

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED) #22

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,  
Elvia Allman and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by  
Don Quinn and Phil Leslie. Production is by Frank  
Pittman and music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'  
Orchestra.  
for

ORCH: ~~THEME UP AND FADE~~ JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, February 7th, 1950

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:38 — 6:31:36 — :58

6:47:50 — 6:48:25 — :35

6:56:35 — 6:57:25 — :50

6:58:35 — 6:59:15 — :40

2:03

NM

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
FEBRUARY 7, 1950

-2-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment

ORCH: ~~THEME .. FADE FOR:~~  
Here's opening news. Next time you wax your floors and

WILCOX: 1 The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing  
2 Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill  
3 Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Dick LeGrand,  
4 Elvia Allman and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by  
5 Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Production is by Frank  
6 Pittman and music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'  
7 Orchestra! - Coat doesn't disappear when water is spilled on

ORCH: ~~THEME UP AND FADE FOR:~~

8 tracked on it -- and you don't wipe up the wax when you  
9 wipe up the water. You can even damp-scrub a Glo-Coat  
10 protected surface repeatedly without killing its shine.  
11 You get far more for your money in Glo-Coat. It lasts  
12 up to four times longer. Because it's positively  
13 water-repellent.

14 Tomorrow, give your floors this beauty and long-lasting  
15 protection only Glo-Coat gives. Get Johnson's water-  
16 repellent Glo-Coat. No change in the package, remember.  
17 But there's a wonderful difference inside.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

NM

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
FEBRUARY 7, 1950

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment ----

Here's cheering news. Next time you wax your floors and linoleum you'll know you won't have to do that job soon again - if you use the self polishing floor wax that lasts up to four times longer. Because Johnson's Glo-Coat is now water-repellent.

That's right. Glo-Coat is now positively water-repellent. And because it's water-repellent, it lasts up to four times longer. Glo-Coat doesn't disappear when water is spilled or tracked on it -- and you don't wipe up the wax when you wipe up the water. You can even damp-mop a Glo-Coat protected surface repeatedly without killing its shine. You get far more for your money in Glo-Coat. It lasts up to four times longer. Because it's positively water-repellent.

Tomorrow, give your floors this beauty and long-lasting protection only Glo-Coat gives. Get Johnson's water-repellent Glo-Coat. No change in the package, remember. But there's a wonderful difference inside.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

NM

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: THE CITY COUNCIL OF WISTFUL VISTA HAS NEVER HAD A WOMAN MEMBER, BUT, AS THE BEE SAID WHEN IT SAT ON THE HATPIN, THERE'S A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING. IF THE LADY OF THE HOUSE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA CAN BE SUFFICIENTLY URGED TO RUN FOR OFFICE - BUT FOR FURTHER DETAILS, LISTEN TO ----

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE

MOL: Well, I don't know what to say, Mrs. Clammer ---

FIB: Now go over this thing again, - slow - Clammy, I didn't get it either. I guess I'm kinda dull today.

CIAM: Today! You're - OUCH!

MOL: What's the matter, Mrs. Clammer?

CIAM: I bit my tongue. And just in time, too. Now here's the situation, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Take it slow. In syllables of one word.

CIAM: As you know, there is an interim vacancy in the City Council, and we women of the Wistful Vista Women's Club would like to have Mrs. McGee fill the office.

NM

MOL: ME? HEAVENLY DAYS, Mrs. Clammer! All I know about for politics is that if you kiss too many babies one of 'em is liable to hold you to it; look at Vice President Barclay!

FIB: Personally, Tootsie, TAKE A SIX-PARTY TELEPHONE?" and

CLAM: Yes, Mr. McGee? NOW, you can do it as a City

FIB: I was speakin' to my wife, Clammy. Since when did I start callin' our neighbor women "tootsie?" SIR: As the husband

CLAM: Well it would be only fair play, Mr. McGee. You should hear what the neighbors call you.

FIB: Gee, thanks. That's nice to know, Clammy. Molly, you better do it. Get on the City Council. Think of the good you could do! Like gettin' me a honorary Police Badge, so I could -

MEL: Now just wait a minute, dearie. I don't know about this. After all, Mrs. Clammer, I'm just a housewife, and -

CLAM: OF COURSE YOU ARE, DEAR!!! The finest training in the world for a political office. How long have you two been married? Strange I didn't think of that.

