

WRITERS: DON QUINN
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#5
(REVISED)

THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, October 11, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:35 - 6:37:35 - 1:00

6:44:30 - 6:48:30 - 1:00

6:57:10 - 6:58:00 - :50

6:58:45 - 6:59:20 - :35

3:25

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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:

(2ND REVISION)

FIBBER & MOLLY
Oct. 11, 1949

REVISED OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Ladies -- do you realize that all the beauty of printed linoleum is on the surface? That means that all the brightness and gaiety is first to go when printed linoleum wears. Too bad -- when it happens. But it doesn't have to happen -- for years, For you can reduce wear on all kinds of linoleum almost to the vanishing point if you cover it regularly with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. That's a strong statement -- but true. For this wonderful floor wax not only keeps linoleum shining like sunlight, it also forms a hard, protective coating that -- regularly applied -- makes linoleum wear from six to ten times longer. I'll say that again -- Glo-Coat, regularly applied makes linoleum last from six to ten times longer. For when Glo-Coat's on the floor, wax takes the wear. Patterns and colors keep on smilin' through that wear-resistant Glo-Coat luster. So --- save your linoleum. Don't let its beauty and attractiveness wear away another day under grinding feet. Get a can of Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat tomorrow -- at your dealer's.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:
We'll be so rich that - Look, kiddo - do you know how fine paper is made?
Yes. Out of cloth.

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WILCOX: MAYBE MR. FIBBER MCGEE IS JUST NOT A LADY'S MAN. BUT IT'S A FACT THAT UP TILL NOW, NEITHER DAME FORTUNE NOR LADY LUCK HAVE EVER FLIRTATIIOUSLY DROPPED THEIR SCENTED HANDKERCHIEFS AS THEY PASSED HIM. WE SAY UP TILL NOW, BECAUSE HE HAS JUST COME UP WITH A GET-RICH IDEA THAT HAS DISTINCT POSSIBILITIES. POSSIBILITIES FOR WHAT, WE DON'T KNOW, SO LET'S LISTEN TO --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: - and I'll freely admit, kiddo, that in the past I've had a lot of ideas that didn't pan out. But this one is really a pip! Promise to keep it confidential?

MOL: Certainly dearie. Compared to me, a clam is a master of ceremonies. You know what my mother always used to say?

FIB: What?

MOL: She used to say "NOBODY EVER GOT CAUGHT IN A SHUT TRAP".

FIB: Well, you just bear that in mind, tootsie. So when people come up to the window of your purple chauffeur-driven limousine with the leopard upholstery and ask you how I made all my dough, just play coy. Pretend you don't know.

MOL: PRETEND, he says!

FIB: Boyoboy, I've got a project here that'll have Snarlin' Ed McDonald at the Third National Bank gnashin' his teeth! We'll be so rich that - Look, kiddo - do you know how fine paper is made?

MOL: Yes. Out of cloth.

FIB: RIGHT! But did anybody ever think of reversing the process and making ^{fine} cloth outa paper?

MOL: Cloth out of paper? Heavenly days, how on earth can -

FIB: (LAUGHS TRIUMPHANTLY) YOU SEE, SNOOKY? NOBODY'S EVER DONE IT SIMPLY BECAUSE NOBODY EVER THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE...

MOL: But how do you know it can be done?

FIB: MY GOSH, nobody knows how ANYTHING CAN be done before they try it! What if Wilbur and Orville Wright had just sat down and said, "WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT ELECTRICITY? LET SOMEBODY ELSE INVENT THE TELEGRAPH!"

MOL: I guess that would have been the first case on record where two Wrights made a wrong.

FIB: You betcha! Now here's what I'm gonna do. I got a pile of papers and magazines on the back porch. I'm gonna pulp 'em up, mix 'em with the right chemicals and make cloth.

MOL: What kind of cloth?

