

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#25
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Beck

Tuesday, February 28, 1950

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:39 — 6:31:31 — :50
6:44:25 — 6:45:10 — :45
6:56:45 — 6:57:35 — :50
6:58:35 — 6:59:15 — :40

3:05

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCH: THEME ... FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water
Repellent Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly,
with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan,
Dick LeGrand, Elvia Allman, Cliff Arquette, and
me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quimm
and Phil Leslie - music by the King's Men and
Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
2/28/50

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OPENING COMMERCIAL CBL, Toronto TAKES AND FEEDS CBC NETWORK

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

Whenever women ask our advice on the best care for fine wood floors, we always give the same answer. The best protection we know of for fine wood floors is regular waxing with Johnson's Paste Wax.

Yes, Johnson's Paste Wax is the toughest, longest-lasting floor wax we know about....and it takes and holds a polish that really brightens and glorifies any room. Floors protected by this tough, gleaming shield of shining wax don't lose their original beauty, even in homes where children's scuffling feet subject floors to constant wear. On the contrary, as time goes by, with regular wax care the wood takes on a deeper, richer luster and becomes more beautiful with the years. Any woman who wants to give her wood floors the very best in floor care will wax them regularly with Johnson's Paste Wax. No other wax gives the same lustrous beauty in quite the same way.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
2/28/50

3-A

SECTIONAL CUT IN: CBL, Toronto TAKES AND FEEDS CBC NETWORK

CUT-IN OPENING COMMERCIAL; (TIMING: 50 Secs - 161 Wds)
(NBC HOLLYWOOD TRAFFIC TO SUPPLY WORD AND TIME CUES)

ANNCR: Homemakers! Listen carefully to this announcement. It's about a wonderful new household product that will add new beauty to your home while it saves hours of hard work for you. It's a marvellous new paste wax for floors that shines brighter, with far less polishing, and lasts longer than ever before. It's Johnson's New Paste Wax. That's right, Johnson's new Paste Wax is on sale everywhere now. It's at your nearest dealer's. It's made using a new formula developed by the world's most famous blenders of fine household waxes. And it lasts longer, shines brighter with less polishing, than ever before.

No matter what kind of wax you have been using, you'll be wise to see your dealer tomorrow and ask for Johnson's new Paste Wax for floors. Introduce yourself to a floor wax that lasts longer, shines brighter, with far less polishing. Get Johnson's new Paste Wax in the familiar yellow container with the bright red band.

FIB: And the invitation came by special messenger, Molly! Good oldie trivia! Probably figured a party wouldn't be a party without me! Just couldn't wait to invite me!

FLEETTER McGEE & MOLLY
2/28/1950

(2ND REVISION) - 4 -

WILCOX: WISTFUL VISTA'S MAYOR LA TRIVIA IS GOING TO GIVE A PARTY AT THE COUNTRY CLUB TONIGHT - AND RIGHT NOW HE'S BUSY IN HIS OFFICE, CHECKING LAST MINUTE DETAILS WITH HIS SECRETARY.....

GALE: You're sure everyone on the list got an invitation all right, Miss Gimlet? Did you check it carefully?

SECY: Oh yes, I mailed them all out last week, Mr. Mayor. All except - well, there's one name here that I'm sure must be a mistake.

GALE: A mistake? Who's that?

SECY: Oh, I don't even like to mention the name, Mr. Mayor, The man always upsets you so! He's a complete pest and he'll just ruin the whole party! If you invite a blabbermouth like him, why he'll - well --

GALE: (KINDLY) Look, Miss Gimlet - I know the man you mean, and when you call him a blabbermouth, you're just being kind!

SECY: Thank you.

GALE: But his wife is a charming woman, and we'll have to send him an invitation. Maybe he can't make it.

SECY: You should be so lucky!

ORCH: SLASH AND OUT

FIB: And the invitation come by special messenger, Molly! Good old La Trivia! Probably figured a party wouldn't be a party without me! Just couldn't wait to invite me!

FLEETTER McGEE & MOLLY
2/28/1950

(2ND REVISION) - 5 -

MOL: My, I'm so lucky to know you, dearie! I get invited to more things just on your account.

FIB: I happen to be the entertaining type guy that when somebody throws a dull party where they hafta invite a lot of jerks, he naturally thinks of me first!

MOL: Very modestly put, dearie. When is the party?