MOL: Well, now let me see....when were the Lincoln-Douglas debates? salary of fifty dollars a month to take care

FIB: Oh, it wasn't that long ago, kiddo! My gosh -

FIB: Grab it, snooky. Get on the council and then vote yourselves a raise! I'll go around with petitions and -

MOL: McGee! That's not a very -

CLAM: Well, it doesn't really matter. What I mean is that for years and years, as a private party, you have been arguing with the utility companies - "GIVE US MORE WATER PRESSURE! WHY IS MY GAS BILL SO HIGH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, I HAVE TO TAKE A SIX-PARTY TELEPHONE?" and all that sort of thing. NOW, you can do it as a City official!

FIB: Oh boy!!! Am I gonna have fun! DEAR SIR: As the husband of Council-Woman McGee, I hereby give you just three days to remove the fire plug at 14th and Oak, which for 12 years I been gittin tickets fer parkin' in front of it, and -

MOL: Found it, McGee...take it easy! Look, Mrs. Clammer, I don't like to sound mercenary, and I know that being in the City Council is mostly honorary, and money isn't everything, and I've heard of a lot of dollar-a-year men who would have been expensive at 35¢ - but - what's the salary?

FIB: Good question! Strange I didn't think of that.

CLAM: As you say, Mrs. McGee, it is mostly honorary. But there is a salary of fifty dollars a month to take care of expenses.

FIB: Grab it, snooky. Get on the council and then vote yourselves a raise! I'll go around with petitions and -

MOL: McGee! That's not a very -

FIB: Oh not right away, of course. Get yourself in solid first. Kid 'em along with a lot of phony economies for a while. You know, like shorter benches in the parks. Smaller animals in the city zoo. Stuff like that. Then, when they ain't looking, sneak in a resolution...

MOL: NO!

FIB: Well, gee whizz, I was merely...

CLAM: How about it, Mrs. McGee? You COULD do a lot of good, you know. And we need a woman's viewpoint in the council. Please say yes.

MOL: Wel-l-l...

FIB: Come on, Baby. I always wanted to be married to a politician. In a few years from now, I can write a book: "INSIDE WISTFUL VISTA", or "SHE HAD WHAT IT TOOK AND SHE TOOK WHAT THEY HAD".

MOL: Sweetheart, will you get it into your bright-eyed little head that if I DO get to be a council-woman, I'll be an honest one?

CLAM: Of course you will, Mrs. McGee. Mr. McGee, you're very hypocritical.

FIB: Yeah, I guess I am, Clemmy. Maybe ignorant, too. Take the Displaced Persons Bill, for instance. Till last month I thought D.P. meant Drew Pearson. So, if Molly decides... Wallace Wimple? Our neighbor, Mrs. Clammer, Mr. Wimple.

MOL: How do you do, Mrs. Clammer?

MOL: I'll tell you what, Mrs. Clammer. Tell the ladies I'm considering the matter seriously.

CLAMMER: Oh, SPLENDID, Mrs. McGee....SPLENDID. I'll go inform the Women's Club immediately. Thank you so much.

FIB: Not at all, Clammy. You may quote us as saying that we are for improved City Government, and intend to fight corruption in the -

MOL: MCGEE, I'LL MAKE MY OWN SPEECHES, IF YOU PLEASE!

FIB: You betcha, kiddo! You make 'em and I'll write 'em. I'll always -

CLAMMER: Well, I must be going, Mrs. McGee. Thank you so much, and I know this is a wonderful day for Wistful Vista..

MOL: Thank you, Mrs. Clammer. I'll do my best....let me open the door for you....

SCOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIMP: Hello, folks.

AD LIB HELLOS:

FIB: Who you pointin' your finger at, Wimp?

WIMP: Hmmm? Excuse me. I was pointing it at the doorbell, Mister McGee, but Mrs. McGee opened it before I had a chance to -

MOL: Oh I'M sorry, Mrs. Clammer. But do you know Mr. Wallace Wimple? Our neighbor, Mrs. Clammer, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: How do you do, Mrs. Clammer.

CLAMMER: Oh, we've met before, Mr. Wimple...the day you  
recited some of your poetry to our Women's Club.  
It was simply wonderful....I just LOVED that  
little poem of yours about the Woodpecker.

IB: I don't believe I ever heard that one, Wimp?

