

#2
(REVISED)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, September 20, 1949

5:30-6:00 PM PST

5:30:40 — 5:31:40 — 1:00

5:46:05 — 5:47:05 — 1:00

5:56:40 — 5:57:20 — 1:00

5:59:40 — 5:59:15 — 2:30

3:25

-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:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
9/20/49

-3-

WILCOX: Do you remember how hard women used to work -- shining and polishing their linoleum floors? If so, you'll know why Johnson's smooth-spreading, quick drying Glo-Coat is the world's most popular floor polish. You'll know why it outsells any other brand of self-polishing floor wax by more than two to one. For Glo-Coat is self-polishing...actually polishes itself as it dries. You just spread it on..let it dry..and watch a shimmering waxed luster creep over your floor as if by magic. That's not all-- Glo-Coat protects linoleum from wear, covers it with a hard, brilliant, coating that also makes it easier to clean. But the big thing you get from Glo-Coat is shine--without polishing. And the shine you get now, from Johnson's new Glo-Coat is bright--really bright. In fact, almost twice as bright now as ever before.....so--why not save wear..save work..get a brilliant shine on your linoleum..with Glo-Coat--G-I-O-C-O-A-T. That's Johnson's new Glo-Coat..at your dealers in the familiar yellow container with the bright red band.....

ORCH: BRIDGE

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: WHEN MRS. MCGEE, OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, ANNOUNCED THAT SHE HAD A LOT OF HOUSEWORK TO DO TODAY, MR. MCGEE DID A VERY THOUGHTFUL THING FOR HER. HE WENT DOWNTOWN AND STAYED THERE!! BUT...THE PEACE AND QUIET IS ALL OVER NOW, BECAUSE HERE HE COMES BOUNDING UP THE FRONT STEPS WITH A NEWSPAPER IN HIS HAND, AS WE JOIN....

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FAST STEPS UP ON PORCH....DOOR OPENS...SLAMS

FIB: (EXCITED) HEY, MOLLY, MOLLY, WHERE ARE YOU? Oh, there you are. Boyoboy, take a gander at this story in the paper, kiddo...this is the...

MOL: (SLIGHTLY OFF) McGee.

FIB: Huh?

MOL: I'm in here. That's the hat rack you're talking to.

FIB: Oh. (CHUCKLES) I wondered why you were wearing your hat over one ear...But look, how would you like for me to come trotting home this afternoon with a thousand bucks in my pocket, tootsie?

MOL: With how many policemen closing in on you?

FIB: Don't worry, this is legitimate. (RATTLES PAPER) Here's the whole story right here on Page One. See this picture?

MOL: Who is it? Oh (READS) "Martin M. Middleton, Millionaire Mustard Manufacturer, Visiting our City.". Yes, but...

FIB: Take a good look at that puss, pet...because he's the guy that when I see him this afternoon, I'm the one he's gonna give a thousand bucks to me!

MOL: (PAUSE) How was that again?

FIB: I says Old Man Middleton is travelin' around the country lookin' for a new advertising slogan for Middleton's Mustard.

MOL: Yes, but -

FIB: AND - it says here that he'll pay a thousand bucks cash for the right one! Where's a pencil? Where's some paper? I wanta jot down a couple of dynamite ideas before I forget 'em - as soon as I can think of some.

MOL: There's a pencil on the desk, but -

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Just a minute, dearie. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Hello there, kids! What's up, Johnny?

FIB: Just getting ready to think up some advertising slogans, Old Timer. For Middleton's Mustard.

OLD M: Mustard, eh? Aw, Johnny - you'll never cut it! (CHUCKLES)

FIB: Never mind the corny cracks! Besides, what do you - HEY! That might be an idea for a slogan at that! "IF YOU WANT TO CUT THE MUSTARD AS A HOSTESS - SERVE MIDDLETON'S!"

Where's a pencil, Molly? I better write that down before -

MOL: No, McGee, no!

FIB: Well, okay, but -

OLD M: Glad to help you out, son. I useta be in the ad game myself, you know. Had quite a high position with a big outfit in Chicago.

FIB: You did? What was your outfit?

OLD M: A pair of ten-foot stilts and a sandwich board, Johnny. I was sensational!

MOL: My goodness, I'd like to have seen you on those stilts. I've always wondered how those fellows walk around without breaking their necks.

OLD M: You wondered? HEH! I took more bad spills than a fat girl with weak ankles in a Roller Derby! I had me some very interesting experiences on them stilts, though kids.

FIB: Yeah?