FIB: Tonight - at the country club. Lemme see - (READING) it starts at eight o'clock and - oh-oh!

MOL: What is it??

FIB: AW, MIGOSH! If that ain't the - well, the deal's off, kiddo! Forget it. We can't go.

MOL: WHAT? Why not? Don't tell me the Mayor thought better of it and cancelled the invitation on the back of it.

FIB: He might as well of. The dadratted thing is formal - and that lets me out. You know how I feel about that stuff!

MOL: Oh, I think that's wonderful, McGee! (EXCITED)

Look, I'll wear that new dress from Christmas - you know, the one Doctor Gamble says I'll catch my death of cold in!

FIB: Yeah, I know - and you look beautiful in it, but I'm not gonna torture myself into any dadratted Tuxedo again! Sorry, Tootsie - let's skip it!

MOL: (SNIFFS) Well, you're my lord and master, dearie. A woman's place is just to obey, I guess.

H.C.

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(2ND REVISION) - 6 -

FIB: Awww now, geewhiz, cut it out, kiddo. You know I can't stand to -

MOL: (BEING BRAVE) That's all right, dearie - forget it. I shouldn't ask you to take me out formal tonight, anyhow when we've already been out formal twice since the war. The first war.

FIB: Well, geewhiz, if it wasn't so -

MOL: I'll keep busy. I'll go upstairs and wash out some of your socks - like a good wife -- I'll -

FIB: AWWW - Okay, you got me! Look, if you wanta go that bad, I'm sorry I can't take you, but I just thought of somethin'.

MOL: What?

FIB: I got no tuxedo. (HAPPILY) I loaned it to Mort Toops last month, remember?

(REVISI) -4-
MOL: That's cute. But if you'll excuse us (REVISI) -7-

MOL: Oh, that's right, you did - but we can run over there and -

FIB: And good old Mort is out of town - the dirty rat! Well - I'd of took you if I could of, kiddo. That's the breaks I guess. Hand me the paper and let's relax -

MOL: I'll hand you your hat, dearie - and you're sweet to take me to the party tonight! Mrs. Toops is home, and she'll give us the tux and -

FIB: Aw now, wait - we don't - she won't --

MOL: Back the car out, while I put on my face and -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Hold it, hold it, Molly! COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: HELLO THERE, KIDS! HI, JOHNNY! HI, DAUGHTER! WHERE YOU GOIN'? OUT??

FIB: Yeah, but I'm in no hurry, Old Timer. Sit down.

OLD T: Well, I don't wanta hold you up, Johnny - everybody wonders what's been holdin' you up this long, anyhow.

MOL: The Mayor's giving a party tonight, Mr. Old Timer, and we have to get McGee's --

OLD T: Ohhh, I looove parties, kids! It kinda runs in the family I guess - Poppa was a great party man.

DOOR SLAM:
FIB: Yeah?

OLD T: ORCH: "HAPPY TIDES"
Yep, Poppa useta be - to his crowd - what Mr. Churchill is to the Conservatives - the Life Of The Party! (CHUCKLES)

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MOL: That's cute. But if you'll excuse us, we ought to go
and -

OLD T: He was quite a card, Poppa was! I mind the time he took
one of them green metal shades off the hangin' light over
the pool table at the pool room, and put it on his head
upside down!

FIB: Musta been amusing.

OLD T: The funny part come later, Johnny. Poppa was a little
on the pin-headed side, you see, and the lampshade
slipped down over his ears and stuck!

MOL: Oh oh!

OLD T: The boys couldn't git it off of him, so they finally led
him home with the shade stickin' up there like a soup
bowl on a lamppost.

FIB: Migosh, what did he do, saw it off?

OLD T: No, it looked pretty bad fer awhile there, kids - till
Momme got a wonderful idea! She give him a coat of
white paint - planted his side pockets with ivy - filled
up the lampshade with water - and got him a job in the
perk as a bird bath!.... It taught me one thing that
I've never fergot, kids!

MOL: What's that?

OLD T: Never throw trash in a bird bath, daughter - it might be
somebody's poppa! So long, kids!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "HAPPY TIMES"

APPLAUSE

(2ND REVISION) -9-

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WALK...TRAFFIC B/G

FIB: Why are we going to the dry cleaners, kiddo?

MOL: Well, Mrs. Toops said that Mort sent your tuxedo to the
cleaners last Thursday. It ought to be ready now.

