

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

#7

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

6:30:37 - 6:31:40 - 1:03

6:43:20 - 6:44:15 - :53

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

6:58:45 - 6:59:15 - :30

Tuesday, October 25th, 1949 6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

3:18

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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 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 & MOLLY  
10/25/49

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FIRST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: The other day a young bride asked my advice on the best and easiest way to care for linoleum. I told her to cover it regularly with Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat. And I can recommend Glo-Coat as sincerely to you as I did to her. You see, I've been associated with the makers of Glo-Coat for years. I know what goes into this wonderful self-polishing floor wax. Why it spreads so easily, dries so evenly, lasts so long even under the hardest wear. I know why it shines so brightly that it lights up the whole kitchen...Without polishing. And why it will make printed linoleum last from six to ten times longer if regularly applied. When you consider the investment every woman has tied up in her linoleum, and the time and effort she spends in keeping it bright and beautiful it's easy to see why I'd advise my friends not to experiment with cut-rate polishes. For the polish that will make your floors shine brighter and your housework lighter, get Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat. You'll find it pays to get the best. Pick up a can first thing in the morning - at your dealers.

FIBBER & MOLLY MCGEE  
OCT. 25, 1949

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: THERE ARE TWO TYPES OF CONCERT LOVERS.

1. THOSE WHO LOVE THE CLASSICS AND ENJOY A CULTURAL EVENING AMONG OTHER MUSICALLY EDUCATED PEOPLE, AND --
2. FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: THIS CONCERT TONIGHT SHOULD BE WONDERFUL MCGEE!

FIB: YES. IT'S CULTURALLY VERY STIMULATING, MY DEAR. IF YOU CAN STAND A WHOLE EVENING OF IT!

MOL: WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU GOT THE TWO TICKETS?

FIB: Out at the airport, I was standin' around like I always do, screamin' at the pilots to get their wheels up, give it more gas, raise that right wing, and stuff, when I suddenly looked down and there they were.

MOL: The pilots?

FIB: No, the tickets. In a little envelope. Seventh row center for tonight. Yascha Polonski, directing the Symphony Orchestra. Civic Auditorium, 8:30.

MOL: Ahhh, Yascha Polonski!!! The greatest of them all!!

FIB: You said it! What a conductor! With a guy like that every little gesture counts.

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(REVISED).

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MOL: That's what they say.  
FIB: They tell me that once in San Francisco, he got a bum  
manicure, had his nails filed too short on his left hand  
and the bassoons were a half beat behind all evening. Next  
night he had to conduct the orchestra wearing celluloid  
falsies on his fingers.

MOL: Do tell! But look, dearie...I don't think we should use  
these tickets.

FIB: Why not? Finders Keepers, losers weepers, I always say.

MOL: BUT MAYBE WHOEVER LOST THEM WANTED TO USE THEM.

FIB: Listen, tootsie, let's be practical. I found these at the  
airport. That means whoever lost 'em was leavin' town,  
don't it?

MOL: No, it might mean they were lost by somebody just ARRIVING.

FIB: In that case, they'll be too tired to go to a concert after  
travelling all day. No, snooky, I figure they got lost by  
some guy that hates music, so he could stay home and watch  
a football game on television. WELL, RUN GET READY, SNOOKY,  
AND LET'S GO!

MOL: I'm almost ready right now, McGee.

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Sure, I know. Women are always ALMOST ready,  
kiddo. Let's get all ready. I like to get an early start.  
Window shop on the way. Get to the Civic Auditorium in time  
to eat a sack of popcorn before the curtain goes up.

(REVISED)

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MOL: One doesn't eat popcorn at a Yascha Polonski Concert.

FIB: Oh yes! One eats popcorn but one doesn't blow up the bag  
and bust it. One crumples it up quietly and sticks it in  
his wife's purse. How long will it take you to get ready -  
because all I got to do is change my shirt, shine my shoes,  
change -

MOL: I'm ready right now. Hand me my hat and gloves.

