

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#8

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, November 1, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:35 — 6:31:32 — :57

6:47:55 — 6:48:50 — :55

6:57:00 — 6:57:50 — :50

6:58:45 — 6:59:20 — :35

3:17

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Dick Le Grand, Frank Hemingway, 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 & MOLLY
11-1-49

(2ND REVISION) -3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

ANNCR: The other night someone -- and it could have been me -- spilled a bowl of salad dressing right smack in the middle of my wife's freshly polished kitchen floor. What happened to the floor? Nothing. After I wiped up the mess, there were no stains or spots left on the linoleum to show that anything had been spilled. That beautiful GLO-COAT glow was still there. You see, the shining coat that Johnson's GLO-COAT gives your floors is not just a surface polish that disappears in a day or two. It is a solid film of protective wax that stays on your floor. Spilled things don't cut through it. Dirt doesn't grind into it. Damp mopping doesn't spoil it. GLO-COAT's shine and GLO-COAT's protection withstand kitchen accidents and kitchen traffic. So your job of keeping floors clean and shining is much, much easier. But remember, no ordinary polish or cleanser will do this. Only GLO-COAT can save your work as it saves your floor. Put Johnson's GLO-COAT on your shopping list tonight and pick up a can tomorrow.

ORCH: BRIDGE

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: THE WISTFUL VISTA TRANSIT COMPANY HAS ASKED THE RIDERS OF ITS STREETCARS TO MAKE SUGGESTIONS FOR INCREASING THE COMPANY'S REVENUE. IN FACT, THEY'RE OFFERING A PRIZE FOR THE BEST IDEA. SO - LOOK WHO'S BEEN RIDING TROLLEYS ALL MORNING, ACCUMULATING IDEAS - AND CALLOUSES, YEP, IT'S --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE

SOUND: STREETCAR IN TO STOP....DOOR OPEN...HISS OF AIR

FIB: Watch it Molly. Step down.

MOL: All right. Whew! I'm glad to get off that thing and stretch a minute, McGee!

FIB: You said it. Get up on the curb here, kiddo.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES....STREET CAR STARTS: FADES OFF:

MOL: My goodness, I've had smoother rides on the back step of a milk wagon, behind a hamstrung horse, on a cobblestone street.

FIB: Well, it's the flat wheels on those clang-buggies that make -- there's a suggestion - write that down - "Put round wheels on streetcars."

MOL: A revolutionary idea! May I make a suggestion, too, at this point? Let's forget this whole thing and go home.
On foot!

(REVISED) -5-

FIB: FORGET IT? GO HOME! With ^{think worth a} a hundred-buck prize waitin' at the transit company for me to think up the suggestion that wins it!? Oh, Molly!

MOL: I'm sorry. Just a thought.

FIB: Migosh, for a prize worth that kind of dough, I'll ride every broken-down bucket of bolts in their dadratted transit system! I'll smother them guys with suggestions!

MOL: (TO SELF) Well, this was all in your contract, Molly. Driscoll! You should have read the fine print!..When is the next car due, dearie!?

FIB: Your guess is as good as the streetcar company's! According to the beatup schedule on the phone pole here, the next car due is the one we just got off of.

MOL: Wonderful! Maybe we'll miss it.

FIB: HOWEVER - there's a note on the bottom of it that says "Presidential Proclamation - Service on this line will be limited for the duration of the war."

MOL: How patriotic can you get?

FIB: Yeah. It's signed "Woodrow Wilson". Offhand, I'd say we can expect the next car when we see it.

MOL: Yes, I think - Oh look, coming across the street, McGee. Doctor Gamble!

FIB: Yeah, I see him. (CHUCKLES) Look at the waddle on that old canvasback. He walks with all the casual easy grace of a guy takin' a sobriety test. HEY, LARDBUCKET!

MOL: Oh, McGee. Hello, Doctor Gamble. Nice to see you.

(REVISED) -6-

DOC: Hi, Molly. And good day to you, Putty-head.

