

(REVISED)

file

#32

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

May 10, 1949

6:30 - 7 PM PST

THE JOHNSON'S WAX & MOLLY SHOW
MAY 10, 1949

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:

THE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY SHOW
MAY 10, 1949

(REVISED) -3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment. -- Ladies! This may be the last time we can urge you to take advantage of the big money-saving sale on Johnson's 1949 Glo-Coat. Right now, you save 29 cents on twin pints ... 49 cents on twin quarts. But dealers stocks are going fast because millions of cans have already been sold, so don't delay.

Now here's how the offer 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 linoleum. 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 will like it. In fact, we're so sure, we make this guarantee -- if you're not convinced Glo-Coat is the finest self polishing wax you have ever used, we'll refund every cent you paid plus postage.

Remember -- on the big bargain in beauty you save 29 cents on every pair of pints ... 49 cents on every pair of quarts. Tomorrow ask your dealer for the new 1949 Johnson's Glo-Coat.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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WILCOX:
(CONT'D)

Remember -- on this big bargain in beauty you save 29 cents on every pair of quarts. Thousands of woman have taken advantage of this money saving offer. Why don't you tomorrow, ask your dealer for the new 1949 Johnson's Glo-Coat.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

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WILCOX: WHEN OLE, THE JANITOR OF THE WISTFUL VISTA ELKS CLUB GOT HIS EVICTION NOTICE THE OTHER DAY, THE MEMBERS CALLED A MEETING AND PLANNED A BIG SURPRISE FOR HIM. YOU TAKE A HUNDRED OR SO VOLUNTEER CARPENTERS, WITH TOOLS AND MATERIALS AND ENOUGH COLD DRINKS, AND YOU CAN ^{one} ~~actually~~ BUILD A HOUSE IN ~~3~~ DAY ~~OR TWO~~. WELL, THE FOUNDATIONS ARE ALREADY IN, AND HERE - GETTING READY TO LEAVE FOR THE JOB - ARE THE BOSS FOREMAN AND HIS WIFE --

FIBBER MOGEE AND MOLLY!!!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: We better get organized and get over there, Molly. There'll be a hundred eager Elks on that lot by 9 o'clock -- All swingin' hammers!

MOL: Yes - and a hundred smashed thumbnails by 9:15.

FIB: Aw, don't worry - they can grow new thumbnails. The point is, we're gonna make history! We're gonna build Ole a 5-room house on that lot of his before the sun goes down tonight!

MOL: That WILL make history! How are you going to hold it up?

FIB: The house?

MOL: The sun. It'll go down around seven o'clock, whether you-

FIB: We'll finish, all right - we already got a good start. Every Elk in town is helping and boyoboy, will we get hungry!

MOL: Well, you'll get fed, too. The Ladies Club is with you on this thing, you know.

FIB: Good! Tell 'em for once not to put whipped cream and chopped cherries on everything!

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MOL: We're all bringing sandwiches and Mrs. Kremer is sending plenty of rootbeer. We'll set up a regular little canteen for you boys.

FIB: Bring straws for me, willya? I can't drink out of them canteens - they always dribble down my vest.

MOL: All right, but this kind of canteen -

FIB: And hold out a case of rootbeer for me - I'll get plenty dry bossin' that job. Hafta holler a lot, you know.

Bosses always holler a lot.

MOL: Incidentally, how did you happen to wind up with that "boss" title, anyhow?

FIB: Simple, kiddo. Who promoted all the lumber and concrete and stuff?

MOL: Doctor Gamble and Mayor La Trivia.

FIB: Right! - And who supplied the nails? The hardware store!

MOL: Right! Ole already owned the lot, didn't he?

FIB: Right! Connolly, the Contractor is supplyin' the tools and brought a crew to help!

MOL: So ??

FIB: SO - since everybody else has already done somethin' else, and it was my original idea in the first place - it's only natural I should boss the job. Who else ??

MOL: I see. Well, if lung power will do it, dearie, you'll have that house built and Ole moved in by noon. You can shout louder -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY
5/10/49

(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: Who comes visiting at half past eight? Migosh, I...

COME IN!!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, McGee, it's the Old Timer. Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Hi, Old Timer. We're just about to leave, so...

