

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

#18  
(REVISED)

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  
Glo-Coat present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson,  
Gale Gordon, "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" Grand, and me,  
Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie,  
for  
Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

JOHNSON'S WAX

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

Tuesday, January 10th, 1950

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:37 - 6:31:35 - :58

6:42:25 - 6:43:45 - 1:20

6:56:55 - 6:57:41 - :50

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

2:43

NM

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
JANUARY 10, 1950

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The old adage says: "Don't cry over spilt milk."

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing  
Glo-Coat present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson,  
Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Dick LeGrand, 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:

...excellent. Spilt milk ...  
dripped water ... tracked-in mud or snow just  
whisk right off its hard, shining surface -- and  
you don't wipe off the wax when you wipe up the  
water. Glo-Coat even stays on ... stays bright ...  
after repeated damp mopping. And it lasts up to  
four times longer -- because it's positively  
water-repellent.

Your floors deserve this new kind of floor protection.  
And you deserve the new leisure you'll get from a  
self polishing floor wax that lasts up to four times  
longer. So why not get Johnson's Water-Repellent  
Glo-Coat tomorrow? It's in the regular Glo-Coat  
package, remember. No change in the container.  
But there's a wonderful difference inside.

ORCH: BRIDGE

NM



FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
JANUARY 10, 1950

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: The old adage says: "Don't cry over spilt milk."

Well, that's easy advice to follow these days.

If your floors are protected by Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat.

For here's the big news about this wonderful, self-polishing floor wax. Johnson's Glo-Coat is

now positively water-repellent. Spilt milk ...

dripped water ... tracked-in mud or snow just whisk right off its hard, shining surface -- and you don't wipe off the wax when you wipe up the water. Glo-Coat even stays on ... stays bright ...

after repeated damp mopping. And it lasts up to four times longer -- because it's positively water-repellent.

Your floors deserve this new kind of floor protection.

And you deserve the new leisure you'll get from a self polishing floor wax that lasts up to four times longer. So why not get Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat tomorrow? It's in the regular Glo-Coat package, remember. No change in the container. But there's a wonderful difference inside.

ORCH: BRIDGE

MCGEE  
1/10/50

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WILCOX: ALMOST EVERY TOWN HAS ONE FINE PLACE TO EAT. SNOWY TABLE CLOTHS, GLEAMING SILVER, IMPECCABLE SERVICE. AND NOBODY GOES THERE.

THEY ALL GO TO THE SIDE-STREET JOINT WITH THE STEAMED-UP WINDOW, AND THE HEADY FRAGRANCE OF FRYING ONIONS. LIKE WALT'S MALT SHOP AT 14th & OAK STREETS IN WISTFUL VISTA, WHERE, AMONG OTHER HUNGRY PEOPLE, WE FIND --

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY !!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: FRYING: CLATTER OF DISHES, ETC.

FIB: My gosh, don't it smell good in here, Molly?

MOL: Simply delicious.

FIB: HEY WALT, HOTTEN UP THIS JAVA, WILLYA? IT'S COLDER 'N A CAMPAIGN PROMISE.

WALT: Okay, Fib. (POURING COFFEE) You too, Mrs. McGee?



MOL: Please, Walt. (POURING COFFEE) You make coffee the way I like it.  
 WALT: I do! Walt is trying to close up.  
 MOL: Yes you do. Blacker than Hopalong Cassidy's hat.  
 FIB: Yeah, and powerful as a bear trap. How do you keep it from dissolving the spoons?  
 WALT: Who cares? The coffee costs me more than the spoons.  
 WALT: Look - are you folks almost through?  
 MOL: I am, Walt, - why?  
 FIB: You givin' us the hustle, by any chance? Tryin' to get us outta here so we won't see you puttin' water in the ketchup?  
 WALT: No, but I gotta close up for a while. My wife's going to Florida on the one-twenty train and I'm seein' her off at the station.  
 MOL: Oh that's wonderful, Walt. Why don't you close up this job - er - your little restaurant and go with her?  
 WALT: Can't afford it, Mrs. McGee. Besides, if I went to Florida with her, she'd wanna go fishing with me again next summer. I'm very fond of my wife, but the next time she sits on a rock in a trout stream playin' Ghost Riders In The Sky on a portable phonograph, only one of us is comin' home alive.