FIB: WHAT? OMIGOSH, YOU ARE READY! That's not fair, Molly.  
You KNOW a husband always figures on his wife takin' 2  
hours to get dressed! Migosh, this way you're makin' ME  
hold us up and -

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN

FIB: Oh, it's Ole from the Elk's Club. Hiyah, Ole!

MOL: Hello, Ole. Come in.

OLE: Hello, Missus. Hello, McGee. You was just leaving for  
someplace?

FIB: Concert at the Civic Auditorium, Ole. Yascha Polonski is  
conducting. I and Mrs. McGee are music lovers you know.

OLE: Well, I didn't know your Missus was a music lover, McGee,  
but I always knew you was.

MOL: Really, Ole?

OLE: Sure. One day at Elk's Club he spends sixty-five cents for  
Harry James playing "June In January" on the juke box.

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FIB: Well, that's the more popular type of music, Ole. I also got a yen for the classics, Didn't you hear me playing the Grand Canyon, Suite?

OLE: No, Darling, I didn't. (CHUCKLES) That was just a joke, McGee.

MOL: Are your children musical, Ole?

OLE: Well, yes and no, Missus, Christina, my oldest girl, she's pretty good on Hawaiian guitar. We got some good musical evenings by our house, sometimes.

MOL: I'll bet you do, Ole.

OLE: Sure. Christina with steel guitar, my missus sitting at piano, little Ole hitting upside-down wastebasket with drumsticks, and Cousin Lars learning new tunes on concertina.

FIB: What do you play, Ole?

OLE: <sup>on some ~~like that~~</sup> Yin rummy at the firehouse if I can just sneak out in time.

Well, I don't mean to keep you from concert, folks, I just stop in to say hello, so goodbye.

MOL: Goodbye, Ole.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, I guess everybody can't have a good ear for music, I guess a love of music is kind of BORN into a person.

MOL: Yes, I believe it is. And early training counts, too, you know.

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FIB: Oh sure.

MOL: I used to teach music to children back in Peoria, if you'll remember. It's wonderful to think how many of my pupils turned out to be successful upholsterers, insurance salesmen and smugglers when they might have been <sup>just</sup> such third rate musicians!

FIB: Well, that's life, kiddo. Nature intended most of us to be listeners instead of performers. That's why we got two ears and only one mouth.

MOL: Yes - but get ready, dearie. You like to get an early start remember?

FIB: Won't take but a minute, kiddo - I'll run up and change my shirt. This is a wartime shirt and the tail is too short. It creeps up on me like a dieting fat lady creeps up on a hot fudge sundae. I better shave too, but you just relax, because....

ORCH: "YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

FIB: (FADING IN) Well, I'm all ready to go again, Molly!  
What time is it?  
MCL: About half past, dearie. All shaved, are you?  
FIB: Feel that face, kiddo! Slicker than a bus driver's pants!  
MCL: Well, I've been waiting since -  
FIB: How do I look, tootsie? Like what the well-dressed man will wear to a Polonsky Concert; that he found two good tickets on the aisle, at the airport, down in the 7th row, for?  
MCL: You look lovely, dearie. Especially those carpet slippers. They give you that casual look and -  
FIB: CARPET SLIP-- Omigash! Forgot my shoes! I THOUGHT my feet felt awful comfortable. (CHUCKLES) Well, you sit down a minute, tootsie. My shoes are right here in the dining room and -

DOOR CHIME:

MCL: For goodness sakes....who's this? COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh, it's the Old Timer, HIYAH, OLD TIMER.  
MCL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD: HELLO DAUGHTER...HELLO JOHNNY. Jest ridin' past on my new motorsickel and thought I'd drop in for a mite.  
FIB: Motorcycle, eh? Must be a lot of fun.  
MOL: Side-car, Mr. Old Timer?  
OLD: Don't mind if I do, daughter. Gits kinda dusty ridin' a - OH YOU MEAN ON THE MOTORSICKLE? Nope, I ride it the hard way.  
FIB: Ever do any hill climbing on it, Old Timer?  
OLD: You bet, Johnny. Bunch of us was out at Pickens' Hill last Sunday.  
MOL: I thought they were levelling that hill off for a new subdivision.  
OLD: They are, daughter. They had a bulldozer workin' when I was out there. I rides up to the feller and I says "HEY", I SAYS, "WHATCHA DOIN WITH THAT BULLDOZER?"  
FIB: "WHO, ME?" he says, "I'M GITTIN THE HILL OUTA HERE".  
WELL SIR,- Hey, am I detainin' you folks, Johnny?  
FIB: No, we're just going to a symphony concert tonight, Old Timer.  
OLD: Oooh, Jeeminy kids, I just LOOOOVE symphony concerts. My famby was all musical, you know.  
MOL: Really, Mr. Old Timer? Seems like everybody's was.

OLD: HELLO DAUGHTER...HELLO JOHNNY. Jest ridin' past on my new motorsickel and thought I'd drop in for a mite.

FIB: Motorcycle, eh? Must be a lot of fun.

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MOL: Really, Mr. Old Timer? Seems like everybody's was.

OLD: Yep. My sister Fanny she had a natural aptitude fer the cello, bein' bowlegged. My brother Peabody, he whammed a banjo with Toscanini, but Toscanini fired him and he started playin' burlecue theayters. From Tosky to Minsky in one jump, ye might say. Then Mamma - mama played the Glockenspiel in parades, and Papa... Well, I - I... that was the thing that busted up a fine musical famby, kids.

FIB: Why?

MOL: What happened?

OLD: Papa, he was gittin' his bass violin down off a shelf when it slipped and stabbed him in the neck. Only musician on record that ever got gored by a bull fiddle.

MOL: WELL, HAVE A GOOD TIME, KIDS!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM: MOTORCYCLE UP AND OFF

FIB: We better get going, kiddo. I wanta - hand me my other shoe, willya? Thanks. YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL READY?

MOL: Sweetheart, I have been dressed and waiting for so long that my new hat has been out of style twice and it's back in again now. Let's get started, will you?

FIB: Right with you, tootsie - soon as I tie this shoe and - (SMALL SNAP) DADRAT THE DADRATED! BUSTED A SHOESTRING!

MOL: Oh dear. Run upstairs and get one out of your other shoes.

FIB: couldn't see the pistol, but I knew it was loaded.

FIB: Can't. That's where I got these. Have we got an old belt around here? I can cut some rawhide shoelaces and -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly - Hi, Pal!

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox. Come in.

FIB: Hi, Junior. Have you got an extra shoestring, because -

WIL: I can't stay but a minute, kids. I just dropped in to wish you a happy "MAKE A PET OF YOUR HUSBAND WEEK," Molly.

MOL: How was that again?

WIL: Haven't you heard? This is National "MAKE A PET OF YOUR HUSBAND WEEK". I dreamed it up.

FIB: Well, go back to sleep, Junior. You can do better than that.

MOL: Yes, if you think I'm going to put a leash on my husband and buy him a license, just because -

WIL: Oh no, not that kind of a pet, Molly. My idea is simply to encourage women to be kind to their husbands. Baby them. Pamper them. Keep them happy.

FIB: Say, that's a splendid idea, Junior. I'm spoiled myself, of course, but -

WIL: And the quickest way to make a husband happy is to give him a happy-looking home! A home that gleams with the hospitality that Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat gives it!

FIB: Aw! I couldn't see the pistol, but I knew it was loaded.

WIL: A home where the floors and kitchen linoleum are safely guarded against wear and tear with Glocoat - the New Glocoat with the New Glow! The Glocoat that makes your linoleum last -

SOUND: [Faint background sound]

FIB: Look. I busted a shoestring ~~and~~ -

WIL: - ten times longer! Take that linoleum in your kitchen, Molly. If you could put a sheet of plate glass over that and walk on the glass only - you'd never need new linoleum, would you?