OL: What was it, Mr. Wimple?

IMP: Oh, it was just a simple little thing. It was  
from a book of poetry I wrote once called  
Verses Simple, by Wallace Wimple.

CLAMMER: Oh, DO recite it for them, Mr. Wimple...DO!! PLEASE DO.

FIB: Oh, he don't have to if he don't wanna, Clammy, so -

WIMP: (CLEARs THROAT) when I think of being practiced on with  
THE WOODPECKER:  
A RED-HEADED BIRD NAMED GREGORY,  
WAS SITTING ONE DAY IN AN OLD DEAD TREE,  
AND HIS WIFE, ON THEIR NEST, NOT FAR AWAY,  
WAS WAITING FOR HIM, AND THE END OF THE DAY  
WHEN GREG WOULD COME HOME WITH A BUNCH OF BUGS,  
TO FEED THEIR FOUR LITTLE RED-HEADED MUGGS,  
BUT SHE SAW HIM LOAFING AND BLEW HER TOP  
AND SCREAMED, "THIS LAZINESS HAS TO STOP!  
NOW GET TO WORK OR I'LL WRING YOUR NECK.  
SO PECK, MY GREGORY! -- GREGORY....PECK!!!"

CLAMMER: Oh, I just love that! Thank you, Mister Wimple *must go*

~~WIMP: Not at all, Mrs. Clammer. Good day!~~

AD LIB GOODBYES TO MRS. CLAMMER.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: Can't give you much time today, Wimp. I and Molly gotta  
go down-town to the City Hall and start campaigning.

WIMP: My wife ran for office once. Sweetface...

FIB: You mean --

WIMP: Yes...my big old wife. She ran for dog catcher. During  
the campaign, she used to practice throwing a net over  
me every night. She'd make me run around the living room  
and bark and then catch me in the net. Oh, I got SO  
tired of it!

MOL: Did she get elected, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) No. I fixed it so the city didn't need a  
dog-catcher and they abolished the office. (CHUCKLES)

FIB: How the sam hill did you do that, kid?

WIMP: Well, it cost me ~~two hundred and thirty dollars~~ <sup>just my entire savings</sup> but it was worth it. I bought a license for every dog in town!

FIB: My goodness when I think of being practiced on with a dog-catcher's net every night for four years, I just sit down on the floor and scratch myself! Well, I've got to be going, folks....can I drop you at the City Hall?

GALE: When Tom Dewey ran the second time, I sent

FIB: Do you have your car here, Mr. Wimble?

MOL: Oh no. I go ~~on the street car.~~ <sup>always walk</sup>

WIMP: <sup>oh fine</sup> Yeah, drop us off, Wimp. Get your hat, Candidate!

ORCH: BRIDGE: something else I wish you'd take but it would

MOL: Well, what do you think, Mr. Mayor? Is there any way I can gracefully withdraw?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WITHDRAW, MOLLY? You told Mrs. Clammer -

MOL: I told her I'd consider it seriously, dearie. I couldn't think of a good excuse NOT to run, so I was stalling for time.

GALE: Well, Molly, I think you'd make a very good council member.

FIB: Me too, La Triv. My gosh, with the advice I could give her about it, Molly? I can whip the other council members

GALE: McGee, no, if you say the word.

FIB: As Molly's campaign manager, I think our best strategy

GALE: In the many years I have held the office of Mayor in Wistful Vista, you have given me a great deal of advice also. And I keep getting re-elected and re-elected.

FIB: Well, that just goes to show - Mr. Mayor, I'M just a

GALE: BECAUSE I IGNORED YOUR ADVICE! Now be quiet a minute.

FIB: The only reason I always give you such bum advice, boy was because I thought your phone might of been tapped.

GALE: Therefore,

GALE: WILL YOU PLEASE BE STILL A MINUTE?

FIB: Okay, but better men than you have ignored my advice, at La Triv. When Tom Dewey ran the second time, I sent him a teleg -

SOUND: MCGEE...PLEASE...!!!!

MOL: the new bridge! My gosh that bridge

FIB: Okay, I'll just set here and take notes.

GALE: There's something else I wish you'd take but it would need a doctor's prescription and require a post mortem. Now then, Molly, I do wish you'd let us file your name. There isn't much time you know. The election is in the morning. Ten o'clock. Council Chamber.

