

#12

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

For
JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, November 29, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:36 — 6:31:46 — 1:10

6:43:00 — 6:44:25 — 1:15 —

6:57:10 — 6:57:45 — 1:30 —

6:58:35 — 6:59:15 — 1:40

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from Tapes*

3:40

NM

-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 LeGrand, 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

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ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

WILCOX

DRIVING HOME IN YOUR

DIFFERENT MOODS? THE

A HAPPY SOUND.

WING SOUND.

WHEN YOU'RE JUST

BRAKE ON

Y!!!

in

day.

ORCH:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
11/29/49

(2ND REVISION) -3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Johnson's New Glo-Coat is water-repellent! I'll repeat that.....Johnson's New Self-Polishing Glo-Coat is positively water-repellent!! That's important to you. Here's why. Do you ever spill water on your kitchen floor? What happens when you wipe it up? Does your wax polish disappear? Does it turn dull or milky white the minute water touches it? If so, you're not getting your money's worth in the floor wax you're using. Your floors need a change. Now here's what to do.....

Tomorrow, get a can of Johnson's New Glo-Coat....put it on your floors in the usual way. You'll find that Glo-Coat is positively water-repellent. You can whisk up spilled things without leaving a mark, and that lovely wax shine remains even after repeated damp moppings. Isn't that what you want in a floor wax?

Well then -- don't ever use any self-polishing floor wax except Johnson's Glo-Coat, for this tough, long-lasting water-repellency is an exclusive quality, found only in Johnson's New Glo-Coat. And remember -- the New Glo-Coat is in the regular Glo-Coat package. The container looks the same outside, but there is a wonderful difference inside! Try it -- and see!!

ORCH: BRIDGE

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WILCOX: HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED, WHEN YOU'RE DRIVING HOME IN YOUR CAR, HOW DIFFERENT SOUNDS CREATE DIFFERENT MOODS? THE PURR OF A GOOD MOTOR, FOR INSTANCE, IS A HAPPY SOUND. THE RATTLE OF A LOOSE FENDER IS AN ANNOYING SOUND. BUT THE SADDEST SOUND IN THE WORLD IS WHEN YOU'RE JUST PULLING INTO YOUR DRIVEWAY AND A TIRE GOES --

SOUND: PSSSSSS!.....CLUG.....CLUG....CLUG...CLUG...BRAKE ON
YEP - IT'S --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Aw, doggone the luck, anyhow! A flat tire! Right in our own driveway.

MOL: Well, I can't think of a better driveway to have it in.

FIB: Look at that thing----- Flatter than the day before payday.

MOL: Oh dear.

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FIB: Doggone it, that's a new tube, too, Molly. I just bought it yesterday at Kremer's Drug Store - for a tuck nineteen.

MOL: A dollar-nineteen? Isn't that pretty cheap for an inner tube?

FIB: Yeah, too cheap, I guess. I shoulda known better when he gimme that free box of tire patches with it..I wouldn't have bought the tube, though, even at that - only Kremer says it's unconditionally guaranteed -

MOL: Good!

FIB: - against everything but blowouts and punctures!- Well, no use beefin' about it now - only thing to do is fix it. Lemme get my tools out of the trunk there.

RATTLE OF TRUNK LOCK. OPEN LID. BEHIND:

MOL: (OVER SOUND) It's pretty cold to be working out here, McGee. Why don't you call the garage and have them -

FIB: Aw, it won't take long to yank this tire off, tootsie. (RATTLE OF TOOLS) I'll take the tube in the house to patch it, when I get it off and - Aphhh - here's a my jack! I'll get that tire offa there in --

OLD M: (FADING IN) HELLO THERE, KIDS! HI, DAUGHTER! HI, JOHNNY!

MOL: Well, hello there, Mr. Old Timer!

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OLD M: Hey Johnny - you know somepin'? Your tire's flat!

FIB: Well, thanks a lot. I hadn't noticed.

OLD M: I can sympathize with you, son. I been havin' a bad time with my motorsickle lately, myself.