FIB: MY TUX TO THE CLE- MORT GOT IT ALL DIRTY?

MOL: He had a little accident with it. He wore it to a party,
got a bad olive in a martini, and fell down a coal -
hole on his way home. That's what he told Mrs. Toops.
And here's the cleaning shop now with Doctor Gamble
standing right in front of it.

FIB: Well so he is! HIYAH, DOC!

MOL: Hello, Doctor.

DOC: Well, hello, Molly. Hello, Short, Stout, and Revolting.
What are YOU doing here, as if I cared?

MOL: Going to get McGee's tuxedo at the dry cleaners, Doctor.
We're attending Mayor La Trivia's party tonight.

FIB: Not very tactful of you to mention that, Molly. The
Doctor probably didn't get a bid to it.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN...BELL TINKLE...DOOR CLOSE

CLIFF: Hello, folks. Welcome to the Regency Dry Cleaning Company.
"Had Your Clothes Dry Cleaned Regently?"

FIB: Oh brother! You musta had a contest for the worst possible
slogan, bud.

MOL: Yes, that's enough to make a body buy a can of Energizer
and ring out his own overcoat.

DOC: Yes, I got an invitation. But if you're going to be there, goober-face, I think I'll tear it up.

MOL: Oh, come on and go, Doctor. I've got a new evening dress I'm anxious to wear. It's a lovely shade of green...sort of a...well...kind of a...well, I wish I could think of something that would describe that particular shade.

FIB: I know something, tootsie. I can show you the exact shade of green.

MOL: You can? How?

FIB: Watch Doc's face. Doctor - what do you think of Socialized Medicine?

DOC: (STRANGLES) I..WLPHEHHHHHHH!!!!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...THE EXACT SHADE! Here, Doctor, look in this little mirror. Isn't that a LOVELY green?

DOC: CLPHMMMMNNNN!!! JGHKLLLL!!!!

FIB: Come on, Molly. We're wasting time. He won't be able to talk for fifteen minutes. So long, Fishbone!

MOL: Bye, Doctor.

DOC: FLGHKLLLNCSBQHSHH!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN...BELL TINKLE...DOOR CLOSE

CLIFF: Hello, folks. Welcome to the Regency Dry Cleaning Company. "Had Your Clothes Dry Cleaned Regently?"

FIB: Oh brother! You musta had a contest for the worst possible slogan, bud.

MOL: Yes, that's enough to make a body buy a can of Energine and rinse out his own overcoat.

CLIFF: Personally, Madam, I think so myself. But I'm merely the boss's son-in-law. And if this is a sample of married life, I'm in favor of long engagements and what can I do for you?

FIB: I gotta suit here, buster. Wanna pick it up.

CLIFF: Yes, sir. The name?

FIB: Tuxedo.

CLIFF: And what kind of a suit was it, Mr. Tuxedo?

MOL: That is the suit. Tuxedo.

CLIFF: My name is not Tuxedo, Madam. That's this man's name here.

FIB: No, my name is McGee.

CLIFF: Then where is Mr. Tuxedo? He was here a minute ago.

MOL: That was my husband.

CLIFF: Then who is this fellow?

FIB: I'M HIM!

CLIFF: Oh!!! (LAUGHS) I'm sorry. For a minute there I was a bit confused.

MOL: My goodness, sir, that's perfectly all right.

CLIFF: Thank you, madam. Now then, Mr. Tuxedo.

FIB: MCGEE!!!!

CLIFF: No, sir, my name is Fosdick. Granville P. Fosdick. Have one of my cards. Take any one. That's it. Now put it back with the rest of them without telling me which one it was, because they're all alike anyway, so it --

MOL: PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE....Let's stop this nonsense. Look, Mr. Fosdick.

CLIFF: Pardon me sir, the lady is speaking to you.

FIB: Oh excuse me. Whaja say, Molly?

MOL: I said I was....I WAS NOT speaking to you. I was speaking to Mr. Fosdick.

FIB: Who's he?

CLIFF: I think that's me. Wait till I look at my cards. Yes, that's me. Well, we certainly got THAT straightened out in a hurry, didn't we? Now then, sir...you were saying?

FIB: I WASN'T SAYING ANYTHING.

MOL: THAT WAS ME.

CLIFF: I'm sorry. Go ahead, Mrs. Fosdick.

