DOOR OPEN: ain't so ignorant that I don't know an epidemic is

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

DOC: Thank you, my dear. Hello, Eggface. What are you doing with the pencil and paper? Learning to spell "CAT"?

FIB: For your information, Maternity Brother, I'm gonna put Molly's housework on an efficiency basis. A schedule. As it is now, it's all kinda haphazard.

DOC: What impertinence!!! YOU telling MOLLY her own business! You're the type that would tell Mother Nature how to make a sunset.

FIB: Oh yeah? Well, I can save Molly at least four hours a day with this schedule I'm gonna make out! In fact, I can save her ALL DAY today, because I'm gonna do the work myself today!

MOL: Just how will you make out a schedule, dearie, until you've done everything at least once and seen how long it takes?

FIB: I ESTIMATE IT!!! THEN, FROM DAY TO DAY, I CORRECT THE ESTIMATE, I FIND NEW WAYS TO SAVE TIME. FROM DAY TO DAY I WHITTLE DOWN EACH OPERATION TO A BARE MAXIMUM!

DOC: I wish you wouldn't mention "operations" and "whittling" in the same breath. You make me self-conscious.

FIB: Well, this is a challenge, Dockey. It's as much of a challenge to me, as it would be to you if a strange new epidermis broke out in town.

DOC: You probably mean, "epidemic".

FIB: Don't gimme that "epidemic" business, Tootsy Thumper! I ain't so ignorant that I don't know an epidemic is a needle that you shoot people in the arm with. That's full of sterile water and you tell 'em it's a rare medicine that costs 18 bucks a shot!

MOL: That's a HYPODERMIC, McGee.

FIB: Yeah?(LAUGHS) Who's bein' kidded? A hypodermic is a guy that always imagines he's sick.

DOC: You are now talking about HYPOCHONDRIACS. (Long may they live.)

FIB: I am? Then what did I say wrong in the first place?

MOL: You said something about an epidermis breaking out.

DOC: Epidermis is SKIN.

FIB: Can't your skin break out?

DOC: Well-1-1--yes, but --

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FIB: THEN I WAS RIGHT, WASN'T I? NOW ONE SIDE, PLEASE, KIDS.
I GOTTA GET TO WORK. I'M GONNA SHOW MOLLY AND THE WORLD
JUST WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT HOUSEWORK..I MAY EVEN WRITE
A BOOK ABOUT IT!

DOC: Look, Latherhead would you have time to appear on one
radio show?

MOL: My goodness, that's a wonderful idea! I'm sure he would,
Doctor.

FIB: ^{What show?} Doc.. If I can bring this message of efficiency
to housewives on a national basis, I'll be happy to do
it. What program do you think I'd be best on?

DOC: "People are Phony". "Morning, Molly!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now lemme see....CLEARING BREAKFAST DISHES...NINE
MINUTES....WASHING BREAKFAST DISHES, TWELVE MINUTES,
THIRTY SECONDS...PICKING UP THE PIECES OF THE BREAKFAST
DISHES I BUSTED DOING THE BREAKFAST DISHES, FOURTEEN
MINUTES----Make Beds...eight minutes, 11 seconds...;

ORCH: "I'M GONNA WASH THAT MAN RIGHT OUT OF MY HAIR"

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Say, what were you doing to the washing machine while ago?
I saw your tools ^{laying there} something wrong with it?
FIB: I'll say, and I lost plenty of time off my schedule with
that dadratted thing, too! Wouldn't run. I hadna take it
completely apart before I found the trouble.

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MOL: What was the trouble? SECOND SPOT

CLATTER OF WASHING DISHES, BEHIND

FIB: (SINGS) "OH, I HAD A LITTLE HEN, WHO GOT IN THE

MOL: FRIGIDAIRE..SHE GOT FRIGHTENED BY AN ICE CUBE - NOW HER

FIB: EGGS ALL COME OUT SQUARE!...Ohh, the monkey and the
cocoanuts - "Irty, and I busted it four and a half minutes

MOL: (FADING IN) My goodness,, you're a busy little bee, dearie!

MOL: I haven't seen you in such a bustle since you were Aunt

FIB: Sarah's old formal to the masquerade.

FIB: (VERY BRISK) Can't talk to you now, Molly! Gotta keep on
schedule, you know! Drop back 7 minutes from now, tootsie-
when I get the dishes finished. I can give you 3 minutes,
and 8 seconds then, and --

MOL: Ohh, for goodness sakes - go ahead with the dishes while we

MOL: talk! You don't have to stop the train just to blow the
whistle! we can get some. COME IN!