FIB: You have? What gives you trouble - the tires or the motor?

OLD M: The payments mostly...that 12 bucks a month is harder to scrape up than old chewin' gum.

MOL: Well, it's nice transportation, anyhow - if you can stand it.

OLD M: Yep, me and Bessie wheeled into a fillin' station the other day on my motorsickle, kids, and I ordered my tires pumped up, headlight cleaned, a book of matches, drink of water, two road maps, and my goggles wiped.

Then I turns to Bessie and I says, "Bessie", I says -
BESS: (FADING IN) Here I am, O.T. You walk so fast! Hello, you-all.

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MOL: Hello, Bessie

FIB: Hi, Bess. Well, I gotta get busy. (RATCHET OF JACK)

OLD M: (OVER SOUND) Set right down there on the steps, baby.
Do your little footsies hurt?

BESS: Ohh, somethin' awful, O.T. I got a corn crop that
should happen to Kansas!

MOL: Are those new shoes, Bessie?

BESS: That's it, I guess. I just don't understand how leather
can be so hard on your feet, when it's so soft on a cow.

OLD M: Well, I told ja them heels was too high for you, Bessie.
Makes you walk like a ham-strung moose!...Baby.

BESS: Ohhh, you stop teasin' me, O.T. (LAUGHS)

RATCHET OF JACK, BEHIND:

MOL: Well, you really should have comfortable shoes, if you
walk much, Bessie. You ought to try a Cuban heel next
time.

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OLD M: OHHH, don't mention Cuban heels to Bessie, daughter!
She had a terrible experience one time. You see -

BESS: (FAST) I'LL TELL IT, O.T! I'LL TELL IT! LET ME TELL IT!

OLD M: Awww, you'll never tell it right, Bessie! Bessie gits
things kinda mixed up, kids. You see, what happened -

BESS: (FIRMLY) NOW, IT HAPPENED TO ME, O.T! I WANTA TELL IT!
I'M THE ONE THAT -

FIB: Hey, hey, hey, take it easy, you kids! Migosh! Let's start
over. Now - you had a bad experience, Bessie.

BESS: Yee I did - with a Cuban heel. He was from Havana, and
he proposed to me - but he run off with my sister and my
postal savin's.

MOL: Ohhh, the scoundrel!

FIB: Yeah, he must have been a cad and a bounder, Bessie.

OLD M: Don't know about the cad, Johnny, but he sure was a
bounder. When Bessie's papa shot at him, he bounded clean
over a barn and two silos!...Didn't he, baby?

BESS: Three silos, O.T:...When him and my sister and my postal
savin's left together, there was only -

OLD M: (MAD) Ohh, I'd sure like to meet up with the dirty dog,
Bessie! I'd show him!

BESS: Ohh, you're so masterful, O.T. What would you do -
challenge him to a duel, to see which one gets my hand?

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OLD M: I shore would, baby! The hand with the postal savin's
in it. Come on Doll Baby!

BESS: Okay, Nature boy. Ta-ta. You-all!

ORCH: "NOW THAT I NEED YOU"

(APPLAUSE)

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SECOND SPOT

MOL: That's about four patches you've put on that inner tube,
already, dearie. And I must say that for you, you've
been very patient about it. Ordinarily you'd have been
kicking it around the living room, screaming with rage.

FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) Well, my dear, no use losing one's
temper. Lemme pump. her up a little more here -----

SOUND: TIRE PUMPING....PUMPING OUT

FIB: There we are! All set. I got 'er patched tighter than
a pack-mule's girdle!

MOL: Have you?

FIB: You betcha! When I do a job, I -

SOUND: HIS -s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-

FIB: (LAUGHS MERRILY) Well, whaddya know, another leak!
Ha hah hah. Hand me the tire patches again, Loveboat.
I'll fix this thing if it takes all.....

SOUND: DOOR BELL

MOL: COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Ole from ~~the~~ *the janitor* Club, McGee. Come in, Ole.

OLE: Thanks, Missus. Hello, McGee. (SNIFFS) What smells like burning rubber?