MOL: (YELLS) I AM NOT MRS. FOSDICK. I AM MRS. MCGEE. THIS MAN IS MY HUSBAND.

CLIFF: Well, well, well....congratulations, sir! I wish you every happiness!

FIB: Thanks, McGee. I'm sure Mrs. Fosdick and I will be...NOW

DOOR SLAM: WAIT A MINUTE!!!...LOOK, BUD....ALL I COME IN FOR WAS TO PICK UP MY TUXEDO. THE NAME IS MCGEE. FIBBER MCGEE..... IS THAT CLEAR?

CLIFF: Certainly sir. OHH...!! I just remembered. Your Mr. McGee of 79 Wistful Vista?

MOL: The same.

MOL: We can't stay but a minute, Mr. Wilcox, so....

FIB: All we come over for was to ask if ---

CLIFF: Well, we made a slight error in the deliveries today, madam. We held Mr. Harlow Wilcox's dinner jacket here, and sent Mr. McGee's to Mr. Wilcox's home. If you'll come in again tomorrow....

MOL: I CAN'T COME IN FOR IT TOMORROW...I'M WEARING IT TONIGHT!!

FIB: COME ON, MOLLY...

MOL: Very well....we'll go over to Mr. Wilcox's and get it. Good day, sir.

CLIFF: Good day, folks. Come in again.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE WITH BELL TINKLE:

CLIFF: Fosdick...Fosdick...familiar name. Wonder if I know them from someplace.....

ORCH: BRIDGE:

MOL: I had begun to suspect it was something like that.

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: HIYAH, Junior. Look did the -

WIL: WELL, WELL, WELL,....THIS IS A NICE SURPRISE...COME ON IN, FOLKS...

DOOR SLAM:

WIL: DRYER AND CLEANER YOU BEH! WHY WITH JONNIE'S WAX ON YOUR FINEST POSSESSIONS, PAINTS, CARPETS, FURNITURE, FOR 15 YEARS I'VE BEEN COMING OVER TO YOUR HOUSE AND NOW YOU DROP IN ON ME...I WISH MY WIFE WAS HERE, BUT SPECIAL EYES WENT DOWNTOWN SHOPPING WITH MABEL FOOPS. SIT DOWN, FOLKS...SIT DOWN.

MOL: We can't stay but a minute, Mr. Wilcox, so....

FIB: All we come over for Junior was to ask if ---

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FIL: WHO CARES WHAT YOU CAME OVER FOR...THE MAIN THING IS THAT YOU'RE HERE...!! Have a chair, Molly...take that one, Molly...the one that glitters.

MOL: Good heavens, Mr. Wilcox, they ALL glitter. I never saw such shining, clean-looking furniture in my --

FIB: Oh my gosh...first crack outa the box, she has to give the guy a opening that --

WIL: Well, you know how it is, Molly. I'M a Johnson Wax salesman, so I try everything out myself. Look at this room. Look at that piano...the window sills...the floors...the radio cabinet...my golf bag...you know what makes them shine like that? JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX...!!

MOL: I had begun to suspect it was something like that

WIL: JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX!!... THE FINEST PROTECTION THAT MONKEY CAN BUY...THAT GIVES FINE ~~WOODWORK AND LEATHER GOODS~~ *floors and woodwork* A LASTING, BRILLIANT COAT OF PROTECTIVE WAX...

FIB: Yeah, Junior, we know, but they told us at the dry cleaners...

WIL: DRYER AND CLEANER - YOU BET!... WHY WITH JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX ON YOUR TREASURED POSSESSIONS, DAMPNES CAN'T GET THRU THE WAX PROTECTION...AND YOU KEEP THINGS CLEAN & EASIER AND LONGER THAN EVER BEFORE. YES SIR, WHY -

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FIB: HEY, HEY, HEY...WAXEY'

WIL: Yes Pal...? Oh by the way the dry cleaners brought your dinner jacket over here by mistake.

MOL: Yes we know. That's what we came over for, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Lemme have it, Junior.

WIL: It isn't here, Pal.

MOL: What's that?

WIL: I was going past your house a little while ago, and took it in, and hung it in a closet -

MOL: What closet?

WIL: That one in the hall...BROTHER, WHAT A BOOBY TRAP!! I BARELY ESCAPED WITH MY LIFE. Your dinner coat is hanging in there, Pal!

