

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

#27  
(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 Water-Repellent  
Glo-Coat 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. "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" and Billy Mills' orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR

for  
JOHNSON'S WAX

*Beck*

Tuesday, March 14, 1950

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:39 - 6:31:34 - 155  
6:45:55 - 6:46:25 } - 35  
6:46:50 - 6:57:15 }  
6:56:35 - 6:57:15 - 140  
6:58:30 - 6:59:15 - 145

2:55

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
MARCH 14, 1950

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a commercial. How do you use

ORCH: THEME..FADE FOR: Johnson's Wax on your floors and in your

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water-Repellent  
Glo-Coat 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

Glo-Coat varnish. You can even use it on your  
protected floors repeatedly without killing the wax.  
And because it's positively water-repellent, the wax  
now lasts up to four times longer. Think what that  
means. Up to four times more wear and your money in  
every drop of Glo-Coat you use. And you wax your floors  
only one-fourth as often.  
Tomorrow -- give your floors this unique new protection.  
Get Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat - at your dealer's.

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
MARCH 14, 1950

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment...When you use self polishing floor wax on your floors and linoleum, you naturally expect to get a brilliant shine without polishing. But you get far more than shine alone when you use Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat.

For Glo-Coat is now more than just a self polishing floor wax. It's the self polishing floor wax that is now positively water-repellent. Dripped or spilled water ... tracked-in mud or snow ... whisk right off that hard, Glo-Coat surface. You can even damp-mop Glo-Coat protected floors repeatedly without killing their shine. And because it's positively water-repellent, Glo-Coat now lasts up to four times longer. Think what that means. Up to four times more wear for your money in every drop of Glo-Coat you use. And you wax your floors only one-fourth as often.

Tomorrow -- give your floors this unique new protection. Get Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat - at your dealer's.

ORCH: BRIDGE

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
3/14/50

(2ND REVISION)

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WILCOX: A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO, MRS. MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, GOT A LETTER FROM HER WEALTHY AUNT SARAH, ANNOUNCING THAT SHE PLANNED TO VISIT THE MCGEES THIS SUMMER. FURTHERMORE, THE LETTER SAID SHE WOULD NOT BE ALONE, BUT WOULD BRING THE COUNTESS OF CHUMLEY WITH HER. AT THE TIME, MR. MCGEE STATED AS FOLLOWS:

FIB: A Countess?? Migosh, read that again, Molly! A Countess?

MOL: The Countess of Chumley. It says, "Your guest room will do for me, of course, but the Countess will require a house of her own."

FIB: Migosh, she don't expect us to build a guest house, just so --

MOL: It says, "I am sending a rough sketch of the house I want. Build it and send me the bills. Love - Aunt Sarah."

WILCOX: THAT WAS A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO. WELL - TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, THE CARPENTERS HAVE FINISHED, THE HOUSE LOOKS VERY HANDSOME, AND OUT HERE ON THEIR BACK LAWN, ADMIRING IT, ARE--

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

APPLAUSE

FIB: Well, how do you like it, kiddo? Pretty snazzy shack, eh?  
MOL: Beautiful!  
FIB: I suppose Aunt Sarah'll find something wrong with it,  
but -  
MOL: Oh no, McGee - I think it's exactly the kind of house  
Aunt Sarah had in mind. She certainly ought to be tickled  
when she sees this!  
FIB: Good idea, kiddo! I'll hold her and you tickle her and  
we'll get a smile out of that frosty old puss, if it  
breaks every bone in her face - bless her rich old heart!  
MOL: Oh, McGee, now don't start criticizing Aunt Sarah - she's  
a very cheerful person. Everybody says she has a lovely  
smile.  
FIB: Smile? HAH! Remember the time that photographer told  
her to give out with her biggest smile - and she says  
"this IS my biggest smile" - and the picture looked like  
she was gettin ready to play a trumpet solo? She's the -  
MOL: Now, McGee, that's enough! Did you tell the carpenter  
just to nail her the bills, like she said?