MOL: No, but glass isn't very -

WIL: That's exactly what Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat does for your floors, kids! It takes all the wear, and your linoleum stays new! So you can see that neglecting to keep your floors and linoleum Glocoat protected is pretty silly economy. It's like saving money by not putting oil in your car! You'll need a new one a whole lot sooner. So - you can make a pet of your husband by -

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

WIL: Yes, Pal?

MOL: Do you really have to leave, Mr. Wilcox? Right now???

WIL: Yes I do, kids. I have to hurry home and get dressed. I'm throwing a little dinner tonight.

FIB: Yeah? A party, Junior? (PAUSE) What on earth is the bulge in the pocket?

FIB: This? Jelly sandwiches.

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WIL: No, my sister-in-law is visiting us and she's cooking dinner. I'm throwing it out and taking the girls downtown. So long, kids.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Isn't he nice, McGee? He always likes to have his little joke, doesn't he?

FIB: You said it! There ain't a guy in town that has any LITTLER jokes than Wilcox! His gags are - Hey, look, I think I can tie this busted shoelace together, Molly. Yeah, I'll skip a couple of holes and...There!

MOL: Did that do it?

FIB: Yep. Let's get going right now, before I hold us up again!

MOL: Let mother look at you a minute. Did you put on clean socks?

FIB: Sure, sure, I'm all set. Wallet, driver's license. Elk's tooth, keys, extra handkerchief -- wait'll I take off my coat and vest a minute.

MOL: Your coat and vest? Why?

FIB: Wanta check and see if my shirt tail is in good. Hold the coat. I'll be such a fashion plate when I walk in that auditorium -

MOL: Your shirt looks fine except - (PAUSE) What on earth is the bulge in the pocket?

FIB: This? Jelly sandwiches.

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MOL: WHAT?

FIB: Some of them concerts run pretty long and -

MOL: Take them out of your shirt, for heaven's sake!

FIB: Huh? They're okay. I wrapped 'em in a paper napkin and - Oh-oh! The jelly leaked.

MOL: Oh dear! Your shirt is a mess! McGee, you -

FIB: (BRIGHTLY) You relax, tootsie. Just take a minute to yank it off and - (PING) There went a button! Just relax, kiddo. I'll get another shirt.

MOL: Ohhh. (MUTTERS) They say men are just little boys grown up, but if mine doesn't start growing up pretty soon, I'll -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Doggone it, now who? COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor La Trivia, McGee. Hello, Mr. Mayor!

GALE: Good evening, Molly. And - well, isn't a little early for bed, McGee? I didn't know you were undressing or -

MOL: He isn't undressing, Mr. Mayor. He's dressing to go out.

GALE: Oh. With his usual backward approach to everything, I see.

FIB: Yep, found two tickets to a concert at the Civic, La Triv. We'd ask you along, if you had your own ticket, but you probably wouldn't like it anyhow. Longhair stuff.

GALE: Uh.....thank you, but I couldn't go anyhow. I have to get home and work over the city budget tonight.



MOL: Pretty busy, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Yes indeed. Between the Citizen's Committee yelping for lower taxes, and the City Council yelping for higher taxes I've been walking a tight rope all week.

MOL: (PAUSE) Does that relax you, Mr. Mayor? Like a warm bath or something?

GALE: Does WHAT relax me?

FIB: Walkin' a tight rope. I used to know a guy who always juggled billiard balls when he got nervous, but he knocked out so many front teeth he decided he'd rather have the jitters. He was --

GALE: Oh no, McGee - wait a minute -

MOL: If I was up on a high rope like that, I'd be a nervous wreck, because -

GALE: Please, Mrs. McGee! (CAREFULLY) You see, when I said I'd been walking a tight rope, that was simply a figure of speech. I didn't mean I had been doing any actual walking on a rope, at all.

