

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

#9

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, November 8, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:31:35 - 6:32:50 - 1:15

6:41:40 - 6:42:40 - 1:00

6:56:35 - 6:57:25 - :50

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

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3:45

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, . Cliff Arquette.....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:

NM

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
11/8/49

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Tonight - for the first time - we bring you news of the most important development in floor care in fifteen years. Tonight we introduce the one self-polishing floor wax that is positively water-repellant. It is Johnson's New Water-Repellant Glo-Coat. Here is what this means to you. At last there is a self-polishing floor wax that does not streak - does not leave drab spots behind when you wipe up spilled things. Dishwater, ice cubes, spilled drinks can be whisked away without leaving any mark. You don't wipe off the floor wax when you wipe up the water. And remember, the hard glistening shield new Glo-Coat forms on your floors not only won't streak, nor leave drab water-spots...not only gives a lustrous shine without polishing... it also cuts floor care in half, eliminates hard scrubbing. And it is the most economical floor polish there is, because it stays on, stays bright, even after repeated damp moppings. Tomorrow -- first thing -- get the Self-Polishing Floor Wax that is positively water-repellant...Johnson's New Glo-Coat. At your dealers now in the same familiar Glo-Coat package.

ORCH: BRIDGE

NM

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
11/8/49

(2ND REVISION)

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WILCOX: AS FEMALES GO, MOLLY MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS PRACTICALLY FEARLESS. MICE AND LIGHTNING AND SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT SHE DISMISSES WITH A LADYLIKE SHRUG. THE ONLY THING THAT WILL REDUCE THIS OTHERWISE INTREPID PERSON TO A MASS OF QUIVERING, TERROR-STRICKEN WOMANHOOD IS HER HUSBAND'S ANNOUNCEMENT THAT HE IS GOING TO "FIX" SOMETHING. LIKE NOW, AS WE MEET --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Please, McGee...please!...For the sake of our happy little home....PLEASE.....DON'T DO IT...!!

FIB: But, Molly, I got the urge. And you know me, when I get the urge to fix something...I just gotta do it...!!

MOL: (GROANS)

FIB: Now lemme see, how long's it been since I took the vacuum cleaner apart?

MOL: Not long enough. And leave the toaster alone...And the washing machine...and the refrigerator...

FIB: Well gee whiz, my gosh, a man's gotta have a hobby. And my hobby is that I like to tinker with stuff.

MOL: I know, Lover, but your tinkering is always so expensive. Put a dollar sign in front of the word "tinker" and what have you got?

FIB: Why Molly, what kind of a way is that to refer to a guy that all I'm trying to do is -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear...somebody at the door and me standing here waving a dish towel like it was a distress signal, and don't think it isn't if you try to fix something. (FADE) You see who it is, McGee while I take off this apron and fix up a little....

FIB: Okay, Dream-stuff! Ahh, there goes a good kid. Always gets in a panic when I start to fix something. Just because I got five thumbs on each hand ain't any reason to -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Well, hello, there, Teeny.

TEE: Hi. Can you direct me to the name of a good jooler, Mister? Hmm. Can you, hmm? Can you, please. Hmmm?

FIB: A jeweler? Well, frankly sis, I don't do much business with jewelers except - HEY...WHAT'S THAT? That thing you got under your arm there. Looks like a cuckoo clock.

TEE: Oh, this thing? Well, the reason it looks like a cuckoo clock mister, is that it is a cuckoo clock. Only it ~~ain't~~ <sup>ain't</sup> cockoo. It's busted.

FIB: Sis, this is Fate! This is Destiny!

TEE: No, this is a cuckoo clock. Only it ~~ain't~~ <sup>ain't</sup> cockoo, so if you'll direct me to the name of a good jooler --

FIB: NO!

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says no! You're gonna just leave it with me. I'll have that thing running and cuckooing before you can say, "I wish I hadn't done it". Hand it here, sis and -

TEE: No, mister... No. Please. No. I'd rather take it to a jooler.

FIB: WHAT'S A MATTER? YOU THINK I CAN'T FIX IT?