FIB: Greetings, Lance-A-Lot. How's the fracture racket? Is it true you've invented a system for healing broken legs that keeps a patient in bed for 6 weeks instead of two?

DOC: No - but I do have a new hemstitching process that I'd like to try on that fat lip of yours sometime, Blubber Boy!

MOL: Now boys, don't get too --

FIB: Look who's callin' who Blubber Boy! HAH! You got a crust, standin' there with your collar full of chins and your knee-caps down in your sock-tops and claimin' I'm chubby, Flabby!

MOL: McGee, now stop it! Ignore him, Doctor'.

DOC: I'd love to, Molly. Although ignoring him is a little like ignoring mice in the attic - no matter how hard you try, you still keep hearing the strangest noises. What brings you downtown, my dear - shopping?

FIB: No, we come down here to -

DOC: (SHARPLY) I asked your wife, Blabbermouth!

FIB: Welllll...I speak for her. Don't I, Molly?

MOL: Yes you do, dearie - constantly! We're riding streetcars today, Doctor, so we can tell the company ^{how to improve their business} what's wrong with ~~them~~.

FIB: Yep, I'm gonna cop a hundred-buck prize today, Docky.

DOC: Oh, their suggestion box deal, eh?

MOL: Yes, we may not WIN it - but we'll certainly EARN it! I have at least 40 dollars worth of bruises, so far! Do you ride streetcars much, Doctor?

(REVISED) -7-

FIB: Nah, he quit riding streetcars when they started chargin' him double fare, Molly.

MOL: Double fare?

FIB: Sure, they gotta charge Doc by the room he takes up, kiddo. Migosh when he sits down and lets hisself go, he spreads out like a pat of butter on a hot waffle!

DOC: Look, Bugbrain, I'm getting just a little sick and tired of your slanderous exaggerations about the size of my physique!

MOL: I don't blame you, Doctor!

DOC: I measured myself in the office the other day, and just for a cold mathematical statistic, my hip measurement is exactly 44 inches.

FIB: It is? 44 inches, eh?

DOC: Yes. (PAUSE) That's my right hip of course - I couldn't reach the left one. Well, I've got to get down to the office kids - happy transfers, Molly!

MOL: Thank you, Doctor. Happy transfers to you too! What am I saying! What's happy about riding 40 miles around town on 18 drafty streetcars to wind up where we started?

FIB: (CHUCKLES) You'll see what's happy about it, when I take that hundred buck prize from the president of the company and tell you to run out and buy yourself a mink with the dough! A small mink, of course.

~~CLANG OF APPROACHING STREETCAR~~

MOL: Yes, a small mink-dyed rabbit..scarf.

FIB: Got your pad and pencil, kiddo? Here comes our car. Come on!

STREETCAR STOPS...DOOR OPENS

(2ND REVISION) -8-

COND: ALL ABOARD! WATCH YOUR STEP, PLEASE!

MOL: I'll get the fares, dearie. I have two dimes.

RATTLE OF COINS INTO BOX: DOOR CLOSES: CAR STARTS: FADES

FIB: Oh, you didn't hafta do that, Molly. Shucks, I'd of paid my own fare!

MOL: Think nothing of it! The pleasure of your company for the afternoon is worth a dime..Some afternoon.

FIB: Here's a seat, Molly.

MOL: (SIGHS) Good! I'm---OH LOOK ACROSS THE AISLE! THERE'S OLE!

FIB: Yeah! Hi, Ole!

OLE: Well, hello, McGee. Hello, Mrs. I was just thinking of you, McGee.

FIB: You were?

OLE: Sure. I'm sitting here running. Errand for Mr. Wilcox

MOL: Oh?

OLE: He gives me \$5 bill and he tells me "Ole, you just keep the change." Reminds me of you, McGee.

^{2nd}
~~MOL:~~ Really?

OLE: Sure. (PAUSE) So different! I go for McGee yesterday to get him 50 cents cigars. He gives me only forty three cents and short talk on loyalty.

