

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

#3

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:35 - 6:31:30 - :55

6:41:10 - 6:44:45 - :35

6:56:50 - 6:57:40 - :50

6:58:40 - 6:59:15 - :35

2:55

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
Gloccat 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 AND MOLLY
SEPTEMBER 27, 1949

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Ladies -- every homemaker knows that few things repay good care like fine wood. The floors of a home are built to last many years. But with proper care, they do more than last. They grow more and more beautiful ... gain a richer, deeper luster, with every year that passes. With proper care. And for more than three generations the vast majority of fine homemakers have known that "proper care" for fine floors means regular waxing with Johnson's Paste Wax. Today, Johnson's Paste Wax far outsells any other brand of paste wax. And that's been true for many years. That means that millions of experienced homemakers agree with us when we say:

"No other wax brings such lustrous beauty to wood floors - in exactly the same way." Protect and beautify your floors ... make them easier to clean .. with Johnson's Paste Wax. Ask for it at your grocery, hardware or department store -- or any other home supply dealer.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

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WILCOX: ONE OF THE HARDSHIPS OF HAVING A FIXED PLACE OF BUSINESS AND REGULAR OFFICE HOURS IS THAT WHEN YOUR UNEMPLOYED FRIENDS CHOOSE TO DROP IN UNEXPECTEDLY, YOU'RE CORNERED LIKE A RAT. UNLESS YOU HAVE A HARD-EYED RECEPTIONIST WITH A BASEBALL BAT UNDER HER DESK. AND MR. WALLACE WIMPLE DOESN'T. BUT LET'S HEAR ABOUT IT IN MR. MCGEE'S OWN MANGLED ENGLISH AS WE JOIN -----

-----FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: ---so, I just thought I'd drop in casual on Wally Wimple and give him the old how's tricks, so what does I do but, being a guy that likes to make fast decisions, and because it was raining and I was right in front of his office, and I thought he might gimme lift home, even though it's a little out of his way, but not much, I did it.

MOL: (PAUSE) You did what?

FIB: I dropped in to see Wally Wimple. Like I was saying.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: - at the "Have You Written To Your Mother Today Greeting Card and Calendar Company." Wally works there. There he was, sittin' at his desk, up to his clavicle in Christmas Greetings. He'd just wrote a cute one, too,

MOL: What was it?

FIB: Picture of Santa Claus, pointin' at a big map. The verse says: "MICHIGAN IS A PENINSULA, PANAMA IS AN ISTHMUS, WE HAVEN'T HEARD WHAT SHAPE YOU'RE IN, BUT WE WISH YOU MERRY CHRISTMAS". How'd you like a fish dinner, kiddo?

MOL: The same to you and a Happy New Year and what's a fish dinner got to do with it?

FIB: OH MY GOSH, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU! THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT OF WHAT I STARTED TO SAY.

MOL: Dearie, you lose more points than a bird dog with a head cold. What IS the point?

FIB: Well, Wally Wimple asked me how did I like fish and I says I love fish and he says he's got more than he knows what to do with so he's bringin' a dozen or so nice ones over later this afternoon.

MOL: Isn't that nice!

FIB: Boy, am I pucker'd up for them golden brown, pan-fried trouts! They're the best...

SOUND: DOOR CHIMES

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes, Doctor Gamble! Come in, Doctor.

DOC: Thank you, my dear. And how are you today, Bare-Tan Boy with a Foot of Cheek?

FIB: You'll be sorry to hear that I'm in splendid health, so get that five-buck-a-visit look outa your eye, Mal.

DOC: Mal?

FIB: Practice.

DOC: Oh.

MOL: Keeping you busy are they, Doctor?

DOC: Oh yes. Same old routine...I was up at three thirty A.M. this morning, ushering in a new little citizen. The ninth one to the same family. If the stork would quit blundering around in the dark and make some deliveries in the daytime, maybe families would balance up a little better.

FIB: Listen to the usher complaining about the stage manager! Hey, you like a fish dinner, Fatso?

MOL: You do, don't you Doctor?

DOC: It depends. Why?

FIB: Drop around about seven bells, and you'll see, Doctor. Wally Wimple is bringin' us a mess of fish. Molly, set a place for Ducky, with a spoon, a fork and a scalpel.

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MOL: You're certainly invited, doctor.

We'll be expecting you.

DOC: My dear, in my profession, we become all too aware of life's hazard's. I only pray that I may be permitted to live until 8 P.M.

