

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

#6  
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, October 18, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:35 - 6:31:35 - 1:00

6:43:00 - 6:43:45 - :45

6:57:35 - 6:58:15 - :40

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

3:00

Community Deal - Integrated

NM

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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, Bud Stefan, Dick Le Grand,  
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  
OCTOBER 18, 1949

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fall is the time of year when homemakers grow gray. One day it rains ... next day strong winds blow grit and dust. The whole house is a problem -- but the kitchen worst of all. Seems like you just can't keep people from tracking dirt into your kitchen. And you can't keep people's feet, especially the little people's, from grinding dirt into kitchen linoleum. That's why it's crucially important -- right now -- to protect your linoleum with Johnson's Glo-Coat. For when this wonderful, self polishing floor wax covers your floor, you have less to do, and less to worry about, in any weather. Its tough, protective surface shields linoleum from wear, makes it far easier to clean. And Glo-Coat produces its own shine. You do no polishing to get a luster so bright that it brings new life into the whole kitchen. Yes -- you'll save work, save linoleum, and have the brightest kitchen floor in the neighborhood if you cover it tomorrow with Johnson's Glo-Coat. When you're shopping tomorrow, be sure to pick up a can of this work-saving, self polishing floor wax - Johnson's Glo-Coat.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

McGEE  
Oct. 18, 1949

(2ND REVISION)

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WILCOX: THE CITY OF WISTFUL VISTA STARTS ITS COMMUNITY CHEST DRIVE TONIGHT WITH A BIG CHARITY BAZAAR - AND ONE OF THE TOWN'S BETTER-KNOWN CIVIC LEADERS IS HELPING WITH THE ARRANGEMENTS. HERE AT NUMBER 79, DISCUSSING THE AFFAIR WITH THEIR FAMILY DOCTOR, WE FIND THE CIVIC LEADER HERSELF, AND HER HUSBAND -

MOLLY MCGEE AND FIBBER!!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: ....and of course, the Ladies Club can't handle the whole thing alone tonight, Doctor, so we think it's wonderful the way you men have pitched in.

DOC: I'm happy to have been able to -

FIB: AH PTAH!! What's he done that I couldn't of? Better! The only reason Doc got into this was because he thought the Community Chest was somethin' he could put a stethoscope on and get a fee out of!

MOL: MCGEE! Now don't start! Both of you! We do appreciate your offer, sweetheart, but the Ladies Club has everything arranged. Dr. Gamble had the booths built - Mrs. Breen is raffling off the television set -

FIB: How about refreshments? I could sell --

MOL: All the booths are taken care of. We even thought it would be a cute idea to raise money if we had one booth full of pretty girls, Doctor.

DOC: Pretty girls?

MOL: Yes, we're going to put up signs, and everyone who donates ten dollars to the Community Chest gets to kiss a pretty girl. Isn't that a fine idea?

FIB: There's only one thing wrong with it, kiddo -- it's strictly for the men. You housewives oughta think of the housewives on a deal like this, Molly. How about giving them a chance?

MOL: You don't mean --

FIB: Certainly. Set up a booth with some handsome, distinguished, sort of middle-aged man in it - and appeal to the women to donate. For ~~every~~ ten bucks they could kiss me. Er, him!

DOC: What a nauseating idea!

MOL: Heavenly days, I - that is - well, my goodness, dearie, I wouldn't want a strange bunch of women kissing my husband!

DOC: They'd HAVE to be a strange bunch, believe me! Ten dollars to kiss YOU, Blubberhead?? (SNORTS)

MOL: (DEFENSIVE) Oh now, just a minute, Doctor! I think he's pret-ty cute myself. I'll bet plenty of women would like to kiss him!

FIB: THEY WOULD?? Not that it would be any fun for me, you understand - just a patriotic duty. But for charity's sake, I wouldn't mind making the sacrifice. I'd be a martyr.

DOC: Hey, wait a minute! You know, the more I think of it, the more I think it's a GREAT idea. It's wonderful!

FIB: IT IS? Migosh, you hear that, Molly? Even Doc admits --

MOL: Yes, but I don't want you - I mean -

DOC: Remember Molly, it's for charity's sake! Let him make the sacrifice.

FIB: Sure!

DOC: I'll handle the details! I'll have a booth built. I'll have signs printed!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

DOC: I'LL ANSWER THE PHONE. (CLICK) MCGEE'S RESIDENCE - DR. GAMBLE! WHO?...OH YES, MRS. KLADDERHATCH.