OLD M: Did you ever get your face slapped through a second story window, Johnny?

FIB: No, but I've had my shins kicked under a bridge table. Now look, I'm trying to -

OLD M: I carried a sign advertisin' salted peanuts fer awhile, but I finally give it up and went to work in a bakery.

FIB: I see. You got tired working for peanuts and started makin' real dough, eh? (CORNY LAUGH - PAUSE) Migosh, doncha get it Molly? It's a complicated pun, based on the similarity of-

MOL: TAINT FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: Oh. Too subtle, eh? Well, anyhow -

MOL: Yes sir... No sir... Yes sir... I was talking Uncle Ed yesterday...

OLD M: Personally, I found it very amusin', daughter, BUT....I gotta get home now and rest up. Got a long, dreary evenin' of TV ahead of me.

MOL: Oh, television?

OLD M: Nope...Tessie Vandersnap, a old girl friend. Very boring character. So long, kids.

DOOR SLAMS

FIB: I better sharpen some pencils and get goin' here, kiddo. As soon as I read this newspaper story, I phoned Old Man Middleton at the hotel and told him to do nothin' till he heard from me, see?

MOL: Very thoughtful. What did he say?

FIB: Don't worry...he'll change his attitude when he reads the kind of slogans I'll dream up. Hand me a ream of paper out of the hall closet there, willya, while I get something to eat. I think better when...

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Hold everything, dearie. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, for goodness sake, it's Mr. Kremer's nephew!

FIB: Well, what do you know, Milt Spilk!

MOL: Come in, Milton!

MILT: Hello, Mrs. McGee...Hi, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hi, Milt. Everything okay at the Drug Store? Didja work this summer? You back in school now?

MILT: Yes sir...No sir...Yes sir...I was telling Uncle Ed yesterday...

MOL: Uncle Ed? ~~What's~~ Mr. Kremer, you mean?

MILT: Yes mam. He isn't really my uncle, actually. I just call him Uncle Ed because he and my grandmother were brothers. And sisters.

FIB: Both of them?

MILT: Yes sir. You see - Uncle Ed's mother was a Meriwether - of the Boston Meriwethers, only she married a Democrat.

MOL: I see.

MILT: Then Uncle Ed married a girl named Hannegan - but you see, my grandmother was a Butler.

FIB: What was your grandfather - an upstairs maid?

MILT: No - his name was Hudson, Mr. McGee. He was real fat.

FIB: Oh, I've heard of Hudson's Bay. Well, I'd like to hear more about your family tree sometime, Milt, but I gotta get to work.

MILT: Oh, I can't stay anyhow, Mr. McGee. I just stopped in to see if I left some medicine here last summer.

MOL: Last summer?

MILT: Before you left on vacation, I had some medicine for Mrs. McDonald and I left it someplace. Uncle Ed lost the prescription and Doctor Gamble forgot what he wrote, so we been waiting for you to come back so I could deliver it.

MOL: Heavenly days, Milton, what was months ago! What happened to Mrs. MacDonald?

MILT: Well, she finally got tired of waiting for it, and she went ahead and got well, anyhow. Boy, was Uncle Ed sore!

FIB: Yeah, that's tough on the drug business. Well, if you left anything here, Milt - it's there in the hall closet. Take a look if you want.

MILT: Okay, this door here?

MOL: OH NO, DON'T LET HIM OPEN THAT --

DOOR OPENS..CLOSET EFFECT

FIB: Now lemme see - Middleton's Mustard is the Finest -

ORCH: "TUCKLE BUCK"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Now let's approach this scientific. What happens if you bite into a ^{hot dog} sandwich with a lotta mustard on it like I just done? It bites you back...Ahaaa!...NOW I'M GETTIN' SOMEPLACE...."MIDDLETON'S MUSTARD - AN EXTRA BITE IN EVERY SANWICH"! Hear that one, Molly?

MOL: Yes, McGee. I heard it.

FIB: You don't like it?

MOL: Wel-l-l-l....it didn't exactly knock my hat over my eyes, dearie.

FIB: They'll get better as I go along! Lemme see now...what's the housewife's angle on this, Molly?

MOL: As a housewife, sir, I tried Middleton's mustard once and didn't like it. It's got a bite like a starving alligator.

FIB: Pretty strong, ain't it?

MOL: Let's just say that my brother spilled some on his hand once and is now known in Peoria as Three-Fingered Driscoll.

FIB: Well then, let's capitalize on that. Let's get a slogan like er....."MIDDLETON'S MUSTARD IS - hey...do you think it's strong enough to dissolve a piece of steak?