FIB: Depends on what kinda paper I use for the mixture, tootsie. Ain't that obvious? For night shirts I'll use evening papers - For horse blankets I'll use old Racing Forms. For prison uniforms I'll use TIME and LIFE. My gosh, there's any number of -

DOOR BELL

FIB: Oh oh. Remember, - not a word of this to anybody.

MOL: I'm trying not to even think of it myself. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble, McGee. COME IN DOCTOR!

DOC: Thank you, my dear.. Hello, Wind Tunnel.

FIB: Doctor, would you consider dropping your private practice, accepting a retainer of fifty thousand a year and devoting your entire time to being I and Molly's personal physician?

DOC: Buster, somebody has been spiking your rootbeer. Or else you are out of your head, and if you'll take my advice you won't get back into it because it must be very lonesome in there, and pulping the paper in a strong solution of sulphate to bust up the fibers, see - HEY WE GOT ANY SULPHATE?

MOL: I don't know. What's sulphate??

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MOL: He's serious, Doctor. He has an idea which he thinks might make us rich.

DOC: Again? And what is this idea that's going to make Fort Knox install extra burglar alarms?

MOL: He's not telling anybody, Doctor.

FIB: Well, I can tell Doc. All Doctors have to take a Hypocritical Oath not to revulge what patients tell 'em.

DOC: IT'S HIPPOCRATIC, stupid

FIB: Oh yes...from the word Hippopotamus. Well, Hippo, here's the angle. You know that fine paper is made outa cloth?

DOC: I've heard rumors to that effect.

MOL: Well himself here is going to reverse the process, Doctor. He's going to make fine cloth out of paper.

(PAUSE)

DOC: That reminds me. I have to rush back to the hospital. I have a delirious patient there, too. See you later.

DOOR SIAM

FIB: Oh, so I'M delirious, am I? Wait'll you see Doc's face when he has to start treatin' me for bein' seasick on my private yacht! WELL, I'M GOIN TO WORK, K'DDO. CAN I USE YOUR BIG WASH BOILER?

MOL: Oh, pray do! May I ask what for?

FIB: Gonna boil a batch of paper. The process calls for boiling and pulping the paper in a strong solution of sulphate to bust up the fibers, see - so - HEY WE GOT ANY SULPHATE?

MOL: I don't know. What's sulphate??

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FIB: I dunno. Some kind of a chemical. I'll have Kremer's Durg Store send some over. A hundred pounds oughtta be enough, to start. Or a hundred gallons, if it's a liquid. Maybe if ---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: DAD RAT IT, HOW CAN I GET TO WORK ON A NEW IDEA IF EVERYBODY KEEPS CLANGIN' AT THE DOOR?

MOL: I don't know, Lover, but the more interruptions there are before you start boiling unknown chemicals in my kitchen, the better I'll like it! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh, it's Ole, the Janitor from the Elks Club. Hiyah, Ole.
Mol: *Keels Ole!*
OLE: Hello, Missus. Hello, McGee. I just came by to tell you. You was appointed to Chairman of Halloween Party Committee.

FIB: What? I was? Hear that, Molly? I'm appointed to the Elks Club Halloween Party Committee.

OLE: Chairman, too. I guess they know how much time you spend sitting down, McGee.

MOL: That ought to be fun, McGee!

(PAUSE)

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FIB: Yeah, but I ain't gonna have time to work on the Committee, I'm gonna be busy makin' cloth.

OLE: Busy doin' what, McGee?

MOL: It's a secret, Ole.

FIB: Oh, not from Ole. Ole's very discreet, eh, Ole?

OLE: As janitor of the Elks Club, Missus, I got to learn to keep secrets. Maybe some members don't want his wife to know he loses three dollars and fifty cents last Thursday night playing cribbage with Doctor Gamble - (CHUCKLES) Eh, McGee?

FIB: (HOLLOW LAUGH)

MOL: Well, I'm glad you're not the talky kind, Ole.

OLE: Thanks Missus. It's good thing I don't gossip. Last week I was investigated by F.B.M.

FIB: My gosh....you mean the FBI?