OLD M: Hello there, kids! Where you goin', Johnny? Someplace?

FIB: Yep...a bunch of us Elks are gonna build a house for
Ole, the janitor at the Club. He owns a lot. see; and
we're gonna...

OLD M: Well, you come to the right man, Johnny! I'll help you!
I useta be a contractor, you know...me and poppa. He
made a fortune buildin' houses, Poppa did! He'd be a rich
man today, if he had any money left. He put it all into
houses and lots though, and couldn't sell 'em.

FIB: Yeah? He wound up land-poor and housebroke, did he?

OLD M: (LAUGHS) That's pretty good, Johnny, but ...Let's skip it!

MOL: Yes, let's. I've got to finish packing these sandwiches
and get them out to the car.

OLD M: I'll help you, daughter. Hey, did I ever tell you kids
about the time me and poppa was puttin' up the Empire
Steak Buildin' and we...

FIB: No, and we got no time to...Hey, wait a minute! You
mean to tell us you and your father put up the Empire
State Building?

(2ND REVISION)-7-8-9-10-

OLD M: I said the Empire STEAK Buildin', Johnny! Packin' house
in East Saint Louis. It was a brick building, see, and
we worked hard and ate big! We'd lay bricks all morning
eat a big batch of cornmeal mush fer lunch, lay some
more bricks, eat some more mush, eat some more mush, lay
some more bricks, eat some mush, lay some bricks, lay
bricks, eat mush...

FIB: Hey, hey, hey, get it built, willya?

OLD M: So we got it built. And then...kids...a very strange
thing happened! Jist as we got through, it upped and
collapsed!

MOL: Heavenly days! You mean the building fell down?

FIB: A brick building? Migosh, what kind of mortar didja use?

OLD M: That was the trouble, Johnny. We had us a batch of
mortar and a batch of mush, see...but come to find out me
and Poppa HAD BEEN EATIN' OUT OF THE WRONG BATCH!!
(LAUGHS) Come on, daughter, I'll help you carry the
lunch baskets out...

ORCH: "ALWAYS TRUE TO YOU IN MY FASHION"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(REVISION) -11-

SOUNDS: HAMMERING AND SAWING, INTERMITTENTLY, OFF MIKE:

FIB: Boy, is Ole gonna be happy when he sees the new house us Elks are building for him! Hand me them blueprints again, kiddo. (RUSTLE OF PAPER)

MOL: Lock, sweetheart -

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Everybody around here but you is working like a deck hand in a hurricane. Why don't you get up off your little fat keg of nails and lend a hand?

FIB: WHO, ME? DO PHYSICAL WORK? With my hands?

MOL: Don't look so shocked. I've known people who ...
OH DOCTOR GAMBLE... HAVE A SANDWICH AND SOME COFFEE?
I'm running the commissary.

DOC: (FADE IN) Not right now, thank you, my dear. What are you scowling at, Sawdust-face?

FIB: These blueprints, Doc. (RATTLE PAPER) You see where this here mullion connects up with the stringer on the 4 by 4's to support the joists where they angle into the studs above the 9 by 12's?

DOC: No.

MOL: You don't, Doctor?

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DOC: No. I can pull up a fat man's shirt, and mark an "X" with my fountain pen exactly over his left kidney, with my eyes shut. But blue prints I don't understand.

FIB: You don't, eh? (HAPPY CHUCKLE) Well, pull up a nail keg, Aspirin-Huckster, and I'll explain 'em to you.

DOC: Save it, Chatterbox. That's out of my department. I'm merely here to pull splinters out of amateur carpenters who slide off the roof and help count the remaining fingers of the boys on the power saw.

MOL: Some of these willing workers are pretty clumsy aren't they, Doctor?

FIB: Clumsy!..you said it, Snooky! I seen one guy -

VOICE: (OFF) OWWW...OOOOH, MY THUMB...!!! HEY DOC...WHERE'S DOC?

MOL: Somebody calling for you, Doctor.

DOC: I know. That's Charley Pitt. He's faking.

FIB: How do you know he's faking?

DOC: Because I've fixed smashed thumbs for him twice today and I happen to know he hasn't got three thumbs.

FIB: Very logical.

