

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
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#33  
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, April 25, 1950

*Belt*

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:40 — 6:31:35 — :55

✓ 6:46:25 — 6:47:25 — 1:00

6:56:40 — 6:57:20 — :40

6:58:35 — 6:59:20 — :45

3:20

(REVISED) -2-

- 1 WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM -- WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!
- 2 ORCH: THEME ... FADE FOR:
- 3 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, Cliff Arquette, Bud Stefan, Elvia Allman, Jean O'Meara, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.
- 4 ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
4/25/1950

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OPENING COMMERCIAL (1:00 - 165 WDS.)

1 WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment ---  
Here's a bargain in floor wax that's really special!  
Right now, at your dealer's, you can get Johnson's  
Self Polishing Glo-Coat in giant cans that give you  
one-third more wax at no increase in price!  
You'll recognize these giant cans instantly. They're  
specially labeled. They're one-third taller. But  
most important -- they contain one-third more Glo-Coat  
and there's no increase in price! There's one and  
one-third pints in the giant pint; one and one-third  
quarts in the giant quart. But you pay nothing extra  
for the extra wax. You get one-third more Glo-Coat  
at no increase in price!  
Yes, and remember -- it's the new Glo-Coat ... the  
self polishing, bright-shining Glo-Coat that now lasts  
up to four times longer because it's positively  
water-repellent. Remember this, too -- the offer is  
for a limited time only. So hurry. Get Johnson's  
Water-Repellent Glo-Coat ... in the special giant  
cans ... tomorrow, at your dealer's.

2 ORCH: BRIDGE

(REVISED)

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1 WILCOX: THE THEME SONG OF A HAPPY MARRIAGE IS THE REFRAIN  
FROM CRITICISM.  
WHICH EXPLAINS WHY MRS. MCGEE, OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA  
CONFINES HER REMARKS TO SIMPLE COMMENTS AS HER BIG-  
SHOT HUSBAND --

2 TELEPHONE  
-- ANSWERS THE PHONE AT THE HOME OF --  
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

3 APPLAUSE - PHONE RING OVER:

4 FIB: (RECEIVER UP) HELLO, MCGEE, CHAIRMAN OF THE ANNUAL  
1950 WISTFUL VISTA ELK'S CLUB BUFFET DINNER AND DANCE  
AT THE ELK'S CLUB, AT 14TH AND OAK STREETS AT 8 P. M.  
TONIGHT, BLACK TIE, COMMITTEE, SPEAKING.

5 MOL: You forgot the weather forecast, and your sleeve-  
length, dearie.

6 FIB: Quiet, kiddo...this is important. HELLO..NED? I  
BEEN TRYING TO GET YOU ALL MORNING, NED....

7 MOL: You usually raise Ned with much less effort.

McGEE  
4/25/1950

(2ND REVISION) - 5 -

- 1 FIB: Quiet, baby. LOOK, NED...I'M GONNA NEED ABOUT A HUNDRED FOLDING CHAIRS. YEAH...THE MOST UNCOMFORTABLE ONES YOU GOT, NED. WE DON'T WANT PEOPLE SETTIN' AROUND ALL EVENING...WE WANT 'EM TO DANCE. EH? THAT'S OKAY, NED.... COST IS NO OBJECT....JUST KEEP IT UNDER TEN BUCKS...THANKS NED. (RECEIVER DOWN) Hand me that list, willya, tootsie ...I gotta check off some o' these items. Thanks! -
- 2 MOL: I don't think I've seen you quite so busy since we went camping and you laid your sleeping bag over an ant hill.
- 3 FIB: Well, this is a lotta responsibility, Mommy. I'm in charge of the whole fracas, you know. It's up to me to see that we give everybody the minimum of fun at a maximum of expense.
- 4 MOL: You're off to a great start, dearie. You've got Minnie and Maxie dancing backwards already!
- 5 FIB: Eh? Oh hah hah. Now lemme see.....where's that list?... Mmmmm. My buffet and refreshments...my ushers....my balloons and decorations ----
- 6 SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

H.C.