FIB: You be here on time or I'll kill you myself, Trout Snout.

DOC: Don't worry, Blunderpuss. If I miss this, I'll leap off a pile of your unpaid doctor bills and break my neck. See you at 7, Molly. And thank you!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: My, isn't he sweet?

FIB: As sweet as sugar, kiddo - and a lot ⁴stupier.

MOL: Well, I'd better go get things started, dearie. I may need some things from the store (FADE) Ask the rest of our friends to dinner, if you want to, because --

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FIB: OKAY TOOTSIE....Ah, there goes a good kid!! If I told her a friend of mine just gimme a ninety foot whale and I was invitin' two hundred guests for dinner, she'd never bat an eye. She'd just scream and jump out the window. And I wouldn't blame her a -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, mister!

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Teeny. How's everything.

TEE: Gee, I dunno, mister.

FIB: You don't?

TEE: No. I just know how some things are. I'M not smart enough to know how everything is.

FIB: Well, it was just a cataphorical expression sis. How's school?

TEE: Oh gee, just swell, mister. We gotta dandy teacher in the Third Grade this year, I betcha.

FIB: You have eh?

TEE: She's the only - Hmm?

FIB: I says you have, eh?

TEE: Have what?

FIB: Got a dandy teacher.

TEE: Where?

FIB: In the Third Grade.

TEE: When?
FIB: This year.
TEE: I know it!! Miss Frippy. She just LOVES lit-tul chil-drun. And gee, she makes everything SO interesting! You know how to spell Missouri?
M - EYE - DOUBLE-ESS, EYE DOUBLE-ESS, EYE DOUBLE P EYE. MISSOURI!
FIB: No, sis, I'm sorry, but that's wrong.
TEE: It is not, I betcha. That's the way our teacher said to spell it.
FIB: But that's Mississippil!
TEE: No, it's Miss FRIPPY.
FIB: I mean, you weren't spelling Missouri.
TEE: What was I spelling?
FIB: Mississippil.
TEE: That's my teacher. Only it isn't Mrs. Sippy. It's Miss Frippy. M-EYE DOUBLE-ESS, F - ARE ^{EYE} - DOUBLE P.
FIB: Y.
TEE: Why what?
FIB: Just "y". F.R.I..P.P.Y. Frippy. Isn't that her name?
TEE: Whose name?
FIB: Your teacher.
TEE: No.
FIB: EH?

TEE: Our teacher is Mrs. Tanner. Miss Frippy is just a substitroot while Mrs. Tanner is home sick with the flu. But I guess there's no use explaining things to you, mister. You just don't UNNER-STAND!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: And to think I asked her how was everything! I'm glad she didn't try to tell me!

ORCH: "FIDDLE DEE DEE"
(APPLAUSE)

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SECOND SPOT

MOL: (FADING IN) Mr. Wilcox just phoned, McGee. He's coming for dinner, too and -- What are you doing with the pencil and paper?

FIB: Planning the menu for tonight, tootsie. How many K's are there in broccoli?

MOL: Look, dearie - don't you worry about the menu. I'll do the cooking. I have a wonderful recipe for fish that my mother wrote out for me when we were married.

FIB: Yeah? How does it go?

MOL: You take some fish - and fry them. It's one of the...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: That may be Milt Spilk, from Kremer's Drug Store. I ordered some hors doovers and COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, hello Milton. Come in.

MILT: Hello, Mrs. McGee. I brought your stuff, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Thanks, Milt - put it on the table there.

MILT: I - uh - I brought something else, too, Mrs. McGee. My girl.

MOL: Your girl?

MILT: Yes mam..Daphne. She's outside. Wouldja like to ^{look at} meet her?

FIB: Why sure, Milt - bring her in.

MOL: By all means!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

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MILT: Come on in, Daph - it's okay.

GIRL: (GIGGLES)

MOL: (ASIDE) Isn't she cute, McGee?

MILT: (PROUDLY) Mrs. McGee - this is my girl, Daphne. Daph - this is Mrs. McGee. Mr. McGee - this is my girl, Daphne. Daph - this is Mr. McGee. Milton - this is your girl, Daphne. Daph - Ohh, I guess that's everybody, isn't it?

MOL: Hello, Daphne, dear - nice to see you.

GIRL: (GIGGLES)

FIB: Yeah - sit down, sis. You and Milt go steady, do you?