FIB: That's the spirit, Walt, Gimme another hamburger.  
 MOL: (LOW VOICE) McGee, why don't you get rid of those spoons and close up? I don't think Walt want you to take over the place.  
 FIB: Aw he's got plenty o' time. It's only five after one and I'm doing him a favor, kiddo. My wash: walve took in 16 hunks already. Besides, I've always wanted to wear one of these high white chef's caps. How do I look in it?  
 WALT: YOU TURN IT WHEN IT'S READY, MCGEE... THEN HANG THE "BACK-IN-A-FEW-MINUTES" SIGN ON THE DOOR AND CLOSE UP, OKAY BEAUTIFUL! What time you get thru work?  
 WILLYA?  
 MOL: Certainly, Walt.  
 FIB: YOU LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME, BOY!  
 WALT: THANKS A LOT! JUST PUT THE LATCH ON THE DOOR AND SLAM IT. SEE YOU LATER, FOLKS!  
 SOUND: DOOR OPEN: BLAST OF WIND; DOOR CLOSE: RATTLE OF DISHES  
 GRCH: BRIDGE:  
 SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES... FRYING SOUND... VOICES IN BG FADE FOR:  
 FIB: THE CHILI AND CHEESE?  
 WOMAN: I did. And I want a cup of boullion! please.  
 FIB: SEVERAL VOICES: I was!... more coffee here!... gimme another red hot Strawberry malted, McGee!!... With three eggs. etc etc....  
 MOL: One at a time, please!!... My husband only has two heads..  
 FIB: What the? Hey Molly... what's boullion?  
 I mean hands, you know.  
 WALT: The distribarr say: boullion is sold and silver, in here.  
 CLATTER OF BUSINESS... FRYING SOUND. FADE UNDER.



MOL: (LOW VOICE) McGee, why don't you get rid of these people and close up? I don't think Walt meant you to take over the place.

FIB: I'm doing him a favor, kiddo. My gosh, we've took in 16 bucks already. Besides, I've always wanted to wear one of these high white chef's caps. How do I look in it?

MOL: You look like a snow-capped silo. But look...YES SIR, THAT WILL BE 67¢, sir.

MAN: Okay, beautiful! What time you get thru work?

MOL: The same time any married woman gets through work, Never! Thank you!

SOUND: CASH REGISTER SOUND: DOOR OPEN: BLAST OF WIND: DOOR CLOSE: RATTLE OF DISHES.

FIB: Boy it sure is cold out!! That wind has got an edge on it like Andy Devine's voice. (FRYING SOUND AND CLATTER OF PLATE) ALL RIGHT, - WHO HAD THE WELL DONE HOT DOG WITH THE CHILI AND CHEESE?

WOMAN: I did. And I want a cup of boullion, please.

FIB: A CUPPA WHAT, SIS?

WOMAN: Boullion.

FIB: What the - Hey, Molly...what's boullion?

MOL: The dictionary says boullion is gold and silver, in bars.

FIB: Thanks. SORRY SIS..WE GOT NO BAR HERE. TRY BOB COBBS COZY

GALE: CORNER, THREE DOORS DOWN..THEY'LL MAKE YOU A SILVER FIZZ.

MOL: Now then -gads, do you, Mr. Mayor?

SOUND: DOOR OPEN WIND HOWL: DOOR SLAM: DISHES RATTLE: as many beefs as I do.

GALE: Two hamburgers, Walt! No onion. Glass of milk, apple pie, and (PAUSE) MCGEE!!

FIB: You betcha, La Trivia. Hey, Molly. Get a load of who just

MOL: blew in. An orphan of the storm. Old No-Fix-Tickets La Trivia! GOODNESS GRACES, HELLO, LEE!

GALE: Hello, Molly.

MOL: Good day, Mr. Mayor. Nice to see you. t look who is here

FIB: Two hamburgers, eh? Well done or still mooing?

GALE: Very well done. And where is Walt? I want to send him some flowers. it's near the Elk's club?

MOL: Flowers for Walt, Mr. Mayor? Why? fifty cents for lunch.