FIB: At ten bucks a kiss, we oughta make --

(REVISED) -7-

DOC: HOW'S THAT? YOUR NERVES, MRS. K? OH, YOUR OLD TWITCH HAS COME BACK AGAIN? WELL, GIVE HIM AN ASPIRIN AND PUT HIM TO BED. I'LL SEE HIM LATER. GOODBYE. (HANGUP) Great idea of yours McGee - I'll get everything ready! See you at the bazaar.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: But Doctor - Oh, he's gone! Look, dearie, I think it's sweet of you to raise money for the Chest, but - (PAUSE) McGee!

FIB: Huh? Oh, excuse me, kiddo. I was just looking in the mirror here - tryin' to get my best angle.

MOL: Personally, I ~~think~~ your best angle is to leave town.

FIB: (NOBLE) No sir, I'll face the music! I'll make the sacrifice!

MOL: My hero! My lipstick-smear'd hero! My little --

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

FIB: Hey, it's Milt Spilk, from Kremer's Drug Store, Molly. Hi, Milt!

MOL: Hello, Milton.

MILT: Hi. Are you two going to the bazaar tonight? At the Elks?

(2ND REVISION) -8-

FIB: Yep. Mrs. McGee's on the committee, Milt, and I'm gonna run one of the booths.

MILT: You are, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Yes, Mr. McGee is after the housewives' money tonight, Milton. Everyone who donates ten dollars to the Community Chest gets to kiss him.

FIB: Yep. Take a look at my profile, Milt. Do I remind you more of Cary Grant or John Wayne? (PAUSE) Or Gary Cooper? (PAUSE) Or maybe Dan Dailey?

MILT: (PAUSE) Who else have you got in mind?...Gosh, I'd sure like to look like you, Mr. McGee, when I get that old! You're a definite type, you know that? You're the type women like....some women.

MOL: One woman, anyhow.

MILT: I think it's that touch of grey hair at the temples.

FIB: You like that?

MILT: I'll say! It - well, it sort of matches the grey hair on the rest of your head. Don't it, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Yes. You must drop around tonight, and see how he's doing, Milton.

MILT: Boy, I'll say! Maybe I can pick up some pointers! Gosh, I remember how surprised <sup>my girl</sup> Daphne was when they ast her to sell kisses at the high school rally. A dollar apiece, they told her!

FIB: Yeah? Did she do it?

MILT: No - when Daph realized how rich she coulda been if she'd only known sooner, she sat down and cried like a baby!

FIB: Well, I dono why it is, Milt, but I always have had a sort of fascination for women. I mind when I was just a kid in college, I had a job at the laundry after school -

MILT: Yeah???

FIB: Yep - my job was countin' the collars that came in, see? Useta count all the collars and add 'em up...  
COLLAR-ADD MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Ohh, dear!

FIB: COLLAR-ADD MCGEE, THE CITY COLLEGE CUTUP AND THE CUTEST KID A CUTIE EVER CHASED ACROSS THE CAMPUS! COYLY CUTTING CAPERS THAT COMPLETELY CAPTIVATED THE CONFUSED COEDS, I WAS CONSIDERED THE CHEEK-TO-CHEEK CHAMP OF THE CAMPUS CHARMERS TILL I CUT A CORNER IN MY CAR - CLIPPED A COP CROSSWAYS - CLIMBED A COAST-TO-COAST CABOOSE AND CAME CROSS-COUNTRY IN A TERRIBLE FRIGHT, BUT I GOTTA SAVE MY BREATH, I GOT WORK TO DO TONIGHT!

ORCH: "IT'S A GREAT FEELING"

APPLAUSE

MCGEE

(2ND REVISION) -11-

SECOND SPOT

MOL: MCGEE, - you don't have to do so much primping.  
Running the 10-dollar-a-kiss booth at the Community  
Chest Bazaar doesn't automatically make you a glamour  
boy, you know.

FIB: My gosh, kiddo, I know I'm no Ronald Colman. On the  
other hand, I ain't no Humphrey Bogart, either.

MOL: You know dearie, I think I'm being pretty tolerent  
about this kissing idea of yours.

FIB: Jealous, kiddo?

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MOL: Who, me? Hah hah. I should say not. HOWEVER, I'll be  
watching your customers, dearie, and if any of those  
lovelorn ladies with more dollars than sense gets in  
line more than once, I'll have her lipstick all over  
the back of me hand. AND, I DON'T MIND ADMITTING, --

DOOR CHIME

FIB: That may be Doc Gamble with the sign he's havin' painted  
for over the booth. "GIVE TEN DOLLARS AND KISS MCGEE!"  
COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: No, dearie. It's ~~just~~ the janitor from the Elk's Club.  
Come in, Ole.