-6-

- 1 FIB: OH DAD RAT IT!!! DON'T PEOPLE REALIZE THAT SOME PEOPLE HAVE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO?
- 2 MOL: There are some people who have never even suspected you of it, sweetheart. COME IN!
- 3 DOOR OPEN:
- 4 MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Old Timer.
- 5 OLD: Hello, there Daughter...HELLO, JOHNNY..WHATCHA BUSY DOING - SCMETHING?
- 6 FIB: I am merely in complete charge of the most important social affair of the 1950 season, is all.
- 7 OLD: No kiddin, boy? You handling the billiard tournament at Maloney's Pool Room?
- 8 MOL: No, Mr. Old Timer. He's Chairman of the Committee for the Big Annual Dance at the Elk's Club.
- 9 FIB: You betcha. I'm responsible for the entertainment, the grub and the whole shindig.
- 10 OLD: Shindig, eh? I never knew the meaning of the word, kids, till the first time I went dancing with Bessie. Time I got home my shins were so dug, I looked like I'd tried to kick my way thru a bob-wire fence. Bessie's kind of a violent dancer, bein' hillbilly raised. When she starts throwin' them open-toed army boots around in a allemand left, it takes a strong-built hayloft to hold all the refugees!

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1 MOL: Well, this is not a square dance, Mr. Old Timer.  
It's formal. Not a gingham in the gang.

2 FIB: Invited a lotta big names, too, Old Timer. Sent 'em  
telegrams.

3 MOL: Yes, he just got an answer from General Eisenhower,  
Mr. Old Timer. He can't be here. Has to stay after  
school.

4 FIB: You an Elk, Old Timer?

5 OLD: No, I ain't, Johnny-boy. Tried to join once, but when  
my name come up I got so many blackballs it looked  
like two pounds of licorice bubble gum!

6 MOL: Oh well, you probably don't do these modern dances,  
anyway.

7 OLD: Yes, I do, daughter...yes, I do. Lindy Hop, waltz,  
wolf-trot -

8 FIB: You mean fox-trot?

9 OLD: (SNICKERS) Ask the girls, Johnny.....ask the girls!!  
I also do the hottest rhumba in town, kids. Know how  
I learned it?

10 MOL: No. But if it's a good method, I'd like McGee to try  
it. He rhumbas like his hip pockets were full of  
nitroglycerine.

11 FIB: How'd you learn the rhumba, Old Timer?

12 OLD: T'was a cinch, Johnny. Took some slow motion pitchers  
of a wet dog shakin' his self dry. Took me three weeks  
before I could do it standin' on my hind legs, but I  
done it! WELL...HAVE A GOOD TIME, KIDS! (DOOR SIAM)

(REVISED)

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1 FIB: I better get busy, kiddo. Gotta check up on my  
refreshments.

2 MOL: What are you serving?

3 FIB: Not settled yet. I give Bill Murphy the Caterer,  
the amount o' dough I wanted to spend, plus the  
estimated number of people and let him figure out a  
menu.

4 MOL: With what result?

5 FIB: Well, he says for that many people, for that much  
money, he could give everybody two hard rolls and a  
cuppa coffee, if they brought their own cream and  
sugar. Just kiddin', of course.

6 MOL: You hope.

7 FIB: I hope. I better call him. Hand me the phone,  
willya?

8 MOL: Here.

9 FIB: Thanks. (RECEIVER UP) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME PETE  
WATERS THE CATERER AT 14TH AND OAAA...IS THAT YOU,  
MYRT?

10 MOL: Her, again?

11 FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? 'TIS, EH. WHAT SAY,  
MYRT? YOUR BROTHER IN SOUTH AMERICA? LOST THREE  
FINGERS IN AN EARTHQUAKE?