OLE: No. F.B.M. A Fuller Brush Man. He wants to know why my missus accept so many free sample and don't buy no brushes. But, my wife, she don't gossip either, so he was just donatin' his time. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "LORABELLE LEE"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED) -9-

RUSTLE OF OLD NEWSPAPERS

FIB: Well, this is it, kiddo! I got enough papers here to start with - the sulfate is all mixed and on the kitchen stove - and we're off on the road to fame and fortune!

MOL: Well, drive slowly this time - that first turn is a dilly!

FIB: I been waitin' all my life for an idea like this one! It's so big it - well, it makes me feel sort of reverent - makes me want to sort of bow my head a minute.

MOL: I feel like ducking mine, too! I've been hit by so many million-dollar ideas of yours, that I'm getting skittish. When I think what you always do to my kitchen I get --

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Company, dearie. Probably just a yacht salesman, or -

FIB: Oh-oh, watch it, kiddo! Play it cagey. If them textile makers have got word of this already, no tellin' what they'll -

MOL: No, it's just Milton, from Kremer's Drug Store, McGee. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

FIB: Oh, Milt Spilki! Come in, Milt. Can you keep a secret, boy.

MILT: Oh sure, Mr. McGee. In the drug store business you got to keep secrets. I don't talk!

MOL: I wish you could think them up instead of him.

MILT: Well, if I can help you with this new idea, Mr. McGee, you just call on me! (PROUDLY) My chemistry teacher says I'm gettin' to be just like you, Mr. McGee!

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FIB: Good boy!

MILT: For instance - I've never told anybody that Mr. McDonald at the bank wears a girdle! I don't talk!

FIB: Old McDonald? No kidding?

MILT: Reason I know - he come in the drug store the time the zipper stuck and me and Uncle Ed had to butter him to get him out of it.....We only charged him for the butter, of course.

FIB: That's kind of gilding the lily - a guy as tight as he is, wearing a girdle. But anyhow, Milt - here's the secret. For years now, they been makin' paper out of old rags, see?

MILT: They have? Gosh, I won't tell a soul, Mr. McGee! If people ever found that out -

MOL: No, no, Milton - people already know that. That's not it.

FIB: No, the point is - nobody's ever thought of doing it backwards - and makin' cloth out of old papers! Until now!

MILT: (ADMIRINGLY) Geeminy! Cloth out of old papers! That's a sensational idea, Mr. McGee! Boy, you sure think 'em up!

FIB: Yep.

MILT: He sure is a brain, Mrs. McGee! I wish I could think 'em up like him!

MOL: I wish you could think them up instead of him.

MILT: Well, if I can help you with this new idea, Mr. McGee, you just call on me! (PROUDLY) My chemistry teacher says I'm gettin' to be just like you, Mr. McGee!

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MOL: Really? Well now, you could do worse, Milton.

MILT: That's what I keep tellin' him - but he just scowls and shakes his head....He wrote Uncle Ed a note today - something about me not standin' up straight enough.

FIB: Oh, your posture's pretty good, Milt - for your shape.

MILT: I got the note here - it says "Mr. Kramer - if Milton doesn't watch himself, he'll grow up to be as stooped as Mr. McGee!"

FIB: Stooped?

MILT: Yeah, it says right here...S-T-U-P-I-D. Ohh! I better go, I guess! Goodbye now!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Remind me to have our school system investigated, Molly. If that's the kind of stuff they teach our youngsters - Hey, help me carry these papers out to the kitchen, willya?

RUSTLE OF NEWSPAPERS....FOOTSTEPS, BEHIND:

MOL: Yes, master. I hope you don't ruin my washboiler, because -- (SNIFF-SNIFF) What in the world is in it?

FIB: That's the solution I'm gonna cook the papers in. Sulfate! Dump 'em in it, kiddo.

SPLASHING NOISES

MOL: Sulfate?

FIB: Yep, luckily I had plenty of sulfur left over from that idea I had for makin' matches, that would revolutionized the match business only for two things.

MOL: What two things?

(2ND REVISION)-11-

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MOL: What two things?