FIB: Yep, and you shoulda seen him when I mentioned the name  
of Aunt Sarah Driscoll! He turned around, faced the east,  
and fell on his knees - just like that!!  
MOL: Heard of her, had he?  
FIB: No - he stepped in a gopher hole..Hey, I wonder what color  
we oughta have it painted, Molly?  
MOL: What colors have we got?  
FIB: I'll look out in the garage and set 'em all out for you  
to look at. I'll get out the red paint and green paint  
and the white lead...  
MOL: I think maybe if you got the lead out first, we'd OH...  
THERE'S OLE, from the Elk's Club. Hello, Ole!  
FIB: Hi, Ole! How do you like the new guest house we built,  
boy? Pretty snappy stack of sticks, huh?  
OLE: Sure. That's a very fancy house, McGee. My missus tells  
me last week it looks like you was buildin' something -  
but she couldn't see what was it without her glasses.  
FIB: I didn't know your wife wore glasses, Ole.

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OLE: Sure. She's got a slight case of nearsighted. My missus has. Doctor says it's Her-Opia.

MOL: Uh- MY-Opia, Ole.

OLE: Oh, you nearsighted, too, Mrs.? That's too bad. Maybe you just need glasses.

MOL: No, no, I mean -

OLE: Look, I test your eyes with a eye-test, Mrs. How many fingers I hold up here? Two fingers?? You need glasses - one finger is my thumb!

FIB: Hey, hey, never mind the Optical delusions, Ole. We gotta get in the house and phone Aunt Sarah. Tell her the guest cottage is finished and --

OLE: My cousin John, he also has house built last week, McGee. Only two days it takes - it was pre-flabbergasted house.

MOL: Pre - what?

OLE: Flabbergasted. When John finds out how much it costs, he was knocked over with a feather. Then he gets up and knocks over the contractor with a 2-by-4. Well, I gotta go home, McGee - me and the boys we make a garden today.

FIB: Garden, eh? Watcha gonna raise - vegetables?

OLE: Who knows what comes up? Last year I send ten cents to my congressman and he sends me seeds. We plant the seeds and up comes weeds.

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MOL: McGee has the same trouble.

OLE: Well, this year I try it different. I think this year I send my dime to the seed company and plant me a congressman. So long, Mrs.

MOL: Goodbye, Ole.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:

FIB: Come on, kiddo, let's phone Aunt Sarah, because -

SOUND: PHONE RINGS.

FIB: Oh-oh, I'll get it! (PHONE UP) McGee's residence - McGee speakin'.....Who? City Hall? Building Inspector?.... Yeah, yeah, we built a guest house on our property. Oh, we gotta buy a building permit? OKAY BUD, I'LL BUY A PERMIT - I'LL PAY YOUR DIRTY EXTORTION MONEY - BUT --- WHAT? I CAN'T BUY A PERMIT TO BUILD A BUILDIN' THAT'S ALREADY BUILT??...HAFTA TEAR IT DOWN FIRST? I'LL TEAR DOWN THAT CITY HALL, THAT'S WHAT I'LL TEAR DOWN!!! BY GEORGE, I'LL - HELLO - HELLO - HELLO....

SOUND: HANG UP.

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FIB: He hung up. Of all the dirty, rotten, chiseling - THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! MAKE ME TEAR DOWN A BRAND NEW HOUSE THAT - (PAUSE) Can they, Molly?

MOL: Oh heavenly days, I hope not! Oh dear, how did you ever overlook -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble. Come in.

DOC: Thank you, my dear. Hello, Beaverhead - what's new?

FIB: What's new is I'm gonna go downtown and blow the lid offa that dirty political mess that calls itself the City Hall, that's what's new I'm gonna do!

DOC: I'm sorry I asked, Lemonbrain. Skip it. I've got troubles of my own this morning.

FIB: Well, you deserve 'em - I don't.

MOL: What's the matter, Doctor?

FIB: Yeah, what's your trouble, Liver Lover? Medical Association make you take your car cards out of the city ambulances? That'll cut your income in -

DOC: Oh pipe down, Flaplip! One of my internes got things a little fouled up this morning, Molly. I asked him to leave a book at the City Hall for Mayor La Trivia - and then deliver a baby at the hospital for me.

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MOL: That sounds simple enough, Doctor.

DOC: Not for him. It was all right when he left the book at the hospital - but when he delivered a baby to Mayor La Trivia, it got a little confusing.

FIB: Well, that's all very interesting, Nerve Block - but we gotta get going. Gotta go downtown and buy us a building permit.