FIB: Hiyah, Ole

OLE: Hello, McGee. Hello, Mrs. I can't stay but just a minute,  
McGee. I just come from Elks Club and Doctor Gamble  
was there measuring for big sign.

MOL: That's right, Ole.

FIB: He has my personal approval, Ole.

OLE: Personally, McGee, and understand I never try to come  
between man and wife, even my own, aren't you ashamed,  
a little, having your missus selling kisses for ten  
dollars? Don't you get jealous?

MOL: But Ole, - I'm not going to be in the booth, McGee is.  
HE'S selling kisses. For the Community Chest drive.

(2ND REVISION) -13-

OIE: Yiminy Christmas! Well...now I know why they call it a "DRIVE". Getting somebody to kiss McGee you got to use a whip!

FIB: OH I DUNNO ABOUT THAT! I AIN'T SO REPULSIVE.

MOL: Of course not. Personally, dearie, when you get fixed up you can be quite attractive. (PAUSE) Or could it be that I'm just getting used to you.

OIE: Well, I got to get back to Elk's Club, McGee. Got to help fix up the bazaar. My Missus, you know, she's helping too.

FIB: What's she doing, Ole?

OIE: She signed up as a worker for Community Chest. Janitors for Elks Clubs don't make high wages, so we can't donate much except time. So the missus she say, "We give what we can and I help collect, because I hear they need workers."

MOL: They certainly do, Ole!

OIE: My missus, she's good worker, Mrs. All her life she work hard. Her idea of vacation is if flatiron gets cold and dishpan gets dry. See you at Elks Club, McGee.  
BUT I DON'T BUY NO KISSES!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Who asked him to?

NM

(REVISED) -14-

MOL: You know, McGee. I'm a little puzzled about something.

FIB: About what, snooky?

MOL: Doctor Gamble's attitude. He's the last person in the world I'd have expected to endorse this kissing booth idea of yours.

FIB: Oh you just don't understand the old Torso-tinker, Molly. He's pretty civic-minded down underneath them layers of lard. And he always --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hi, Molly. Hiyah, Pal.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Coming to the Community Chest Bazaar at the Elks tonight?

WIL: Well, natch.

MOL: Fine, Mr. Wilcox. Give your wife ten dollars and bring her along, too. McGee is selling kisses.

WIL: Ten dollars worth of kisses is a lot of candy, Molly.

I don't really think we'd -

FIB: Junior, - I got news for you. I ain't selling CANDY. I'm selling real kisses. Pucker up, smack-smack, 20 bucks, NEXT CUSTOMER!

NM

WIL: Oh, brother! Are you kidding?  
MOL: No, he's not kidding, Mr. Wilcox.  
FIB: You gotta consider the psychology of it, Junior.  
Take the average housewife ---  
WIL: Look, Pal. Don't YOU tell ME about the average housewife.  
I've made a life long study of that fascinating subject.  
MOL: My goodness, McGee, of course he has, because -  
WIL: Believe me, Pal, they'd much rather kiss me than you.  
Because why? Because I represent the company and the  
product that have lightened their household burdens.  
Given them extra hours of time and leisure. You know  
what I mean. With Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat...  
FIB: Yeah, I know, but when you consider the -

WIL: What have YOU done for the housewife? Have YOU shown  
her how to bring new life and beauty back to her faded  
and worn linoleum with the new Johnson's Glocoat with  
the new Glow? Have YOU shown her how she can simply pour  
out a little Glocoat, spread it around and let it dry  
to a protective wax polish that guards against scuffs  
and footprints and makes spilled things so easy to  
wipe up?  
FIB: No, but my gosh, I've -  
WIL: Have you done anything whatsoever to eliminate rubbing  
and buffing and oldfashioned floor-mopping? Why, with  
Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat -  
FIB: HEY HEY HEY.....LOOK, WAXEY!  
WIL: Yes, Pal?  
FIB: THIS AIN'T A SALES CAMPAIGN, JUNIOR - THIS IS FOR THE  
COMMUNITY CHEST...THE RED FEATHER SERVICES! ALL OVER THE  
UNITED STATES AND CANADA, THEY -  
WIL: Okay. Okay...But here's something you CAN do for me,  
Pal. Give them this slogan I just worked out.  
MOL: What is it, Mr. Wilcox?