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FIB: One - the matches I turned out cost me a buck and a half apiece to make -- and two - they wouldn't light..... Lemme stir the papers in good. (STIRRING NOISES) Boy, what an idea this is! Edison - Ford - and, McGee! The three greatest --

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:

WIL: Hi, Molly! Hi, Pal!
MOL: Well, hello, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Hi, Junior. (STIRRING NOISES) Excuse me if I seem busy. I am.
WIL: (SNIFFS) What's cooking, Pal?
FIB: I'm boiling a batch of newspapers, Junior.
WIL: (PAUSE) What did he say, Molly?
MOL: Said he's boiling last week's papers, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: (PAUSE) Oh. Well, what's new with you, Molly?
MOL: Not a thing, Mr. Wilcox. Just routine, as usual. How about you?
WIL: Same here, Molly. I'd better get along, I guess. I just dropped in for a minute, and ---
FIB: (NOISY STIRRING) You think I oughta tell Wilcox about it, Molly? He's a friend.
WIL: I gotta go, Pal. Can't stay.
MOL: You said it was a secret dearie, but -
FIB: Aw, Junior can keep a secret.

WIL: I can? the new Glocoat with the New Glow will give their
MOL: Are you sure? like they've never had before! It's no
FIB: Sure. Plenty of people would like to know the secret of
Junior's success in the Wax business - but he don't tell
'em. He keeps quiet.
WIL: I DO NOT KEEP QUIET! I BLAB MY HEAD OFF, AND YOU KNOW
IT!
FIB: Huh? I don't mean about -
WIL: I'm always telling people how Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat is America's favorite floor polish! And why?
Because Glocoat is the finest self-polishing floor-wax
money can buy, that's why!
MOL: Oh dear! He was leaving and you had to -
WIL: For fifteen years, I've been spilling that secret right
here in your living room! I've been telling people about
Glocoat every week and believe me, Pal, the way yours
and Molly's friends take my advice and buy it, it's no
wonder Glocoat is used in twice as many homes as any
other floor polish!
FIB: MY friends? You mean Doc Gamble and La Trivia buy that
much -
WIL: I mean all our friends, Pal. I'm not shy about saying
thanks to those friends for their loyalty to us and to
Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat - and, I make no secret
of the fact that they're doing themselves a favor, too!
FIB: Yeah, sure - but, this process of mine will - ten-million

WIL: Because the new Glocoat with the New Glow will give their
FIB: floors a shine like they've never had before! It's no
secret --
FIB: But makin' cloth out of old papers will -
WIL: -- that the beautiful gleaming finish Glocoat gives to
floors and linoleum protects them against dirt and dust
and spilled things - like that gunk you're cooking there!
Glocoat needs no rubbing or buffing and.....
FIB: He, hey, hey, look, Waxey!
WIL: Yes, Pal?
MOL: You said you had to go, Mr. Wilcox. You promised!
WIL: I do, kids - but one question, Pal. What are you making?
FIB: This? Why, this is a new recipe I worked out for
goulash, Junior. Half losh, and half goo. Care for a
bowl?
WIL: No thanks, Pal. It smells like a pot full of boiled
newspapers! So long, Molly!
SOUND: DOOR SLAM:
FIB: One of the nicer things about gettin' rich offa this idea
of mine, is the thought of lettin' Wilcox talk to the
servants after this. Incidentally -
MOL: Yes?
FIB: Look - we gotta keep our heads when the offers roll in
here, kiddo! When them DuPont people start bangin' on
the front door with brief cases full of thousand dollar
bills - do you think I'm gonna grab the first ten-million
they offer me?