TEE: Oh sure, you can fix it, I betcha. You've fixed a lotta things for me but --

FIB: Well, then -

TEE: But gee, you never fixed any of 'em GOOD! You fixed my tricycle and now it will only go around in a circle and when you painted my coaster wagon, it dripped all over my dog Margaret, and everybody laughed at him because nobody ever saw a green fox terrier before and --

FIB: Yeah, but look, sis -

TEE: - and when you fixed my skipping rope...oh boy!! I TOLD you it was too short and you told me I wasn't jumping high enough, and when I fell down on my -

FIB: HEY...SIS...

TEE: Back porch, I --hmm?

FIB: Look. I might of fumbled a few of them other jobs, but think of the experience I've had since then. Gimme a crack at that cuckoo clock. I guarantee satisfaction.

TEE: No, mister. I'm sorry. It may be more expensive to take it to a jooler but -

FIB: I'll give you a quarter if you let me work on it.

TEE: Fifty cents.

FIB: Thirty five.

TEE: Thirty.

FIB: Forty-five!

TEE: Sixty!

FIB: SEVENTY-FIVE!!

TEE: OKAY!! Here's the clock.

FIB: Here's the six bits. What are you gonna do with it?

TEE: I'm gonna put it with all my other money, I betcha.

FIB: Good for you. Piggy bank?

TEE: No, Kremer's soda fountain. (GIGGLES) Thanks, Mister!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHS) McGee, you oughtta be ashamed of yourself. Takin' advantage of a child. Bargaining her down from 25¢ to 75¢ just to fix a (PAUSE) DOWN!! Why that dirty little...SHE TOOK ME FOR FIFTY CENTS!! IF I AIN'T THE -- (FADE IN) Who was at the door, McGee? I thought I... WELL!! What on earth is that?

FIB: This? It's a cuckoo clock, kiddo. I'M gonna fix it for Teeny. Ain't that wonderful? I've never worked on a cuckoo clock before.

MOL: You're never tried cracking walnuts with dynamite, either, but one of these days -

(REVISED)

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FIB: It's a breeze, kiddo. All you gotta do is open this little door here (CREAK) and make a minor adjustment that...

SOUND: WHIRR, POP, SPANGGGG! CLICK, BONG!  
WHINGGG! CLATTER OF PARTS. (PAUSE)

MOL: Well! How time flies!

FIB: (HAPPILY) Isn't this wonderful? Hand me my pliers, tootsie!!

ORCH: "DEAR HEARTS AND GENTLE PEOPLE"  
(APPLAUSE)

jd

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -10 & 11-

SOUND: SMALL TINKERING NOISES, BEHIND:

FIB: (TO SELF) ...and this wheel must go in here...that one goes like that...Yep...Tighten this spring a little -

SOUND: BOINNNGGGG!.....CLATTER OF SMALL PARTS ON FLOOR:

FIB: Dadrat the dadratted thing! That's the -

MOL: (FADING IN) Well, how's the clock coming along, Mr. Ingersoll? Got it licked yet - or vice versa?

FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Help me pick up these parts, willya, Molly?

MOL: That answers my question.

SOUND: RATTLE OF PARTS ON TABLE, BEHIND:

FIB: Oh, I'll get it worked out, don't worry. I'm gonna try a different hookup this time. Put the spring in first... then this bunch of wheels with the flat sides...tie the tail of the cuckoo to -

SOUND: BOINGGG!.....CUCKOO!

MOL: Heavenly days!

FIB: (EXCITED) HEY, DIDJA HEAR THAT? DIDJA HEAR IT? DIDJA HEAR IT CUCKOO, MOLLY???

MOL: Did I hear it? That nasty little woodpecker tried to bite my nose off! Why don't you put that clock in a sack and take it -

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FIB: Boyoboy I got it to cuckoo! And besides that the works didn't leap out all over the floor this time either! They stayed in it! Oboy, I'll fix this --

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly - hi there, Pal!

MOL: Well, good afternoon, Mr. Wilcox! Come in.

FIB: Hi, Junior. Walk easy, willya. I'm fixin' a bird,

WIL: How was that, Pal?

MOL: He's working on a cuckoo clock, Mr. Wilcox. For Teeny - down the street.