CLINK OF CHINA AND SPLASH OF WATER NOW AND THEN, BEHIND:

FIB: Well, on a deal like this you gotta be efficient, kiddo.

MOL: I got our washing washing in the washing machine, while I
do the dishes see, and --

MOL: Say, what were you doing to the washing machine while ago?
I saw your tools ^{laying there} something wrong with it?

FIB: I'll say, and I lost plenty of time off my schedule with
that dadratted thing, too! Wouldn't run. I hadna take it
completely apart before I found the trouble.

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MOL: What was the trouble?
FIB: Wasn't plugged in. After I plugged it in, it OOPS!
SOUND: CRASH OF DROPPED PLATE
MOL: Ohhhh, dear! I hope that wasn't one of my good plates!
FIB: Don't worry, it was an old one. There was only one of your good plates dirty, and I busted it four and a half minutes ago
MOL: Oh great! Look, why don't you let me finish the -
FIB: You sit down and watch, kiddo! I'm goin' great! I already saved fifteen seconds on my schedule by only droppin' dirty plates, see? At three seconds a plate to wash 'em, if I drop clean plates that I've already washed, I lose more time -
SOUND: DOOR CHIME - OFF
MOL: This is probably the editor of Good Housekeeping - to tell us where we can get some. COME IN!
SOUND: DOOR OPENS - OFF
FIB: Nope, it's Milt, from Kremer's Drug Store. I phoned for some benzine and - OUT HERE, MILT! IN THE KITCHEN!
MOL: Come on out, Milton.
MILT: (FADING IN) Hello, Mrs. McGee. I rushed the benzine right over, Mr. McGee. I give service!
FIB: Thanks, Milt. Set it there.
MILT: Uncle Ed - he doesn't like me to take tips, but well...

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MOL: He sent you to the right place then, Milton! What's the benzine for, McGee? You're not going to dry clean those dishes?
FIB: Nope, I gotta fill my cigar lighter. I been wastin' too much time strikin' matches.....
SOUND: CLINK OF DISHES
MILT: I carry a cigarette lighter, Mr. McGee. See it? Uncle Ed says when I'm twenty-one I can put fluid in it!
FIB: That's fine. They're very efficient, Milt.
MILT: I'm efficient too, Mr. McGee. You take jerkin' soda. I save a lot of time by just slidin' drinks down the counter to people, instead of carryin' them down. Or I will when I learn how to do it, without tippin' 'em over.
FIB: Do you spill many that way, Milt?
SOUND: CLINK OF CHINA
MILT: Well, not all of 'em. It's tricky, though. Gosh, the mayor went out of there yesterday with one choc malt in him, and three of 'em ON him!

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MOL: Heavenly days..the Mayor!

MILT: Oh, I only charged him for one, of course..The main thing is I don't get discouraged. I stick with it. I don't give up.

FIB: That's a good trait, boy!

MILT: Yeah, I better get back to work now, though, and help Uncle Ed unpack stock. We sold so many pills this week the store has a Vitamin deficiency. See you!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: He's a nice youngster, isn't he, dearie?

SOUND: CLINK OF DISHES

FIB: Yeah, he's got the same trouble all kids have, though, he's growin' up. If kids would stay kids, the world wouldn't be in such a....

SOUND: RING OF ALARM CLOCK....KILL IT

MOL: For goodness sake! What's the alarm clock for?

FIB: Tells me when my time's up. I set it for 12½ minutes when I started the dishes...that means I'm through dishwashin' now, see? Where's my schedule? Oh yes..

MOL: But McGee, you've still got half a pan full of dirty dishes.

FIB: Look! When I make out a schedule, I stick to it! Let 'em soak. I'll get 'em later.

MOL: All right, dearie...now what?

(2ND REVISION) -15-

FIB: (CHUCKLES) This next demonstration of efficiency, you're gonna love, tootsie! Watch this now! According to my schedule the next job is to do the kitchen linoleum!!

(PAUSE) (LOUDER) I SAY THE NEXT JOB IS TO DO THE KITCHEN LINOLEUM!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly....did you say something about linoleum, Pal?

MOL: Heavenly days!! Mr. Wilcox!! Popped right out of the woodwork!

FIB: It's about time!

MOL: What is this, anyhow? Do you carry radar, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: (CHUCKLES) No, I got a message at the office that Fibber wanted to see me in 12½ minutes. So I rushed right out here. Brief me, Pal.

FIB: I'm organizing the housework, Junior. I got it all scheduled, see, but the next item on my list is givin' me a little trouble. It's about the linoleum.

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WIL: Pal, you called the right man!