MOL: Oh now, I don't know, Mr. Mayer. I don't really want to do it, but -

GALE: (CLICK OF SWITCH) Yes, Miss McGee...?

FIB: May I say a word?

GALE: No!

FIB: (GRANTS)

GALE: How about it, Molly? I can whip the other council members into line, if you say the word.

FIB: As Molly's campaign manager, I think our best strategy would be -

MOL: Bush, dearie...But you realize, Mr. Mayor, I'M just a  
MAYOR: ~~(SPEAKING)~~ BY ALL MEANS, MISS HAUGENSCHMIDT  
simple housewife...  
SOUND: TELEPHONE  
GALE: ~~(LOW VOICE)~~ Don't spill it kiddo...but this is my Honor.  
Excuse me. (RECEIVER UP) Hello. Yes...this is my Honor.  
I arranged this demonstration. Cost me 22 bucks, but...  
I mean I am his Mayor...my mayor...THIS IS MAYOR LA TRIVIA  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN  
KEN: SPEAKING! YES...yes...certainly. I'll cut the ribbon  
over the new 14th street bridge Wednesday at 11. Not at  
all. Goodbye.  
SOUND: HANG UP  
FIB: Cut the ribbon over the new bridge! My gosh that bridge  
was dedicated last July!  
GALE: I know. But it's a very ugly bridge and I have been  
ribbing the contractor's about it ever since. They want  
me to cut the ribbin'. I will do so Wednesday at 11.  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
GALE: Thank you, Miss Haugenschmidt!  
More formal that way. Now then, Molly...about your  
candidacy...  
SOUND: BUZZER  
GALE: Excuse me. (CLICK OF SWITCH) Yes, Miss Haugenschmidt?  
(CLICK OF SWITCH)  
GIRL: (P.A.) Mr. Mayor, there is a delegation outside your  
door that would like to sing a song for Mrs. McGee....  
FIB: (SHARPLY) AH AH AH! don't tip over the banana wagon,  
kiddo! So long, La Trivia.  
they hear she is going to be a candidate for the City  
Council! Shall I open the door and let them sing?  
MOL: Heavenly days...my goodness...I...well...

MAYOR: ~~(CLICK OF SWITCH)~~ BY ALL MEANS, MISS HAUGENSCHMIDT  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN  
FIB: (LOW VOICE) Don't spill it kiddo...but this is my doing..  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN  
I arranged this demonstration. Cost me 22 bucks, but...  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN  
KEN: All right, boys...for our favorite candidate...MRS.  
MOLLY MCGEE...~~THIS IS GO!~~  
ORCH: AND KING'S MEN...(VILLAGE BAND)  
MOL: (APPLAUSE)  
MOL: Thank you, everybody, thank you...that was wonderful!  
FIB: AND MAY I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY, ON BEHALF OF MY WIFE  
TO SAY A FEW WORDS. WE FEEL THAT WISTFUL VISTA...  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
GALE: Thank you, Miss Haugenschmidt!  
FIB: That's a pretty rude way to treat a candidate's manager.  
WIL: No. I mean the good news that Mrs. McGee  
By George if...  
MOL: Well, we won't take up any more of your time, Mr. Mayor.  
MOL: Oh, I suppose I'll have to run. But if I can  
think of a graceful way to get out of it...  
FIB: (SHARPLY) AH AH AH!...don't tip over the banana wagon,  
kiddo! So long, La Trivia.  
FIB: You'd better  
put on by the  
of them so...  
WIL: Wait a minute,...

GALE: Good day, McGee. Good day, Molly. And good luck!

MOL: Thank you, Your Honor.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Look, tootisie. You gotta run! Think what it means to me. Why with you on the council I can ride on the squad cars, play cribbage at the fire house, and Hiyah, Junior.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, Pal, Hello, Molly. Say, I just heard the good news!

FIB: Thank you, Junior. I think I'll do a good job.

WIL: Doing what?

FIB: I'm gonna manage her campaign. Wasn't that the good news you meant?

WIL: No. I meant the good news that she was running for the City Council.

MOL: Oh, I'm not so sure, Mr. Wilcox. Besides, there can't be much of a campaign, with the council election tomorrow morning.

FIB: You'd be surprised, baby. The telephone campaign can put on by telephone tonight, with what I know about some of them council members -

WIL: Wait a minute, Pal.