FIB: It ^{IS} burning rubber, Ole. I was writing a letter to Santa Claus..and I made so many mistakes my eraser caught on fire.

MOL: He's just kidding, Ole. He bought a bargain sale inner tube and he's had to patch it four times.

OLE: Well, bargains is not always bargains, Missus. I got my wife at a Clearance Sale.

FIB: You WHAT?

MOL: You got your wife at a Clearance Sale?

OLE: Oh don't misunderstood me. She wasn't for sale. She was working as a clerk and I went in to buy some winter underwear.

FIB: That's a romantic little setting. Cupid slugged you right in the red flannels, eh?

MOL: What happened, Ole?

OLE: Well, in the first place, Missus, they weren't red flannels. They was purple.

FIB: PURPLE!

MOL: Purple...how gaudy!

OLE: 89¢ a pair, they was, I says to my wife, only she wasn't my wife then, she was just a clerk, I says, "was these a good bargain?" And she says in a whisper, she says, "Just between me and you, mister, don't took 'em!" "Why not?", I says, "89¢ is a very cheap price." And she says, "They wouldn't wash good. We call them our shrinking violets!"

FIB: A very friendly gesture, I'd say. However, if you ^{are gonna} ~~begin~~ a romance with winter underwear, you might as well start from scratch, I always say.

MOL: So I suppose you thought if she was that honest with a customer, Ole, she'd make you a good wife.

OLE: No, missus. Not exactly. I just think, this kid knows more about washing than selling. What do I got to sell? Nothing. What do I got to wash? Plenty! So I say, what time you got thru work tonight? And she says, six o'clock. That was a mistake, too.

FIB: Why was it?

OLE: Because we got married and now she is NEVER through work.
But, if you got good marriage you don't mind just donatin'
your time! Goodbye, now.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't Ole sweet?

FIB: Well, "sweet" ain't exactly the word I'd of used, kiddo, but
he's a good solid fella. Weighs 213 with a shovelful of coal.
(TINKERING SOUNDS) Hey - next time I fall for a bargain
innertube I'll know better. Ever tell you about the time I
and Charlie Hatch had the tire trouble?

MOL: Often.

FIB: Well, then I'll ~~just~~ ^{just} tell it again to entertain myself. I'm
easy amused. You see I and Hatch had a flat tire, see? And
no patches. So I says let's match and see who walks back to
buy a patch. So I matches Hatch for the patch. Hatch loses
the match, match, and had to get the patch. I says, better
get a batch of patches, Hatch, because if we scratch a patch
and have to patch the scratch --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hiyah, Molly. Hiyah, Pal!

FIB: Point-killer!

MOL: Killing the point in this case was justifiable homicide,
dearie. Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: I was just passing by and - (SNIFF) Well! What's the
interesting odor?

FIB: Just patching an inner tube, Junior. I bought one at
Kremer's Drug Store that's about as air-tight as a bird-
cage! But this is the last patch.

MOL: We hope.

WIL: Same thing happened to me. I was out for a drive in the
country Monday, and had a blowout about forty miles from
town. So when I -

MOL: Out for a drive? On a working day?

WIL: Oh I had to get out for a while, Molly - I was just worn
out. We've had such a rush of business since we
announced our new self-polishing water-repellant
Glocoat --

FIB: There we are..! Hear that, Molly! A throw to first
base from way out in left field, and he -

WIL: Anyway, there I was thirty three miles from town, ---

MOL: You said forty.

WIL: By that time, I'd walked back seven miles. Then I came
to a farm house. I knocked, Boom-Boom! No answer. I
walked to the back of the house. And there, in the
kitchen, was a woman mopping the floor....WITH WATER!