MOL: I hope so. I'd hate to think, after all these years -

WIL: By an odd coincidence, I just happen to have with me a container of Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat - the finest wax protection for your linoleum that money can buy!

FIB: Show us how it works, Junior. Let's see the -

WIL: I brought it along to show a housewife out on Oak Street. She called me about the great new bargain offer the Johnson Wax Dealers are featuring right now - the big get-acquainted offer that gives you more of this wonderful new 1949 Glocoat for the same money! ONE-THIRD more Glocoat, in fact, at no extra cost.

FIB: Very interesting, Junior, but let's not waste time. My schedule -

WIL: I told her all she had to do was ask her nearest Johnson Wax Dealer about this exciting new ~~money-back~~ offer. How she'll not only get a brighter Glocoat shine than ever before, but she'll also get MORE of this great floor polish for the SAME money!

FIB: But how does the stuff work, Junior? On a tight schedule like I got here, if I gotta stop to buff it and polish it...

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WIL: Oh, you're kidding, Pal! Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat doesn't need any rubbing or buffing! It shines as it...Look, suppose I start over here by the refrigerator.

FIB: That's it! That's it! Start anywhere!

MOL: At last!!!!

WIL: I simply pour a little out...spread it around with this long-handled applicator that I happen to have under my coat here, and let it dry...

FIB: (SOTTO VOICE) Come on, Molly, in the living room. He'll never miss us now.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...BEHIND

WIL: (FADING) Let it dry in 20 minutes or less to a beautiful luster...that protects and preserves your linoleum as only Glocoat can...

FIB: Look at him pour it out.

MOL: Listen to him spread it around!

FIB: Close the door gently.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

FIB: There! That's what I mean by efficiency, Kiddo!

MOL: I'm convinced.

FIB: I got ten minutes on my schedule for the linoleum. It takes me three minutes to let Wilcox talk himself into doing it for me, thus I save seven whole minutes!

MOL: Wonderful! Let's go to a short movie!

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FIB: I can't dilly-dally, Molly. Gotta stay on schedule!
Gotta be efficient! For the next thirteen minutes and
twenty-two seconds I vacuum the living room rug. Then -

MOL: McGee! What have you done to my vacuum? Where's the bag?

FIB: Too inefficient - I took it off. See this hose here?
I hook this on instead of the bag and hang it out of the
window. *the dust off the carpet fertilizes the roses.*
That way--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

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

GALE: Hello, Molly. McGee.

FIB: Hi, La Triv. Sit down, briefly. According to my
schedule, I can give you one minute and ten seconds, boy!

GALE: I'll settle for the ten seconds, McGee...I've had it.
Good day!

MOL: OH NO, MAYOR. DON'T GO! You just sit right down here and
visit with me awhile. Himself here is on a tighter
schedule than the Berlin Airlift, but I'm loafing.

FIB: I'm puttin' the housework on a business basis, La Triv.
Everything on schedule. Efficiency, boy! You oughta
try it at the City Hall sometime.

GALE: I am trying to get several efficiency measures through
the City council now, McGee. In fact, I had lunch at the
hotel with President Bates of the Council yesterday to
talk about it.

(2ND REVISION) -19-

MOL: Bates? Isn't he the man who fought you so hard the last
time you ran for mayor, Mr. Mayor? And you had lunch with
him?

GALE: Yes. If it will help to improve our government, Mrs.
McGee, I can work with him. Politics, you know, makes
strange bedfellows.

FIB: (PAUSE) How was that again, La Triv?

GALE: Hm? Oh, I merely remarked that politics makes strange
bedfellows. You see..

MOL: Did you have to stay overnight, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Overnight? Where?

FIB: At the hotel, where you had lunch. You said there was
a strange fellow in your bed, so naturally we....

GALE: Oh no, McGee, I didn't mean....

MOL: McGee found a horse in his bed one time at a Legion
Convention, Mr. Mayor, but a bed full of strange
politicians is worse. You can shoot a horse, but a
politician is...

GALE: Uh. Please, just a minute. When I said "Politics
makes strange bedfellows...."

GALE: Yes.

MOL: And when you said "Politics makes strange bedfellows...."

GALE: Yes, but I....

(REVISED)

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FIB: You said a mouthfull, boy, you really did! I went to a political rally in Chicago one time and hadda share a room with two fat Senators and a ward heeler named Beeler. Was there a heeler named Beeler in your room, La Triv, because....

GALE: No. No, there wasn't. I didn't have any room! I didn't say I had a room. THERE WASN'T ANY ROOM AT ALL, UNDERSTAND?