FIB: Oh my gosh. Thanks, Junior. Come on, Milly.

MOL: All right. Coming to Mayor La Trivia's party tonight, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Party? Oh -- oh -- sure --- I'll say I am, kids! Wouldn't miss it! See you there. So long now!

AD LIB GOODBYES TO DOOR SLAM:

SOUND: RECEIVER UP:

WIL: HELLO, OPERATOR...GIVE ME MAYOR LA TRIVIA'S OFFICE. YEAH. (PAUSE) HELLO, LA TRIVIA...HARLOW WILCOX...HARYA, PAL?

FIB: YEAH. GREAT. YEAH...SHE'S FINE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING

MOL: TONIGHT, KID. YOU'RE WHAT? WHY SURE, WE'D LOVE TO.

WHAT TIME, PAL? AT THE COUNTRY CLUB. MIGHTY NICE OF YOU TO INV --

ORCH: BRIDGE INTO FOOTSTEPS

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FIB: My gosh, what a chase..here we go all over town lookin' for my tuxedo which I don't wanna find it on account of I hate to dress up and when I think I finally got out of it, then boom!..Here it is right at home where there's Ole on the front porch..

MOL: Who? Oh, Ole from the Elk's Club!

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH OUT

MOL: Hello, Ole.

FIB: Hiyah Ole. You waitin' for us?

OLE: Hello, McGee. Hello, Missus. Sure, I got message for you, McGee.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well?

MOL: A message from whom?

OLD: Just give me a minute...it seem to slip my brain. Now lemme see...message for McGee..message for McGee...well, just go on talkin'..maybe something remind me.

OLE: Very well. How are the wife and children Ole?

OLE: Oh just fine, thanks, Missus. My Missus is laid up with sore back...abnerbago, I think the doctor says ---

FIB: Not ABNER-bago, Ole. That's LUM-bago.

OLE: Well, Lum or Abner, she sure makes big fuss about the bago. Then Christina, my oldest daughter she gets pinched, lift shopping --

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...HOW TERRIBLE..ARRESTED FOR SHOP-LIFTING!!

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OLE: No, Missus..not arrested..just pinched. In revolving door. At shoe repair place. She was shopping for new lifts for high-heel shoes.

FIB: Oh -- lift-shopping! Well, that's better, because ---

OLE: Then, my littlest kid, Lars, he gets fingers run over on railroad tracks.....

MOL: RUN OVER....!

FIB: Railroad tracks...!

OLE: (CHUCKLES) Oh, it was just little toy electric railroad he gets for Christmas. He was playing with train and cracking walnuts, and he hits fingers with hammer and gets mad, so he's going to punish fingers for hurting, so he lets train run over them. He's only six years old

...maybe when he gets seven, he's got better sens, only I don't think so. He tooks after my missus' side of family. His brains is mostly just good looks. Now I know what message was, too.

MOL: What was it, Ole?

OLE: Good looks remind me. Mr. Wilcox. He wants me to tell McGee, he leaves dinner yaket in hall closet. (FADE WITH FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH) So long, McGee. So long, Missus.

ORCH: KING'S MEN "IOWA CORN SONG"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

MOL: Aren't you dressed yet, McGee? Hurry, dearie - we're late already!

FIB: Not late enough for me, tootsie! Help me get this vest buttoned.

MOL: All right. My, you just look lovely!

FIB: Well, I don't feel lovely! I feel miserable! This dadratted collar keeps peelin' my Adam's apple - my chest itches and I can't scratch it thru this hard shirt - and the guy that invented clothes like this should have strangled hisself tyin' his bow tie! SHOULD HAVE??

MOL: Migosh, don't everybody??

MOL: Oh now, now, you'll have a wonderful time tonight. Hand me that bow tie, I'll tie it for you.

FIB: Not gonna wear a bow tie. Too uncmfortable. I'm gonna wear my green knit. That way, when you look around the dance floor, you'll know which one your husband is and -

MOL: Aren't the decorations beautiful? Although I wish they'd turn on a few more lights in here. I can hardly see.

FIB: Yeah, that's supposed to be cozy, kiddo. All these joints are lighted like they were designed for a family of moles. Maybe I can unbutton this collar till my eyes get used to the dark, because nobody can see me and -

GALE: (FADING IN) Hello, Molly - I'm glad to see you, Hi, McGee.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Meyer. We're happy to be here, aren't we, McGee?