FIB: What would she be mopping it with - reple syrup?
WIL: Certainly not ... water's all right to mop your hardwood and linoleum floors with, IF they're protected with Johnson's Self Polishing Water-Repellant Glocoat.
MOL: That's right. Because the new Glocoat stays on and stays bright, and the water and the spilled things wipe up without leaving any dull streaks ~~and water spots~~.
WIL: Exactly! So I asked the woman if her linoleum was protected with tne new Water Repellant Glocoat.
FIB: So she threw the mop at you and told you not to be so nosy.
WIL: No, she said it was and why was I asking. I told her I represented the Johnson's Wax people and that's as far as I got.
MOL: Why?
WIL: She grabbed me by the hand, took me in, fed me some apple pie, introduced me to Max.
FIB: Max who?
WIL: No last name, Pal. He was a sheepdog.
FIB: Oh.

WIL: It seems that old Max for ten years had been tracking in snow and rain and mud over her kitchen floor, but NOW it didn't matter. Because with Johnson's Water Repellant Glocoat, spots and dirt wipe up without leaving any dingy places. It stays on and it stays bright...you DON'T mop off that brilliant wax protective coating. She said it was SO sensational, so revolutionary, so -
FIB: Hey, hey, hey...Waxy.
WIL: Yes, Pal? Oh! I'm interfering with your work. Anything I can do to help you with that tire patch, Pal?
FIB: Yes.
WIL: What?
FIB: Guess.
WIL: Go home?
FIB: Yes.
WIL: Okay.
DOOR SLAM
MOL: I sometimes think you're very rude to Mr. Wilcox, McGee.
FIB: That's all right, kiddo. (PUMPING) Like most successful salesmen, he's got a insult-repellant skin. Well, I guess this does it!
MOL: All set? Again?
FIB: Yeah...- finally done it. See? So round, so firm, so fully patched? I knew I'd eventually - (PAUSE)
SOUND: HISS-s-s-s-s-s-....

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MOL: (ANGRILY) LISTEN TO THAT....!! IT STILL LEAKS!! HOW
COULD MR. KREMER STICK YOU WITH SUCH A SHODDY PIECE OF
MERCHANDISE!! THAT'S RIDICULOUS....!! BY GEORGE -

FIB: Ah ah ahh...(LAUGHS) Take it easy, snooky... It's all
in life-time. Just a leak in a inner tube. Nothing
serious. My gosh, I think this is FUN!

MOL: Well as the lady told her husband when he got lost in
Arizona, "You have an odd sense of Yuma". I never thought
I'd... *Say that*

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: I hope this is Mr. Kremer. I'll give him a piece of my
mind with hairpins in it! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Hey, it's the Mayor. Hiyah, La Trivia.

MOL: Come in, your honor, come in.

GALE: Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee. Am I interrupting some work?

FIB: Nah, just playin' around patchin' a cheap inner tube,
La Triv. Glad to lay it down a minute.

MOL: I'll be glad if you lay it down forever. The way it smells
in here, I feel like I'd been living in a hot water bottle.

GALE: Too cold to work in the garage, I suppose.

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FIB: Cold!! You said it, La Triv. I had my radio on in
the car out there and three mule trains froze to death.

GALE: Did you get that inner tube at Kremer's bargain
sale?

FIB: Yep! Me and Mort Toops, and Al Weingand and Charlie
Goldring, and Hal Bock...we all bought 'em. Bunch
of bargain hunters, I guess.

GALE: Yes, birds of a feather flock together.

FIB: (EAGERLY) THEY DO? WHERE'D YOU SEE 'EM, LA TRIV?
THE SEASON IS STILL ON....LET'S GO GET SOME! HEY,
MOLLY GET MY SHOTGUN AND ----

GALE: No no no....WE'RE NOT GOING HUNTING. I DIDN'T SAY -

FIB: You said they were flockin' together, La Triv....AND
THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE 'EM....TOGETHER!! Never could
hit 'em unless they got bunched up! MAKE US SOME HOT
COFFEE IN A THERMOS, MOLLY AND --

GALE: WAIT A MINUTE.....PLEASE.....

FIB: WHADDY MEAN WAIT? WANT SOMEBODY ELSE TO KNOCK 'EM
ALL OFF? LET'S GET GOING!!