FIB: I'll say we understand, boy! The way them hotels ram six or eight politicians into a room that was built for three brooms and a bucket, there ain't room in the room for anybody! How could you sleep that way La Triv?

GALE: I DIDN'T CREEP THAT WAY! LEAP THAT DAY! HAY!! LOOK, WHEN....

MOL: Now, now, now, Mr. Mayor. DON'T SHOUT! Heavenly days, noise won't settle this.

FIB: No sir! Be calm, boy, like us! We're your friends, La Triv!

GALE: Heaven help me.

MOL: Now! You said you went to a luncheon, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Yes.

MOL: And then you said "Politics makes strange bedfellows."

GALE: Yes, but I....

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FIB: Tell me one thing...was there a ward heeler named Beeler there, because of all the strange bedfellows, he snored louder than....

GALE: (ROARS) THERE WASN'T ANY STRAINED RED-FELLOW! SPRAINED BED-MELLOW! LED-BELLOW! LOOK, WHEN I SAID PULLITICS MAKE STRANGE ODDFELLOWS...STRANGE BED PILLOWS, I... THAT IS...I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A STRANGE ROOM OF FULL POLITICIANS...PULL FOLLITICIANS...MORTICIANS! YOU'RE THE ONE THAT SAID...I DIDN'T...YOU ALWAYS...I... YOU.....McGee!

FIB: Yes, boy.

GALE: I'd like to ask a favor. The Police Department Pistol Team is shooting target practise tomorrow morning. Would you help them out?

MOL: Oh, he'd love to, Mr. Mayor!

FIB: I'll be there, boy!... Say, what do they shoot at, La Triv?

GALE: (NASTY LAUGH) YOU'LL FIND OUT!!! Good day, Molly.

ORCH-AND KING'S MEN: "I WANNA MARRY MARY"

FIB: (APPLAUSE) Oh in, Wimp, you want to get just like you... three minutes and nine seconds. Wimp, go out the small talk and get to the jokes.

WIMP: Hello, folks!

MOL: Wimp, here is putting the housework on an efficiency basis, Mr. Wimp, organizing it.

FIB: How about your wife, Wimp? She always claims her housework gets ahead of her?

THIRD SPOT:

(REVISED) -22-

SOUND: VACUUM CLEANER...UP AND DOWN AND AROUND AND OFF

FIB: There we are, Molly. The vacuuming all done and right on schedule. Took me just 13 minutes and 22 seconds. LOOK AT THAT SCHEDULE, KIDDO! SEE HOW EVERYTHING IS CHECKED OFF?

MOL: It's wonderful! What's the question mark after "MAKE BEDS 8 MINUTES, 11 SECONDS."?

FIB: Well, I got set back a little there. Have to adjust the schedule. Couldn't get the wrinkles out of one bed, so I run down and got the electric iron, plugged it in and ironed 'em out. But I lost 3 minutes movin' the dresser to cover the hole in the rug where I set the iron down when I answered the phone, so consequently I hadda.....

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Well, my goodness, Mr. Wimple...Nice to see you, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Yeah, come on in, Wimp, Old Man! I can just give you three minutes and nine seconds, Wimp, so cut the small talk and get to the jokes.

WIMP: Hello, folks!

MOL: Himself here is putting the housework on an efficiency basis, Mr. Wimple. Organising it.

FIB: How about your wife, Wimp? She always claims her housework gets ahead of her?

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WIMP: You mean, Sweetface, my big old -

MOL: Yes.

WIMP: Well, Sweetface doesn't do any housework, Mrs. McGee. I do it.

FIB: Got it organized, Wimp? Like I have?

WIMP: Oh yes, indeedy, Mr. McGee. I have a wonderful system! I just can't stand the sight of un-made-beds, and dishes in the sink.

MOL: So you get to work and really take care of 'em, eh, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No, I just get my Bird Book and beat it!

FIB: Your what, Wimp?

WIMP: My Bird Book. I go out in the woods and - OHHH, SAY, I found the nest of a blue-faced booby yesterday, too!

MOL: A blue-faced booby ... imagine that!

FIB: Anybody we know, Wimp?

WIMP: A Blue-faced booby, Mr. McGee, is a bird. It's like an Australian Paddle-Raft, except the Paddle Raft has one web foot.

FIB: JUST ONE WEB FOOT?

WIMP: Yes. You see it likes to shove a little stick put into a pond, or river. Then it stands on it with one foot and paddles with the other.

MOL: What if it gets tired and wants to change feet?

WIMP: Oh, the web is detachable, Mrs. McGee. It just pulls it off like a glove and puts it on the other foot. Isn't Nature incomprehensible?