FIB: Oohh, you don't hafta explain that to us, boy. We know what you meant.

GALE: Good.

FIB: Certainly. I useta practise rope walking behind our garage, and I never did any actual walking, either. I was always either straddle the rope - or hanging by my stummick - or -

GALE: Look, you don't understand. I simply -

MOL: I wouldn't let this get around if I were you, Mr. Mayor - because if the voters found out you spent your time teetering on a tight-rope, instead of tending to business -

GALE: I don't teeter on a tight-rope! This whole thing -

FIB: If you don't teeter, you must be plenty good, boy. Do you use a balancing pole, or just -

GALE: OF COURSE I DON'T USE A VANISHING BOWL! BANISTER POLE! WHY WOULD I WANT -

MOL: Now, now, now, Mr. Mayor!! DON'T SHOUT!

FIB: No - you'll lose your balance there, boy. Migosh, I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings.

GALE: Weeelll.....

MOL: Yes - naturally he doesn't carry a balancing pole, McGee. He probably just carries a little silk umbrella.

FIB: Sure. And I'll bet you look mighty cute, La Triv - teetering along that tight-rope, with a blue parasol and dress, in pink tights, with a touch of -

GALE: (ROARS) I DON'T TEAR PINK TIGHTS AND CARRY A BLUE BARBASOL! TINK PIGHTS AND A PAIR BLUBASOL! PARASOL! LOOK, TALKING A WHITE ROPE - TIGHT ROPE - IS SPEERLY A MIGURE OF FEECH! PEACH! SPEECH!

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FIB: Okay. "Ladies and gentlemen, we are gathered here tonight -"

GALE: (ROARS) NOOOOO!!! NOP STEEDLING ME! NEEDLING BE! ME! EVERY SING I THAY - THING I PLAY - SAY! I DIDN'T MIX THIS WHOLE START-UP...YOU WERE THE ONES THAT...ALL I SAID...YOU...WE...(PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes, boy?

GALE: You are a repulsive low comedy character! But, if it is any comfort to you, you have one thing, and one thing only, that is completely charming!

FIB: I have? What's that, La Triv?

GALE: Your wife! Good night, Molly.

MOL: OH NO, NOT THAT DOOR, MR. MAYOR!

FIB: THAT'S THE HALL CLOS -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CLOSET EFFECT:

FIB: Look what fell out - a clean shirt, Molly. I'll be ready in a minute and:-

ORCH AND KING'S MEN: "THE LEADER DOESN'T LIKE MUSIC":

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT:

MOL: Look, McGee. If we're going to this concert, we'd better get started. I was all ready to go, but you had to change your shirt, shave, put new laces in your shoes -

FIB: They aren't new, kiddo. I just took 'em out of my tennis shoes and put 'em into these shoes. Then they looked kinda funny, white laces in black shoes, so I had to take 'em out and dip 'em in India ink. Then I had to wait for 'em to dry.

MOL: Yes, and then you spent fifteen minutes on the telephone to tell Mort Toops you wouldn't be bowling tonight, and then -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Well, we still got plenty of time, baby. That's the difference between men and wimmin. Men always start in plenty of time.

MOL: MmmHm. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh heavenly days..it's Doctor Gamble, McGee.

DOC: It is, indeed! Good evening, my dear. And what are you all dressed up for, Bro Bummel?

FIB: ~~Well, if it isn't the old Chinese Physician, Low Suang BUNG.~~ Hiyah, Cough- Killer!

MOL: In answer to your recent inquiry, Doctor, we're attending a symphony concert tonight.

DOC: I wish I could go with you. I'm an old symphony man myself.

FIB: I always considered you more of a military band man myself, Dooky. More brass than finesse.

THIRD SPOT:

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DOC: It is, indeed! Good-evening, my dear. And what are you all dressed up for, Bro Bummel?