MOL: Isn't Charlie Pitt that tall, awfully thin man? He turned sideways to me once and I thought he'd gone home.

DOC: Yes, he hasn't much of a profile. In fact, around the Elk's Club he's known as the Bottomless Pitt....He is one of the -

MAN: (FADE IN) Excuse me, aren't you Doc Gamble?

MOL: Yes, this is Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Yes. You mean to tell me you don't recognize the man who fixed your broken leg last February?

MAN: No. The first time I saw you, you had a mask on your face. And the last time I saw you, I had just got your bill and I couldn't see thru my tears.

FIB: (LAUGHS) You tell him, Marvin. I'm -

MAN: Come on over and look at Wallace Wimple's head, will you, Doc? He hit himself on the head with a hammer.

MOL: Heavenly days!! How does he act?

MAN: Well, I think he's kind of stunned. He keeps calling everybody Sweetface. (FADE) COME ON, DOC ...

SOUND: HAMMERING AND SAWING UP AND FADE FOR:

FIB: (YELLS) ALL RIGHT FELLAS!!!...LET'S GET WITH IT NOW! WE AIN'T GOT ALL WEEK YOU KNOW...LET'S GET OUR BACKS INTO IT!!!...MIX UP SOME MORE MORTAR, MORTIMER!!!...AND YOU, EDDIE....GET BUSY WITH THEM WATER PIPES!!!...COME ON...MOVE NOW!! (ASIDE) Whew...boy, this is quite a job, Molly!!

MOL: It is for the rest of the men all right. But I don't know why somebody doesn't come over here and bop you with a bundle of shingles!

FIB: Why?

MOL: Well, you sit there on that keg and holler orders at 'em, and I haven't seen you personally even drive a nail!

FIB: Look, tootsie, let's face it - there's two kinds of people in the world. Workers and executives. But it keeps changing, see, on account of say a fella starts workin' as a cabinet-maker, for instance. After 25 years he's in the office...an executive. -By that time he gets ulcers and a nervous breakdown. So the doctor tells him to quit work and take up a hobby. So he starts cabinet-makin', while some other ambitious lint-head starts wearin' a necktie and gets his name on the door. See what I mean? No matter how you're classified, it ain't necessarily permanent! Right now, till they catch onto me, I'm an executive type, but OH HIYAH, JUNIOR!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello Molly- hi ya pal!

FIB: Can't spare you but a minute, Junior...I'm very busy checkin' these blueprints...What's on your mind, boy?

WIL: Nothing. I just came over for a cup of coffee and a sandwich.

MOL: Why certainly, Mr. Wilcox. Here you are..(POURING COFFEE)

FIB: Whatcha been workin' on, Junior...the walls or the roof?

WIL: The floors.

MOL: It's hard to break the old habits, isn't it, Mr. Wilcox?

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WIL: Well I guess when I get into a place where there's no furniture, I just naturally start thinking about floors. Then I think about linoleum, and then I think about the big introductory offer ^{the new 1949} on Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat.

FIB: What big introductory offer is that, Junior?

WIL: Well, it's one-third more Glocoat at no extra cost and...

SOUND: BAND SAW LOUD, COUNT OF SIX AND OUT

MOL: You were saying, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I was saying that this is an introductory offer, so more house-wives can find out what a wonderful time and labor saver ^{the new 1949} Johnson's Self-polishing Glocoat...

SOUND: BAND SAW UP AND OUT

WIL:is!

FIB: Well, as soon as Ole gets moved into his new house, Junior, we'll...

SOUND: BAND SAW UP AND OUT

WIL: Yeah...he knows all about Glocoat because he uses it on the floors at the Elk's Club. And the new 1949 Glocoat...

SOUND: HAMMERING LOUD UP AND OUT

WIL: With the new Glōw....

SOUND: BANDSAW UP AND OUT

WIL:in this new bargain offer....

SOUND: HAMMERING UP AND OUT

(2ND REVISION)

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WIL: (FAST)...IS PROBABLY-~~THE-BEST-WAY-TO-GET-REALLY~~
~~ACQUAINTED-WITH-JOHNSON'S-NEW-1949-GLOCOAT-SO-SEE-YOUR~~
~~NEAREST-DEALER~~

SOUND: BAND SAW UP FAST AND OUT QUICK

WIL: ...Today! Well, thanks for the sandwich, Molly. See you later Pal. I've got to get back to work. Gotta finish with those floors.