MILT: We do now, Mr. McGee -- but Daph had plenty of dates till I come into her life!

MOL: You took over, did you?

MILT: Sure, I'm aggressive. When I went over for my first date, through, there were about 25 fellows all milling around her front porch.

FIB: You must be pretty popular, sis. All boy friends, were they?

MILT: No sir...they were firemen - her house was on fire..Wasn't it Daph?

GIRL: (GIGGLES)

FIB: She seems to have a cheerful disposition, Milt. What are you gonna do when you grow up, sis? Drive a Good Humor truck?

MOL: Oh, McGee!

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MILT: Well, we better get going, I guess. I go to school this afternoon. I'm studying pharmacy this year, you know.

MOL: Oh good for you, Milton.

FIB: Yeah...pharmacy, eh? That's swell, boy. Farmers are the backbone of this country. Pharmacy is a very interesting.

MOL: Oh, no McGee...Milton means he's studying to be a druggist. You come back and see us again, Daphne...any time, dear.

GIRL: (GIGGLES)

FIB: Yeah, bring her back, Milt. She's a nice kid, but..uh... don't she ever talk?

MILT: Oh sure...she talks a lot, Mr. McGee. Talk for the folks Daph!

GIRL: ~~Good~~ Bye. (GIGGLES)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: (CHUCKLES) Aren't they cute youngsters, McGee?

FIB: Yes. If you like youngsters. Personally, I gotta check over these horse doovers and see if everything is okay.

MOL: Yes...do that.

SOUND: UNWRAPPING SOUNDS

FIB: I hope everything's here. Lemme see...licorice sticks... lemon drops...candy canes...

MOL: WHAT!

FIB: ...two kinds of jawbreakers...bubble gum...cigars...

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MOL: Heavenly days! Since when are cigars classed as Horr Derrs? As a matter of fact, since when are those cigars classed as cigars? I never...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Milly...hi, Pal!

FIB: Hey, you're not here for dinner already, Wilcox?

MOL: I hope not. We don't expect Mr. Wimple with the fish until about 5:30, so...

WIL: No, I'll come back later, Molly...I just stopped in to tell you how much I'm looking forward to it. I haven't had a good fish dinner since my vacation this summer.

FIB: Yeah? Where'd you go on vacation, Junior?

WIL: Down to Lake Taneycomo, pal. *FIB: oh, state right new hotel Joe.* Great fishing spot.

FIB: Did you do any good?

MOL: Catch anything?

WIL: I had one sensational day. I was down on the dock and I happened to look over the side and here was this marlin in the water see ...

FIB: A marlin? migosh...how big was it???

WIL: Oh, around 200 pounds...I grabbed a line..and...

MOL: Wait a minute, Mr. Wilcox...Isn't a marlin some sort of an ocean fish? A swordfish?

WIL: Not this one, Molly. This was Horace Greely Marlin, the big department store man. He fell off the dock and I threw him a line and hauled him ashore. I took him up to my cottage and...

FIB: Awww, for the...

WIL: And, when he got a look at the beautiful Johnson's
Waxed gleam on the woodwork and paneling of my living room --
when he saw the warm glow of hospitality it gave my home --
he wanted to know all about it!

MOL: Oh dear...

WIL: I explained to him how Johnson's Paste Wax puts a tough
hard protective coating on floors and furniture and
woodwork, and guards them against mars and scratches.
I showed him how easily dirt and dust wipes off and what
a beautiful luster your furniture takes on when you
keep it protected with Johnson's Paste Wax, and how...

FIB: Hey, hey, hey, look, Waxey!

WIL: Yes, pal?

FIB: You're sort of a travelling salesman, aren't you?

WIL: I certainly am, Pal, why?

FIB: Well...start travellin', willya?

WIL: Okay, kids. See you at seven!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Now let's see if...Hey, you know where the scissors are,
Molly? I wants cut out a few paper dolls.

MOL: Paper dolls? What on earth for?

FIB: I read an article on entertaining and it said a nice touch
is paper dollies under each plate. I'll cut out some paper
dollies and---

MOL: Oh no, McGee - those are paper dollies, and besides --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Hold it, dearie. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor La Trivia, McGee. Do come in, Your Honor!

GALE: Thank you, Molly...hello, McGee.

FIB: Just the guy we been waiting for, La Triv! Hey, you
doing anything tonight?

GALE: Yes, I am, McGee. I have a dinner date with the Governor.