(REVISED) -17-

WIL: "TICKLE YOUR CONSCIENCE WITH A RED FEATHER AND GIVE."  
And good luck with the smooching, Pal!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hey, you know that ain't bad at all? "Tickle your conscience with a red feather and give...."

MOL: Not bad at all, dearie. Maybe Doctor Gamble can paint a sign with that on it too, so -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Somebody at the door, Molly. Maybe some woman wants to get ahead of the crowd and buy a kiss.

MOL: In that case, lover, if I were you, I'd run up and shave. You look like an uprooted cactus. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Well, heavenly days...Mayor La Trivia. COME IN, YOUR HONOR!

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv.

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. McGee, I hear you're selling kisses tonight at the Community Chest Bazaar. Do you approve of that, Molly?

MOL: Well, yes and no, your honor. I think the Community Chest is a wonderful cause, but for himself to stand around kissing a lot of strange women...

NM

(2ND REVISION) - 18 -

FIB: Oh my gosh....this is all in fun, kiddo! If I'm unselfish enough to.....DID YOU SAY YOU WERE GONNA BE THERE, LA TRIV?

GALE: Oh yes, indeed.....I'll be there with bells on.  
(PAUSE)

MOL: Why, your honor?

GALE: Why what?

FIB: Why the bells? It'll be noisy enough with all them people milling around without you clangin' thru the crowd. If you wanna play streetcar.....

GALE: You don't understand, McGee....The bells I was referring to were merely metaphorical bells.

MOL: Bells are bells, Mr. Mayor, and I never heard a quiet one yet. However, if you insist on wearing them, maybe you could play something on them and entertain the crowd.

FIB: Sure. PLAY THE METAPHORICAL BELLS IN FRONT OF MY BOOTH. PLAY "KISS ME AGAIN", and "I KISS YOUR HAND MADAME", AND "I KISSED HER IN THE MOONLIGHT" .... you know, all them kissing songs and.....

GALE: WAIT A MINUTE!!! PLEASE!!!!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Maybe he doesn't know those tunes, McGee. Personally I think if he just walked around ringing the bells it would attract enough attention to.....

(2ND REVISION) - 19 -

GALE: I WON'T BILL ANY RINGS...RING ANY BULLS....BELLS.....  
I WON'T HAVE ANY BELLS.....I MERELY SAID I'D.....

FIB: Take it easy, La Triv....Nobody's criticizing you.....  
Let's not get acquamoniis.

MOL: No indeed. And, while this is not a costume affair, Mr.  
Mayor, if you want to show up with bells hanging all over  
you, I'm sure nobody will.....

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY I'D BE THERE WITH.....I MEAN I DID SAY IT,  
BUT I DIDN' MEAN BEEL RELLS.....I MEAN REAL BELLS....I  
WAS MERELY SAYING THAT I WAS CLANGING....GONGING.....  
DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR THE EXPRESSION I'LL BELL THERE WITH  
BEES ON? BE THERE WITH ..... LOOK...YOU WERE THE  
ONE WHO....I DIDN'T.....IT WAS MERELY A....YOU SAID.....  
I WASN'T....(PANTS) (PAUSE) McGms.

FIB: Yes, boy?

GALE: I wonder if I could have a photograph of you?

FIB: Of me? Why sure, boy. You wanta hang it in your office?

GALE: No - I'd like to send it to same friends in New York.  
THEY THINK THE HOLLAND TUNNEL IS A BIG BORE! GOOD DAY!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ever notice how upset that guy gets over little things?  
Funny he ever took up politics.....

(REVISED) -20-

MOL: Yes, a very excitable character...Well, I've got to go  
make some phone calls....(FADE) You'd better bathe and  
shave and change your clothes if....

FIB: OKAY, TOOTSIE,...RIGHT AWAY...Ahh, there goes a good kid!  
When she sees all them beautiful women gangin' around to  
kiss me, she'll really appreciate what a prize she's got.  
Not that I don't tell her often enough, but.....

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, mister. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh, hiya Teeny. Glad to see you, but I can't talk to you  
long now. I gotta get cleaned up for my work tonight.

TEE: Gee, really, mister? Oh boy, I told my daddy you'd do it  
some day!

FIB: Do what?

TEE: Go to work. He always says "Why don't that guy --

FIB: No, no - sis. I hate to disappoint your old ma - er, your  
father, but this isn't the kind of work he's thinking of.