WIL: Well, that's very interesting, but look kids! I'VE GOT NEWS! BIG NEWS!

MOL: Yes we know, Mr. Wilcox. Every week your news is -

WIL: BUT THIS IS NEW NEWS! LOOK, WE'VE GOT A NEW WAX! A NEW GLOCOAT!!

FIB: My gosh, son, I was just getting used to the old Glocoat and here you come leaping in, eyes flashing, bosom heaving -

WIL: BUT THIS IS THE GREATEST NEW DEVELOPMENT IN FLOOR CARE IN 15 YEARS, PAL!! JOHNSON'S NEW WATER-REPELLANT GLOCOAT!

MOL: Water repellent. Oh, that's good, isn't it?

(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: I dunno about that. Molly's Uncle Dennis is water repellent. To him, water is the most repellent --

WIL: LISTEN! THINK OF HAVING A NEW KIND OF JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT THAT POSITIVELY DOES NOT LEAVE DRAB, DULL SPOTS WHEN YOU WIPE UP SPILLED THINGS --

MOL: Personally, I think it's a wonderful -

WIL: JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING, WATER REPELLANT GLOCOAT- THE FIRST OF ITS KIND! IT STAYS ON AND IT STAYS BRIGHT! A POLISH THAT THUMBES ITS WAX AT A DAMP MOP. IT'S AT YOUR DEALER'S NOW, IN THE SAME FAMILIAR GLOCOAT PACKAGE AND - Oh, by the way, Pal.

FIB: Yes, Waxey?

WIL: There's a tip for you in what I just told you. Take a hint from this great new Johnson's Glocoat and apply it to your own career.

MOL: His own career?

FIB: You mean?

WIL: Yes, you too can be a success if you STAY ON AND STAY BRIGHT. So long, kids!

DOOR SLAM....CUCKOO-CUCKOO-CUCKOO!

FIB: HEY, DIDJA HEAR THAT, MOLLY? I'M GETTIN' IT, KIDDO! THAT DOOR SLAM DID IT! THREE TIMES IT CUCKOOED, THIS TIME! Boyoboy, I'll lick this baby yet.

(2ND REVISION) -14 & 15-

MOL: Wonderful dearie! And just think, you've still got enough odd wheels lying around the table there to build six more clocks, heaven forbid --

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN! (DOOR OPEN) Oh, it's his Honor, the Mayor.

Hello, Mr. Mayor!

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee, and McGee - well, what's the -

FIB: Sit down and wipe the puzzled look off your puss, La Triv. I'm fixin' a clock is all. A cuckoo clock.

GALE: Very interesting. I have a rather extensive collection of clocks, you know - as a hobby.

FIB: Is that so?

GALE: Yes. I bought a beautiful clock at a sale just the other day, in fact. Quite an old one. It's a grandfather's clock.

MOL: Really?...Whose?

GALE: Uhh...."whose"??

FIB: Yeah - whose grandfather's clock is it?

GALE: Nobody's grandfather's, McGee. The clock is simply called ---

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FIB: Sure! My grandpaw had one that told the day of the month, the season, phase of the moon, how many shopping days til Christmas, and read palms - but it wouldn't tell time! We hadda use a dollar watch to -

GALE: No, no - you don't understand at all! This clock is -

MOL: What kind of clock is it, Mr Mayor? Is it an alarm clock, because -

FIB: The one my grandpaw had was a tall one with a door in it. We useta play hide-and-seek in it till one day my brother was in there when it struck twelve and it like to beat his brains out before we could -

GALE: OHH, SOP THIS NILLY STONSENSE! STILLY NOPSENSE! NONSENSE! LOOK, THIS RIDIC -

MOL: Ohh, now, now, Mr. Mayor! Let's not forget that we are - first of all - gentlemen. Except me, of course.

FIB: Yeah, migosh, don't come in here with that doubletalk of yours and try to louse us up like that, La Triv!

GALE: Welll...

FIB: I'M BUSY, BOY! I'M FIXIN' A CLOCK!

MOL: Yes! But tell me one thing, Mr. Mayor - how did you dear old grandfather like the clock you bought him?