GALE: Going where? I'm not going hunting. When I said that
birds of a feather flock together I was just --

MOL: You were just the bearer of the best news McGee has
had for a long time, Mr. Mayor! His trigger finger has
been itching ever since the duck season opened.

FIB: YOU BETCHA...WHERE 'LL WE GO, LA TRIV...WHERE'D YOU SEE 'EM?

GALE: I didn't see them. Listen. Will you? Please?

FIB: Okay. Clam up, Molly.

MOL: Big deal.

GALE: Now then. When I said that birds of a feather flock together, I was not referring to any actual birds. I was referring to you bargain hunters. You and Mort Troops and Al Weingand and -

FIB: YOU MEAN WE GOTTA CUT ALL THEM GUYS IN ON THIS HUNTING TRIP?? OH NO YOU DON'T!! WE STUMBELED ONTO THESE DUCKS OURSELVES LEGITIMATE AND THEY GOT NO RIGHT TO MUSCLE IN.....

GALE: I WASN'T SUGGESTING WE DUCK THEM ALL IN ON THIS FEATHER HUNT.....I MEAN WHEN I SAID FLOCKS OF A BIRDER HUNT FOR BARGAINS...BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TO KREMERS.... DUCKERS.....BIRDBRAINS.....LOOK....

MOL: Please.....Mr. Mayor. If you two boys get all upset like this you'll NEVER get any ducks! Relax...calm down....

FIB: She's right, La Triv. Now take a deep breath, full of burnt rubber on account of I've been patching tires, and tell me where you saw all these ducks.

(PAUSE)

GALE: You know the wide irrigation ditch, out north, past the airport?

FIB: YES YES...YES...

MOL: Yes, yes?

GALE: Remember the little cemetery just west of it?

FIB: Little cemetery? I don't remember that....

GALE: You don't remem - Oh how silly of me. Of course you don't. There's only one grave in it.

MOL: Just one?

GALE: Yes. An open one. I'm having the headstone made tomorrow. Have you a middle initial, McGee?

FIB: Gee, La Trivia, -

GALE: Thank you. Fibber G. McGee. That helps a lot. Good day.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: You know something? I don't think I better go anywhere with that guy with loaded shotguns. OH WELLL...HAND ME THE PATCHES AGAIN, KIDDO...LET'S GET BACK TO WORK!!!

ORCH: "() MORE SHOPPING DAYS TIL CHRISTMAS"

(APPLAUSE)

- THIRD SPOT -

SOUND: THUMP-THUMP-THUMP OF TIRE PUMP. KILL IT

FIB: (HAPPILY) Ahhh, I got it this time, Molly. I got it whipped! This inner tube is tighter than a ballet dancer's pants!

SOUND: SLAPS THE TUBE

MOL: Good! You've only got about four dollars' worth of patches on that dollar-nineteen tube, at that.

FIB: Yep - look at that tube, tootsie..! Good as new! Better, in fact, because it's twice as thick now as it was before I put the patches on and - (PAUSE)

MOL: MCGEE! WHAT ARE YOU LISTENING TO? No - don't tell me! I hear it!

SOUND: HISSSSS....GENTLE. BUT SUSTAINED...FADES BEHIND:

FIB: (HOLLOW CHUCKLE) Ohh, good gracious me! This is a little discouraging, isn't it?

MOL: Yes it is, dearie. Personally, I'd take that thing and -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Well hello, Dr. Gamble - do come in!

DOC: Thank you, Molly. And good day to you, Butterfingers.

FIB: Well, bless my soul if it isn't the Grand Exalted Patron of the Butchers' Union! Didja hear about Doc's new racket, Molly - he gets a cut on every patient that comes in the hospital!

MOL: Ohh, McGee!

DOC: Your jokes, Loudmouth, are almost as foul as the air in here. (SNIFFS) What are you running today - a smelter?

MOL: If you accent the first syllable, Doctor - yes he is.