FIB: ~~Well, it's that old Chinese Physician, Low Slung BING.~~  
Hiyah, Cough-Killer!

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DOC: I wish I could go with you. I'm an old symphony man myself.

FIB: I always considered you more of a military band man myself, Docky. More brass than finesse.

MOL: I'm sorry we haven't an extra ticket for you, Doctor. But it's a little late to try and get another one.

DOC: Yes, I know, but I couldn't make it anyway, thanks. A critical situation has come up at the hospital with one of our wealthy patients.

MOL: Expecting the worst, are you Doctor? WHERE DID

DOC: Yes, the crisis will be reached about nine o'clock. At that time we expect he'll try to pack up and go home without paying his bill. A very serious situation.

FIB: Oh you'll survive, Butcher Boy. You always manage to collect.

DOC: Oh be quiet! What is this concert tonight, Molly? I hadn't heard about it.

MOL: It's Yascha Polonski, doctor. He's conducting.

DOC: Yascha Polonski..oh, but he's the best!!! Personally,

FIB: I think you should go yourself here

DOC: I think you should go yourself here

FIB: Certainly, and please. Here they are, right...HEY, WHERE'S THE TICKETS...I CAN'T FIND THE TICKETS. WHERE DID

MOL: (PATIENTLY) You probably left them upstairs when you made one of your last seven trips up there after I was all ready to go, dearie.

FIB: CERTAINLY HE'S THE BEST! You think we dash out like this, all dressed up, to hear Spike Jones play "Dardanella" on a bicycle pump?

MOL: Personally, I'd LOVE TO hear Spike play Dardan--he could

DOC: But I hadn't heard about this....why didn't people tell me these things? How did an ignorant little...WHERE DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THIS, EGGFACE?

FIB: I knew about it, Doctor, because I just happen to be a sensitive, wide-awake, citizen that he's always on the alert, that's how I knew about it, Doctor, because.

DOC: Yes, but -

FIB: As the <sup>man</sup> says when <sup>he</sup> stuck the newspaper in the front of her <sup>his shirt</sup> ~~business~~ on the cold winter day, "I'M ALWAYS ABBREAST OF THE TIMES."

MOL: He found the tickets at the airport, Doctor. Personally, I think we're doing wrong to use them, but himself here says -

FIB: I SAY "FINDERS KEEPERS, LOSERS STAY HOME," THAT'S WHAT I SAY! AND FURTHER THE MORE --

DOC: Let me see the tickets, Bird Brain.

FIB: Certainly, Prod-Pulse. Here they are, right...HEY, WHERE'S THE TICKETS...MOLLY!...I CAN'T FIND THE TICKETS. WHERE DID I -

MOL: (PATIENTLY) You probably left them upstairs when you made one of your last seven trips up there after I was all ready to go, dearie.

airport and find his own  
 1, if I got the ambition  
 (LIVER UP) Well, I guess  
 And you'd better get  
 take your word  
 to Auditorium,  
 my way.  
 from the  
 ha

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FIB: Oh, my gosh..good thing I discovered it before we got to the Auditorium. (FADE) BE RIGHT BACK, DOCKY...

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS AND FADE OUT

MCL: Isn't he cute, Doctor? Did you ever know a man who could be so wrong about so many things and make it look so reasonable?

DOC: I wish he'd make a new will and leave his brain to the Atomic Energy commission. They'd be interested in knowing how such a small bit of matter could make so much noise. But about this Polonski concert. If I'd only known -

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADE IN

FIB: Here, Pudge-Buckle. Cast your faded blue eyes on these! Two Tickets. 7th row center. Civic Auditorim. TONIGHT! Right?

DOC: Hmm. May I use your telephone?

MCL: Certainly, Doctor. Go right ahead.

FIB: But it won't do you any good to try and get a ticket this late, Fatso. ~~Yascha Polonski sells like Kodak film in~~ Ball. They'll just --

RECEIVER UP:

DOC: Hello, Operator? Give me the Wistful Vista Gazette, will you please?