FIB: Yeah, if he wants me to fix it so it'll cuckoo, La Triv - have your grandpaw bring it in and -

(2ND REVISION) -17-

GALE: (ROARS) I DIDN'T BUY MY CLOCKKAW A GRAND-COOK! COOKAW A  
CLOCK-BOOK! I DIDN'T SAY I BOUGHT A GRAND FOR MY CLOCK-  
FATHER - FEATHER, ER - LOOK! WHEN I SAID I CLOCKED MY  
GRANDFATHER'S FEATHERED COOK - FEATHERED MY GRANDFATHER'S  
BLOCK - BLOKE! I DIDN'T MEAN -- YOU'RE THE ONE THAT FRIES TO  
CONTUSE ME - TRIES TO ABUSE ME - REFUSE ME!....I...YOU...WE  
.....(PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes, lad??

GALE: You know..I wish I had your brains.

MOL: Really?

FIB: Well, that's very flattering, La Triv. You'd like to have my  
brains, eh?

GALE: Yes. In a four-ounce bottle of alcohol. A THREE-OUNCE  
BOTTLE WOULD DO IT! GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM...CLOCK: CUCKOO-CUCKOO-CUCKOO- KEEP IT GOING, BEHIND:

FIB: MOLLY, THE CLOCK! I FIXED IT! THE DOOR SLAM DID IT! OBOY!

MOL: Yes - but shut it off, dearie. It'll wear out if -

FIB: Yeah but - hey, it won't stop cuckooing! Migosh, I can't get  
it stopped! It keeps -

MOL: Shake it! Thump it on the table, McGee. You'll ruin it if---

THUMP ON TABLE...AGAIN...STOP CUCKOO...BOOINGGGGG!!..CIATTER OF PARTS

FIB: Aw, fer the -- Help me pick 'em up again, willya? Dadrat  
this dadratted --

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN: "MULE TRAIN"

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -18-

SOUND: CIATTER OF TOOLS...RATCHET SOUND...FADE UNDER:

FIB: (SINGS) Ohh, I bought a little Mongoose from a  
Scotchman named MacSneed,  
Cause a Mongoose up in Scotland is a dreadful  
thing indeed!  
Ohhh, the monkey and the coconuts were...HEY,  
MOLLY!

MOL: Yes, dearie?

FIB: I think I got this about whipped.and -

SOUND: CUCKOO, CUCKOO, CUCKOO!!

FIB: AHAAA...How's that, kiddo?

MOL: Well, it struck three o'clock all right. What time is  
it?

FIB: 4:30. But the hands point to 9:45. Anyway, I got it  
just about all put together.

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MOL: ~~A LITTLE adjustment, he says!~~ <sup>Frankly</sup> Look, dearie, I'll be happy if you just get the clock back to Teeny in one piece! If I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> her mother and this was MY clock, I'd -

DOOR CHIME

FIB: Omigosh, I hope that ain't her! I need a little more time on this thing.

MOL: Oh not so much. A couple of hundred years ought to be enough. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes, if it isn't the Old Timer!

FIB: Ohh, hi, old Timer!

OLD M: HELLO THERE, DAUGHTER, HI, JOHNNY! ME AND BESSIE WAS JUST OUT FOR A WALK AND - HEY, WHATCHA FIXIN, JOHNNY? SOMETHIN'!

FIB: A cuckoo clock, Old Timer. But did you say you were out walkin' with your girl?

MOL: Yes, where is Bessie now?

OLD M: Out in front. Settin' on the steps. Her corns hurt.

FIB: Well, bring her in - migosh!

MOL: Yes, we'd love to meet her, Mr. Old Timer..Is she pretty?

OLD M: (CHUCKLES) Well, some say she is, daughter/- and some say - (PAUSE) Well, let's jist put it this way, kids -

FIB: Yeah?

OLD M: If you got that clock runnin' - don't let Bessie look at it. I'd hate to embarrass the girl in case it stopped and -

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FIB: That's okay - call her in, Old Timer.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

OLD M: Hey, Bessie - it's okay. Put them letters back in the mailbox and come on in, baby.