FIB: Well, so what? Wilcox and his big fat expense account! Migosh, I could be a spendthrift too - if I wasn't so close with a buck.

OLE: You goin' someplace, Mrs. - or you just out for the ride?

MOL: We're riding on business, Ole, we hope. Himself here is thinking up suggestions to help the company make money.

(REVISED)

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FIB: Yep. Read Ole a few of the ideas I got wrote down, Molly.
MOL: Well, let's see - "To Improve Service: Fire conductor
on Car 14..Fire Motorman on Car 15..Shoot conductor on Car
16..Burn Car 17"..
OLE: That's McGee - the workingman's friend! .. I don't ride
much streetcars myself - most of the time I walk to save
money.
FIB: Well, you can ride free Ole, if you want to. Why don't you
use the old twenty-dollar bill gag on 'em?
MOL: Oh, McGee, that's -
OLE: Twenty-dollar bill gag?
FIB: You never seen that one? All you do is show the conductor
a 20 dollar bill, see? No conductor wants to change a
twenty, so you ride free. That's the 20 dollar bill gag.
OLE: Look, McGee. I'm just a janitor at Elks' Club and with me,
20 dollar bills is no gag. Saturday night I take my wages
home and my missus she peel off a dollar and a half and
she say, "Ole, here is your allowance for week, and stay
away from racetrack!"
MOL: Good for her, Ole.
OLE: Sure - on streetcars, I don't flash no twenties, McGee.
On streetcars I'm just donatin' my dime! Goodbye, Mrs.!!
ORCH: "GEORGIA ON MY MIND"
APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION)

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SOUND: STREET CAR NOISES ... CLANG CLANG

MOL: You know, it's sort of fun to ride on street cars, McGee.
You meet so many interesting elbows...

FIB: Ridin' on streetcars, kiddo, is like mountain climbin! It's
only fun when you don't HAVE to do it. And the only reason
I'm doin it is to win that hundred buck prize!

MOL: Got any more ideas yet--about how to increase their business?

SOUND: STREETCAR SLOW DOWN, STOP WITH AIR HISS, DOOR OPEN

COND: CRENVANTHORTENMUM...!! CRENVATHORTENMUM...!! CHANGE CARS
FOR RAFFRASWAVVATHETH!!!

MOL: What did he say?

FIB: Who knows?

MOL: He sounds like a Turkish tobacco auctioneer with a mouthful
of cork tips.

SOUND: DING DING! STREET CAR START UP AND FADE FOR:

COND: (LOUD, OVER SOUND) NEXT STOP, TORMASWITHSTREVIS.
TORMASWITHSTREVIS, NEXT!!!

(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: I think it's just his Southern accent. Southern Patagonia. But what I meant to say was - Oh hiyah, La Trivia!

GALE: (FADE IN) WELL, HELLO, THERE, MRS. MCGEE. HELLO, MCGEE!

MOL: Well, if it isn't himself, the Mayor! Good day your honor.

FIB: What's a big shot like you doin' ridin' on the poor man's Union Pacific, La Triv? You got stock in the street car company?

GALE: No, McGee. I have no stock in the transit company. I am simply democratic enough to want to rub shoulders with my fellow citizens, now and then. Why, I feel ----

COND: JARKAMASSATRANVERS! JARKAMASSATRANVERS!

SOUND: STREET CAR SLOW DOWN. STOP. DOORS OPEN:

COND: JARKAMASSATRANVERS.!! CONNECTION WITH NEEVATRAS AND ORNFALASSAWIL! ALL ABOARRRD!

GALE: What did he say?

MOL: It's Gaelic, Your Honor. Translated, it means, "Goody goody, we stopped with the back steps right over a mud puddle."