GALE: Well, I figure he'd have to be dangerously ill very suddenly to turn over his hamburger shop to McGee. Or is he dead?

FIB: Oh, I'm doin all right. In fact, I'm the only guy in town in a high hat that knows what's cookin'. TWO BURGERS ON THE FIRE, LA TRIV!

SOUND: TWO GRIDDLE HISSES..FADE UNDER:

MOL: Walt had to see his wife off on a train to Florida, Mr. Mayor. We're running the place for him till he gets back.



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FIB: You a regular customer here, La Triv?  
GALE: Yes, I am. Fifty cents for fuel is enough; I get plenty  
MOL: Like hamburgers, do you, Mr. Mayor?  
GALE: Not particularly. But when you get as many beefs as I do,  
it's fun to just put mustard on them and eat them. As I  
often say to Walt -  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN: WIND HOWL: DOOR SLAM: DISHES RATTLE:  
MOL: Well, we're doing quite a business today! Walt should -  
WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKES, HELLO, OLE!  
FIB: HIYAH, OLE.  
OLE: Hello, McGee. Hello, Missus. Well, just look who is here  
else. Hello, Mr. Your Honor.  
GALE: Hello, Ole. Do you eat here because you like hamburgers  
or because it's near the Elk's Club?  
OLE: I eat in here because I just have fifty cents for lunch.  
I tell my wife, I say, Missus, I say, I am hard working  
man. I need plenty food for lunch. To make furnace work  
good, you got to use plenty fuel.  
SOUND: NO CHAIRS ON GRIDDLE  
GALE: Ole, I hear you have a new baby girl.

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MOL: And what did she say, Ole?  
OLE: She say, "fifty cents for fuel is enough; I get plenty  
hot air from you with that." (LAUGHS) I guess she think  
if I have seventy five cents cash all at once I am  
taking wild wimmin to night clubs in daytime. Where's  
Walt?  
FIB: Down at the station seein' his wife off for Florida,  
Ole. What'll it be, kid?  
OLE: Well...what you having, Mr. Mayor?  
GALE: My usual, Ole. Two hamburgers, glass of milk, apple pie  
and a phone call.  
MOL: A phone call, Mr. Mayor?  
GALE: To Kremer's Drug store. They mix my bicarbonate for me  
while I'm paying my check here.  
OLE: Good! I'll take same thing, McGee, and Mr. Mayor can buy  
two carbonates.  
MOL: TWO BURGERS!  
FIB: TWO BURGERS!  
SOUND: TWO SLAPS ON GRIDDLE AND FRYING SOUND  
GALE: Ole, I hear you have a new baby girl.



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SECOND SPOT

OLE: Oh sure. I got cute kid. I name her for my wife's favorite flower. Yasmin.  
FIB: Pretty name, Ole.  
MOL: Same as Rita Hayworth's baby isn't it, Ole?  
OLE: Sure. (CHUCKLES) I say anything Ali Khan do, Ole can do!  
MOL: Make my hamburgers well done, McGee and plenty onions.

In boiler room at Elks Club nobody cares!

Bother anybody if I put nickel in yuke box?

It's all revenue to us, Ole. Go ahead!

SOUND: TINKLE OF NICKEL; CLATTER OF DISSES

ORCH: BRIDGE... FADE FOR:

(OFF) Why don't you get a cook, lady? Somebody that knows his job?

Look, bud - when you're working at your job, I don't come out in the street and knock your broom out of your hands, do I? Hand me a plate, Molly, this is ready and -

DOOR OPENS.. WIND HOWLS.. DOOR SLAM.. DISSES RATTLE

Skip it, dearie. He's gone.

WHAT? Well, how do you like that! Here I sweat and slave over a hot stove for that guy and - Hey, see if he left a tip! We split all tips, because in the restaurant business -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.. WIND.. DOOR SLAM.. DISSES RATTLE

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SECOND SPOT

SOUND: SIZZLING GRIDDLE AND CLINK OF CHINA IN BG

FIB: (MUTTERING) Salt..little more grease on the meat..

MOL: Hurry it up, dearie! Some of these people -

MAN: (OFF) Hey, Mac - how about that burger? What's the delay?

FIB: Ready in a minute, bud. Take it easy.