MOL: Yes! biggest news I have, McGee, is that I won the city hall
FIB: You said it! Even ten million dollars is -
SOUND: DOOR CHIME Mr. Mayor!
MOL: Here they come. COME IN!
SOUND: DOOR OPENS env. like an odd prize for a golf tournament, La
MOL: Oh, it's his honor, mayor La Trivia. Hello, Mr. Mayor.
FIB: Hi, La Triv.
GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. McGee. (SNIFFS) Is your house on fire,
McGee?
FIB: Nope, workin' on a secret process, La Trivia. Sugar
GALE: (SNIFFS) Secret, he says!
MOL: Oh, it's quite a big secret, Mr. Mayor - he's got everybody
in town helping him keep it. Tell the Mayor, McGee.
FIB: Okay. Promise you won't repeat this, La Triv?
MOL: On your honor, Your Honor.
GALE: I'll go farther than that. I'll promise not to even listen,
if you -
FIB: You can listen. Listen - everybody knows they make paper
out of old cloth - but what if a guy told you he had a
process for makin' cloth out of old papers? What would you
think?
GALE: I'd think his name was McGee. Fibber McGee. Don't order
MOL: You're so right!
FIB: Yep. That's all I can tell you, boy. Now, what's new with
you?

GALE: The biggest news I have, McGee, is that I won the city hall
golf tournament yesterday. Surprised everybody.
MOL: Good for you, Mr. Mayor!
GALE: Yes, I really brought home the bacon!
FIB: (PAUSE) Seems like an odd prize for a golf tournament, La
Triv. Was that what you won?
GALE: Was WHAT what I won?
MOL: The bacon you brought home from the tournament.
FIB: Yeah, if you brought home the bacon you -
GALE: Uh...Yes - yes, my prize was a whole side of it. Sugar-
cured Southern bacon!
FIB: Huh?
GALE: That's why I dropped in - to ask you both over for
breakfast tomorrow morning. Good Day!
SOUND: DOOR SLAM
MOL: Well! I must say!
FIB: Must be getting damp outside - things are pretty soggy when
we can't build a fire under that guy! - Oh well, where was
I when he came in?
MOL: You were about to accept the first ten million dollar offer
that came along. In the meantime, though, I've got to
phone Mrs. Toops about something. (FADING) Don't order
any yachts till we can look at them, because...
FIB: Okay, tootsie. Ahh, there goes a good kid! She's undoubtedly-
SOUND: DOOR CHIME
FIB: Come in!
SOUND: DOOR OPENS
TEE: Hi, mister. (GIGGLES)

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FIB: Oh. Hiyah, Teeny. Sorry I haven't got time to talk to you today. Got a big deal cookin'. Millions of dollars involved.

TEE: Oh. Then you haven't got time to fix a wheel?

FIB: Nope. Not today

TEE: (DISAPPOINTED) Aww...gee...Well, I hated to bother you, Mister, but you been so nice about fixin' wheels for us lit-tul chil-drun, and ----

FIB: Look, Sis...after today, I'll be able to HIRE all that stuff done. Because I won't have time to do it personal.

TEE: I know...but gee...

FIB: You'll have to admit, I been pretty patient. I been a pigeon for every flat wheel in the neighborhood. I fixed the wheels on your tricycle, I fixed the wheel on your roller skates, on your coaster wagon ---

TEE: Yes, I know, mister, but ---

FIB: But that was when I was just sort of a man of leisure, Teeny. No I'm a rich inventor. Got no time to play with kids. Fix toys and stuff. From now on I'll just toss you youngsters a few twenty-dollar bills and say, "HERE, SIS, GO BUY A NEW ONE!"

TEE: Yes, but gee, this isn't for me, Mister. This is for YOU!

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FIB: FOR ME? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ME TO FIX A WHEEL?

TEE: Sure. The back wheel on your car. Out by the curb. A truck just backed into it and smashed it. So long, Mister!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: WHAT? MY CAR? WHY, THE -- Aw, so what? I'll buy a new one! In solid gold! I'll be so rich, I'll....

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "MISCHA, JASCHA, TASCHA, SACHA"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -19-

MOL: McGee, about that mess you were boiling on my kitchen stove ---

FIB: Don't worry about it, kiddo. It's workin'. I took it down to the basement for the next phrase of the operation. It's in process!

MOL: I know. In process of making the basement unliveable.