BESS: (FADING IN) Okay, O.T. Here I am, honey.

OLD M: Kids, I want you kids to meet up with the sweetest little girl in the world. My Bessie. Bessie, this here is Mr. and Mrs. McGee.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: Hiyah, Bessie.

BESS: Well now I'm awful glad to know you -- all. I'M a southern girl, that's why I say you-all. All of us-all in the Saouth we-all say you-all. Of co'se, if any of you-all lived with us-all any lenth of time, you-all would be sayin' us-all just like we-all. That's because when we-all--

OLD T: Easy there, Bessie....easy, Baby. Don't git so far south you can't git back.

BESS: (LAUGHS) Oh now you stop your teasin' me, O.T.!

FIB: I understand you two are engaged to be married.

MOL: Is that right?

OLD T: Yup. Been engaged sence 1934. Me and Bessie, we believe in long engagements. Don't we, Bessie?

BESS: Yes, we do, O.T. I nevah fo'get what my ole mammy used to say down on the plantation. Mammy used to look at me with them big ole eyes, and she'd say HONEY CHILE, she'd say --

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FIB: A stock company mammy, if I ever heard on.e  
MOL: Hush, dearie. Don't be rude. Yes, Bessie?  
BESS: HONEY CHILE, she'd say, STAY ENGAGED AS LONG AS YOU KIN.  
BECAUSE THE LONGER YOU IS ENGAGED, THE SHORTER YOU IS  
MARRIED! (CHUCKLE)  
FIB: How did you two ever meet in the first place?  
BESS: Well, I was --  
OLD T: I'll handle this, Bessie!  
BESS: Yes, O.T.  
OLD T: Bessie gits to runnin' off at the jaw, kids. Inclined  
to hog the conversation. Well, sir, I was a travelin'  
salesman, drivin' thru the south and my car busted down.  
I knocked at the door of a farmhouse....  
MOL: Where have I heard this before?  
OLD T: Well, sir - Bessie's papa, he was a part-time policeman  
in them parts --  
BESS: We-all call 'em share-coppers daown there.  
FIB: Share coppers.....oh brother!  
OLD T: HEH HEH HEH....SHARE COPPERS!...BESSIE, YOU'RE CUTE!  
Heh heh heh. BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT!  
MOL: Oh dear.

(2ND REVISION) -22-

OLD T: The way I heered it, one feller says tother feller, "SAYYY,"  
he says, "I GOT A GREAT IDEA FER COLOR TELEVISION ON BLACK  
AND WHITE SETS!" "IS ZAT SO?" say tother feller, "HOW'S  
THAT?" "WELL", says the first feller, "JUST LINE UP A SHOW  
WITH BEN BLUE, RED SKELTON, MITZI GREEN, JOE E. BROWN,  
VIRGINIA GRAY, AND PINKY LEE, AND GIT IT SPONSORED BY THE  
YELLOW CAB COMPANY IN EAST ORANGE!" Heh heh heh..Come on,  
Bessie. So long, kids!  
BESS: Ta ta, you-all!  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
FIB: Well, what were we-all doing before you-all let them-all in?  
MOL: You-all were fixin' to finish fixin' that-all cuckoo clock.  
FIB: YEAH - MIGOSH I BETTER HURRY, TOO! Although you gotta admit  
I haven't done such a bad job on this thing.  
MOL: Well, I will admit it's all in one piece, at least.  
FIB: YEAH, AND I GOT IT TO CUCKOO TOO! Of course, it don't run,  
but you can't have everything! It didn't even cuckoo when  
Teeny brought it in here - but now look! All I gotta do is  
set the hands at 6:30 - like this, and --  
CLOCK: CUCKOO - CUCKOO -CUCKOO

MCL: Amazing! How did -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

TEE: Hi Mister. Oh hi, Miz McGee.

FIB: Hi, sis. Well, I got it just about fixed for you.

MCL: Hello Teeny. Mr. McGee has been doing some very interesting things with your cuckoo clock.

FIB: You betcha.

TEE: Oboy, have you Mister? Does it cuckoo?