FIB: I'm patchin' a tire tube, Tubby. Bought one of those no-bargain inner tubes with the built-in leak, from Kremer's. ~~Air goes through this baby like Notre Dame through Southern Cal~~

MOL: He hasn't been hissed at so much, Doctor, since he did his magic act at the Elks Smoker.

DOC: Well, he should do a very good job with that tube, Molly - it takes a flat tire to fix a flat tire, I always say.

FIB: Oh yeah? If I had that spare you carry around your middle, Balloon Boy, I could throw this tube away! Furthermore, you big Encyclopediatrician -

DOC: Wait a minute! Big what???

FIB: Encyclopediatrician! A guy that doctors children - out of a set of books! Only you'd do better if you knew how to read!

MOL: Oh, McGee, that's ridiculous! Why, Doctor Gamble can read almost anything! He can even read his own prescriptions, can't you, Doctor?

DOC: Certainly!....Some of them.

MOL: You just concentrate on the tire, dearie. Have you any more patches out in the car?

FIB: Sure - I got more patches in the room here - but I got no more room here for patches! Unless I can squeeze one more on this - Yeah, there! That oughta get it.

DOC: That's a very handsome job, flob. Watching your hands at work there reminds me of myself when I did my first operation.

FIB: Yeah -- you ever watch him operate, Molly.

MOL: No, but I've heard --

FIB: He goes after a tonsil like a fullback after a fumble! His hospital saves plenty of dough on anesthetics because when the patient gets a look at Gamble, he faints dead away and they operate before he comes to.

DOC: THAT'S A DIRTY SLANDER AND YOU KNOW IT! MY HOSPITAL IS....

FIB: AH-AH-AH-AH! I can't engage in any further discussions now, Doctor, I've got work to do! I'm busy, boy.... busy as a beaver!

DOC: HAH! Between you and a beaver, sonny....there is one large difference!

FIB: Yeah? What?

DOC: A beaver has a flat tail! (PAUSE) So long, Molly!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ahh, good old Doc! He's....Hey look, Molly, this did it, kiddo! I stopped the leak! The tube is fixed!

MOL: Well, mother's proud of you, dearie. The last patch, too.

FIB: Yep....I've learned something this time, kiddo! Betcha! Old-take-it-easy-McGee....the soul of patience....From now on, my temper is gonna be as steady as....as....well, as....

SOUND: HISSESSSSSSSSSS .. KEEP IT IN

FIB: (SCREAMS) OOH HH NO!! IT CAN'T BE!
MOL: Ohh dear, this is -
FIB: THIS IS THE END! THIS ROTTEN, DIRTY, CHISELING LEAKY
TUBE! GIMME THE SCISSORS!
MOL: Here, dearie...Take the butcher knife, that's better!
FIB: Thanks. (STOMPING ON THE FLOOR AND BANGING THE TABLE)
I'LL CHOP THIS DADRATTED LOUSY TUBE TO RIBBONS! I'LL
BEAT THE BEJUNIOR OUT OF IT!
SOUND: SLAPPING AND SLASHING OF TUBE, BEHIND:
MOL: (CALMLY) Don't scratch the table, dearie. That's the
boy.
FIB: TAKE THAT! AND THAT! YOU DIRTY, CHEESY, CHEAP HUNK OF
IMITATION JUNK!
MOL: Here's a wastebasket.
FIB: THERE! THAT'S THAT!
SOUND: SLAMS IT IN WASTERBASKET
FIB: Whew! Lemme sit down a minute!
SOUND: HISSSSSSsssssss
FIB: By George I - OMIGOSH! LISTEN!
MOL: What on earth -
FIB: I CUT IT TO RIBBONS AND STILL IT HISSES AT ME! WHERE'S
AN AXE? GET ME SOME DYNAMITE!
MOL: McGee.
FIB: Huh?

MOL: I..I guess I should have mentioned this before,
but - well I forgot.
FIB: Forgot? Forgot what?
MOL: Well, it was so cold this morning, I - I turned
on the steam in the radiator.
FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN NONE O' THEM LEAKS WAS -- OOH HH,
THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
ORGE: "MAKE BELIEVE".....FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
11/29/49

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment -
Remember what I told you at the beginning of this
broadcast?..If you are using a floor wax that won't
stand water, you are not getting your money's worth,
so be sure to use only Johnson's New Glo-Coat. It's
the self-polishing floor wax that's positively water-
repellent.