FIB: Eh? *were opening your mouth.*

WIL: You're off to a great start. Getting her elected on a blackmail basis. *And by "somebody" I don't mean you, Molly.*

FIB: It ain't blackmail, Juney. I am merely utilizing certain facts and information which have come to my attention, in order that my candidate, who stands for clean government, and government by the people, of the people and for the people, with justice and cheap transportation for all -

MOL: Oh, McGee...for goodness sakes..will you come off it?

FIB: Okay. But I wish there'd been a photographer here just now. You notice that gesture I done when I said "CHEAP TRANSPORTATION FOR ALL"? Kind of like I was embracing the whole popula--

WIL: WILL YOU PIPE DOWN A MINUTE, PAL? *this stamp for us both*

FIB: Certainly. I'll let my candidate speak for herself. *both*

MOL: Well, I think that *Boy Scouts and I think it's a fitting*

FIB: TELL HIM HOW YOU'RE GONNA WORK FOR THAT NEW PLAYGROUND, MRS. MCGEE...TELL HIM HOW YOU'RE GONNA GET A NEW

FIB: CLUBHOUSE FOR THE *sent for the press! I'll call the*

MOL AND WIL:..BE QUIET!!!

FIB: Okay. It's two to one. Majority rule. The democratic way. *of word, Molly, what then?*

WIL: Now then, Molly just what - BE QUIET, PAL!

FIB: I didn't say anything.



lected on a  
 can you, Molly.  
 lizing certain  
 attention, in  
 en government,  
 and for the  
 on for all -  
 me off it?  
 her here just  
 I said "CHEAP  
 as embracing  
 and for us tota  
 r herself.  
 's fitting  
 W PLAYGROUND,  
 A NEW  
 I'll call the  
 the democratic

MOL: You were opening your mouth. Gee whiz, housewives are  
 FIB: I'm wiggling my toes, too, but that don't mean I'm gonna  
 kick somebody. And by "somebody" I don't mean you, Molly.  
 MOL: You're sweet! yow! Let's face it!  
 WIL: Molly just what is your platform?  
 MOL: Oh I don't know, Mr. Wilcox. In the first place, if I get  
 to be a member of the council, which I hope I don't, ~~but~~  
~~I can't think of a graceful way to get out of it now, I'm~~  
 going to work first for a new clubhouse for the Boy Scouts.  
 I'm very interested in the Boy Scouts, because I think  
 Scout work is a wonderful start toward good citizenship,  
 and deserves everybody's whole-hearted support.  
 FIB: AND FURTHERMORE, MY CANDIDATE THINKS THAT... THE NEW  
 MOL: Hush, dearie... there isn't room on this stump for ~~us~~ both *of us*  
~~to make a speech.~~ This week, Mr. Wilcox, marks the 40th  
 Anniversary of the Boy Scouts and I think it's a fitting  
 time for Wistful Vista, and every city, to encourage their  
 activities.  
 FIB: That's a fine statement for the press! I'll call the  
 Gazette and talk to you later about this. I can't get a  
 WIL: OH CUT IT OUT, GABBY! And after you do the Boy Scouts  
 a good turn, Molly, what then?  
 MOL: Well, seeing as I'm merely a housewife -

WIL: WHAT DO YOU  
 pretty impor  
 (CALLS) Eye,  
 the family b  
 So long, wa  
 FIB: The Glocoat  
 WIL: YES, AND THE  
 When you get  
 IT'S THE HO  
 AND IT'S THE  
 SANITARY AN  
 WIL: BECAUSE IT N  
 FIB: Judge Norber  
 LEAVING ANY  
 all we treat  
 MOL: - and if the  
 WIL: EXACTLY..IF  
 MOL: OLD WAX SALL  
 JOHNSON'S W  
 SHELVES IN  
 NOW BEING S  
 Excuse us.  
 FIB: How the cit  
 MAN (2): May will be  
 the corrido  
 FIB: Thanks, Al.  
 on the City  
 WIL: Who's Al  
 Molly, I'll  
 May WILL be  
 word in edg  
 around. Go