DOC: Well, have a nice trip, kids - and while you're down there, McGee, don't forget to pick up your social security check.

MOL: Social Security?

FIB: I'm not eligible for that 'til I'm 65.

DOC: By the time you get anything out of that building inspector, you'll be 65. So long, Pigeon.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

ORCH: "COPPER CANYON".

(APPLAUSE)

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SECOND SPOT:

MOL: My goodness, McGee, it seems we're always having to come down here to the City Hall for something or other.

FIB: Yeah...I know. And we shouldn't ought to have to come down here today at all. A building permit to build a building that's already built!! It's a dirty outrage!!! IT'S SHEER, LOUSY BUREAUCRACY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS....AND WHAT'S MORE -

MOL: What's bureaucracy?

FIB: Well, you know what a bureau is?

MOL: Certainly.

FIB: Sure. A bureau starts out to be a good-lookin', useful piece of furniture. But, as time goes on, it gets filled up with a lot of useless junk, and gets so big for its own drawers that nobody remembers what it was designed for in the first place, and by that time it's so loaded down that you can't move it. That's a bureau.

MOL: Yes, but -

FIB: Bureaucracy is when your collar button rolls under it, and you have to kneel down in front of it and beat your brains out tryin' to get it back. A smart citizen lets it go, throws his shirt in after it and wears a sweater, happy that he's still got his pants.

MOL: Thank you.

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
3-14-50

CLIFF: Oh, I don't know about that. I know a girl named Mary Thompson, and she wants to change her name to...  
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FIB: Not at all, my dear. Always glad to explain anyth....

HIYAH, MORT!

MORT: Hi, McGee.

MOL: Mort who?

FIB: Postum. Coroner's office. Kinda dumb, but it amused the coroner to have a guy named Mort Postum doin' the post mortems. Well, here's the building permit office. HIYAH, BUD. YOU THE BUILDING LICENSE CLERK?

CLIFF: Yes sir, I am.

FIB: Well, my name is McGee. Fibber McGee and I -

CLIFF: I'M sorry, sir, but we can't help you with that. I know how you must feel about it, but to change one's name legally, one must apply to the clerk of the -

MOL: NO NO NO....please. He doesn't want to change his name. He merely -

CLIFF: Pardon me, madam...but who are you?

MOL: I am Mrs. Fibber McGee.

CLIFF: Thank you. And your maiden name?

MOL: Molly Driscoll.

CLIFF: Well, - you changed your name, didn't you? Then why do you object to this gentleman's wishing to change HIS name. After all two wrongs don't make a right, and if -

FIB: CUT IT OUT, WILLYA, BUD? NOBODY WANTS TO CHANGE ANYBODY'S NAME.

CLIFF: If the structure was built without a permit, you must tear it down, then get a permit and build it again. You are not permitted to build without a permit.

FIB: BUT THAT IS, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT! SO NOW I WANNA GET A LICENSE. YOU CAN MAKE IT RADIOACTIVE.

CLIFF: Oh, I don't know about that. I know a girl named Mary Thompson, and she wants to change her name to Grandeldance.

MOL: From a Thompson to Grandeldance. Whatever for?

CLIFF: Because my name is Grandeldance, and she wants to marry me. That's why, when you make a blanket statement like nobody wants to change their name, I -

MOL: Now wait a minute, Mr. Crandelbunch -

CLIFF: Dance.

MOL: No thank you. My feet hurt.

FIB: LOOK! -- ARE YOU THE BUILDING LICENSE CLERK OR NOT?

CLIFF: That's a silly question. What does it say on the window?

FIB: What does it say - Molly?

MOL: "OUT TO LUNCH".

CLIFF: How soon will you be back?

FIB: WE WON'T BE BACK...I MEAN WE AIN'T OUT TO LUNCH.

MOL: YOU are!

CLIFF: I am? Well, I'M sorry you missed me. I'M usually here at this time.

FIB: Frankly bud, I doubt if you're ever completely here. NOW LISTEN, I WANNA GET A BUILDING PERMIT.

CLIFF: I see. What type of structure do you plan to build?

MOL: It's already built.

CLIFF: Then you must tear it down.

FIB: What?