With Glo-Coat, your floors won't show drab spots or
ugly streaks every time you wipe up spilled things..
And they won't lose that lovely wax shine every
time you mop them. Johnson's New Glo-Coat stays
on - stays bright - days and weeks longer. It's
water-repellent. You don't wipe up the wax when
you wipe up the water.

Johnson's New Glo-Coat is already on your dealer's
shelves. It's in the regular Glo-Coat package....

In fact, there is no change at all in the container..
but there is a wonderful change inside. Try it -
and see! Ask for Glo-Coat tomorrow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC .. FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
NOVEMBER 29, 1949

-27-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment ---
Johnson's New Glo-Coat is now positively water-repellent!
That's the biggest floor care development of the past
fifteen years .. but what does it actually mean to you ...
as a homemaker?

It means just this. Now, when you bring your floors to
gleaming brightness with self polishing Glo-Coat, you can
be sure they'll stay that way days and weeks longer.
There won't be those ugly spots or streaks when you wipe
up the mud or snow children track in ... or when friend
husband spills something in raiding the ice-box. You
won't have to re-wax your floors every time you mop them,
because you don't wipe up the wax when you wipe up the
water. Glo-Coat stays on ... stays bright ... even after
repeated damp moppings.

Tomorrow, get the water-repellent self polishing floor
wax that saves work ... gives longer-lasting protection.
Get Johnson's New Glo-Coat in the regular Glo-Coat
container with the bright red band.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(REVISED)

-28-

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE SEASON FOR BAD DRIVING CONDITIONS. OVER SOME OF THEM, WE HAVE NO CONTROL. BUT WE CAN DRIVE CAREFULLY AND BE SURE OUR CARS ARE WORKING PROPERLY.

MOL: The figures for traffic fatalities are pretty appalling. Remember, it's better to be a live driver or pedestrian than a dead statistic.

FIB: 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 AND MOLLY
NOVEMBER 29, 1949

-29-

TAG COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Here's a way to keep your furniture shining bright all through the holiday season -- and still have more time to yourself for Christmas shopping! Keep your furniture clean and shining with far less work. 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's almost as easy as dusting. A few strokes with a cloth does the cleaning. A few more brings out a satin-smooth polish. And Johnson's Cream Wax contains no sticky oils to catch dust.

Tomorrow -- start using the fastest wax furniture polish money can buy. Get Johnson's Cream Wax -- at your dealer's.

ORCH: UP FULL TO FINISH

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

CHIMES

bright all
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our furniture
Johnson's
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lls to catch
ture polish
your dealer's.
B.C.

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
NOVEMBER 29, 1949

NETWORK CUT-IN: CBL, Toronto, to feed all stations in Canada.

CUT-IN CLOSING TAG (TIMING: 42 Seconds - 116 words)

NEC HOLLYWOOD TRAFFIC TO SUPPLY TIME CUE

ANNCR: A Christmas message for men: Nothing pleases a woman more than a Christmas present that shows real consideration of her -- and her problems. That's why you can't give a finer present than a Johnson's Wax Beautiflor Electric Floor Polisher. For the Beautiflor polishes waxed floors in one-tenth the time. There's no work at all with the Beautiflor. Its big, whirling brush does the polishing. You merely walk along and guide. And listen to this: for Christmas only -- in Canada -- the Johnson Beautiflor Electric Polisher, regularly priced at \$59. is offered at only \$49.50. Save almost \$10. Give a present that counts. See the Johnson Beautiflor tomorrow -- at your dealer's.

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL IESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE

for

JOHNSON'S

Tuesday, December 6th, 1949

6:30:35 — 6:31:15
6:44:00 — 6:45:00
6:57:05 — 6:57:55
6:58:40 — 6:59:20