TEE: Oh he doesn't care, mister. Any kind of work will suit  
him, as long as you do it. He always says "Why don't that  
guy -"

FIB: Look, Teeny! Let's keep your father out of this.

TEE: Okay.

(2ND REVISION) - 21 -

FIB: What I'm talkin' about is I'm gonna raise money tonight for the Community Chest, see? Gonna sell kisses at the bazaar. And at a goodly price, too, I might add.

TEN DOLLARS.

TEE: Hey ---- if you're gonna sell kisses, Mister McGee, I got a wonnerful idea! If you would care to invest fifty cents, I can make you a real success! Then my Daddy couldn't say ---- "Why don't that guy ----"

FIB: O.K.-- O.K ----sis, you got a deal!

TEE: That quick?

FIB: Yep, I'll gamble half a buck --even on one of YOUR ideas. Here you are. What's the slant?

TEE: Well, you know Kremer's Drug Store?

FIB: Like the back of my hand.

(REVISED) -22-

TEE: They sell rubber masks that look like movie stars and if I buy you one that looks like maybe Hopalong Cassidy, I'll bet you'll sell more kisses than just your own face, I betcha. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Sis, that's a very insulting idea! Besides, those masks sell for two-bits - and you nicked me for half a buck.

TEE: Sure, but with the other quarter I'm gonna do somethin' sweet and kind and good - an act of charity - for the Community Chest!

FIB: (TOUCHED) Well, good for you, honey. That's swell.

TEE: You know how the Community Chest guards the health of littul childrun, mister. I'm gonna use this quarter to buy a littul child a big rich, nourishing chocklit soda! BOY, AM I THIRSTY!!! So long, mister!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH. &  
KING'S MEN: "LUCKY OLD SUN"

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -23 -

- THIRD SPOT -

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ALONG SIDEWALK

FIB: Migosh, look at the mob of cars around the Elks Club,  
Molly!

MOL: Yes, that's wonderful.

FIB: Old Doc sure musta put the word around about me *seeing Jimmie*  
(MODESTLY) Although, no doubt a lot of these people  
woulda come anyhow. Probly.

MOL: Ohh, you're too modest, dearie! Just a little thing  
like the start of the Community Chest Drive wouldn't bring  
out all these people! They're here to see you!

FIB: (HAPPILY) Well, I better get in there and go to work,  
I guess. Boy, I sure don't look forward to it! What  
an ordeal!.....Is my tie tied straight?

MOL: The knot is a little loose, but don't ask me to tighten  
it - I don't trust myself.

FIB: If I can raise a few thousand bucks for charity with  
this "Ten Bucks to Kiss McGee" idea, by George I - Oh  
hey, there's the Old Timer!

MOL: Yes, hello, Mr. Old Timer.

(REVISED) -24-

OLD M: HELLO THERE, KIDS! Hi, daughter, Hi - HEY, whatcha got  
your puss puckered up for, Johnny? Git a green  
persimmon in your salad?

FIB: Nope, just practising up, Old Timer. There's a room full  
of women in there waiting to kiss me. I wanta be ready.

OLD M: Ohhh, look now, Johnny! You're a big boy, son! You got  
to quit that foolish dreamin'!

MOL: Say - why aren't you inside there having fun, Mr.  
Old Timer?

FIB: Yeah, where's your girl friend? Don't you and Bessie  
have a date tonight?

OLD M: (SADLY) Johnny - me and Bessie have foooft! I'm through  
with love, kids! Tooo risky!

FIB: Risky? Don't tell me you've reached the dangerous age.  
Again.

OLD M: I had a terrifying experience last night, kids. Me and  
Bessie went out and painted the town - we made the rounds  
of every chili parlor in the county - and didn't git home  
till away after ten!

FIB: Migosh, ten o'clock!

OLD M: Yep. We tiptoed up the porch steps and - well, Bessie  
told me I could kiss her goodnight!! (CHUCKLES) I leaned  
over to give her a peck on the fat part of ~~her~~ <sup>the</sup> ear -  
bumped a front tooth on her cameo earring - short-  
circuited the battery on her hearing aid and set my new  
celluloid collar afire!

MOL: Heavenly days!

OLD M: Bessie yelped like a stepped-on poodle- her poppa come runnin' downstairs - seen the fire - grabbed an extinguisher and shot my face full of carbon dioxide! When I got the foam out of my eyes, he says to me, "Young feller, what are your intentions?" - and I says "TO GIT OUT OF HERE!" and if anybody reports a flyin' disk down Oak Street last night, it was me, kids! I'M THROUGH WITH LOVE! So long.