MOL: HAND ME THE BOW TIE! AND HOLD STILL!! I'll know which man is mine, all right, because I'm not going to turn loose of your arm all evening. (CHUCKLES) You're too cute!

GALE: Yes, McGee. Governor Argebrite and his party.

FIB: Awww, you're just sayin' that!... Aren't you?

MOL: No sir! When we walk into that country club, I'll be the proudest woman in the place, because...

GALE: ...the Council.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO COUNTRY CLUB making this an official affair.

MOL: My, I just love this country club, Mc Gee! Isn't this a beautiful lobby?

FIB: My collar's too tight. (GRUNTS) That's a little better, but -

MOL: Did it break through?

MOL: Come on, the ballroom is down this way. I'm dying for a dance, dearie.

FIB: The council members break through?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS... MUSIC JUST ENDING... APPLAUSE

FIB: Migosh, quite a mob in here.

MOL: Aren't the decorations beautiful? Although I wish they'd turn on a few more lights in here. I can hardly see.

FIB: Yeah, that's supposed to be cozy, kiddo. All these joints are lighted like they were designed for a family of moles. Maybe I can unbutton this collar till my eyes get used to the dark, because nobody can see me and -

GALE: (FADING IN) Hello, Molly - I'm glad to see you, Hi, McGee.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Meyer. We're happy to be here, aren't we, McGee?

FIB: One of us is. What's the idea of the party, anyhow.
 La Triv? And why didja hafta go and -

GALE: Just a little get-together in honor of some visiting
 officials, McGee. Governor Argabrite and his party.

FIB: Yeah? Who pays for this shindig, boy - the taxpayers?

MOL: Oh, McGee!

GALE: I'm paying for it! As a matter of fact, the City Council
 did discuss the matter of making this an official affair,
 at the last meeting. But the members felt they were
 on pretty thin ice,
 so they dropped it.

MOL: (PAUSE) Did it break through?

GALE: I beg your pardon?

FIB: The ice. Did the council members break through - or
 wasn't it as thin as they thought it was, because thin
 ice is dangerous and -

GALE: Uh, just a minute, McGee. I - don't think you quite
 understood my remark. I merely said that -

FIB: Where do they hold them council meetings snyhow Iatriv -
 at Dugan's Lake? There's no ice at the City Hall and --

GALE: No, no of course not. When I said they were on this
 ice -

MOL: Seems a strange place to hold a meeting of our city
 fathers - out on a frozen lake!

FIB: City fathers - ptah! Half of them guys aren't even
 married! And besides - if they go skating when they're
 supposed to be running the city government - it's no
 wonder they fall down on the job all the time!

GALE: Now wait just a minute, please! Look, I merely said
 the City Council had discussed having a party for the
 Governor --

MOL: At Dugan's Lake!

GALE: Yes. Er no - not at Dugan's lake! The party was at
 City Hall. I mean the Council meeting was at City Hall.

FIB: How could you get them guys out on thin ice at City Hall?

MOL: That's ridiculous, because there's no ice there and --

MOL: I know, McGee, I know what he means!

GALE: Thank heavens!

MOL: Of course, Mr. Mayor! You simply got the council
 members together and held your meeting on the little
 fish pond outside your window. That ice is as thin as
 any ice in--

GALE: NO! WE DID NOT FISH THE ICING COUNCIL ON THE MEET POND!
 FISHING ICIL ON THE MOUNCIL KEETING! COUNCIL GREETING!
 MEETING! WHEN I SAID THE MOUNCIL KEMBERS WERE ~~IN~~ ON *thin*
 THICE - ~~THEM ON ICE~~ - ON TWICE - ~~THIRICE~~ -- LOOK! DIDN'T
 YOU EVER HEAR THE EXPRESSION "ATING ON THIN SKICE" -
 "SKIN THICE" - "TWIN SPICE"? I DIDN'T SAY...YOU WERE
 THE ONES.....OH WHY DO I....WE...YOU.....(PAUSE) McGee.

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FIB: Yes, boy?

GALE: Are you just trying to show off, or something? What's the big idea showing up here in a dinner jacket?

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: Whatcha mean, what's the big idea? It says right on your invitation, it's formal! Where's the invitation - Here!

What does it say at the bottom there?

GALE: That looks pretty plain to me. It says, "Come informal".