MOL: Right away, sir! Don't forget his potatoes, McGee - he wants french fries on the side, you know.

FIB: That's what's holdin' me up, Molly. I can't get these potatoes to stay on their side - they keep rollin' over on their backs! (SCRAPING, BEHIND;) Roll over there, dadrat it!

MAN: (OFF) Why don't you get a cook, lady? Somebody that knows his job?

FIB: Look, bud - when you're working at your job, I don't come out in the street and knock your broom out of your hands, do I? Hand me a plate, Molly, this is ready and -

DOOR OPENS.. WIND HOWLS.. DOOR SLAM.. DISSES RATTLE

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FIB: WHAT? Well, how do you like that! Here I sweat and slave over a hot stove for that guy and - Hey, see if he left a tip! We split all tips, because in the restaurant business -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.. WIND.. DOOR SLAM.. DISSES RATTLE



MOL: Another customer, McGee and - Oh hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hi, Wimp. I understand why father shot her!

WIMP: Hello folks, my goodness, have I got an appetite!

FIB: You come to the right place, boy! Whatcha gonna eat?

WIL: Waltburger? Superburger? Jetburger? Atom Burger? Or just a plain burger? Hi, Molly!

WIMP: Wellllll, let me see...

MOL: I think you'd like the plain burger, Mr. Wimple, that's served with lettuce, tomatoes, pickles, cheese, mustard, chili sauce, picalilli and a paper napkin.

WIMP: ...No onions?

FIB: Not on the plain one, Wimp. Just lettuce, tomatoes, pickles, mustard, cheese, chili sauce, picalilli and a paper napkin.

WIMP: Good gracious! So that's a plain burger! If you don't mind me shuddering a little, what do you put on a superburger?

FIB: Two scoops of ice cream.

WIMP: (PAUSE) You know something? My appetite is gone now. And so am I! Goodbye.

WIND, DOOR SLAM... DISHES RATTLE

MOL: Mr. Wimple's a strange sort, isn't he? He always -YES, MADAM - HERE'S YOUR CHECK. 37¢.

WOMAN: All right. And you weren't kidding when you said that pie is just like mother used to make.

MOL: Well, that's good.

WOMAN: Yeah - now I understand why father shot her!

SOUND: CASH REGISTER... DOOR OPENS... WIND HOWLS... DOOR SLAM... DISHES RATTLE

WIL: Hi, Wait..Pretty cold out there and - Hey, what're you doin' here, Pal? Hi, Molly!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Walt hadda go out, Junior - so I and Molly are running the joint. Belly up to the bar, boy.

MOL: Yes - I'm the waitress and himself here's the chef.

WIL: What'll you have? To eat? I like them dogs, Pal.

WIL: Oh, I'm a gambler at heart, I guess, kids - giime a burger. That thin one on the back of the stove there, looks good.

MOL: You won't like that, Mr. Wilcox. That's the stopper out of the sink.

FIB: Yeah - try this burger here, Junior.

SOUND: SCRAPE...CLINK OF PLATE

WIL: Thanks, Pal. I've gotta eat and run. Had a big business deal this morning! I met the head of the Utilities Company and his wife, and gave them a demonstration of Water Repellent Glocoat. You know - that sensational self-polishing floor was - Johnson's Water Repellent Glocoat?

MOL: Yes, we've heard you mention it. In fact, we use it ours----



WIL: I showed her how beautiful it makes her kitchen linoleum  
 look, and when I pointed out how you can damp mop a  
 water-repellent Glocoat floor surface time after time -  
 FIB: ....A little more ketchup kid?  
 WIL: - without leaving dingy smears and milky-looking smudges,  
 you should have seen her! Her eyes lit up, she smiled,  
 and she said? "Say, this is really rare!"  
 MOL: And, she's right! A real water-repellent wax is so rare  
 that only Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat is....  
 WIL: I meant the hamburger, Molly. I like them done, Pal.  
 FIB: That's how I'd like your sales-talk, Junior, so just  
 get it done and -  
 WIL: Well, anyhow, I showed the woman how much longer  
 Johnson's Water Repellent Glocoat lasts, because when  
 you mop up dirt and things, you DON'T mop up the wax,  
 so when she tried a mop on her floor, and saw how  
 Glocoat stays on and stays bright, she said: "Gimme  
 a check!"  
 FIB: Check? Oh - 67 cents, Junior.  
 WIL: Hello, Teeny. I didn't hear you come in.  
 FIB: Where'd you come from, sis?  
 WIL: It's funny you should ask that, Mister. I ast my mother  
 the same question and she says I came from Chicago.  
 My family moved here