WIL: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "MERELY"? Gee Wilz, housewives are pretty important people! The home makers of the nation...  
 (CALLS) Bye, Mr. Wilcox.  
 the family builders....the -  
 FIB: So long, Waxey! SO!! With me as your manager you'll need luck, will you? By George, I'll get even with him.  
 FIB: The Glocoat buyers! Let's face it!  
 WIL: YES, AND THE GLOCOAT BUYERS,...DON'T SELL THAT SHORT, PAL!!  
 IT'S THE HOUSEWIVES WHO BUY THE JOHNSON'S WATER-REPELLANT *Glocoat*  
 AND IT'S THE GLOCOAT THAT KEEPS THE HOME CLEAN AND  
 (PASSING BY) er....good day, sir.  
 SANITARY AND EASY TO KEEP BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL LOOKING...  
 Who was that?  
 BECAUSE IT MAKES SPILLED THINGS SO EASY TO WIPE UP WITHOUT  
 Judge Morton. Traffic court. Old friend of mine. Pay  
 LEAVING ANY DULL, MILKY STREAKS -----  
 all my traffic tickets to him. Nice guy. Takes my  
 - and if the council -  
 personal check. What was I saying?  
 WIL: EXACTLY..IF THOSE HOUSEWIVES WILL TAKE THE COUNSEL OF AN  
 YOU were talking so much I don't know WHAT you were  
 OLD WAX SALESMAN WHO IS SELLING THE NEW WAX...THE NEW  
 saying? But look, McGee. I don't want to run for  
 JOHNSON'S WATER REPELLANT GLOCOAT NOW ON THEIR DEALER'S  
 council member. I was just being polite to Mrs. Clammer  
 SHELVES IN THE FAMILIAR JOHNSON CONTAINER - AND ALL GLOCOAT  
 and I didn't know of any way I could answer her without -  
 NOW BEING SOLD IS WATER REPELLANT -  
 excuse me. HIYAH, AL!! HOW'S MAY?  
 FIB: How the city hall officials permit this yelling around in  
 May will be fine, McGee.  
 MAN (2): the corridors, I'll never understand!! When my wife gets  
 Thanks, Al.  
 FIB: on the City council, I'll -  
 Who's Al, and who is May.....and what did he mean by  
 WIL: Molly, I'll talk to you later about this. I can't get a  
 May WILL be fine?  
 word in edgewise with your campaign manager standing  
 around. Good luck tomorrow! And with him, you'll need it!

MOL: (CALLS) Bye, Mr. Wilcox.  
 FIB: So long, Waxey! SO!! With me as your manager you'll need luck, will you? By George, I'll get even with him.  
 MOL: need luck, will you? By George, I'll get even with him.  
 FIB: When you get on that City Council, if you don't ----  
 AFTERNOON, JUDGE!  
 MAN: (PASSING BY) er....good day, sir.  
 MOL: Who was that?  
 FIB: Judge Morton. Traffic court. Old friend of mine. Pay  
 all my traffic tickets to him. Nice guy. Takes my  
 FIB: personal check. What was I saying?  
 MOL: You were talking so much I don't know WHAT you were  
 saying. But look, McGee. I don't want to run for  
 council member. I was just being polite to Mrs. Clammer  
 and I didn't know of any way I could answer her without -  
 FIB: Excuse me. HIYAH, AL!! HOW'S MAY?  
 MAN (2): May will be fine, McGee.  
 FIB: Thanks, Al.  
 MOL: Who's Al, and who is May.....and what did he mean by  
 May WILL be fine?  
 FIB: Okay.

FIB: For fishing, he meant. That's Pete Bielman, the License clerk. Give him all my fishing license business.

MOL: You know MORE PEOPLE here in the City Hall!

FIB: Wait'll you get on the Council kiddo! I'll clutter up these corridors till they have to blast me out! I'll, Oh hiyah, Doc.

DOC: (FADE IN) Well, hello there, McGee. Hello, my dear.

MOL: My goodness, if it isn't the City Health Commissioner. Hello, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: What are you doing within ten miles of your legitimate office, Fatsó? Why ain't you at the hospital overcharging some poor hypochondriac with a popcorn allergy and a healthy checking account?

DOC: I'd better answer that cautiously, Crumble brain, inasmuch as I am in the presence of a prospective City Councillor. Is it true, Molly? You running for City council?

FIB: YOU BETCHA, DOCTOR. AND I DO NOT HESITATE TO SAY, ON BEHALF OF MY CANDIDATE, THAT THIS COMMUNITY --

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Lay off.

FIB: Okay.