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FIB: Every time they can get a passenger to step out into a puddle, it's ten points for the conductor, La Triv. A snow bank counts five and a ~~pile of~~

GALE: OH NONSENSE, MCGEE. I find these conductors very helpful and courteous and -

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE: DING DING! CAR START AND UP AND FADE:

COND: NEXT STOP, GRASAWHENTRIB. GRASSAWHENTRIB NEXT. CHANGE FOR NERP!

GALE: That's very strange. SOME of the passengers must understand him. They get up and get off.

MOL: That's in spite of him, Mr. Mayor. They all look out the window, and recognize the landmarks. He could recite "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" in Chinese, and they'd STILL get up and get off.

FIB: That's a great theory, Molly, except you can't see anything outa the windows. They're so dirty if you laid 'em o' flat you could grow onions on 'em.

GALE: Oh stop griping, McGee. What do you expect of a streetcar Persian Lamb upholstery and gypsy music? If you dislike our transit system so much why do you ride on it? Why don't you walk?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE: DING DING! CAR BY AND I DEPART:

MOL: Well, but only days, - Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hi, Junior!

MOL: Hello, folks. Would if I sit right here behind you!

(2ND REVISION)

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MOL: This is for a definite purpose, your honor.
The street car company is offering a big prize for the best suggestion on how to increase business.

FIB: Yep. Gimme a couple more round trips on this bone-breaker and I'll have the winning idea too! If I live thru it.

GALE: Well, good luck with it, McGee. I rather enjoy riding the street car at intervals, myself. I like to come in contact with my fellow citizens, I like to get close to the voting public. I would make almost any sacrifice to be in touch with....(PAUSE) WELL...!!

MOL: What's the matter, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: I have just made a sacrifice. I have been touched! Somebody has picked my pocket! CONDUCTOR - STOP THE CAR!!! HOLD IT! LET ME OFF!!

MOL: My goodness his honor must have been touched --

SOUND: STREET CAR SLOW DOWN, DOORS OPEN

COND: LORESTFLUM STREET..LORESTFLUM! LET 'EM-OUT, PLEASE!

FIB: This is Oak Street, but the way he says it, it sounds like "Lorbstflum."

MOL: Maybe he's lived here a long time and that's the Indian name for Oak Street.

SOUND: DOORS CLOSE: DING DING! CAR UP AND FADE UNDER:

MOL: ~~Oh my!~~ Well, heavenly days, - Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hi, Junior!

WIL: Hello, folks. Mind if I sit right here behind you?

(2D REVISION) -14-

FIB: Go ahead, Junior, sit down if you can stand to. The straw covering on them seats was wove by British prisoners of war after the Battle of Hastings, 1066 A.D. The lumps underneath it are little pieces of hip-bone donated by grateful passengers. After death. Which they welcomed.

MOL: Don't take him too seriously, Mr. Wilcox. We've been riding on street cars all ~~afternoon~~ ^{day}, and he's tired.

FIB: You said it, Glad Girl! I ain't been shook up like this since I fell down the steps inside the Washington Monument!

WIL: Personally, I don't mind it. It saves finding a parking space for my car.

MOL: Yes, I can see where it -

WIL: And it gives me a chance to check up on our advertising.

FIB: "What advertising?" asked the fun-loving Fibber, with a comical expression on his ruddy little face, knowing very well they were going to get slugged with a plug.

WIL: YOU MEAN YOU'VE SAT HERE ALL DAY AND HAVEN'T NOTICED OUR WISTFULL VISTA STREET CAR ADVERTISING?