FIB: Never mind the details, sis. I'm pretty busy with this  
 WIL: Look, Pal! I'm trying to tell you what the woman said.  
 TEE: She said to her husband, "Gimme a check," she said, "I  
 want to buy some Johnson's Water Repellent Glocoat!"  
 MOL: My, those millionaires draw checks for everything, don't  
 they?  
 WIL: So I sold her a year's supply of Glocoat, took the  
 check, and said: Look, Pal, if this is a sample of your  
 hamburgers, I should have had the stopper out of the  
 sink!  
 SOUND: ~~DOOR...FAST WIND HOWL...SIAM FAST...DISHES RATTLE:~~  
 FIB: ~~Did they serve hamburgers too, Junior, because~~  
~~he left.~~  
 MOL: You know, one thing about this place, McGee - you  
 certainly meet some fascinating people, don't you?  
 FIB: Yep, too bad Wilcox ain't one of 'em. (SLAP OF MEAT ON  
 GRIDDLE, SIZZLES, BEHIND:) I better get some more burgers  
 goin' here, before -  
 TEE: Hey, Walt, it's Teeny again! OHH, HI, MISTER!  
 FIB: HI, MIZ MCGEE! (GIGGLES)  
 FIB: Oh, hi, Teeny.  
 MOL: Hello, Teeny. I didn't hear you come in.  
 FIB: No - where'd you come from, sis?  
 TEE: It's funny you should ask that, Mister. I ast my mother  
 the same question and she says I came from Chicago..  
 FIB: My family moved here



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FIB: Never mind the details, sis. I'm pretty busy with this griddle here. What would you like?

TEE: Gee, I'd like a cho malt, I betcha, but I haven't got any money, so I'll just watch you cook. Walt always lets me watch him cook.

FIB: Okay, sit there and watch. Don't bother me though, because -

TEE: That's what Walt always says, too - Walt always says "don't bother me." (GIGGLES)

FIB: I don't blame him. This is very -

TEE: (ALARM) WATCH THAT HAMBURGER, MISTER! IT'S GONNA BURN! YOU BETTER TURN IT! WALT ALWAYS TURNS IT.

FIB: Well, Walt's not cookin' this one! (FAST SCRAPING) Doggone it, it's burnt! Now, quiet, sis - you make me nervous.

TEE: Walt always says that, too, I betcha. Walt says I make him nervous.

FIB: Now look, sis, if you're gonna - HOW'S THAT BUD? BOWL OF CHILL? COMIN' UP!

TEE: Put crackers with it, mister. Walt always puts crackers with -

FIB: I GOT CRACKERS WITH IT!

TEE: Are you toastin' the buns for those hamburgers? Walt always toasts the buns!

FIB: LOOK, I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO -

TEE: (ALARM) ANOTHER ONE'S BURNING! THAT HAMBURGER'S BURNING!

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FIB: HUH? WHERE? OMIGOSH, THIS IS - (FAST SCRAPING) DADRAT THE DADRATTED! LOOK! TEENY!

TEE: (SOFTLY) That's what Walt always says. He always says "Look! Teeny!"

FIB: LOOK, TEENY! HERE'S A MALT! (SCRAPING) IN A CARTON! TAKE IT! AND GO HOME, WILLYA?

TEE: Gee, thanks, Mister! OH BOY! Wait till Willie Toops hears this. We'll BOTH come watch you cook tomorrow!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS .. WIND .. DOOR SHUTS

FIB: Doggone it, that kid's got me rattled like a loose shutter in a high wind. She - OH, HI, BUD. PULL UP A STOOL.

HERB: Thank smister. It scold out there!

MOL: Yes it is. What'll you have, sir?

HERB: I'd like a bowl of soup and a lar jamburger, please.

MOL: A jamburger? A burger with mam on it?