DOC: Well, it's good news, if true. We need a feminine influence on the City Council. As health commissioner, I need you on the City Council. Molly suggests that and as such, responsible for the health of even the low-brows in the council, maybe if we have a woman in there I can get those President McKinley spittoons thrown out.

SOUND: CLATTER AROUND THEM

MOL: Heavenly days! How crude!

FIB: IN THE OPINION OF MY CANDIDATE...

DOC: OH DRY UP, YOU IMITATION WARD HEELER. Is he mismanaging your campaign for you, Molly?

MOL: He's doing his best, Doctor.

FIB: Hello, McGee.

FIB: Thank you, my dear! If my humble efforts on your behalf...

DOC: Fortunately, he hasn't got much time to really louse it up for you. I understand the election is in the morning.

MOL: A pretty palloff?

FIB: May I extend my best wishes, Molly. I think you'll be a better man in the council than most of them!

MOL: THANK YOU, DOCTOR!

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, MOLLY... THERE'S ONE... FROM THE ELK'S CLUB! YOU HOC... HELLO OLE!

FIB: YOUR SINCERE...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM (OFF)

FIB: (FADE IN) Well, hello there, McGee. Hello, Missus. What's where'd he go?

FIB: this they tell me about you running for council chamber? In the mayor's office. Any port in a storm, I guess.

MOL: Well, we'd better be getting home, McGee. I've got to sit down and think of a graceful way to withdraw my candidacy, so...

FIB: HEY, HEY, HEY, DON' TALK LIKE THAT, KIDDO! My gosh...  
 I need you on the City Council, Molly. Suppose that new airport bill goes thru. ~~THE~~ You'll know where it'll be and you can tell me and I can quietly buy up a lot of real estate around there and...  
 SOUND: START WALKING  
 MOL: What with? ~~back!~~ Look, Missus. ~~if you run for city~~  
 FIB: SEE WHAT I MEAN? YOU'LL MAKE A GREAT COUNCIL MEMBER... YOU OUT RIGHT TO THE HEART OF A PROBLEM! THAT'S THE VERY.. Hiyah, Mex!  
 MAN: Hello, McGee.  
 MOL: Who was that?  
 FIB: One of the bailiffs in the Circuit Court. He's a phony.  
 MOL: A phony bailiff? Why?  
 FIB: Went fishing with him once and the boat leaked and he couldn't bail ~~would be a stake's...~~ *for some apple*  
 MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, MCGEE...THERE'S OLE...FROM THE ELK'S CLUB! YOO HOO....HELLO OLE!  
 FIB: Oh, Hiyah, Ole!  
 OLE: (FADE IN) Well hello there, McGee. Hello, Missus. What's this they tell me about you running for council chamber? you can manage me into losing. ~~HOWEVER, if I AM elected, I'll do my best to be a good council member.~~

MOL: Well, I'm not sure, Ole. My name has been filed but...  
 FIB: I'M HANDLING HER CAMPAIGN, OLE. AND, AS MY CANDIDATE, SHE'LL NATURALLY HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF...  
 OLE: As your candidate, McGee...she's got fine chance of being escorted to city limits, give her five dollars and say I don't come back! Look, Missus, if you run for city council chamber, leave McGee home. I don't forget the time he manages campaign for feller for Grand Exhausted Ruler of Elk's Club.  
 FIB: AN OH THAT WAS MERELY A...  
 MOL: Quiet McGee.. What happened, Ole?  
 OLE: SO I don't know, Missus. All I know is after voting was over, McGee's candidate tries to kill McGee with billiard cue.  
 FIB: AW HE WAS JUST KIDDING....He only lost by 27 votes.  
 MOL: Out of how many cast?  
 OLE: Thirty one.  
 FIB: Rainy night. Didn't have all the members there.  
 OLE: Didn't rain till afterward, McGee.  
 FIB: Looked like it would though, besides...  
 MOL: Never mind, dearie. Nobody will be happier than I will if you can manage me into losing. HOWEVER, if I AM elected, I'll do my best to be a good council member.

(2ND REVISION) -24-

OLE: Sure you will, Mrs. Well, I got to go see the man at the License Bureau. Once again somebody tears the cloth on the pool table at the Elks Club.

FIB: I did? I mean - they did?

MOL: What has that to do with the License Bureau, Ole?