MOL: My goodness, Mr. Wilcox, we were so -

WIL: WHY THERE'S A CAR CARD RIGHT OVER YOUR HEADS THERE....IT SAYS "JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT, THE NEW GLOCOAT WITH THE NEW GLOW...!! THAT STAYS ON YOUR FLOORS! IT'S THE -- "

(2ND REVISION) -15-

FIB: The reason we're riding street cars, Junior is because
there's a contest on for --
WIL: IMAGINE YOU SITTING HERE ALL THIS TIME AND NOT EVEN SEEING
OUR GLOCOAT CAR CARDS....I'M ASHAMED OF YOU....
MOL: Well, my goodness, we --
WIL: AND, IF YOU 'LL JUST LOOK, THERE 'S ANOTHER CARD HALF WAY
DOWN THE CAR ON THE LEFT THERE....SEE? THE ONE THAT SAYS:
"JUST POUR OUT A LITTLE ON THE FLOOR, SPREAD IT AROUND AND
LET IT DRY TO A SOLID COAT OF SHINING WAX, INVULNERABLE TO
SCUFFS, SCRATCHES AND SPILLED THINGS...JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IS
THE LONGEST WEARING WAX PROTECTION THAT MONEY CAN BUY --
MOL: But we're trying to ---
WIL: WHEN YOU BUY JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT YOU GUARD
YOUR FLOORS AGAINST DINGINESS AND WEAR AND SAVE YOURSELF
THE WORK OF SCRUBBING --- FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS, JOHNSON'S
GLOCOAT HAS BEEN ~~THE~~ --
FIB: HEY, WAXEY.....HEY!!
WIL: ~~It~~ standard of quality. Yes, Pal?
FIB: Wanna sell some Glocoat?
WIL: ALWAYS, PAL, ALWAYS...WHY? GOT A LEAD FOR ME?
FIB: Get off at the next stop, Junior...second door from the
corner. I happen to know there's some people there that
are in the market.
WIL: Gee...thanks, Pal!! So long, Molly. (FADE) HEY, CONDUCTOR..
LET ME OFF. QUICK!!
MOL: How did you know there was somebody in the market for
Glocoat down there, McGee?

(2ND REVISION) -16-

FIB: I didn't say that. But there's a market near that corner
and there's always somebody in it. WE CAN'T sit here all
day and listen to him reading car-cards because this
contest is -
COND: ALWIKLAVERSTRIN AND DOSSIPROSSIFRAN.
SOUND: CAR SLOW DOWN....DOORS OPEN:
COND: ALWAKLAVERSTRIN AND DOSSIPROSSIFRAN!! LET 'EM OUT,
PLEASE....
MOL: If that's the King's English, the Queen ought to speak to
him about it.
SOUND: DOORS CLOSE: DING-DING! CAR START AND FADE FOR ---
FIB: Hey Molly! I THINK I'M ON THE TRACK OF THE WINNING IDEA...
LEMME THINK ---
TEE: (GIGGLES) Hi, Mister. Hi, Miz McGee.
FIB: Well, I'll be aHIYAH, TEENY....
MOL: Hello there, Teeny.

FIB: When you get on sis? We didn't see you.
TEE: I got on at the last corner, Mister. Gee, street cars are fun, aren't they?
FIB: Depends on the viewpoint, sis....from the way I feel sitting down, it's a good thing I ain't standing on my head, or I'd sure be a numb'skull.
TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm?
FIB: Skip it.
MOL: You always ride the street car going home from school, Teeny?
FIB: I didn't know her school was down this way.
TEE: It isn't, I betcha. I been to the Public Liberry.
FIB: Oh, you have, eh?
TEE: Yes, I was - Hmmm?
FIB: I says, OH YOU HAVE EH?
TEE: Have what?
FIB: Been to the Library.
TEE: What Liberry
FIB: THE PUBLIC Library!
TEE: I know it. I had to take a book back. It was overdrew.
FIB: You don't mean over DREW. Sis.
MOL: You mean over DUE.
FIB: Yes.
TEE: Why?
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHY? BECAUSE THE BOOK IS OVER DUE. THAT'S WHY.