CLIFF: If the structure was built without a permit, you must tear it down, then get a permit and build it again. You are not permitted to build without a permit.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT! SO NOW I WANNA GET A LICENSE. YOU CAN MAKE IT RADIOACTIVE.

MOL: You mean RETROACTIVE, McGee.

FIB: I mean he can turn his little rubber stamp back a few days and stamp me out a permit. Cantcha bud?

CLIFF: SIR, ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT I, FARNSWORTH CRANDEL DANCE, VIOLATE MY OATH OF OFFICE BY DISHONESTLY AND FRAUDENTLY PRE-DATING A BUILDING PERMIT, THUS BEING FALSE TO THE FRIENDSHIP OF ALDERMAN WEINGAND, WHO GOT ME THIS JOB BECAUSE I WAS FAITHFUL AND TRUSTWORTHY AND HIS WIFE'S NEPHEW?

MOL: Oh, bilgewater! Just because we forgot to get a building permit -

FIB: I DIDN'T FORGET IT!!! I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD TO HAVE ONE!

CLIFF: Sir, my heart bleeds for you -

MOL: Well, give us a permit and we'll buy you a transfusion.

CLIFF: Can you folks come back tomorrow. It's closing time.

MOL: CLOSING TIME...IT'S ONLY THREE FIFTEEN.

CLIFF: Yes, madam, but I close early on Tuesdays. I'M building a garage in my spare time..OH MY GOODNESS I FORGOT TO ISSUE MYSELF A PERMIT!! SAY, CAN YOU LOAN ME A DOLLAR, MR. MCGEE JUST UNTIL YOU TEAR YOUR BUILDING DOWN AND COME BACK FOR A PERMIT?

FIB: (SCREAMS WITH RAGE) WHY YOU MUDDLE HEADED ---

ORCH: BRIDGE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ALONG CORRIDOR

MCL: Maybe we can take this up with Mayor La Trivia before we leave the City Hall, McGee.

FIB: He ain't in. BUT BY GEORGE, I'M GONNA TAKE THIS UP WITH SOMEBODY! I PAY MY TAXES! I VOTE REGULAR! AS A RESPONSIBLE CITIZEN, I GOTTA PERFECT RIGHT TO SAY HELLO, JUNIOR!

MCL: Say what?? Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox!

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hiyah, Pal. What are you all steamed up about?

MCL: He bumped his nose on a city regulation and he's got a sore face, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: You're doggone tootin' I have! Look..you got any influence with the building commissioners, Juney?

WIL: They love me, Pal. Matter of fact, at the last meeting of the Building Commissioners, they passed a resolution of appreciation.

MCL: Appreciation of what?

WIL: Me. The citation said, and I quote: TO HARLOW WILCOX, BE IT KNOWN THAT THE BUILDING COMMISSIONERS OF WISTFUL VISTA-

FIB: - Bunch of chiselling politicians! Not a one of 'em is -

WIL: -HAVE VOTED A UNANIMOUS RESOLUTION OF APPRECIATION IN RECOGNITION OF HIS UNTIRING EFFORTS IN MAINTAINING THE CLEANLINESS AND BEAUTY OF OUR PUBLIC BUILDINGS THRU THE USE OF JOHNSON'S WATER REPELLANT GLOCOAT...

MCL: I knew it! I JUST KNEW IT! I KNEW THAT SOONER OR LATER-

WIL: AND, WHEREAS, SAID JOHNSON'S WATER REPELLANT GLOCOAT, BY ITS EXTRAORDINARY AND AMAZING ABILITY TO ELIMINATE STREAKS AND DINGINESS EVEN AFTER REPEATED MOPPINGS, AND RETAIN A SPARKLING, SANITARY, PROTECTIVE WAX COATING ON SAID FLOORS OF SAID PUBLIC BUILDINGS, SAID RESOLUTION IS OFFERED SAID HARLOW WILCOX BY SAID COMMISSIONERS ON SAID --

FIB: OHHHH, SAID SAID SAID!!! Look....WAXEY!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

MCL: What we want to know, Mr. Wilcox...is have you any influence with said building commissioners concerning said problem about said license?

WIL: No. But I think I can help you.

FIB: GREAT! I KNEW you'd come thru, Junior! I KNEW you were the kind of a ship that wouldn't desert a sinking rat. What are you gonna do?