MOL: Oh, that's too bad, Mr. Mayor! We're having a little
dinner party...Mr. Wimple is bringing us some fish, and
I thought I'd bake an apple pie and...

GALE: Wonderful! I can eat with the Governor any time!

FIB: Swell, La Triv. Seven o'clock. Nothin' fancy boy...just
place cards, hors doovers, and three bottles of Napoleon
rootbeer, I been savin'.

GALE: I'll be here!

MOL: Have you been awfully busy since your vacation, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Terribly busy, Molly. My desk is loaded with work...and
if I do say it myself, I've really been hitting the ball
this week.

FIB: (PAUSE) I thought you said you had a lot of work to do.

GALE: I have. And every bit of it urgent.

MOL: Well, aren't you ashamed of yourself..leaving all that work, to go out and bat a ball around all day?

FIB: Yeah. Migosh, if you had the taxpayers' interests at heart, La Triv....you'd stick to your work instead of scattin' around a baseball diamond all day.

GALE: Uh....there seems to be a slight misinterpretation here....you see....

FIB: Himself here used to play ball in Peoria, you know, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Yep. I useta hit around .125....in the 3-Eye League. I mind one time with the score tied, two out and the bases loaded, I hit a long single to center field. Of course, with a man already on every base, there wasn't any place for me to go..so I went back to the dugout and sat down....I wish I'd wrote down some of the stuff Pants Rowland, the manager, said to me, because it was the fanciest language....

GALE: Look, McGee..when I said I'd been hitting the ball all day..I did not mean I'd been to the ball park. I haven't left my desk all day!

MOL: You don't mean you sit and bat a baseball around that beautiful office of yours, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: No, no, I didn't...

FIB: That's a politician for you, Molly! Playin' baseball in the office! What does he care about the taxpayers' money! Ish Kabible..he should worry!

MOL: Ohh, Mr. Mayor! Breaking up that beautiful office!

GALE: I'M NOT OFFING UP MY BEAUTIFUL BREAKUSS! BREAKING UP MY AUTIFUL BU-FUSS! LOOK....

MOL: Now, now, now, MR. MAYOR! Don't shout!

FIB: No, don't start yelling at us, La Trivia! We can take back your invitation for dinner, you know!

GALE: (PAUSE) Trapped! Look, may I just please clear this up. Right now?

MOL: Please do.

FIB: And make it good.

GALE: Very well. Now, when I said I had been hitting the ball this week, I was not referring to a baseball in any way! No baseball! Is that clear?

MOL: Oh...well, of course it is now, Mr. Mayor. McGee... He hasn't been playing baseball.

GALE: Certainly not.

MOL: He's been playing golf. Hitting a golf ball and...

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GALE: Yes....(ROARS) NO! I HAVEN'T WAYED GOLF ALL GREEK!
GAYED GOLF ALL GREEK...WEEK! WHEN I SAID I'D BEEN
BITTING THE HALL...HITTING THEM ALL...QUITTING THIS FALL!
LOOK, I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT BAYING PLACEBALL....
PLAYING LACE MALL...FACEBALL...YOU WERE THE ONE THAT SAID
I WAS ACHING BY BOFFUS...OFFICE...I DIDN'T...YOU....WE....
UH....McGee.

FIB: Yes, boy?

GALE: I believe you are interested in firearms, aren't you?

MOL: Oh, guns simply fascinate him, Mr. Mayor!

GALE: Splendid! I have an old Civil War musket I'd like you
to shoot sometime, McGee.

FIB: Love to, La Triv. Civil War musket, eh? Is it safe to
shoot it?

GALE: (GENTLY) That's what I'd like to find out!....See you
at seven, Molly.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH &
KING'S MEN: MEDLEY "ICHABOD" AND "KATRINA"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -21-

SOUND: (AD LIBS)

WIL: Hey, Pal...it's after seven o'clock. When is Wimple
gonna show up with those fish?

DOC: If he lets us down after the way I've looked forward to
this, I'll fracture every osteo in his corpus.

MOL: Oh, take it easy, boys. I've got everything ready so the
minute Mr. Wimple gets here I can pop the fish in the
skillet.

FIB: All she has to do is....

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

ALL: AHHHHH, GOOD OLD WALLY...HERE HE IS...NOW FOR THE TROUT....
etc., etc.

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: COME ON IN, WALLY OLD MAN, AND...(PAUSE) Oh, Hiyah, Ole.