MOL: I don't know...why?

FIB: I thought of a swell slogan..."IF YOU USE MIDDLETON'S MUSTARD YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ANY BEEF."

MOL: It's a lit-tle derogatory, dearie. Sort of negative. It seems to me we need more of a -

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes, if it isn't the good doctor!

COME IN, DOCTOR GAMBLE.

DOC: Thank you, my dear. And how are you today, Wollef?

FIB: Whaddye mean, "Wollef"?

DOC: That's "FELLOW" spelled backwards, and you are as backward a fellow as I know.

MOL: Oh now I wouldn't say that, Doctor. It takes a pret-ty bright mind to write prize-winning slogans!

DOC: Slogans? Who wrote what slogan for whom and for how much?

MOL: McGee is writing one for Middleton's Mustard.

FIB: Can you think of a faster cleaner way to pick up a thousand slugs, Old Tonsil Twiddler? Not that I'm in your class as a fee-grabber. You can always jockey a patient into a dark ex-ray room in his socks and a nightie while your nurse goes thru his pockets to see how big of an operation you can stick him for. I don't work with any accomplices. I just use my brains.

DOC: Your brains and my nurse have one thing in common Lemonhead. They're both off on Tuesdays. Tell me more about your new career in advertising.

MOL: Read him the slogans, McGee. Want to hear them, doctor?

DOC: Not particularly. Can I avoid it in any way?

MOL: No, he could yell 'em out before you could reach the door. Go ahead, McGee. Read them.

FIB: Well, I got a couple of 'em here, Molly. Slogan number one: "PUT MIDDLETON'S MUSTARD ON YOUR HAM - AND MAKE IT SNAPPY"!

MOL: Oh, I hadn't heard that one, McGee. That's good!

FIB: That's my favorite. How do you like it, Doc?

DOC: Let's hear the other one.

FIB: SLOGAN NUMBER TWO: "CHEER, CHEER, THE TANG'S ALL HERE, WITH MIDDLETON'S MUSTARD!"

DOC: Oh brother!

MOL: That one I think we can throw out, dearie.

FIB: Well, I don't care much for that one, myself. But you never know what a guy like Middleton will go for.

DOC: That's where I have the advantage of you Eggface.

MOL: What do you mean, Doctor?

DOC: I went to college with Martin M. Middleton. We were both Phi Delt.

FIB: MY GOSH.. J MEAN YOU WERE SORORITY BROTHERS? WOW!! THAT'S WONDERFUL. CALL HIM UP, DOCKY! TELL HIM YOU GOT A FRIEND THAT'S KIND OF A GENIUS WITH SLOGANS AND WHILE YOU DON'T WANNA ASK ANY SPECIAL FAVORS, YOU'LL CONSIDER IT A SPECIAL FAVOR IF HE'LL --

DOC: Wait a minute, Limberlip..HOLD THAT PHONE!!

FIB: Eh? What -

MOL: I thought you knew him, Doctor?

(2ND REVISION) -13-

DOC: I do. I lived in the same fraternity house with him for four years. And a stuffer, more egotistical, fat-headed moron I have never met. We hated the sight of each other! If I mentioned your name to him, he'd hire a gunman to shoot you down in a dark alley. No, sonny. I'm afraid you're on your own this time. And good luck with it, Mustardpuss! So long, Molly!

MOL: Bye Doctor!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: That's old Doc for you. A friend in need! In need of a good poke in the puss! And I'm just the guy that --
WELL MY GOSH, I DON'T NEED HIM. MY SLOGANS WILL STAND UP ON THEIR OWN MERITS!

MOL: That's the way to talk, Sweetheart. That's the spirit that won the Golden West. The spirit that spread our frontiers to the -

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, folks, am I interrupting anything?

MOL: No, you came in just in time, Mr. Wilcox. I had no idea where I was going to spread our frontiers to.

FIB: Just sit down and be quiet a while Junior. I'm creating.

(REVISED) -14-

(2ND REVISION) -14-

WIL: Yeah?

MOL: You read in the paper about Martin M. Middleton, the Mustard King, being in town, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yes, I read about him looking for a slogan. You got one, Pal?

FIB: I'm loaded with 'em, Junior! Just to show you how fast I think, kids, I dreamed one up just while we were talkin' here. "MIDDLETON'S MUSTARD, THE MIDDLE AGED SPREAD FOR YOUNG AND OLD." Like that, Molly!

MOL: Wel-1-1-1...