FIB: Sure it does. Just a second. I'll show you in - I want to make one more little tiny adjustment in the back here. One little bitty..teensy..turn of this screw here, and -

SOUND: BIG BOOLLNNNNNGGGG! TERRIFIC CLATTER OF PARTS

MCL: HEAVENLY DAYS!

FIB: DADRAT THE DADRATED! OF ALL THE -

TEE: (ALMOST CRYING) Aww gee, Mister - now look what you went and did! You said you'd fix my clock and -

FIB: Now now, now, don't start cryin', sis. I - migosh, I'm the clumsiest, butterfingereed - LOOK, I TELL YOU WHAT. You take it down to the jeweler and have him send me the bill. I'll sweep it into a bag and --

TEE: Yes, but gee, if he can't fix it -

FIB: AW SURE HE CAN FIX IT!

MCL: I'll bet he can fix it as good as Mr. McGee did, Teeny. Maybe even better. I hope.

FIB: Yeah, sure he can.

TEE: But maybe he CAN'T fix it. Mr. McGee's got it so messed up --

FIB: I know. I'm an oaf. But let's keep my name out of this, sis. TELL YOU WHAT - HERE'S A BUCK FOR YOU! IF ANYBODY ASKS YOU HOW THE CLOCK GOT SO SNARLED UP, YOU TELL 'EM - uh..tell'em you fell down with it. Huh? How about it?

TEE: Mister, I cannot tell a falsehood. Not for ANY amount of money. (BRIGHTLY) But look! For three dollars, I WILL fall down with it. I'll do a somerset down your front steps that'll smash the daylights out of -

FIB: IT'S A DEAL!! HERE..THREE BUCKS!

TEE: Gee, thanks Mister. Oh boy..three dollars...12 CHOCKLIT SODAS...!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

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MOL: Wait a minute, Teeny....  
FIB: You're forgetting the clock, sis! Here, take it along.  
TEE: Oh, who wants that old thing, Mister. You can have it.  
FIB: Yes, but what if your folks - won't your family -  
TEE: My fam'ly never saw it, Mister, I found it on Toopses  
trash pile. G'bye now.  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
FIB: Well, I'll be a -  
SOUND: CUCKOO, CUCKOO, CUCKOO  
FIB: YOU BE QUIET!!  
SOUND: SMASHING CLOCK .. INTO:  
ORCH: SELECTION .. FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
NOVEMBER 8, 1949

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

*Suban & Molly return in a moment*  
ANNCR: ^ Here's the most dramatic statement in the history of  
self-polishing floor waxes .. Johnson's New Glo-Coat  
is positively water-repellant. Here's what that means  
to you.. New Water-Repellant Glo-Coat now gives you  
a brighter kitchen while it saves you hours of hard  
work, Because it is water-repellant, new Glo-Coat  
does not lose its shine even after repeated damp  
mopping..does not streak..does not leave drab spots  
behind when you wipe up spilled things, And that solid  
surface of tough shining wax means much more besides...  
It means quick mopping instead of hard scrubbing...  
Far less wear on floors and linoleum..It means far  
greater economy too. Johnson's New Glo-Coat stays on..  
stays bright.. not days but weeks longer. Get Johnson's  
New water-repellant Glo-Coat tomorrow. It's in the same  
familiar Glo-Coat package at your dealers -

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

MOL: Well, that certainly was a wasted afternoon, dearie.  
FIB: Yeah, it sure was. That'll teach me never to monkey  
around with something I don't know -

PHONE RINGS

FIB: I'll get it. (RECEIVER UP) Hello!...Yeah, this is him...  
Oh, hiyah, Ed...Eh? It is?...Well now, I never did,  
Ed, but - eh?...Well, that should be fairly simple.  
Sure! Hold everything and I'll be right down, Ed...  
Yeah, so long, Ed! (HANGUP) See you later, Molly.  
I gotta run down to the City Hall.

MOL: What for? And who's Ed?  
FIB: Chief Maintenance Man. Says the City Hall Clock is stuck.  
I'm gonna help him fix it.

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: Yeah. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

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 AND MOLLY  
NOVEMBER 8, 1949

TAG COMMERCIAL

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

ORCH: MUSIC UP FULL TO FINISH

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