HERB: No, a hamburger - a lar jamburger, <sup>jam</sup> ~~ham~~. With fry donions, and lettus on it.

FIB: One burger up! (SIZZIE OF GRIDDLE) You sound a little familiar, bud - we know you from someplace?

MOL: Oh sure, we met twonce. I'm Herber Tappel - from Central Lardware Company.

FIB: Oh I remember! We were in there around Christmas time, McGee.







FIB: Yes, Molly'll take your order, Old Timer - if you can get Bessie to light someplace.

OLD M: Oh, we ain't gonna eat, Johnny - we jist come in to play the juke box. Me and Bessie like to hold hands and play - Our Song!

BESS: (ROMANTIC) Ohh, yes - (SIGHS) Our Song.

MOL: My, that sounds very romantic.

BESS: I've got a nickel here someplace, O.T. Lemme dump my purse. Well be back here by now!

SOUND: BIG CLATTER OF JUNK ON TABLE...KEEP RUMMAGING THRU IT, BEHIND

OLD M: The King's Men made a beautiful record of our song, kids! Makes me think of the first time me and Bessie met!

MOL: Really?

OLD M: Yep, makes me think of stardust - and roses - of moonlight streamin' acrost the flagpole at the slaughter house and fallin' softly on Bessie's new transformation - and her settin' there on a 500 pound hogshead of lard whittlin' a new spigot for her papa's still, and --

BESS: O.T. PLEASE! Is nothing sacred?

OLD M: Well I'm sorry, baby. I - I guess I got carried away.

BESS: Well, have 'em carry you back O.T. I found the nickel.

SOUND: CLICK OF COIN IN BOX

OLD M: Here it comes, kids - Our song - "BIPPITY BOPPITY BOO"!

KING'S MEN: "BIPPITY BOPPITY BOO"

(APPLAUSE)

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KING'S MEN: "BIPPITY BOPPITY BOO"

(APPLAUSE)



## THIRD SPOT

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES..CASH REGISTER

MCL: Thank you, Madam. Come in again.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN..WIND HOWL..DOOR CLOSE..DISHES RATTLE

FIB: WELL, THIS IS THE FIRST LULL WE'VE HAD TODAY, KIDDO...  
LET'S CLEAN UP AROUND HERE FOR WALT.

SOUND: SCRAPING NOISES

MCL: All right, dearie. (CLINK OF GLASSES) Incidentally,  
shouldn't Walt be back here by now? He was only going  
to be gone --

FIB: Oh he probably heard how good I was running the place  
and thought he'd take in a newsreel, or something. Anyway  
it gives me a chance to slick up around here so he'll be  
proud to --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN..WIND HOWL..DOOR CLOSE

MCL: Good day sir. What can we -- WELL HEAVENLY DAYS..DOCTOR  
GAMBLE!

DOC: Hello, Molly. You got a job as cashier here now? I always  
said that little nogood you married ---

FIB: WATCH YOURSELF, FATSO...!

DOC: Well, Chef Baloney! Where've you got Walt - bound and  
gagged in the back room?

MCL: No, Doctor. Walt is at the railroad station, seeing his  
wife off for Florida. We're running the Malt Shop for him  
till he gets back.

FIB: You gonna order something Ducky - or did you just come  
in here to hairpin a few nickels outa the juke box?

DOC: I'm hungry. Give me a hot dog on a bun, well done, with  
chili sauce, grated cheese, piccallilli and mustard.

MCL: HOT DOG ON A BUN, COOKIE!

FIB: COMIN' UP..ONE AIRDALE, CRATED!

DOC: This is one of the few pleasures in a doctor's life,  
children. Ordering bland diets for people all day  
long and then coming into a joint like this and eating  
something completely indigestible. THAT'S --

FIB: DON'T TELL ME!! THAT'S ONE I DO KNOW. A PINEAPPLE IS A  
DOCTOR'S ORGANOLOGY! I HAD A BUSTER FOR ONE WITH A BURGOC UP  
TO YOUR BELSON, BLENDY A GRAPPEIN AND DUMBED BY EVERY SANE  
WANDER THAT EVER...

DOC: That's a pedistree, MURKIN.