FIB: Well, I'll admit it did smell up the kitchen a little, but you can't make an omelette without bustin' a few eggs, you know.

MOL: Yes, but that stuff ---

FIB: Boy, when I think of the money we'll get outta this thing! By George, I'll make Doc Gamble eat them words!

MOL: What words?

FIB: He says I'm so tight I hum in a high wind! He didn't know he was talkin' to a potential millionaire, so ---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Don't forget, Baby - this thing is top secret! Not a word to anybody!

MOL: Scout's Honor, dearie! The only way your secret could be dragged out of me is if somebody asked me a direct question.

FIB: Good. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

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MOL: Oh for goodness sakes, Mr. Old Timer...

FIB: HIYAH, OLD TIMER!! Nice to see you again before we move.

OLD T: HIYAH, JOHNNY...HIYAH DAUGHTER, HIYAH - (PAUSE) Move? You movin', kids?

MOL: If we are, it's new to me, Mr. Old Timer. Where are we moving to, McGee, if it's not a secret, and if it is, I've got one for you, too. We're not going.

FIB: Well, I thought this was a pretty modest home for one of the world's wealthiest inventors. I'd like to take a park-house on Pent Avenue, or have Frank Lloyd Wright build me one of them modern bungalows of his. You know, with the roof stickin' out of a hill, and a trout stream running thru the bedroom. That appeal to you, Old Timer?

OLD T: Sure does Johnny. Might even build me a place next door to you. Like to have me a nice French chapeau with ten bedrooms and a bird bath. I got a parrot that gits kinda dirty and --

MOL: Wait a minute, Mr. Old Timer. The word is CHATEAU. And a chateau is a pret-ty expensive thing to build.

FIB: Yeah, if you had the dough I'm gonna have, --

OLD T: Johnny. I will. I'll have more. You know what I just done? Sunk my life savings, \$285.50 into a textile corporation. Makes the finest textiles in the world and the dividends oughtta --

MOL: Oh oh.

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FIB: Old Timer. I got bad news for you. I just invented a process for makin' cloth out of paper. In 60 days your textile outfit will be obsolete, Sorry, old man, -

OLD T: You invented a - Johnny...thanks for tellin' me. That changes my whole plan. Scuse me now...Gotta run down and see my broker.

MOL: Oh you don't have to sell your stock in such a hurry, because --

OLD T: SELL!! DAUGHTER, I'M BUYIN'!! I'LL HOCK MY TANDEM BICYCLE, MY STEREOPTICON AND BESSIE'S IMITATION TURQUOISE INDIAN BRACELET. I'VE SEEN JOHNNIE'S INVENTIONS BEFORE. IF HE'S INVENTIN' A WAY TO MAKE CLOTH OUTTA PAPER, THE BEST BUY IN AMERICA IS A COMP'NY THAT MAKES CLOTH OUTTA CLOTH! SO LONG, KIDS!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: (THOUGHTFUL) I wonder what company that is, because I've got a little money that Aunt Sarah - MCGEE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

FIB: Gotta go down in the basement and check up on my pulp... it might be ready to iron out into cloth...(FADE OUT) BE RIGHT BACK, KIDDO. DON'T GO AWAY.

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MOL: All right, dearie.....ahh, there goes a good kid!!! And one of these days he's liable to invent something that WILL make him a fortune, but don't go to town for a town car yet, Mrs. McGee, because -

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING IN B.G. FADE IN FAST:

FIB: (GREAT EXCITEMENT) HEY, MOLLY...I DONE IT!! IT WORKS! I DONE IT!! I MADE CLOTH OUTA PAPER!! HAND ME THE PHONE! I GOTTA CALL WASHINGTON AND GET IT PATENTED!! QUICK..... HAND ME THE TELEPHONE.....

MOL: Here, McGee, but what did -

FIB: I THREW THE PAPER PULP AND THE SULPHATE INTO THE WASHING MACHINE AND MIXED IT FOR TWO HOURS....AND LOOK!! CLOTH I GOT!!!!