MOL: What are they, Mr. Wilcox? Pine, or maple?

WIL: Who knows? Either way, it's oak with me. (FADE) See you kids.

SOUND: YELLS AND HAMMERING AND SAWING IN DISTANCE...FADE UNDER

FIB: Ain't it swell the way I got these Elks to turn out for this project, Molly? Strictly a McGee promotion!

MOL: I do think it's wonderful the way everybody is pitching in. Even Milton, from Kremer's Drug Store, is on the roof and...

FIB: Yeah, he's fell off that roof so many times he's gettin' groggy. We're gettin' the job done, though, kiddo and when Ole sees the house I let the boys help me build for him he...

MAN: (YELLS) Hey, McGee!

FIB: Yes, Eck?

MAN: We're about ready to hang the front door. Do we hang it so it swings IN, or OUT?

FIB: Well, now let's be logical, Eck. Ole's not inside the house now, is he?

MAN: Of course not. He doesn't even know about it yet.

dc

FIB: Well, then, if he's OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, he'll naturally want to go IN. So, make the door so it swings in. If he was already in the house when we hung the door, we'd hang it so it'd swing out. If you'd just stop and think these things out, ^{householder} ~~householder~~, you wouldn't have to bother me with trivial details...NOW GET BUSY!!

SOUND: HAMMERING AND SAWING UP AND FADE

MOL: I never knew anybody who could arrive at so many right answers from such wrong premises, McGee. My goodness, anybody knows a front door should...WELL HELLO THERE, MAYOR LA TRIVIA!!

GALE: Hello, Molly.

FIB: HIYAH, LA TRIV. Good of you to pitch in and help us, old man. HAVE A SANDWICH AND A CUPPA COFFEE?

GALE: Er...no thanks. Not yet. I haven't been on the job very long today. Had to run out to the Stitch Fate Hatchery and...

MOL: To the what, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: The Hish Fate Statchery.

FIB: Could you possibly mean the State Fish Hatchery, La Triv?

GALE: Certainly. That's what I said, isn't it?

MOL: Oh. Well, that's quite a ways out of town, Mr. Mayor. You made good time.

GALE: Indeed I did, considering that my car broke down and I had to hitch a fish way out to the hash fitchuary.

FIB: Now wait a minute, boy. This manual labor has got you kinda upset. You had to go out to the State Fish Hatchery...

GALE: I did...

MOL: And your car broke down....

GALE: Yes...so I had to rich a hide way out to the Hate Stitch Fishery.

FIB: Here, son...sit down on this other nail keg...that's it. Now if you were on your way out to the State Hash Fitchery..

MOL: You mean the STISH FATE HATURARY, McGee....

FIB: That's what I said...the STITCH HAT FISHERY.

MOL: That's wrong...it's THE HOT FISH STITCHERY....I MEAN....

FIB: No no no...you're all mixed up, Molly. La Trivia said he was on his way to the Stale Fatch Hishery...

GALE: I SAID I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE STATE FISH HATCHERY. GOOD HEAVENS, MAN, CAN'T YOU GET ANYTHING RIGHT? 'NOW EXCUSE ME...(FADE)...I'M GOING BACK TO WORK...

FIB: Well!...What's he so touchy about? Just because his car broke down and he had to hatch a fish....

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MOL: Ride a hatch...

~~MUSIC: IN HERE ANY TIME~~

FIB: SNITCH A RIDE ALL THE WAY OUT TO THE HATE FISH NAUTRALLY...

MOL: LOOK MCGEE. WHAT HE SAID WAS...

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "RIDERS IN THE SKY"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED)

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SOUND: HAMMERING AND SAWING IN BG...OCCASIONAL SHOUTS...REPEAT

BEHIND

FIB: (YELLS) OKAY, LET'S GET THE REST OF THOSE SHINGLES ON, BOYS! SNAP INTO IT THERE! HEY BILL, GET THOSE WINDOWS HUNG, WILL YA? KEEP MOVING, MEN!

MOL: They can't hear you, McGee, with all that noise.