FIB: You said it, kid! But how about this blue-face booby you saw?

WIMP: Oh, that was SO cute, Mr. McGee ... I saw the female sitting on the nest ... about to lay an egg, and ---

MOL: How did you know she was about to lay an egg?

WIMP: Well, the male booby, was walking up and down looking worried - way out on a limb! Oh, birds are SO fascinating. I wrote a poem about them yesterday. I call it "ODE TO DOCTOR GAMBLE".

MOL: And it's about birds? Well, recite it for us, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: All righty. "ODE TO DOCTOR GAMBLE":

NATURE IS SO FULL OF WONDERFUL BIRDS,
TO DESCRIBE THEM I SIMPLY CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT WORDS,
BUT THE OLD FEATHERED FRIEND THAT INTRIGUES ME THE
MOST
IS A LONG-LEGGED BIRD WHO IS FOUND COAST TO COAST
THEY CALL IT A 'STORK', AND YOU'VE SEEN PICTURES,
MAYBE.
OF HIM FLYING ALONG, BRINGING SOMEBODY'S BABY.
A MYSTERIOUS BIRD, WHO GIVES SOME FOLKS A FRIGHT
THEY DON'T SEE HIS BIG BILL TILL HE'S WAY OUT OF
SIGHT!!

Well, I guess my 3 minutes are up now, Mr. McGee.
Goodbye.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Mr. Wimple is quite an ornithologist, isn't he ?

FIB: Well, my gosh, who wouldn't be - stayin' out in the woods all day, studying birds! WELL KIDDO, ACCORDING TO MY SCHEDULE - OOPS! WHERE'S THE VACUUM? OH, HERE!

SOUND: VACUUM CLEANER ON AND OFF FAST

MOL: What was that for?

FIB: Cigar ash. Well, tootsie, that's half of it! - See that schedule? Got the morning chores all checked off!

MOL: Wonderful.

FIB: Now I'll start on the afternoon chores and -

MOL: Look, sweetheart - skip the afternoon chores. Do those tomorrow.

FIB: Huh? Whatcha mean?

MOL: It's half past eight.

FIB: AT NIGHT?

MOL: Yes, and your dinner's getting cold!

FIB: MY GOSH. Time sure does fly when you're on a schedule, don't it?

ORCH: "ONCE AND FOR ALWAYS"...FADE FOR:

(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER AND MOLLY
APRIL 26, 1949

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment.....

Now once again I'd like to remind you. For a very limited time the makers of Johnson's Wax are offering a money saving bargain to introduce you to the new 1949 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.

Ask your dealer for 1949 Glo-Coat right away. You'd better hurry because these twin cans are going fast. Remember....you will not only get a brighter, longer wearing glow on your floors and linoleum...you will save money by doing it.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(END REVISION) -27-

TAG

FIB: Hey, Molly. There was a kid at the door a few minutes ago. I thought he was a magazine salesman at first, but he just wanted to know how you were,

MOL: A young man? Wanted to know how I was?

FIB: Yeah, when I opened the door he says "HOUSE BEAUTIFUL?" And I says she's fine, thanks. And he gimme kind of a dumb look and walked away.

MOL: Thank you, both.

FIB: Not at all. 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)

SCRD: DA...DA...DA

ANNCR: WILCOX...MOLLY...

SOUND: DA...DA...DA

ANNCR: That's all you do (SLIGHT PAUSE) with...

MGR: MUSIC UP TO FINISH

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

(GIMES)

FIBBER AND MOLLY
APRIL 26, 1949

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TAG

SOUND: (THREE QUICK BLASTS FROM A CAR HORN) DA....DA....DA.

ANNCR: Rub it on.

SOUND: (THREE MORE) DA....DA....DA

ANNCR: Wipe it off. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Yes, that's how easy it is with Johnson's Carnu...the wax-fortified auto polish. Because Carnu cleans and polishes your car in one easy application.

First, Carnu cleans your car. Cuts through traffic tarnish and road film that water won't touch.

Second, Carnu polishes your car. Makes the whole body sparkle like new.

Tomorrow, ask for Johnson's Wax-Fortified Carnu...the polish that saves you work while giving your car a Sunday Shine.

Remember, rub it on....

SOUND: DA....DA....DA

ANNCR: Wipe it off....

SOUND: DA....DA....DA

ANNCR: That's all you do (SLIGHT PAUSE) with Carnu.

ORCH: MUSIC UP TO FINISH

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

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND

FOR

JOHNSON'S W

MAY 3rd, 1949

dc