MOL: Yes, but -

FIB: (TELEPHONE CLICK CLICK CLICK) Hello, Operator, gimme Washington D.C., Patent Office....then I wanna talk to Truman...this thing is gonna change our entire economy and.....OH BOY....CLOTH OUTA PAPER!!

MOL: But McGee, the washing machine was ---

FIB: SO EVERYBODY THOUGHT I COULDN'T DO IT, EH? HAHHAH..... LOOK AT THIS BABY.....IS THIS CLOTH, OR AIN'T IT...SEE? IT TEARS!!!

SOUND: RIPPING CLOTH:

MOL: But McGee, I didn't ---

FIBBER AND MOLLY
OCTOBER 11, 1949

(2ND REVISION) -23-

FIB: AND NOT ONLY MAKE CLOTH OUTTA PAPER, BUT MY CLOTH ALREADY
HAS BUTTONS ON IT!!! ~~LOOK~~!!! 'Ahhh--baby, we're really
home with this one!! LOOK!!!! (CLOTH RIPPING)

MOL: McGee!!!! STOP TEARING UP MR. TOOPSES' SHIRTS!!!!

FIB: EH?

MOL: I took your stuff out and put it back in the boiler. Mrs
Toops wanted to use our washing machine....!

FIB: YOU TOOK MY STUFF OUT AND...you mean these are Mrs Toopses
laundry....Wait a minute. HELLO, PATENT OFFICE? YOU
GOT ANY PATENTS REGISTERED FOR A DEVICE THAT WILL KICK A
MAN IN HIS OWN PANTS? Well, don't go away....I'll be
workin' on one!

ORCH: "MAKE BELIEVE".....FADE FOR:

APPLAUSE

FIBBER AND MOLLY
OCTOBER 11, 1949

(2ND REVISION) -24- -25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX:

will
return in a moment
The reason experienced homemakers get so much done in a
day is that they know how to get better results with less
effort. And that's why you'll find Johnson's Self
Polishing Glo-Coat on more than twice as many kitchen
floors as any other brand of self-polishing floor wax.
For, you see, when Glo-Coat's hard, brilliant surface
protects linoleum, it not only shines with a luster that
brightens the whole kitchen...it also saves hours of hard
work otherwise required to keep it clean and attractive.
There's absolutely no polishing with Glo-Coat -- its
regular use means far less hard cleaning and scrubbing.
Dirt, dust and grime don't get ground in - they whisk off
at the touch of a soft cloth or dust-mop. So -- you save
work, save linoleum, save yourself - when you use
Johnson's new Glo-Coat regularly. Put it on your shopping
list for tomorrow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

MB

TAG:
FIBBER AND MOLLY
OCTOBER 11, 1949

(2ND REVISION) -25-

FIB: You know, Molly. I still think that idea's got possibilities. I don't think cloth outa paper is very far-fetched.

MOL: No....it's only fetched as far as from the Bon Ton, dearie.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: We've got to get Mr. Toops some new shirts.

FIB: Yeah, but what's that got to do with ---

MOL: Give me a few pieces of green paper with pictures of Lincoln on them -- and I'll go downtown and change them into cloth.

FIB: Oh. Yeah. Okay. Here. 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 HITCH)

FIBBER AND MOLLY
OCTOBER 11, 1949

-26-

NETWORK TAG

ANNCR: It cleans so quickly ... dries so quickly ... polishes so quickly that using it's almost as easy as dusting! That's Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax -- the fastest wax polish money can buy. Actually, you can polish a large table or a radio cabinet in a minute or two -- when you use this super-speed wax polish. A few strokes with a soft cloth and it's clean. A few more and it's polished. And Johnson's Cream Wax contains no sticky oils to catch dust. Tomorrow - start using Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax. It's the fastest wax polish money can buy.

ORCH: MUSIC UP FULL TO FINISH

ANNCR: YOU'RE TUNED FOR THE STARS.....ON NBC.

(CHIMES)