FIB: That's okay, tootsie - they know I'm hollerin', all right. Keeps 'em on their toes.

MOL: Toes are about all they have left, too. I haven't seen so many smashed fingers since the day --

MAN: (OFF) (AGONIZING HOWL) OWWW! OHH, MY THUMB! DOC! DOC! My thumb!

MOL: Ohh, dear - there goes another one!

FIB: Yeah, it's rough, kiddo! Accordin' to the score I'm keepin' on this nail keg, that's none killed and 37 wounded, so far.

MOL: Thank goodness it's almost finished, McGee. And it's a lovely house!

FIB: Yep. Ole outa be here any minute, too. Mort Toops went to get him and boy, will he ever be surprised.

MOL: Surprised AND delighted! I think this is - oh-oh, look! Somebody's slipping off the roof McGee!! LOOK OUT!

CLAWING AND SCRAMELING SOUND

MILT: (OFF MIKE) HEY, I'M SLIPPIN'! GRAB ME! LOOK OUT! OOOF!

SOUND: THUD OF BODY

MOL: Heavenly days, it's Mr. Kremer's nephew! Milton!

FIB: Yeah. Watch it, Milt, migosh, you almost fell on my sandwich that time.

MILT: Gosh, I'm sorry, Mr. McGee,
FIB: Well, watch where you light! How many falls is that -
five?
MILT: Six, Mr. McGee. I fell off the other side of the roof
once. That's why you only saw five falls. I landed on
the back side.
FIB: That's better than on your head, Milt.
MOL: Did you hurt yourself this time, Milton?
MILT: Well, it didn't exactly help any. I got more lumps than
drug store gravy! But I'm goin' back up there!
FIB: That's the spirit! A few falls don't get us down, boy!
MILT: No sir! When I start somethin' I don't quit till I'm
finished! I don't give up! I stick to it!
FIB: Well, let's see you stick to that roof for awhile!
MILT: Yes sir! I got tenacity! (GROANS) I got a backache, too!
(FADING) HEY, HELP ME ON THE ROOF, SOMEBODY! HOLD THAT
LADDER...
MOL: (CHUCKLE) Wouldn't you like to be that young again, McGee?
FIB: And that foolish? No sir! I'd rather sit right here and
-- what were we talkin' about when Milt lit?
MOL: I was saying how delighted Ole will be with this house.
I think you boys have done a wonderful thing here, McGee.
SOUND: HAMMERING...OFF...BEHIND:
FIB: Aww, it's nothin' any red-blooded American boy couldn't
have done - if he happened to have the brains, foresight,
energy, ambition - talent - and knew as many Elks as I do!
MOL: My hero!

MOL: My hero! And to think you built it without getting up off
that nail keg all day! ~~Except the time you got the splinter~~
~~in your~~
SOUND: HAMMERING...OFF...BEHIND
FIB: Organization, kiddo - that's the secret! A set of blue
prints - somebody to read 'em for me - a contractor to
ignore my orders and tell the men what to do - and zingo!
A house! We'll make history with this!
MOL: Yes. I think it's -- OH-OH, WATCH-IT, MCGEE! THE ROOF!
MILTON! HERE HE COMES AGAIN!
SOUND: CLAWING AND SCRAMBLING
MILT: (FADING IN) HEY, GRAB ME! HELP! I'M FALL -
SOUND: BODY THUD
FIB: Aw, migosh, Milt! Not again!!
MILT: OHHH!..OOOO!
MOL: The poor lad!
FIB: You gotta quit falling in the same spot, Milt. You're
gettin' that ground packed so hard, you'll hurt yourself.
Go back up there now, and show 'em, boy!!
MILT: (GROANING) When I start something Mr. McGee, I don't quit
till I'm finished!
FIB: Good boy!

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MILT: And believe me - I'M FINISHED! Here's your hammer!
(FADING) So long, Mrs. McGee...OHHHH!

MOL: My goodness, look at him limp, McGee. The poor boy.

SOUND: A FEW BANGS WITH A HAMMER AND SILENCE

FIB: Aw, he's okay and - HEY, THEY'RE THROUGH! Come on, let's look ~~at~~ ^{the house} over before Ole gets here and - HEY CONNOLLY!
ALL SET?