12 MOL: Heavenly days...how terrible?

13 FIB: No, it wasn't. He was pouring himself a hot buttered  
rootbeer at the time and lost three fingers of it. He  
had plenty more. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, I'LL CALL  
LATER.

14 SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

15 MOL: Who is working on the decorations, McGee?

- 1 FIB: I got Ole workin' on 'em. Lemme see now ----
- 2 SOUND: DOOR CHIME
- 3 FIB: AW FER THE....COME IN!!
- 4 SOUND: DOOR OPEN
- 5 MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble.....do come in, doctor!
- 6 SOUND: DOOR CLOSE
- 7 DOC: Hello, Molly. And how are you coming along with the dance arrangements for tonight, Eggface?
- 8 FIB: Everything's coppasetic, Medicine Ball. I was just about to leave for the Elks' Club to take personal charge of the finishing touches.
- 9 DOC: I can understand that. Anything you touch is soon finished!
- 10 MOL: I assume you're coming to the dance, doctor? And whom are you escorting?
- 11 FIB: He's probably bringin' some distant relative, Molly. Anybody that dances with him has to do it at a distance.

- 1 DOC: As a matter of fact, Molly, I'm going stag tonight. Just as sure as I take a lady to a dance, and we are waltzing dreamily in a dim corner, some lemonhead taps me on the shoulder and tells me there's an emergency appendectomy waiting at the hospital. So I jump into a cab, dash to the operating room, scrub my hands and say, "May I cut in?"
- 2 FIB: Well, there's one good thing about you leaving, Doctor - it makes room for three small couples. Ever see him in his rented tuxedo, Molly? He looks like a penguin with a glandular disturbance.
- 3 MOL: Personally, I think the doctor looks very handsome in his dinner jacket, McGee.
- 4 DOC: Thank you, my dear. I look at least as well as he does. He wears evening clothes with the embarrassed air of an out-of-work saxophone player sneaking into a hockshop.
- 5 FIB: Yeah? Well, for your information, Bell-Bottom, I was raised in dinner clothes! All my family wore tails every night at dinner.
- 6 DOC: Wore them! You mean they hung by them when they ate their bannas! Save me a dance, Molly. So long. (DOOR SLAM)
- 7 ORCH: "CANDY AND CAKE"

(APPLAUSE)

- 1 SOUND: HAMMERING....CHAIRS SCRAPING....VOICES.....OFF:
- 2 MOL: My goodness, look at everybody working...!! There's a lot more to running a dance than just waxing the floor and hiring a bouncer, isn't there?
- 3 FIB: Darn tootin', kiddo! Very complicated job. Lots of details (YELLS) ALL RIGHT, FELLAS....LET'S GET GOIN'...!! GOTTA GET THEM BUFFET TABLES SET UP....LOOK LIVELY NOW!!
- 4 MAN: (OFF) Ah, go fry a pig!
- 5 FIB: YOU SHOULDA SUGGESTED THAT EARLIER, BUD....THE MENU'S ALREADY MADE UP! Now lemme see.....
- 6 MOL: Got any more answers from honorary guests, McGee? Like President Truman?
- 7 FIB: No, I ain't heard from Harry. But I got a wire from Elizabeth Arden.
- 8 MOL: Heavenly days.....what'd she say?
- 9 FIB: Says she can't make up her mind.
- 10 MOL: Why not?
- 11 FIB: Hasn't developed any makeup for that yet. COME ON NOW, BOYS!! LET'S SNAP INTO IT!! (SOUND).....GET THEM CHAIRS SET AROUND THE WALLS! Yes, Bud?
- 12 SOUND: OFF SCRAPING CHAIRS.....VOICES MUTTERING:

- 1 BUD: You Mr. McGee?
- 2 MOL: Yes he is, sonny.
- 3 BUD: Telegram.
- 4 FIB: I'm very busy now, boy, so let's have it.
- 5 BUD: Yes sir. It's from Washington, D.C. - addressed to Fibber McGee, Chairman Elk's Club Dance, Wistful Vista. It's a singing telegram.
- 6 MOL: Ohh, what fun! I'm so glad they're back. Go ahead, sonny.
- 7 BUD: Yes mam. (PITCH PIPE)  
(TO YANKEE DOODLE) I'D LIKE TO SWING IT AT YOUR CLUB,  
BUT I GUESS IT'S ONLY HUMAN,  
SO MANY CLUBS ARE SWUNG AT ME ---  
SINCERELY, HARRY TRUMAN!
- 8 MOL: Isn't that sweet? Going to answer it, McGee?
- 9 FIB: Certainly. Take an answer, bud.
- 10 BUD: Yes sir.

- 1 FIB: To Harry S. Truman, White House, Washington, D.C.  
(SINGS) TOO BAD YOU COULDN'T COME TONIGHT,  
I WISH I'D KNOWN IT SOONER...uh - er.....
- 2 MOL: (SINGS) THE ELKS WOULD NOT HAVE SPENT TEN BUCKS  
FOR A GOOD PIANO TUNER.
- 3 FIB: Thanks, Molly. Charge that to the Elks Club, bud.  
ALL RIGHT BOYS! GET TO WORK THERE! PLENTY TO DO YET!  
HEY YOU, WITH THE HAMMER!
- 4 OLE: Who with the hammer? Me with the hammer, McGee?
- 5 MOL: Oh McGee, it's Ole.
- 6 OLE: Hello, Mrs.
- 7 FIB: Make it snappy with them decorations, Ole. And not too  
much of the green and blue crepe paper. Too Christmassy.  
Use more purple and orange.
- 8 OLE: Look, McGee....maybe you don't know it, but to me, orange  
and red and green and purple have one thing in common.  
They're all gray. I'M color blind.
- 9 MOL: Heavenly days...are you really, 'Ole?
- 10 OLE: Sure, I'M really Ole. Just because I got a dirty face  
from working, you don't recognize me?
- 11 FIB: She means are you really color blind, Ole. Is it  
congenital?
- 12 OLE: No, I don't catch it from somebody. I'm born with it.  
That's how when I'm just a little kid, my ma'ma gets me  
to eat all my mashed-up turnips. She tolds me it's lime  
sherbet.
- 13 MOL: How interesting!

- 1 OLE: Sure...but now I can't eat lime sherbet. It taste like  
mashed-up turnips.
- 2 FIB: Well, never mind that, Ole...who you got blowin' up the  
baloons? We gotta have at least three hundred baloons  
blew up, you know.
- 3 OLE: Well, I started doin' it myself, McGee...but I got so  
short-waisted I had to quit.
- 4 MOL: Smoke too much, maybe.
- 5 OLE: Sure...maybe. I inhale for twenty-five years and forget  
how to blow out. So I got little Lars, my kid, over there  
in corner with bicycle pump. He blows 'em up for five  
cents a dozen.
- 6 FIB: FIVE CENTS A DOZEN! MY GOSH, OLE, MY BUDGET WON'T STAND  
FOR A ITEM LIKE THAT!!! TELL HIM WE CAN ONLY PAY TWO  
CENTS A DOZEN.
- 7 OLE: Okay, McGee. (CALLS) Hey, little Lars!!! McGee says  
nickel a dozen is too much. Pays only two cents. What  
you say about that, little Lars?
- 8 SOUND: OFF: POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!
- 9 FIB: HEY HEY HEY!!!...CUT THAT OUT.....I'LL PAY A NICKEL!!!  
I'LL PAY!
- 10 MOL: And money well blown, I'd say!