MOL: Oh, it's Ole, the janitor from the Elk's Club, boys.

Come on in, Ole.

OLE: Thank you, missus. Hello, McGee. Vell, hello Doctor.
Mr. Vilcox.

ALL: AD LIB HELLOES

OLE: I hope I'm not ^{butting in} bothering McGee. I was just going past and I dropped in to give you a message.

FIB: Yeah? Whom from, Ole?

OLE: From Chairman of Pool Table Committee at the Elks club, McGee.

FIB: Tell him I'll pay for mending the cloth on that billiard table the day he can prove it was me that tore it! Tell him that!

OLE: I will. Meantime, McGee, he says to tell you you left your wrist watch on a chair. Here it is.

FIB: Oh my gosh....I did at that...thanks Ole. And Ole.....

OLE: Yeah?

FIB: Forget what I said about tearing the pool table cover. Maybe it hasn't even been noticed yet.

OLE: Sure.

MOL: How's your family, Ole?

OLE: Oh just fine, thank you, missus. My missus is expecting me home pretty quick because we are having some friends in for smorgasbord.

DOC: What does smorgasbord mean in Swedish, Ole?

OLE: Smorgasbord, Doctor, is Scandinavian word. In Norwegian it means: "Once more around the table and it serves you right!" In Sweden, it means, "Nobody's looking, took all you want"! Well, good night, everybody.

ALL: AD LIB GOODNIGHTS

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

WIL: Well, it's seven fifteen, McGee. Maybe you'd better call up Wally and see what's delaying him.

FIB: Yeah, maybe I oughtta at that. I'll call him right now. Who's got a nickel?

DOC: Here, McGee.

FIB: Thanks, Doc. I'll ask Wimp what -

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: What's the nickel for?

FIB: I'M gonna call Wimp on the telephone. It's after seven and -

MOL: Give the nickel back to the Doctor.

FIB: Eh? Give the nick....Oh my gosh...(PHONEY LAUGH) You know what I done, Doc? I was thinkin' we had a pay telephone. Hah, hah, hah. My gosh, I must be gettin' absent minded.

DOC: Gimme the nickel.

FIB: Here.

WIL: YOU MEAN YOU DON'T HAVE A PAY TELEPHONE? WHY PAL, YOU'VE BEEN BORROWING NICKELS FROM ME IN HERE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS!! OF ALL THE CHEAP -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

AIL: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

MOL: COME IN.

AIL: YES, YES, YES...COME IN!! COME IN!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

WIMP Hello, folks!!!

ALL: AD LIB HELLOES:

MOL: You are certainly a welcome sight, Mr. Wimple. We've all been impatient for you to get here.

FIB: Yeah...you have some trouble duckin' out, kid?

WIMP: Welll-1-1....yes....a little. You see, Sweetface - that's my big old wife -

DOC: Yes, we know, Wallace.

WIMP: Well, Sweetface was in a terrible twit. She usually has a very even temper. Even worse than you would expect. But tonight.....Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh, goodness!

WIL: What threw her into such a tizzy, Wally?

WIMP: Something that happened downtown, Mr. Wilcox....she...OH... BUBBLE GUM!...May I have a piece?

FIB: Eh? Oh sure, Wimp. Hey, Molly, pass the oar derves to Wimp. Help yourself, Wimp. There's bubble gum, licorice drops, juicy fruit chewing gum, cigars, and sen-sen.

DOC: Hors doeuvres, he says! He's SO continental!

MOL: Well, go on, Mr. Wimple...what happened?

WIMP: You mean about Sweetface? Well, she was downtown giving her regular Tuesday afternoon judo lessons to the Police force. She was showing Sergeant Wolkowski how to take a loaded pistol away from a bandit -

FIB: My gosh.....

WIMP: Yes. And the pistol went off, went thru the door to the squad room, hit a tear gas gun, filled the room with tear gas, and Sweetface tripped over a pair of handcuffs, got herself locked to the radiator, lost her temper, tore the radiator out by the roots and threw it out the window, forgetting that she was still fastened to it and landed in the alley on a garbage truck. I guess it was quite an afternoon.

WIL: Yeah, I can see why Sweetface was a trifle annoyed. But how about the fish, Wally?

MOL: Did you bring them, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh yes, indeedy. I left them out on the porch. Have you got something to put them in?

DOC: I'll say she has, Wallace. A great big frying pan!

WIMP: Oh that won't do, Doctor. It isn't deep enough.