TEE: It is not, I betcha. I got two more days on it.
FIB: Then if -
MOL: But you said -
FIB: If the book was over due, then -
TEE: Look, Mister. Look, Miz McGee. Look. I got a book at the liberry, see?
FIB: Yes.
TEE: Okay. I took it home. Willie Toops borrowed it. He drew pictures all over the flyleaf. TOO many pictures. The book is all over-drew. And another thing -
FIB: What?
TEE: I get off here. So long, Mister. So long Miz McGee.
AD LIB GOODEYES
SOUND: CAR SLOW DOWN... DOORS OPEN:
COND: GORFERLASSENMERK...! ALL OUT FOR GORFERLASSENMERK!!.... LET 'EM OUT PLEASE....
MOL: Gorferlassenmerk. Does he mean --?
FIB: Yeah. 14 th Street. HEY.....I GOT IT, MOLLY.... I GOT THE WINNING IDEA....I KNOW HOW THE TRANSIT COMPANY CAN INCREASE ITS BUSINESS!!! COME ON...LET'S GET OFF!!!

(2ND REVISION) -19

MOL: All right, but what is the -
FIB: CAN'T TALK NOW...KIDDO....GOTTA GET DOWN TO THE TRANSIT
COMPANY OFFICE!!! HEY, DOVESMERP...I WANNA KEELL OFF THE
BOSENTTRIP!
COND: DAHBUT HANNIF, OGERMUFF!!!
FIB: Come on, Molly...watch the step there....
MOL: I'm all right.
FIB: MUCH OBLIGED, WERFEMTRIL!
COND: ASPA, CREMBIT!!! BOARD!!!
SOUND: STREET CAR DOORS CLOSE..CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! INTO MUSIC
ORCH & KING'S MEN: "TROLLEY SONG" OR "MULE TRAIN"

(APPLAUSE)

NM

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -20-

FIB: Doggone it, what's takin' them contest judges so long,
Molly? We been sittin' here coolin' our heels for
an hour!
MOL: Well, it's a pretty big job, dearie, judging a contest
and -
FIB: Aw, ptah. Simplest thing in the world, if they do it
smart. All they gotta do is throw out all that other
junk, read my suggestions through twice, pick the one
they like best and hand me the hundred buck prize!
Is that tough?
MOL: Look, Lover -----I -----
FIB: Hey there's the Old Timer!
MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Old Timer!
OLD M: HELLO THERE, DAUGHTER! HI, JOHNNY! HEY, where were
you kids Halloween night? I looked behind every trash
barrel and garbage can in town, Johnny, but I couldn't
find you noplacel
FIB: Aw, we stayed home last night, Old Timer.

FIB:

Bessie must be a cute kid. I'd like to meet her sometin.

(REVISED) -21-

OLD M: Ohh, that's a dull place on Hallowe'en, kids! I had quite an evenin' myself. Went out trick-er-treat with some of the boys. We had us a little trouble gittin' the cow up the courthouse steps, but --

FIB: A COW??

MOL: You took a COW up the courthouse steps? Where did you get the cow?

OLD M: Found it. Up on the roof of the high school.

FIB: But why didja take it to the courthouse?

OLD M: Johnny - this is America! Justice to all! ANY TIME YOU GOT A BEEF, TAKE IT TO THE COURTHOUSE!.....Well, sir -- the night watchman ^{Courthouse} come running out, grabbed his shotgun, and put a teaspoonful of birdshot in the fleshy part of my second cousin! (CHUCKLES) I could tell it was birdshot because he took off like a quail!

MOL: Heavenly days! I hope you went home to bed after that.

OLD M: I did no sucha thing, daughter. It was Hallowe'en! I got all dressed up and me and Bessie went to a masquerade.

FIB: Ball?

OLD M: Oh, she whimpered a little, but -- ohh, a masquerade ball!

MAN: Yep. Very social, kids. They offered a prize for the scariest get-up, so Bessie got a false face and went as a witch. Won first-prize! A pewter lovin' cup!

MOL: Must have been quite a frightening mask!

OLD M: Was, daughter - and Bessie forgot to put it on. Won

FIB: the contest barefaced! So long, kids!