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WIL: I'm coming out this very evening and glocoat the floors of that building! When the Commissioners see how beautiful it is, they won't have the heart to make you tear it down! I'LL BE OUT RIGHT AFTER DINNER! (FADE)  
NOW DON'T TRY TO THANK ME...I'M GLAD TO DO IT...!

MOL: What a wonderful idea. How can we ever repay him for a thing like that?

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FIB: I dunno, unless we send him some poison chocolates.

MOL: Oh well....I guess I gotta handle this matter myself. You know the old saying, kiddo: "IF YOU WANT A THING WELL DONE, DON'T START ANYTHING THAT LOOKS TOO TOUGH." That's why I--

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee. Maybe the Old Timer has a suggestion. YOO HOO...MR. OLD TIMER!!

FIB: Oh HIYAH, Old Timer!

OLD: Hello there, kids!! What's the matter with you, Johnny? You look as sour as a vinegar milkshake.

MOL: Have you any influence with the city building commissioners, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD: Nope. They hate my internal arrangements, daughter. And why? Simply because when they put up the new museum, I writ a letter to the Gazette sayin' it looked like a marble piggy bank what would fall down if a street car went past it too fast. And, while I didn't think there was any graft connected with it, I thought that six hundred thousand dollars fer them two brass lions out in front was kind of expensive.

FIB: Well, then, I guess there's no use taxin' this thing up with you. Where you been lately?

OLD: Motoring trip, Johnny. Out in New Mexico. Where they been seein' all them flyin' stucers.

FIB: I dunno, unless we send him some poison chocolates.

OLD: Oh well....I guess I gotta handle this matter myself. You know the old saying, kiddo: "IF YOU WANT A THING WELL DONE, DON'T START ANYTHING THAT LOOKS TOO TOUGH." That's why I--

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee. Maybe the Old Timer has a suggestion. YOO HOO...MR. OLD TIMER!!

FIB: Oh HIYAH, Old Timer!

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FIB: Well, then, I guess there's no use taxin' this thing up with you. Where you been lately?

OLD: Motoring trip, Johnny. Out in New Mexico. Where they been seein' all them flyin' saucers.

MOL: Heavenly days..did you see any?

OLD: Daughter...I been keepin' my trap shut about this, fer fear folks'd think I was kinda dull in the skull. Besides, the Military authorities fer some reason don't want nobody to believe nothin'. The Pentagon Building has established a reg'lar Pooch Pooch Department fer such stuff.

FIB: Yeah, but what did you see?

OLD: Well, sir, Johnny...I was drivin' along near Alamagordo one day when I happened to look up into the sky, see? AND THERE IT WAS!!.....a peculiar shaped thing...sailin' along - about a thousand foot long and a mile wide, with holes in the edges and dangerous lookin'....

MOL: My goodness...!!

OLD: I retched into the back seat fer my thirty-thirty and took a couple pot shots at it, but it was too fur away, I guess. Well, sir, it finally disappeared to the south.

FIB: Sure had me scared till I figgered out what it was.

FIB: What was it?

OLD: A cloud. Heh, heh! So long, kids!

SOUND: AND KING'S MEN "IF I KNEW YOU WERE COMING"

APPLAUSE

MOL: Who're you yellin' at - nobody rang the bell.

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Sure they did. (CALLS) YOU HEARD ME! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

THIRD SPOT

FIB: Doggone it, why don't La Trivia return my call, Molly?  
Hand me the phone, I'll try him again.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (PHONE UP) Hello, OPERATOR, GIMME MAYOR LA TRIVIA'S OFFICE AND MAKE IT SNAP - MY GARTER IF IT AIN'T MYRT!!!

MOL: Who's Myrt?

FIB: Migosh, you remember, Myrt, the phone operator that's always good for a gag if we can think of it. (INTO PHONE) WELL, HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT?...TIS, EH?... WHAT SAY, MYRT?...YOUR BROTHER, THE PREACHER? HAVING TROUBLE WITH HIS CISTERN? WELL, WHY DON'T HE GO SEE THE DENTIST?

MOL: DENTIST? Why should he see a dentist about his cistern?

FIB: Has to get the lisp took out of his new dentures. He's all right with "dear brethren" but he can't say "sistern" ...WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, MYRT.