- 1 FIB: NOW THEN, OLE...GET THEM DECORATIONS UP FAST...THEN, WAX  
THE DANCE FLOOR....GET SOME BOYS FOR THE PARKING LOT...  
POLISH THE DOOR KNOBS....CLEAN SAND IN THE ASH STANDS...  
FRESH FLOWERS ON THE -
- 2 OLE: Just a minute, McGee.
- 3 FIB: Eh?
- 4 OLE: Look. I was just janitor here 'till five o'clock. I  
don't fall for "Ole, work your brains off for no extra  
wages!".....So don't raise your tonsils to me, McGee--  
I'm just donating my time!!...so long, missus.
- 5 FIB: HAH HAH! GOOD OLD OLE. Always kidding! ALL RIGHT, BOYS!  
HOP TO IT, NOW...AND WHO SAID TO PUT THEM PALM TREES OVER  
THERE?
- 6 MAN: (OFF) You did.
- 7 FIB: I did? Well, they look pretty good there. Don't move  
'em! ALL RIGHT FELLAS!...LET'S ALL GET BACK TO WORK  
NOW...!! SET THEM TABLES UP AGAINST THE NORTH WALL OVER  
THERE - (CLATTER OF TABLES) NOW THEN...I WANT THE COFFEE  
URNS ON THIS END, SEE?
- 8 MOL: Why, McGee?

- 1 FIB: Just a whim. But that's the way you gotta handle people,  
kiddo. State your whims loud enough and they'll think you  
spent hours workin' 'em out. That's why I always-- HIYAH  
JUNIOR!
- 2 MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
- 3 WIL: Hello, Molly. Hiyah, Pal. Busy place you're running  
here. Everything pretty well set for the dance??
- 4 FIB: Yes, Junior...everything is under control..... Molly save  
a dance for Junior. He's a bum dancer, but it's good  
company relations.
- 5 MOL: I think Mr. Wilcox is a good dancer, McGee. He has only  
one fault on a dance floor.
- 6 WIL: Gee, Molly....What do I do wrong?
- 7 MOL: Talk. Talk, talk, talk. About Johnson's Water Repellent  
Glocoat.
- 8 WIL: Yeah, but gee, I --



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- 1 MOL: My goodness, Mr. Wilcox...I KNOW all about Johnson's Glocoat...I KNOW how much work it saves...how it leaves no dingy streaks after repeated damp moppings...you don't have to tell ME that it stays on and stays bright. I KNOW that.
- 2 FIB: What's he supposed to do? Stick a few advertising folders down the back of your dress?
- 3 MOL: What I mean, MR. WILCOX...is when you dance with somebody else...go ahead and sell, and good luck to you. BUT NOT WITH ME. I KNOW the story.
- 4 WIL: Yes, but this new big offer of the Giant can that we -
- 5 FIB: She knows that too, Junior. We don't go on week after week for cornflakes, you know.
- 6 WIL: Sure, but -
- 7 MOL: PLEASE, Mr. Wilcox...when you dance with me tonight...just hum, or something...or just be quiet. I know all about how we can now get a pint and a third of Water Repellent Glocoat for the price of a pint. And a quart and a third for the price of a quart. I KNOW it's a sensational offer, and I KNOW the dealers have it all ready for us right now...I'VE ALREADY BOUGHT SOME.
- 8 FIB: I hope Uncle Dennis knows about this pint-and-a-third for the price of a pint. With his thirst...
- 9 WIL: Molly, I'll only say two things, tonight. "SHALL WE?" and "THANK YOU".