WIL: Not so good, Pal. Better give it another try. Ever done any research on mustard? Know anything about it?

FIB: What's there to know about mustard?

MOL: You spread it on stuff and eat it. Period.

WIL: Oh no. On the contrary, mustard is a very interesting subject. Did you know, for instance that there are more than a dozen species of mustard? That mustard oil is used in the Far East for lamps? That the mustard tree mentioned in the Bible, Luke, Chapter XIII, was probably the true mustard, Brassica Nigra, which in Palestine grows to a height of 10 or fifteen feet? ~~Did you know...~~

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MR. WILCOX....

FIB: My gosh, Junior..you're a better informed guy that I knew.

WIL: (MODESTLY) Well, if you're going to sell things, you've got to bone up on the background a little. Like Johnson's Glocoat, for instance. I wrote a slogan for them once, you know. "YOU COULDN'T FIND A BETTER POLISH TO SAVE YOUR WIFE."

FIB: I didn't know how it was coming in, but I could hear the door opening.

WIL: I've done a lot of research on Glocoat, to know why it's the favorite linoleum floor polish among housewives everywhere. The minute I learned that Glocoat was the largest selling polish of its kind I wanted to know WHY.

MOL: It's kind of a snooty attitude, but I suppose -

WIL: SO, I read up on Carnauba, the natural wax from which Johnson's Glocoat is made. That's nature again. Pal - wax is a NATURAL method of preserving surfaces. Nature has worked these things out in her own laboratories for millions of years. So, when the Johnson people make Glocoat available to housewives to save them hours of labor with a floor polish that needs no rubbing or buffing...that shines as it dries - the new Glocoat with the new glow that -

FIB: WAXEY...HEY...WAXEY!! Just a minute!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: Look, I can understand why you should know about Wax. But how come you're such a bright boy about mustard?

WIL: Oh, didn't I tell you? I read about Middleton being in town so I did some mustard research and I'm on my way right now to sell him a slogan. Wish me luck, Pal!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, of all the dirty, double-crossing, finagging -
MOL: Forget it, McGee. His slogans won't be half as good as yours.

FIB: You think not, kiddo?

MOL: Absolutely, I think not. Who cares whether mustard is used to light lamps in the Far East.

FIB: Yeah..yeah, you're right, baby. They can burn candles in Boston for all I care --- WELL..BACK TO WORK..Hand me another hot dog willya? I wanna spread some mustard on it and get some more inspiration.

SOUND: CLINK OF PLATE

MOL: Here you are. That makes seven you've eaten, you know.

FIB: That's all right. I'm still hungry. Mental work is just as exhausting as physical work. They tell me. I've always tried to avoid physical work because...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh McGee...it's his Honor, Mayor La Trivia. Come in, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Thank you, Molly. Sorry if I'm intruding on your lunch hour, McGee. But I didn't know you ate lunch at four thirty in the afternoon. Or is this tea?

FIB: No, that's a hot dog, La Triv. Want a bite?

GALE: Uh - no thank you.

MOL: As a matter of fact, Mr. Mayor, he's just looking for inspiration for a mustard slogan.

FIB: For a thousand bucks! We read about -

GALE: Yes, I know. Mr. Middleton, the Mustard King is in town. And he's prepared to pay a thousand dollars for the right slogan. Who knows...maybe yours will be the one.

MOL: Yes, and maybe he'll -

FIB: WHOOPEEEE!!....I GOT IT!....I GOT THE SLOGAN;...THIS IS IT, FRIENDS!

GALE: Stop waving that pencil before you stab somebody in the eye!

MOL: What is it, McGee?

FIB: Listen: "WITH MIDDLETON'S MUSTARD ON YOUR PALATE, EVERY COOK IS AN ARTIST". Don't you get it, La Triv? Palate, palette? Artists palate...you see the idea is that-

GALE: Excuse me.

FIB: Eh?

GALE: Did you know that Middleton is leaving for Kansas City at 5:30?

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: HE IS? OH MY GOSH!! WE BETTER GET GOIN'!

MOL: McGEE...GET YOUR COAT!!.....I'LL BACK THE CAR OUT.

GALE: No don't....I'll take you downtown. I have my official car out in front...I'll use the siren.....

FIB: LA TRIV...YOU'RE A PAL!!

GALE: No, I'm not...I just don't get many chances to use my siern. Well....you ready?

MOL: COME ON, MCGEE....I'LL PUT MY FACE ON IN THE CAR....