SOUND: HANGUP

MOL: Do:sn't the Mayor answer?

FIB: Nope, he's probably on the way over here because I left word for him to - COME IN!

MOL: Who're you hollering at - nobody rang the bell.

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Sure they did. (CALLS) YOU HEARD ME! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: My goodness, it's his mayor, the Honor. Come in, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Thank you, Molly - hello, McGee. I had a message that you wanted to see me about something urgent. What is it?

FIB: That's a good question, La Trivia - because I'm gonna tell you.

MOL: That's very cooperative, dearie.

FIB: I got a question for you, La Trivia - what kind of a city where an honest citizen that he goes to all the trouble and expense of building a guest house in his back yard for a Countess with his Aunt's perfectly good money, and can't get a permit for it, on account of they claim I gotta tear it down first, are you running? Boy?

PAUSE

GALE: I imagine that's a good question - if anybody could understand it. Molly, would you care to translate that for me?

FIB: Well, we built a guest house in our back yard for Aunt Sarah, Mr. Mayor. She's bringing the Countess of - house

MOL: In your back yard? I thought McGee had just planted a garden back there to experiment with growing seaweed on land, and sprinkling it with salt water. What became of that project?

GALE: of you.

FIB: Well, it didn't succeed, La Triv. You see, I figured that weeds are so full of seed that seaweed seed - being fuller of weed seeds than plain weeds, oughta succeed over where plain weed seed would recede.

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MCL: Indeed?

GALE: Proceed!

FIB: With all speed! Well sir, we divided the yard up between weeds and seaweeds -- and, not being by the seaside, we hadda decide which side we'd seed with weed seeds, and which side we'd seed with seaweed seed - see, Si? SO - we decided to sow the south side with seaweed seeds, and we thought the west side was the best side to re-seed with weed seed. Because the best weed seed we'd seen was the seaweed seed - So, between sowing and seeding and seeing the weed seeds recede in front of the seaweed, we tore the whole thing up and planted tulips!

GALE: I'd like to say, McGee, that that's a very interesting story -

FIB: Thanks, La Triv.

GALE: - but it isn't. Now what's this urgent problem of yours?

FIB: Well, here's the story, La Triv. We got a letter from Aunt Sarah that she's comin' to visit us - and she's bringin' a countess with her - and she ast us to build a guest house in the yard.

MCL: She sent the plans and she's paying for it, and we had it built.

GALE: Very generous of you.

FIB: Yeah, but we forgot to get a building permit for it, La Triv.-

MCL: And now they say we'll have to tear it down and start over. Isn't that pretty ridiculous, Mr. Mayor?

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GALE: Yes it is, Molly -- but it's the law. I'm afraid I can't go over the building inspector's head---- Yes, yes I can too! I'm going over his head!

FIB: Swell, La Trivia. Going over his head, eh?

GALE: Yes. He's on the third floor. I'm going up to the fourth floor and lie down a little while. So long, Molly.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Awwwww for the -- Well, I guess that's it, kiddo. I'm beat! It's a dirty rotten break, but you can't fight City Hall.

MOL: Ohh, I'm just sick about this, McGee! That lovely little house!

FIB: Yeah, it ain't gonna do our names in Aunt Sarah's will any good when I tell her how I fouled up her summer, either! She'll bellow like a scalded moose!

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MOL: Maybe she and the Countess will come anyhow - call her up and explain to her and -

FIB: Might as well. Hand me the long distance phone.

MOL: Use this one here.

FIB: Thanks. (PHONE UP) Hello, Operator - gimme Aunt Sarah, long distance..Yeah...Hello, Aunt Sarah, this is your favorite nephew ('till I tell you what happened) Fibber...

MOL: Just explain it to her.

FIB: Aunt Sarah - we built that house you wanted and it looks swell...Yeah...There's only one thing, Aunt Sarah - I forgot to get a building permit and we gotta tear it down. But don't worry...The Countess is welcome to come with you, Aunt Sarah - we can give her a room in the house, but she'll hafta share your bathroom.

MOL: I hope she isn't angry -

FIB: She won't mind, huh?...How's that, Aunt Sarah - the Countess is a great what?...Oh....Goodbye, Aunt Sarah.