FIB: IT IS? THEN WHAT DID I SAY WRONG IN THE FIRST PLACE?

MCL: You said the doctor knew good food because he was an upstart.



FIB: AND WHAT'S SO INDIGESTIBLE ABOUT OUR HOT DOGS? I KNOW  
 PEOPLE UP TO 30 YEARS OLD WHO'VE EATEN SEVERAL OF 'EM.

SOUND: SLAP OF DOG ON GRIDDLE..HISSING...

MOL: Want the bun toasted. Doctor?

FIB: Sure he does, tootsie. He knows good food. He's an epicac.

DOC: You mean epicure, my illiterate friend.

FIB: I do? I thought an epicure was gettin' your toes polished.

MOL: That's a pedicure, dearie.

FIB: OH YEAH? WHO'S KIDDIN' WHO? A PEDICURE IS A PROFESSOR.

DOC: No no no..that's a PEDAGOG.

FIB: A PEDAGOG? ONE OF THEM WIGGLY LITTLE THINGS SWIMMIN' AROUND  
 IN DUCK PONDS? DON'T BE RIDIC --

MOL: Not a pollywog, McGee, a PEDAGOG...THAT'S A --

FIB: DON'T TELL ME!! THAT'S ONE I DO KNOW. A PEDAGOG IS A  
 DOG'S GENEALOGY! I HAD A SETTER PUP ONCE WITH A PEDAGOG UP  
 TO YOUR ELBOW, Sired BY A CHAMPION AND DAMMED BY EVERY GAME  
 WARDEN THAT EVER....

DOC: That's a pedigree, stupid.

FIB: IT IS? THEN WHAT DID I SAY WRONG IN THE FIRST PLACE?

MOL: You said the doctor knew good food because he was an epicac.

MOLLY... SLICKER'S A WHISTLE. LOOK AT THAT GRIDDLE SHINE.  
 Very nice, McGee. Better put a little grease back on it now,  
 so it won't rust. NO NO NO...DON'T POUR IT ON OUT OF THE BIG  
 CONTAINER...

(2ND REVISION)

FIB: Well, what's an epicac?

DOC: It means..er..I give up. Gimme a cup of coffee, too,  
 please.

MOL: ONE MUGG.

FIB: WHO FOR?

MOL: ONE MUGG.

FIB: Okay.

MOL: For the doctor.

CLATTER OF DISHES..

FIB: Here you are, you grand old man of medicine. Now don't  
 bother me for a while..I gotta finish cleaning up..what  
 was I doing Molly, when old tapeworm come in?

MOL: Scraping the griddle. Everything else is pretty well cleaned  
 up.

FIB: Oh yes.

SOUND: SCRAPING

FIB: (OVER SCRAPING) Ohh, I had a little kangaroo,  
 And close to home she sticked,  
 Cause every time she went someplace,  
 She had her pocket picked...

MOL: Ohhh, the monkey and the coconuts were - AH, HERE WE ARE,  
 MOLLY....SLICKER'N A WHISTLE. LOOK AT THAT GRIDDEL SHINE.

MOL: Very nice, McGee. Better put a little grease back on it now  
 so it won't rust. NO NO NO...DON'T POUR IT ON OUT OF THE BIG  
 CONTAINER...

MOL: You're quite welcome, Walt, but I think you ought to know  
 that --



DOC: No, use a cup..or the brush, dumbbell. You'll spill it all over.

FIB: YOU MIND YOUR OWN - Look, Docky..I been workin' here all day and I ain't spilled anything yet.

MCL: Oh, dear, excuse me a minute. I've got to make a phone call.... (RECEIVER UP) HELLO..OPERATOR..LET ME TALK TO THE.....

FIB: Up we go!!..by George, Walt won't know this place when he comes back, it'll be so --

DOC: LOOK OUT..YOU'RE SPILLING THAT GREASE ON THE HOT STOVE!!

SOUND: POURING..SUDDEN ROAR OF FIRE..CRACKLING OF FLAMES...

FIB: OH MY GOSH!

MCL: HELLO, FIRE DEPARTMENT? PLEASE COME TO WALT'S MALT SHOP AT 14TH AND OHHHH, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

ORCH: HURRY BRIDGE WITH FIRE-ENGINE EFFECT BUILT IN..OUT.