CONN: Just finishing up, McGee. Ole can have it any time now.
(CHUCKLES) If we'd had six more regular carpenters instead of those 87 assorted brother Elks of ours, we'd have finished sooner.

FIB: Well, that's okay boy. You were a big help just the same. I'll tell Ole you helped me and - oh, oh, here he comes - here comes Ole! HEY, OLE!

AD LIB SHOUTS: "HELLO OLE!" "HI, OLE"... "LOOK IT OVER, OLE" ... ETC.

FIB: (FAST) I'LL TELL HIM, FELLOWS! PIPE DOWN! I'LL TELL HIM!

OLE: (FADING IN) Well, hello, gentlemen. Somebody sent for the janitor from the Elks Club and here I am. Who sent?

MOL: Hello, Ole.

OLE: Hello, Mrs.

FIB: I sent, Ole. On behalf of all my fellow members of the Wistful Vista Elks Club, Ole - I want to ---

OLE: Just a minute, McGee. Don't make speeches to Ole after 5 o'clock. I don't hafta listen after 5 o'clock, you know.

AD LIB: LAUGHS AND CHATTER

(2ND REVISION) -24 & 25-

MOL: Well, it IS almost six o'clock now, Ole. But you see -

OLE: That's just the point I make, Mrs. When the Wistful Vista Elks calls - Ole comes! BUT - I'm not gittin' no wages after 5!

FIB: All right, all right, we know that! But look! This house! We built it!

CROWD CHEERS AND YEAS

FIB: When we found out you were being evicted, Ole - I told the boys about you owning a lot out here - so we decided to build you a house, boy!

OLE: Me? You build a house for me? I ... I ... you build a house for me? (MOVED) Oh, gentlemen, I ... I don't know what to say.

MOL: (CHUCKLES) That's all right, Ole! They loved doing it!

FIB: Certainly! So here it is, boy - IT'S ALL YOURS! YOUR OWN HOUSE!!

CROWD CHEERS

OLE: This is ... it's my house? This house?

FIB: YES SIR! YOUR OWN HOUSE ON YOUR OWN LOT! YOU LIKE IT?

OLE: Yeah, sure, it's wonderful, McGee. There's just one thing wrong with it.

FIB: Huh? What's that, Ole?

OLE: MY LOT IS ACROSS THE STREET!

FIB: WHAT?

OLE: Sure - you ^{poor fellow} ~~has~~ been just donatin' your time!

CROWD MOANS INTO:

ORCH: "RED ROSES FOR A BLUE LADY"

APPLAUSE

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
Tuesday, May 10 1949

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment ----- We don't know which is more important -- The beauty of the new 1949 Glo-Coat, or the bargain we're offering to introduce it. Anyway, here's how this money-saving bargain works.

You can get one can of ^{Johnson's} self polishing 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 cents when you buy twin pints.... 49 cents when you buy twin quarts.

Ask your dealer for 1949 ^{Johnson's} 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

TAG

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FAST UP ON PORCH .. DOOR OPENS .. CLOSES

MOL: Well..I'm glad you finally got home, McGee. I was getting worried, because -- HEAVENLY DAYS....YOUR FACE IS ALL BRUISED!

FIB: Yeah....I..er....Well, when they seen I'd made a little mistake about Ole's lot, the Elk's decided to take up a collection and move the house across the street. So they passed the hat.

MOL: But how did you get so battered up?

FIB: It was my hat. They passed it around with my head still in it!

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Yeah! 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? Goodnight!

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY

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NETWORK CLOSING TAG MAY 10, 1949

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) That's how easy it is with
JOHNSONS CARNU...The auto polish that saves you work...
while giving your car a Sunday shine.

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.

Yes, cleaning a car can be a hard job. But not with CARNU.
Because CARNU cleans and polishes your car in one easy
application. Tomorrow, ask your nearest service station
or dealer for JOHNSONS CARNU.

Just rub it on...

SOUND: THREE QUICK BLASTS FROM A CAR HORN.....DA-DA-DA

ANNCR: Wipe it off

SOUND: THREE MORE.....DA-DA-DA

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

ORCH: MUSIC UP TO FINISH

THIS IS N. B. C. THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
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