FIB: WAIT'LL I GRAB UP ALL MY SLOGANS...(RATTLE OF PAPER)
BETTER TAKE A PENCIL, TOO...MIGHT THINK UP A COUPLE ON
THE WAY...OKAY. LA TRIV...LET'S GO.

DOOR OPEN AND SLAM...FOOTSTEPS FAST ON PORCH. ACROSS WALK...CAR

DOOR OPEN

GALE: To the Ritz Vista hotel, Cassidy...wide open!

MAN: Oooooo, Goody, Your Honor...Goody!!

DOORS SLAM: MOTOR UP AND OFF FAST WITH SIREN OPENING UP...FADE INTO

ORCH. & KING'S MEN: "MERRILY SONG"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ALONG PAVEMENT..TRAFFIC

MOL: My goodness, that was a fast ride downtown, McGee! We've
got time to spare now! Wasn't that nice of the Mayor?

FIB: Yep. (CHUCKLES) Did you see the look on that cop at 14th
and Oak directin' traffic's face, when we splashed mud on
him and he seen who it was?

MOL: Yes, it was very interesting. I've never seen a man
smile so broadly and swear so loudly, so quietly, all at
once.

FIB: Well, come on, Kiddo. Let's get over to the hotel and----

SOUND: TRAFFIC

MOL: Oh look who's coming, McGee. It's Ole, from the Elks Club.

FIB: Well, migosh! Hi, Ole!

SOUND: STEPS FADE IN

OLE: Hello McGee. Hello, Mrs.

MOL: Walk along with us, Ole - we have to hurry. How's
everything? Family all well?

OLE: Well, yes and no, Mrs. The kids is fine but my missus
she's got a bad pain in the neck.

FIB: That's too bad. What is it, Ole?

OLE: Her sister. She's visiting with us from Wisconsin.
Six weeks now!

MOL: Oh, that's a shame, Ole. Don't they get along together?

OLE: Not for six weeks, Mrs!! That woman needs a calendar!

MOL: Well, there's an old saying, you know: "Fish and house
guests get stale after three days."

(2ND REVISION) 21-22

OLE: Sure, but fish you can put in the freezer....
FIB: What does your sister-in-law do, Ole? Does she work?
OLE: Oh, she had a job for years with a family in Wisconsin,
McGee - as a maid. They was very nice to her, too.
MOL: Really?
OLE: But when they start treating her like one of the family,
it was too much. She quit!
FIB: I don't blame her.

(REVISED) -23-

OLE: But we fix it. At our house, we treat her like a maid.
She leaves tomorrow...Say, why am I walkin' so fast?
FIB: We goin' someplace??
MOL: Yes, we're on our way to see a man about a slogan, Ole.
McGee made up some slogans about Middleton's Mustard and...
FIB: Yep, I'm gonna pick up a fast thousand bucks for myself,
FIB: Ole. (RATTLES PAPER) Here, I'll read you a few of these
slogans and you can see why writers are such high-salaried..
OLE: Look, McGee...I read some poetry you wrote for the Elks
Magazine one time...
FIB: Yeah? Yeah?
OLE: When it comes to writing McGee...you're just donatin'
your time. So long, Mrs.
Sound: Traps
FIB: Oh yeah? Well, for his information...come on, Molly.
In the hotel.

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...CROWD MURMUR

MOL: Heavenly days, look at the mob, McGee! If all these
people are waiting to see Mr. Middleton, we'll never
get in.

MAN: (OFF) When's Middleton coming out? I been waiting
four hours!

CROWD MURMURS UP AND FADE

FIB: Don't worry, Molly, I'll handle this. Come on. (LOUD)
ALL RIGHT, ONE SIDE, PLEASE!! I HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO
MAKE HERE!

CROWD MURMUR UP

FIB: Come on, Molly, stay close. LET US THROUGH, PLEASE!
MAN 2: I got a slogan here! I been waiting all day and...

FIB: I KNOW, YOU'VE ALL BEEN VERY PATIENT! MR. MIDDLETON WANTS ME TO THANK EVERY ONE OF YOU FOR WAITING. YOU HAVE ALL THEIR NAMES DOWN, MISS DRISCOLL?

MOL: Why..uh...(LOUD) OH YES, YES. ALL THEIR NAMES, SIR.

FIB: MR. MIDDLETON WISHES ME TO SAY THAT HE HAS FOUND THE SLOGAN HE'S LOOKING FOR! THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR TRYING. KINDLY LEAVE BY ALL EXITS! (Come on, Molly... this way)

CROWD FADES...GRIPING

MOL: Heavenly days, what a stroke of genius! What do we do now?