FIB: I hate to see a kid get cynical that young. Well, come on, kiddo - I may as well go in and face it! My public is waiting! (HAPPILY) Boyoboy, what a horrible ordeal!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS....CROWD WALLA WALLA

MOL: My, this crowd is wonderful! This will give the Community Chest a start that - Oh, there's Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Yeah, let's find out where my booth is and-HEY, DOC!

DOC: (OFF) MCGEE! My boy! Come right over here!

MAN: HEY, HERE HE IS, HERE'S MCGEE!

CROWD: HOORAY!--- SWELL!

FIB: You hear that, Molly? They're waitin' for me. Come on.

MOL: I'll be watching, McGee, and if those women --

GALE: Hurry up, McGee - we've got a big crowd waiting for you, boy! Right over here!

FIB: (CHUCKLES HAPPILY) Okay, La Triv, I'll be a pigeon! I'm ready!

MAN: LINE UP, FOLKS!...GET YOUR MONEY READY..MCGEE'S HERE!

FIB: There's just one thing I want understood, Doc. This is no fun, this is a chore, understand? (CHUCKLES) Yessir! But for a worthy cause like the Community Chest - I'd do ANYTHING!

DOC: I knew you'd feel that way, McGee. A real patriot.

FIB: Betcha.

DOC: So we made one little change in your original idea.

MOL: A change, Doctor?

GALE: Yes - just step in the booth there, McGee.

FIB: Yeah, but what do you mean about -

MOL: Oh dear! Look at the sign, McGee! Read the sign! Up there!

FIB: Huh? Lemme see - "GIVE TEN DOLLARS AND KICK MCGEE!" WHAT? KICK MCGEE?? THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE KISS!

DOC: Bend over, my boy - don't keep the customers waiting!

MOL: Oh no - don't do that! Stop....

MAN: "I'M FIRST - HERE'S MY TEN BUCKS!"...

CROWD: "CAN I HAVE SIX KICKS FOR FIFTY?"... "HERE'S MY TEN"---

SOUND: KICK..GRUNT...CASH REGISTER...KICK...GRUNT...CASH REGISTER

...ONCE MORE INTO MUSIC

(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
OCTOBER 18, 1949

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment.  
There's a reason why Johnson's Glo-Coat is the world's most popular floor polish. It's because millions of women have discovered -- and keep re-discovering -- that there isn't an easier or better way to keep kitchen linoleum bright and beautiful than by polishing it regularly with this world-famous self polishing floor wax. It only takes a few minutes to cover the average size kitchen floor with Glo-Coat. In twenty minutes, Glo-Coat hardens into a tough, protective coating that shines bright as day with absolutely no buffing, no polishing on your part. Cleaning's far easier, because dirt, dust and grime don't penetrate Glo-Coat's hard, shining surface. And because wax takes the wear instead of linoleum, Glo-Coat, regularly applied, makes linoleum last from six to ten times longer. Don't wait another day to beautify and protect your linoleum. Get Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat -- first thing in the morning.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC .. FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -28-

TAG

MOL: Ladies and gentlemen - in the next thirty days, throughout the United States and Canada - a neighbor of yours will ring your doorbell to ask for your donation to the Community Chest.

FIB: If the Sugar bowl is a little empty right now, just sign the pledge card - for as much as you can - and give it whenever you're able - any time through the year.

MOL: And please be generous. Remember, it takes a Big Heart to fill a Big Chest!

FIB: 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)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
OCTOBER 18, 1949

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CLOSING TAG

ANNCR: Ladies -- when you want your home to look its best,  
don't forget the furniture. Is yours smudge-free  
and gleaming bright -- or could it use a little ~~to~~  
touching up with Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax --  
the fastest wax polish money can buy.  
Johnson's Cream Wax cleans so quickly ... dries so  
quickly ... polishes so quickly that using it's  
almost as easy as dusting. Cleans thoroughly,  
polishes brightly, in one application. Contains no  
sticky oils to catch dust.  
Tomorrow -- start using Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax.  
It's the fastest wax furniture polish money can buy.

ORCH: MUSIC UP TO FINISH

ANNCR: YOU'RE TUNED TO THE STARS (2 BEAT PAUSE) ON NBC.

NM

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

6:30:37 - 6:37  
6:43:20 - 6:47  
6:57:10 - 6:58  
58:45 - 6:58

Tuesday, October 25th, 1949

NM