MCL: A very smart move, Doctor. If anybody can get you a ticket-

DOC: HELLO, GAZETTE? MUSIC DESK, PLEASE. HELLO, MARTY? DOC GAMBLE. YOU GOT AN EXTRA TICKET TO THE POLONSKI CONCERT TONIGHT? EH? OH..IS THAT SO? Uh-huh. No. I guess I can't..

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FIB: Why don't he go out to the airport and find his own tickets, like I did? My gosh, if I got the ambition and energy to -

MCL: Hush, dearie. The Doctor is -

DOC: OKAY, MARTY. THANKS A LOT. (RECEIVER UP) Well, I guess I won't be able to join you, folks. And you'd better get going or you'll miss it.

MCL: What time is it, Doctor?

DOC: 8:15 and that is Naval Observatory Time.

FIB: Funny place to wear your watch, but we'll take your word for it, Fatso. Wanna drop us off at the Civic Auditorium, Docksy?

DOC: No sonny, I'm afraid it will be a little out of my way.

MCL: Why Doctor, the Civic Auditorium is only a block from the Hospital!

DOC: Yes, OURS is. But the Civic Auditorium in which Yascha Polonski is playing tonight is in Philadelphia.

MCL: PHILADELPH --

FIB: PHILADEL-- YOU MEAN SOMEBODY AT THE AIRPORT WAS..THESE TICKETS AIN'T -- Ohhh, I'd like to lay my hands on the dirty rat that lost these tickets!

ORCH: "SOME DAY" FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
10/25/49

CLOSING COMMERCIAL - (Timing: 51 sec. 150 words)

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment - If you have printed linoleum on your kitchen floor, you just can't afford not to listen to this big news about Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat. Glo-Coat, regularly applied, makes printed linoleum last from six to ten times longer. That's easy to understand. For, you see, all the print and color of printed linoleum is on the surface of the linoleum. That's where the wear occurs, when it occurs. But linoleum doesn't suffer surface wear when it's protected by this glossy, self-polishing floor wax. Wax takes the wear instead of linoleum....your bright prints and colors last indefinitely. So, ladies, protect your investment, and fill your kitchen with brightness, at the same time. No polishing with Glo-Coat....just spread it on..let it dry....watch it shine. Your linoleum prints will last from six to ten times longer. Pick up a can of Glo-Coat - first thing in the morning.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC .. FADE FOR:

TAG

MOL: Well, McGee, I certainly enjoyed that. It turned out to be a very satisfying evening after all!

FIB: Glad you enjoyed it, kiddo.

MOL: WHAT A CONDUCTOR THAT MAN WAS!!!! Such grace, such poise...What a platform personality!! Why, I could ride back and forth on his streetcar all night long!

FIB: Well, we'll take a ride again sometime, baby. Maybe next week. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat - Racine, Wisconsin and Brantford, Canada - bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?

SWITCH TO HITCH

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
10/25/49

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TAG COMMERCIAL - (Timing: 31 sec. 90 words)

ANNCR: Here's the time saving way to clean and polish furniture. Use Johnson's Cream Wax....the polish that cleans so quickly....dries so quickly....polishes so quickly that using it's almost as easy as dusting. Actually, you can clean and polish a large piece of furniture in a jiffy. A few strokes with a 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 - clean and polish your furniture - almost as easy as dusting. Use Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax.

ORCH: MUSIC UP TO FINISH

ANNCR: (SYSTEM CUE ?)

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

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Cream Furniture Wax, Phil Leslie and Don Quinn

of the General Electric Company

are presenting "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

Johnson's Wax

PROD: PHIL LESLIE, DON QUINN

Tuesday, November 1, 1949

6:30:35 — 6:31:00

6:47:55 — 6:48:50

6:57:00 — 6:57:30

6:58:45 — 6:59:00