SOUND: WALKING ON SIDEWALK

MCL: Burnt to the ground.

FIB: Yeah, and after I got the place all cleaned up, too! If I don't have the worst luck of anybody I ever..oh oh!

MCL: Now what?

FIB: Here comes Walt up the street. HIYAH, WALT! HEY WE RAN THE SHOP FOR YOU. TOOK IN ALMOST 39 DOLLARS.

WALT: Thanks a lot, Fib.

MCL: You're quite welcome, Walt, but I think you ought to know that --

FEDDER MOORE AND MOLLY

FIB: ~~ORCH~~ 10. INCIDENTALLY, WALT, YOU GOT FIRE INSURANCE ON THAT PLACE?

WALT: ~~END OF~~ PLENTY. All paid up, too. Why?

FIB: Well...I got great news for you, boy!! NOW YOU CAN GO TO

WILSON: FLORIDA TOO!

ORCH: "STAY WELL" FADE FOR --

...on the mail we're receiving about Johnson's Water-Repellent GLO-Coat. I've never seen such enthusiasm about a self polishing floor wax! But -- no wonder! Johnson's GLO-Coat is now positively water-repellent. You don't wipe off the wax protection when you wipe water ... tracked-in mud or snow ... spilled food or drinks ... off its hard, shining surface. GLO-Coat even stays on after repeated damp mopping. It lasts up to four times longer, because it's water-repellent. It's the most economical self polishing floor wax you can buy. So -- don't delay. Start using the self polishing floor wax that saves floors, saves work, saves money. The GLO-Coat your dealer has on his shelves right now is Johnson's Water-Repellent GLO-Coat. Get some -- tomorrow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:



FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
JANUARY 10, 1950

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX:

Fibber and Molly return in a moment ---

I wish I could read you the mail we're receiving about Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat.

I've never seen such enthusiasm about a self polishing floor wax! But -- no wonder!

Johnson's Glo-Coat is now positively water-repellent.

You don't wipe off the wax protection when you wipe water ... tracked-in mud or snow ... spilled food or drinks ... off its hard, shining surface. Glo-Coat

even stays on after repeated damp mopping. It lasts up to four times longer, because it's water-repellent.

It's the most economical self polishing floor wax you can buy.

So -- don't delay. Start using the self polishing floor wax that saves floors, saves work, saves money.

The Glo-Coat your dealer has on his shelves right now is Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat. Get some -- tomorrow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

MCL:

McGee, we mustn't forget to get a copy of the True Story Magazine that's out tomorrow.

FIB:

Oh, my gosh no. That's the one with the big story about I and you, ain't it?

MCL:

Yes it is. How strange - and how wonderful.

FIB:

Wonderful, yes - but why strange?

MCL:

Strange to find you connected with a true story of any kind.

FIB:

Eh? Oh. Ha hah. Yeah. Goodnight.

MCL:

Goodnight, all!

SIGNOFF

WIL:

The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S WATER-REPELLENT GLO-COAT, Racine, Wisconsin - and Brantford, Canada, bring you FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY each week at this time. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?

(SWITCH TO HITCH)



FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY  
JANUARY 10, 1950

-30-

TAG COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: When you polish your furniture, what kind of a shine do you get? A hard, dry shine that stays bright for weeks and weeks? Or a "fade-out" shine that turns smeary and foggy overnight?

Recent tests show that Johnson's Cream Wax is the only leading cream polish whose shine comes from wax instead of oils. Oil clouds and fogs when exposed to air.

A wax shine lasts.

So -- avoid "fade-out" shine. Instead, give your furniture the long-lasting beauty that only a wax polish gives. Use Johnson's Cream Wax.

ORCH: MUSIC UP FULL:

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

6:30:37 — 6:31:33 — 55  
6:43:50 — 6:44:55 — 105  
6:56:40 — 6:57:30 — 45  
6:58:45 — 6:59:15 — 30

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, January 17, 1950

6:30:37 — 6:31:33 — 55  
6:43:50 — 6:44:55 — 105  
6:56:40 — 6:57:30 — 45  
6:58:45 — 6:59:15 — 30

NM.