OLE: I want to see will they sell me a hunting license, Mrs. -  
Next time that pool table gets tore, I'M GONNA SHOOT ME AN ELK. So long, Elk. So long, Mrs.

MOL: Goodbye, Ole!

FIB: SO LONG, OLE! I wonder if he meant anything personal.  
Oh well, come on, Candidate. Got to get you a good dinner and put you to bed. Fresh in the morning. Good impression on the Council. You see, my dear, the psychological effect of a....

ORCH: BRIDGE .. SLEEP MUSIC .. FADE INTO:

SOUND: HUM OF VOICES .. LAUGHTER .. ETC. .. (OFF) GAVEL

GALE: Order in the Council please. Order!

SOUND: HUM OF VOICES OUT

(2ND REVISION) -25-

GALE: The next order of business is the election of a council member to fill the vacancy created by Alderman Frannessy leaving for parts unknown with unknown parts of the city treasury. Of the two candidates whose names are on file for this office, we shall ask for a few words from Mrs. Molly McGee, of 79 Wistful Vista. If you please, Mrs. McGee.

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Thank you, gentlemen. First of all, I am not a politician. I am just a housewife.

CHEERS AND APPLAUSE:

MOL: If, however, I am elected, I'd like to propose a new Clubhouse for the Boy Scouts, new buses, for the schools, swimming pool in the fourteenth street playground, better street lighting and some round wheels on our streetcars.

CHEERS AND APPLAUSE:

**MOL:** In closing, let me say that I know almost nothing of politics, but if I am elected, I promise not to make a single move without the help and advice of my husband Mr. Fibber McGee! wax. But now they are saying it's a far DEAD SILENCE: (PAUSE) CHAIR SCRAPE.

**GALE:** The chair recognizes Alderman Croveny.

**MAN:** Gentlemen, I move that we elect the other candidate Mr. Alvin C. Weingand, by unanimous vote?

**VOICE:** Second!

**GALE:** ALL IN FAVOR?

**ALL:** AYE!!!!

**GALE:** Opposed?

**SILENCE:**

**MOL:** Well, thank goodness, I got out of that one!!! Come on dearie. Let's go home!

**ORCH:** PLAYOFF: FADE FOR -

**ORCH:** SWELL MUSIC... FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

**WILCOX:** Fibber and Molly return in a moment... Most women I know have always regarded Johnsons' Glo-coat as the very best self-polishing floor wax. But now they are saying it's a far better wax than ever before.

Yes--they've found that Glo-coat is now positively water-repellent and that it actually does last up to four times longer. Floor care is much easier, too, for now they often just damp-mop a floor they'd formerly have to scrub and re-wax...and if water is spilled, or mud or snow tracked in -- presto... just a swish of a cloth whisks it off that shining glo-coat surface.

You'll save work--and money, too-- if you take a tip from these women who know. Use Johnsons water-repellent glo-coat on your floors and linoleum. Get it at your dealers tomorrow.

**ORCH:** SWELL MUSIC...FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION)

-28-

TAG

FIB: Molly, you mean you intentionally got yourself voted outa the membership in the City Council?

MOL: Yes, I did, Sweetheart.

FIB: But how could you of done that to me, kiddo?

MOL: Remember at the Elk's picnic last summer when you wore a badge on your hat that said "CHAIRMAN - ROOTBEER COMMITTEE"?

FIB: Yeah, but --

MOL: I got to thinking - if you could be as insufferably important at an Elk's picnic with just a rootbeer badge on, how could anybody possibly live with you as the husband of a council member?

FIB: My gosh, I never thought of that! Boy, would I be hateful! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, lil!

MUSIC: PLAY OFF AND SIGN OFF:

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 & MOLLY  
2-7-50

-29-

TAG COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: What kind of a shine does your furniture polish give you... a hard, dry shine that lasts for weeks .. or a sticky oil shine that looks good at first--but fades out into foggy, cloudy dullness overnight.

Recent tests show that of all leading cream furniture polishes on the market, only one protects you from "Fade out" shine. That one is Johnson's cream wax. Its shine comes from wax--gives you a hard, dry wax finish that lasts and lasts. The shine you get with other leading cream polishes comes from oil-- it catches dust, turns foggy and smeary when exposed to air.

Avoid "Fade out" shine, get a shine that lasts. Use Johnson's Cream Wax...

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

ANNCR: Hear Big Town next on NBC.

(CHIMES)

T