FIB: It - it does? Omigosh, I thought it said "Come in formal!"

MOL: Oh no!

ORCH: STRIKES UP

FIB: Help me get this tie off, Molly - hold my coat, La Triv!
Come on, Molly - let's dance.

ORCH: INTO TAG

APPLAUSE

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

FIBBER AND MOLLY
FEBRUARY 28, 1950

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment ---
Fine floors deserve fine care. And the finest care you can give a hardwood floor is to polish it regularly with Johnson's Paste Wax, which puts a gleaming shield of tough, long-lasting wax over the floor itself. Protects it from wear ... makes it far easier to clean ... and gives it the deep, lustrous beauty that only fine wax can give to fine wood.

And remember -- there's a really easy way to polish waxed floors. Ask your dealer about the Johnson Beautiflor Electric Polisher. It's wonderful to use -- the big, whirling brush does all the buffing, while you merely walk along and guide ... just like vacuuming a rug. You can buy this polisher at low cost -- or rent one by the day, if you prefer.

Get Johnson's Paste Wax at your dealer's tomorrow.

Ask him about Johnson's Beautiflor Electric Polisher.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

NM

FIBBER AND MOLLY
FEBRUARY 28, 1950

-23A-

CANADIAN CUT-IN CLOSING

SECTIONAL CUT-IN: CBL, Toronto, TAKES AND FEEDS CBC NETWORK
CUT-IN CLOSING COMMERCIAL (TIMING: 1 minute - 138 words)
(NEC HOLLYWOOD TRAFFIC TO SUPPLY WORD AND TIME CUES)

ANNCR: When finer waxes for floors are produced, it's only natural that the world leader in house-hold wax products should produce them. And that's exactly what's happened. There's a new paste wax for floors on sale right now. One that lasts longer, shines more brightly than ever before, takes a high, burnished luster with far less polishing. You can get it at your neighborhood dealer's tomorrow. It's Johnson's New Paste Wax, made by the makers of Johnson's famous waxes. Every homemaker knows that nothing equals a good paste wax for beautifying and protecting fine floors. It guards against wear, makes cleaning easier, floods every room with a lustrous, mellow glow. And now there's a fine paste wax that's finer than ever. Get Johnson's New Paste wax tomorrow. In the familiar red and yellow can.

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

(REVISED)

-24-

TAG

MOL: That was a nice party, dearie. Thank you for taking me.

FIB: Shucks, kid, glad to do it, at La Trivia's expense. Have a good time?

MOL: Just grand!

FIB: Very handsome country Club. Nice clubhouse.

MOL: Just grand.

FIB: They serve an awful good dinner out there, too.

MOL: Just grand.

FIB: Matter of fact, I'd kinda like to join the Country Club. What does a membership cost?

MOL: Just a grand.

FIB: Just a gr- Oh! Mmmmmmm. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

SIGNOFF:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water Repellant 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)

COMMERCIAL CUT-IN

ANNCR: Here's something every homemaker should know about furniture polishes. Recent tests show that of all leading cream furniture polishes on the market today, only one protects you from "fade-out" shine. That one is Johnson's Cream Wax.

Yes -- Johnson's Cream Wax gives you a hard, dry finish that lasts for weeks and weeks, instead of a "fade-out" shine that turns cloudy and dull overnight. The reason is that the shine you get with Johnson's Cream Wax comes from wax --- instead of oil. A wax shine lasts. An oil shine catches dust, turns foggy and smeary overnight.

Avoid "fade-out" shine. Get a wax shine that lasts!
Use Johnson's Cream Wax.

ORCH: MUSIC UP FULL

SIGNOFF:

ANNCR: A story of crime in Big Town is next on N.B.C.

TAG COMMERCIAL CUT-IN

LOCAL CUT-IN WMRF, Lewistown TAKES LOCALLY ONLY

SECTIONAL CUT-IN: WSM, Nashville TAKES LOCALLY AND FEEDS KARK, Little Rock, KNOE, Monroe, KTBS, Shreveport, and all stations in South Central Group.

SECTIONAL CUT-IN: WRC, Washington TAKES LOCALLY AND FEEDS WMBG, Richmond, Southeastern Group, Florida Group, and all Basic and Basic Supps. stations in Eastern Time Zone (except WMRF) which are not included in the sectional from NBC Chicago.

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