(2ND REVISION) -18-

- 1 FIB: You'll also say "OH - EXCUSE ME", a few times, if you dance like you usually do. Where'd you learn to dance, Junior?
- 2 WIL: Taught myself, Pal. When I lived in Omaha, as a kid...we had **very cold** winters....
- 3 FIB: I know that country up there, Junior. Five months of winter and seven months of poor sleighing.
- 4 WIL: Oh, it isn't that bad, Pal. But on cold winter nights my mother used to put my little shoes by the stove. When I put them on in the morning, they were so hot I jumped around like Betty Hutton. And that's how I learned to dance. See you tonight, Molly. So long, Pal.
- 5 FIB: Now, lemme look at my list here ---
- 6 GLIFF: How do you do, sir. I know you're busy, but if you are the owner of a 1937 automobile with a -
- 7 MOL: I'M sorry, sir, this is no time to sell my husband a new car.
- 8 FIB: I should say not, bud. I'm busy gettin' this club ready for a dance tonight.

1 MOL: This is urgent.

2 CLIFF: Oh, how do you do, Mr. Urgent. You must work for a collection agency. I get so many letters with your name on them that -

3 FIB: No, no, no...My name ain't urgent. My name is McGee. I'M chairman of the committee. You an Elk, bud?

4 CLIFF: No, I'm just a man. These are not antlers, they're cowlicks. I have a terrible time with them and -

5 MOL: Look...sir...whatever your name is...

6 CLIFF: MacDonald -- My mother was a MacPherson.

7 MOL: Scotch?

8 CLIFF: Please...with plain water. You'll join me, I hope?

9 FIB: SHE MEANS YOUR MOTHER.

10 CLIFF: Well, she's way back in Aberdeen, sir, but if you'll seal it in a paper cup, we can mail it to her and -

11 MOL: PLEASE!! We were referring to your ancestry. Are you a Scotsman?!

1 CLIFF: Yes, I am. Mrs. Urgent. In fact my family came from the same part of Scotland as that great entertainer, the late Sir Harry.....er.....Sir Harry....

2 FIB: Lauder.

3 CLIFF: (LOUDER) I SAY, MY FAMILY CAME FROM THE SAME PART OF SCOTLAND THAT -

4 MOL: YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOUT...and if you don't mind, my name is NOT Mrs. Urgent.

5 CLIFF: Oh. ExCuse me. What is your name, madam?

6 MOL: McGee...

7 FIB: Eh?

8 MOL: I was talking to him.

9 FIB: Whaddye mean, you were talking to him? This is silly. His name ain't McGee.

10 CLIFF: It's ridiculous.

11 MOL: I though you said it was MacPherson.

12 CLIFF: Do you know, I find it very confusing to talk to you people. When I first came in here, to tell you that if you drive a 1937 automobile with a -

13 FIB: HEY, BUSTER -

14 CLIFF: Well, that DOES describe it a little better, sir. A 1937 hay buster .....

15 MOL: NOW JUST A MINUTE....THIS IS GETTING A LITTLE OUT OF HAND. JUST WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED, SIR? ARE YOU A CAR SALESMAN?

16 CLIFF: No madam. I'm just a passerby. But if Mr. Urgent here -

- 1 MOL: MCGEE!
- 2 FIB: Whatd'dye want?
- 3 MOL: I'm just correcting Mr. MacPherson.
- 4 CLIFF: I was about to say, madam, that if Mr....your husband....this man here, drives a 1937 hay buster, it's at the bottom of the hill being washed.
- 5 FIB: BOTTOM OF THE HILL...HOW'D IT GET THERE? AND WHO'S WASHIN' IT?
- 6 CLIFF: You didn't set your brakes, sir, and it rolled down the hill and broke off a fire hydrant, and it's washing itself. And if I were you, Mr. Urgent -
- 7 MOL: MCGEE...OUR CAR!! LET'S GO LOOK...
- 8 FIB: COME ON...MY GOSH...THIS IS AWFUL...(FADE) WHY DIDN'T I ...
- 9 RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OUT: INTO:
- 10 ORCH: KING'S MEN. WITH BETTY WAND: "DEARIE"
- 11 APPLAUSE:

- 1 SOUND:  
VOICES: HUM OF CONVERSATION...PLENTY PEOPLE
- 2 MRS. D: ..and the way this ballroom is decorated, my dear..it's so..what shall I say...so...so...that's it..Just SO-SO.
- 3 MOL: Personally, Mrs. Dennison, I think my husband did a magnificent job on them and -
- 4 MRS. K: OH HE CERTAINLY DID, MY DEAR...considering his handicap.
- 5 MOL: His handicap, Mrs. Koury?
- 6 MRS. K: Yes..no taste...
- 7 (MRS. K AND MRS. D LAUGH DELIGHTEDLY)
- 8 MOL: Now just a minute, girls, when you stop to think, and I'm sure you don't - that my husb -
- 9 MRS. D: OH, Mrs. McGee...you're simply LOVELY when your eyes flash like that!!..tell me, what eye shadow do you use?
- 10 MOL: Oh, I have some made up for me called Sam Spade, dear.. it's a private eye shadow..and what IS that delicious perfume you're wearing?
- 11 MRS. D: Why, this is -
- 12 MOL: Because it reminds me SO much of when I was a little girl down on the farm..the new mown hay..the clover blossoms - the little house where we smoked the hams. -
- 13 MRS. K: - and speaking of hams, my dear, did your husband actually -

- 1 FIB: (FADE IN) HIYAH, GIRLS... (AD LIB HELLOS)...WELL, I GUESS EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL. BALL ROOM LOOKS PRETTY GOOD, DON'T IT? BUT THAT'S THE WAY THINGS TURN OUT IF YOU GOT AN EYE FOR DETAIL, LIKE I HAVE. HEY, BEFORE I FORGET IT, MOLLY..IF I GET THIRSTY TONIGHT, YOU HOLD MY ROOTBEER GLASS, WILLYA?
- 2 MCL: Hold your glass for you? Why?
- 3 FIB: I gotta keep both hands free for meetin' people. La Triv brought over a couple of big shots awhile ago - and I tried to shake hands with a rootbeer in my fist and like - to drowned the Exalted Ruler. Things like that don't -
- 4 GALE: (FADING IN) Oh there you are, McGee! Hello again, Molly.
- 5 MCL: Hello, Mr. Mayor - isn't this a wonderful party?
- 6 GALE: Yes, I hope you're saving me a dance. Incidentally, McGee, several people have asked me -
- 7 FIB: Just a minute, La Triv. HEY HERMAN, RUN OVER AND SEE IF THE MRS. GRAND EXALTED RULER WOULD LIKE A SANDWICH OR SOMETHING. SNAP TO IT, HERMAN!...HEY JOE, MOVE THEM CHAIRS BACK, BOY!
- 8 MCL: Isn't he the big executive, Mr. Mayor? I haven't heard so much whip-cracking since Mule Train went over the hill.
- 9 GALE: Well, he's done a fine job on this dance, Molly. Everybody's proud of him.

- 1 FIB: Aw, pshaw. It was nothin' any red-blooded American boy couldn't of done - if he had my executive ability and my crust - and as many good friends as I've lost today.
- 2 GALE: Incidentally. What I wanted to ask you is -
- 3 FIB: Just a minute La Triv! HEY EMIL! MOVE THEM BASKETS OF FLOWERS THERE. PUT 'EM UP BY THE BANDSTAND, WILLYA?
- 4 MAN: Why? Whattaya want 'em up there for?
- 5 FIB: So they don't wilt, that's why! Put 'em in front of the brass section, so the breeze'll keep 'em fresh.. You see, La Triv, you gotta think of everything. That's why this affair is -
- 6 GALE: Look, McGee. Everybody is quite anxious to start dancing, and -
- 7 MOL: I know I certainly am, Mr. Mayor!