FIB: SURE IT IS, WIMP...BESIDES WE DON'T HAVE TO FRY 'EM ALL AT ONCE.

WIMP: (SHOCKED) FRY THEM!!! Oh, Mr. McGee...how terrible!!! You're..you're joking, aren't you?

MOL: Joking? About what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: About frying my sweet little guppies.

EVERYBODY: GUPPIES...!!

WIMP: Why yes...guppies. I asked Mr. McGee if he liked fish and he said he loved them, and since my guppies had their puppies, - (PAUSE) Is something wrong?

DOC: Yes, but we know who it is.

FIB: (ALARMED) LEGGO O' ME!!! GET AWAY, DOC...CUT IT OUT, FELLAS...LOOK! ... I DIDN'T KNOW WHEN HE SAID FISH, I THOUGHT...HEY, MOLLY...DON'T LET 'EM...I WAS JUST...HEY NOW, FELLAS...(INTO) --

ORCH: "YOU TOLD A LIE" FADE FOR:

(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
SEPTEMBER 27, 1949

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment ----
Whenever you want your house to look especially attractive -- remember this: Few things add to the attractiveness of any home or to the prestige of any homemaker, like the gleaming brightness of well-waxed floors. Remember, too, that the wax to use is Johnson's Paste Wax. Three generations of homemakers have discovered that no other wax brings such lustrous beauty to wood floors ... in exactly the same way. That's Johnson's Paste Wax ... at your dealer's. (PAUSE) And now there's an easy way to polish your floors with Johnson's Paste Wax. Ask your dealer about Johnson's New Beautiflor Electric Polisher. It's wonderful to use -- the big, whirling brush does all the work of polishing, while you merely walk along and guide. You can buy a Beautiflor Electric Polisher from your Johnson dealer ... or rent one at low cost, if you prefer.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

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TAG GAG

SOUND: RATTLE OF CHINA AND SILVER:

DOC: Ahhhhhh, that was wonderful! May I have another cup of coffee, Molly?

MOL: Certainly, Doctor. (POURING) Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: No, thanks. I've had three cups already. That apple pie was a masterpiece, Molly.

MOL: Thank you. It seems strange, but apple pie always finishes off a fish dinner for me. Another piece of pie, - McGee?

FIB: No thanks. But if anybody wants some more sardines, I'll be glad to open another can. NO? Well, 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, won't you?

(SWITCH TO HITCHHIK)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
SEPTEMBER 27, 1949

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TAG COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Cleaning and polishing furniture can take hours of tedious work. But not if you use Johnson's Cream Wax -- the fastest wax furniture polish money can buy. For Johnson's Cream Wax cleans so quickly .. dries so quickly ... polishes so quickly that using it is almost as easy as dusting. A few strokes with a cloth do the cleaning. A few more bring out a bright, satin-smooth polish. And Johnson's Cream Wax contains no sticky oil to catch dust. Tomorrow -- start using Johnson's Cream Wax. It's the fastest wax furniture polish money can buy.

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
SEPTEMBER 27, 1949

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

SECTION CUT-INS: NBC Hollywood (KFI) TAKES AND FEEDS
Fresno (KMJ), Los Angeles (KFI), Portland (KQW),
San Diego (KFSD), San Francisco (KNBC), Seattle (KOMO)
Medford (KMED), Sacramento (KCRA) Santa Barbara (KIST)
Bakersfield (KERO)

CUT-IN TAG COMMERCIAL (TIMING: 35 SECONDS - 93 WORDS)
(NBC TRAFFIC - HOLLYWOOD - TO SUPPLY WORD AND TIME CUES)

ANNCR: Would you believe it? Now, starched shirts can be comfortable ... I mean, really comfortable. Just add Johnson's DRAX -- D-R-A-X -- to your starch solution. DRAX takes care of the comfort. Thanks to DRAX, shirts have that crisp, fresh look, but without that stiff, boardlike feel. Collars and cuffs don't scratch, crack or crease. Johnson's DRAX gives a smoother finish that looks expensive. What's more, DRAX makes ironing easier.-- actually 20% easier. Try DRAX next washday. Just add DRAX to your starch solution. Ask for D-R-A-X -- Drax!

FIBBER MCGEE

FOR

JOHNSON'S

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1949

6:30:35 - 6:35
6:42:20 - 6:45
6:56:35 - 6:58
6:58:45 - 6:59

Phil's Guard log
7. W