ORCH: "ROOM FULL OF ROSES".....FADE FOR:

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) 22 & 23

FIB: Bessie must be a cute kid. I'd like to meet her sometin and -- HEY, SOMEBODY'S COMIN' OUT OF THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, MOLLY! BOY, I'LL BET HE'S BRINGIN' MY HUNDRED BUCKS!

MOL: Wouldn't it be wonderful if you DID win, McGee? Although I'm so happy to get off those horrible streetcars, I don't even care!

FIB: I'll say! My back is broke! I wouldn't ride another one of them babies if - HI, BUD! GOOD NEWS?

MAN: Indeed I have, Mr. McGee! I am happy to announce that the other judges and I have chosen one of your suggestions as the most direct, straight-to-the-point idea submitted! The prize winner!

FIB: YEAH? OBOYOBOYOBOY, HEAR THAT, MOLLY! I WON! I WON FIRST PRIZE!

MOL: Wonderful, dearie! Good for you! Uh - which suggestion was it, sir?

MAN: The last one on his list. In answer to our question - "How can we increase our business?" -Mr. McGee said - "Get more people to ride your streetcars". Very concise.

FIB: Yep! Oboy, a hundred smackers! I can use that like -
MAN: SO - it gives me great pleasure to hand you our first prize - this handsomely engraved pass, entitling you to one thousand free rides on our streetcars - ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH!

MOL: OH NO!

FIB: You mean - OHHH, MY ACHING TRANSFERS!!!

ORCH: "ROOM FULL OF ROSES".....FADE FOR:

(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
NOVEMBER 1, 1949

(2ND REVISION)

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly return in a moment ---
When you last spilled something on your shining, clean kitchen linoleum, what did you do? You wiped it up, of course. Then what happened? Was your floor still shining? Was there any wax left where you wiped it up? If you used the new GLO-COAT self-polishing Wax, your floor was still shining. You could see there was good wax protection still there to make cleaning easy, scrubbing unnecessary. But if you left a dull, drab surface with no trace of shine when you wiped up your floor, you were really demonstrating to yourself why your floors need the long-lasting, long-shining protection that only Johnson's Self-Polishing GLO-COAT gives. GLO-COAT's solid film of protective wax stays on your floor. It lasts longer than any other floor polish. That's what you want, isn't it? Save yourself work - as you save your floors! Put Johnson's Glo-Coat on your shopping list tonight!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

MB

(2ND REVISION)

-25-

TAG

MOL: My, it's good to get home and rest awhile, McGee.
FIB: Yeah, let's just set here and listen to the radio, tootsie.
MOL: All right. What's on tonight?
FIB: The regular Tuesday night NBC lineup. But next week it's gonna be even better! Fannie Brice is comin' back on the air!
MOL: Ohh wonderful! Fannie Brice and Baby Snooks!
FIB: Yep - they come on just ahead of Bob Hope. That way you can listen to Baby Snooks - and then Bob Hope...and then that show from Wistful Vista - the one with that amusing fellow who does such cute things - that great dynamic character and his wife, who --
MOL: MCGEE!
FIB: Huh? Oh, goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all.
ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF
WILCOX: 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)

MB

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 1, 1949

NETWORK TAG

ANNCR: Easier....faster....better! That's Johnson's Cream
Furniture Wax...the fastest wax polish money can buy.
Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax cleans so quickly...dries
so quickly...polishes so quickly that using it's almost
as easy as dusting. A few strokes with a cloth do the
cleaning. A few more do the polishing. And Johnson's
Cream Wax contains no sticky oils to catch dust. Give
your furniture the beauty and protection only wax gives.
Clean and polish it regularly with Johnson's Cream
Furniture Wax! It's almost as easy as dusting! Get
Johnson's Cream Wax.

ORCH: MUSIC UP AND FULL

ANNCR: YOU'RE TUNED FOR THE STARS.....ON N.B.C.

(CHIMES)

MB

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, November 8, 1949

6:31:35 - 6:32:55
6:41:40 - 6:42:40
6:56:35 - 6:57:25
6:58:35 - 6:59:15

NM