(REVISED) -25-

- 1 GALE: Well, the orchestra seems to be a little late, for some reason, and I thought you ought to check, McGee. Whose orchestra did you hire, incidentally?
- 2 FIB: (PAUSE) Just a minute, La Triv. (ASIDE) Molly! Get the car started and bring it around to the alley. Quick! I'll meet you at the back door!
- 3 MOL: The car? But what -
- 4 FIB: Don't ask questions! Quick kiddo, get the car!
- 5 MOL: What's the matter - did you forget something?
- 6 FIB: Yes - I forgot to hire an orchestra! QUICK, GET THE CAR, KIDDO! OHHHHH!
- 7 ORCH: "PAPER MY WALLS" - FADE;
- 8 APPLAUSE

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
4-25-50

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

- WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment---
- One third more wax for every penny you spend! That's what you can get right now -- if you ask for Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat, on sale at your dealer's now in special, giant cans.
- You get one and one-third pints in the giant pint can; one and one-third quarts in the giant quart can. And there's no increase in price! That's one-third more wax for every penny you spend. It's the bargain of the year in self polishing, water-repellent floor protection. Don't delay. Get the floor wax you need to brighten and protect your floors for spring. Get one-third more floor wax at no increase in price. Get Johnson's Glo-Coat tomorrow -- at your dealer's in the special giant cans!
- ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE FOR

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
4-25-50

26 A  
~~27~~

CUT IN CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WMRF, Lewistown TAKES LOCALLY ONLY

SECTIONAL CUT IN:

WSM, Nashville TAKES LOCALLY & FEEDS  
KARK, Little Rock, KNOE, Monroe,  
KTBS,  
Shreveport, and all stations in  
South Central group.

SECTIONAL CUT-IN:

WRC, Weshington, TAKES LOCALLY & 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.

CUT-IN  
ANNCR:

One-third more wax for every penny you spend! That's what you can get right now -- if you ask for Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat, on sale at your dealer's now in special, giant cans.

You get one and one-third pints in the giant pint can; one and one-third quarts in the giant quart can. And there's no increase in price! That's one-third more wax for every penny you spend. It's the bargain of the year in self polishing, water-repellent floor protection. Don't delay. Get the floor wax you need to brighten and protect your floors for spring. Get one-third more floor wax at no increase in price. Get Johnson's Glo-Coat tomorrow -- at your dealer's in the special giant cans!

(2ND REVISION) -27-

- 1 FIB: Pretty successful dance, eh, Kiddo?
- 2 MOL: It was wonderful, McGee. And that marvelous orchestra! How did you ever get Ted Weems on such short notice.
- 3 FIB: Easy. Just looked in the paper, seen what time he was on and tuned him in. Saved a lotta dough, too!
- 4 MOL: It was a fine idea....a formal dance with music by radio. How do you ever THINK of such things?
- 5 FIB: Well, my mind works pretty fast...especially when ten or twelve club members corner me in a cloakroom and start rolling up their sleeves. Pack my bag, willya, tootsie? I'M takin' a little trip.
- 6 MOL: Business?
- 7 FIB: Health. Goodnight.
- 8 MOL: Goodnight, all!
- 9 PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF
- 10 WIL: 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)

TAG COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: It's a wonderful feeling, on a bright spring day, to drive down the street in an automobile that really shines! And whether your car's new or old, it can have a shine you'll be proud of -- if you spend just a little time to go over it tomorrow with Johnson's Carnu. Carnu is the wonderful, wax-fortified auto polish that cleans and polishes in one application! It cleans as you rub it on ... cuts through the traffic tarnish and road film that water won't touch. It polishes as you wipe it off -- leaves your car shining like new. And your car shines brighter because Carnu cleans cleaner. Get Johnson's wax-fortified Carnu -- at your dealer's. Rub it on ... wipe it off. That's all you do with Carnu.

ORCH: MUSIC AND FULL

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

TAG

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- 2 MOL: It was wonderful, McGee. And that marvelous orchestra! How did you ever get Ted Weems on **such short notice**.
- 3 FIB: Easy. Just looked in the paper, seen what time he was on and tuned him in. Saved a lotta dough, too!
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