FIB: Simple. Just walk into Old Middleton's room and read these slogans to him! Migosh, a man with his genius for advertising can't fail to buy these, kiddo! A guy as slogan-wise as he is! A man as brilliant...intelligent... clever...brainy...as Middleton is bound to...

ORCH: BRIDGE...SNEAK UNDER AND OUT

FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK, BEHIND:

FIB:and of all the stupid, dull-witted, knuckle-headed characters! How a guy as lame-brained as Middleton is, ever made all the dough he's got is...Why, that dunce wouldn't know a good slogan if it bit him and if I ever eat another bite of his mustard, I hope it bites me!

MOL: Oh now, McGee, I don't think you're being fair.

FIB: Fair? After all the great slogans I threw at that guy and...

MOL: Personally, I found him a very charming man.

FIB: Oh yeah? Hey, what were you two chatting so happy about when I was at the desk there trying to whip out another slogan.

MOL: Oh, I had a little idea for a slogan, dearie. I didn't think it was good enough to write down, but I told it to Mr. Middleton...and well, look...he paid me for it!

FIB: HE...HE WHAT? OMIGOSH! A CHECK! A THOUSAND BUCKS!

MOL: (HAPPILY) Isn't it wonderful? Mr. Middleton said the slogan was great!

FIB: Migosh! What was it, kiddo? What was the slogan?

MOL: Well, I was watching you lather the mustard onto those hot dogs this afternoon, and all at once it came to me.

FIB: Yeah? What? What's the slogan?

MOL: "MIDDLETON'S MUSTARD...IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO A DOG!"

ORCH: "IT'S A GREAT FEELING"....FADE FOR

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
9/20/49

-26-

WILCOX:

Fibber & Molly return in a moment
Rooms, as well as people, can be dull or sparkling. Your kitchen, for instance. Is it bright with life when the sun pours in? Or does your kitchen linoleum need the gleaming, waxed finish brightness you could give it in just a few minutes. The kind you can get with only one coating of Johnson's new Glo-Coat? It's easy to have linoleum that shines--really shines---with Johnson's Glo-Coat. For Glo-Coat is a self polishing floor wax, you know--it polishes itself as it dries. You just spread it on..let it dry, watch it shine. And the shine you get now with the new Glo-Coat is really bright. In fact, almost twice as bright now as before--without polishing. Have kitchen floors that shine--really shine. Eliminate the hard work of polishing. Ask tomorrow for Glo-Coat--G-L-O-C-O-A-T. It's at your dealer's.....

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC, FADE FOR

(2ND REVISION)

-27-

TAG

MOL: Isn't this wonderful, McGee. Imagine you winning a thousand dollar prize?

FIB: Me?

MOL: Why of course! If I hadn't seen you piling mustard on that hot dog, I'd never have thought of it.

FIB: Well you helped too, kiddo. You wrote it down. Imagine me, marrying a girl for her money and then finding out she's got brains!

MOL: You married me for my money?

FIB: You had the two dollars for the license, didn't you? That's more'n I had.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Yeah. Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, 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)

NETWORK TAG (TIMING 35 seconds 91 words)

-28-

ANNCR: Save time... save money... save work... and have a car that shines like new ----- it's easy to clean and polish your own car with Carnu... Johnson's wax-fortified car polish that cleans and polishes in one application... Carnu cleans as you rub it on. Cuts through traffic... tarnish and road film water won't touch. Carnu polishes as you wipe it off---makes your whole car glisten like new. Just rub it on.. wipe it off. That's all you do.. with Carnu... get Johnson's wax-fortified Carnu tomorrow -- at your dealers or service station.....

ORCH: MUSIC UP TO FINISH

MS

CUT-IN TAG COMMERCIAL (TIMING 35 sec. 93 words) -28A-

NOTE: The following out-in commercial is for...

NBC Hollywood (KFI) Takes and feeds
Fresno (KMJ) Los Angeles (KFI) Portland KGW
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ANNCR: Imagine -- a washday product that can actually make clothes look and feel brand new. It's Johnson's Drax--- D-R-A-X. Not a soap--- not a starch.. Drax is an invisible wax rinse. Add it to your final rinse or starch solution. Drax gives clothes a brand-new look--- an expensive feel. What's more, Drax makes ironing easier---20 percent easier. Johnson's Drax helps clothes stay clean longer---makes clothes easier to wash next time. Try Drax. Your grocer has it. Ask for Drax---D-R-A-X. Use it next washday.....