HANGUP

MOL: The Countess is a great what, McGee - a great sport?

FIB: No - a Great Dane.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: Yeah. She won't need a bathroom.

ORCH: OH, HOW I MISS YOU TONIGHT...FADE FOR:

APPLAUSE:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
MARCH 14, 1950

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Just a few more words about Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat.

I want to remind you that this is the self-polishing floor wax that is now positively water repellent. And because it's water-repellent, it now lasts up to four times longer.

Yes -- there's new value for you in every can of Johnson's Glo-Coat. Brilliant new luster for your floors. Protection against water and wear, easier cleaning for you, because dirt, dust and grime, as well as water, just whisk right off that hard Glo-Coat surface. More for your money, too -- because Glo-Coat now lasts up to four times longer.

Get Glo-Coat -- tomorrow. It's in the regular container. But what a wonderful difference inside.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water-Repellent Floor Wax, in Kenilworth, New Jersey and Port Huron, Michigan - bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

TAG

-27-

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen - if you had the power to reach across the country, lift a crippled child out of a bed or a wheel-chair, and start him running across the playground - how long would you hesitate?

MOL: You wouldn't hesitate. And you do have that power. The National Society for Crippled Children and Adults can be your strong right arm to lift some pain-wracked person back into the world of sunshine and health.

FIB: How? Simply by Easter Seals. Your money will be dedicated to serve the needs of the crippled - young and old - in forty-eight states and Hawaii - who are uncared for by other agencies. Send a generous contribution to Easter Seals, Box 50-50, Chicago, Illinois.

MOL: "Fifty-fifty" is a great old American expression, and sharing our good health and good fortune is a great old American custom. So remember - "Easter Seals, Box 50-50, Chicago, Illinois."

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF....FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water-Repellent 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)

(2ND REVISION)

-28-

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen - if you had the power to reach across the country, lift a crippled child out of a bed or a wheel-chair, and start him running across the playground - how long would you hesitate?

MOL: You wouldn't hesitate. And you do have that power. The National Society for Crippled Children and Adults is dedicated to serve the needs of the crippled. So send a generous contribution to Easter Seals, Box 50-50, Chicago, Illinois.

MOL: "Fifty-fifty" is a great old American expression. So remember - "Easter Seals, Box 50-50, Chicago, Illinois."

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF....FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water-Repellent 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  
NETWORK TAG COMMERCIAL  
MARCH 14, 1950

-29-

ANNCR: Here's an announcement we don't want anyone to miss.

It's your chance to get a generous, two-ounce sample of Johnson's Cream Wax -- absolutely free.

The makers of Johnson's Cream Wax want you to try the only cream furniture polish that provides a shine that won't fade out. That's right -- unlike oil polishes, Johnson's Cream furniture polish won't fade out because it polishes with wax and contains no oil. To get your sample, just send your name and address to Dep't 10, Johnson's Wax, Racine, Wisconsin. That's Dep't 10, Johnson's Wax, Racine, Wisconsin. The sample contains enough Cream Wax to polish several pieces of furniture. It's free. Send today.

ORCH: UP F'JLL

ANNCR: YOU'RE TUNED TO THE STARS .. ON NBC.

CHIMES

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
MARCH 14, 1950

-30-

CANADIAN CUT-IN: MONTREAL, QUEBEC (CBM) TAKES AND FEEDS CBC NETWORK

CUT-IN TAG COMMERCIAL

(NBC HOLLYWOOD TRAFFIC TO FURNISH WORD AND TIME CUES)

CANADIAN NETWORK ANNOUNCER CUT-IN (TIMING: 47 SECONDS - 111 WORDS)

ANNCR: When you polish furniture, what kind of a shine do you want? A hard, dry shine that lasts for weeks? Or a sticky oil shine that looks good at first -- but then fades out overnight into drab, foggy dullness? Recent tests show that of all leading cream furniture polishes, only one protects your furniture from "fade-out shine". That one is Johnson's Cream Wax. Its shine comes from wax -- and wax gives a hard, dry finish that lasts and lasts! The shine you get with other leading cream polishes comes from oil -- catches dust, turns foggy and smeary when exposed to air. Avoid "fade-out" shine. Get a shine that lasts. Use Johnson's Cream Wax.

NM