

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 (12)

December 15, 1942

NBC - RED 6:30 - 7:00PM

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(REVISED) -2-

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ORCH: THEME: FADE FOR:

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Glocoat, present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don
Quinn, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'
Orchestra. The show opens with "Oh Gee, Oh Joy!"

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Last week on this program I mentioned something that caused
a good deal of comment. I said, "A waxed house is a clean
house, and a clean house is a sanitary, healthful one" -- do
you remember? Well, it seems that quite a few people had not
fully realized that when they wax their floors, furniture
and woodwork regularly with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, they
are actually doing a good deal more than protecting and
beautifying those surfaces -- yes, they are making their homes
healthier as well as pleasanter places to live in. You see,
the wax seals a surface against dirt and moisture -- dust and
dirt do not adhere easily to a wax-polished area. So,
regular waxing removes many of the sources of germs. Besides,
it's so much easier to clean waxed floors, baseboards, floors
and furniture. Especially in these times, let JOHNSON'S
PASTE, LIQUID, or CREAM WAX help keep your home sanitary
and beautiful.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: ABOUT THIS TIME OF THE QUOTE HAPPY UNQUOTE YULETIDE SEASON, EVERY HUSBAND BEGINS TO GET THAT "CORNERED RAT" LOOK ABOUT THE EYES. BUT THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA LOOKS EVEN MORE DESPERATE THAN THAT. SOMETHING IS DEFINITELY PERTURBING OUR HERO. FOR FURTHER DETAILS, WE JOIN -

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY --

APPLAUSE:

FIB: And further more, I'm the dumbest, shortest-sightedest, dim-wittedest, stumblebummingest, empty-headedest, feather-brainedest droop that ever didn't know enough to come in out of a tornado!

MOL: Just as you say, dearie.

FIB: IF MY HEAD WAS SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT MY BRAINS, I'D BE GETTIN' TELEGRAMS FROM RIPLEY!

MOL: I wouldn't be a bit surprised.

FIB: THEY SAY WASHINGTON'S HOME AT MOUNT VERNON HAS GOT A BEAUTIFUL BIG STOOP, BUT YOU GOT A BIGGER AND BEAUTIFULLER ONE AND I DON'T MEAN ANYBODY BUT ME!

MOL: Oh you just say that!

FIB: I'VE GOT THE I.Q. OF A MICROBE! I THINK WHEN I DIE I'LL LEAVE MY SKULL TO THE SMITHSONIAN FOR A DOORKNOB!

MOL: How charming!

FIB: AS DUMB AS I AM, IT'S A WONDER TO ME I EVER GOT OUT OF THE THIRD GRADE!

MOL: It's a wonder to me you ever got in.

FIB: You ain't whistling Dixie there either, sister! I think I'll give myself back to the Indians. I'M THE BIGGEST NUMBSKULL THAT EVER -

MOL: All right, McGee. I'll admit you're a fascinating subject, but what's this all about?

FIB: IT'S ABOUT ME, THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT. I'M THE STUPIDEST-

MOL: ALL RIGHT..ALLRIGHT, FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT LET'S SAY YOU'RE COMPLETELY BRAINLESS.

FIB: Ohhhh, I dunno about that. I'll find it, sooner or later.

MOL: FIND WHAT?

FIB: That fifteen bucks. *was for your Christmas present*

MOL: ~~Look, dearie. For three days now, you've been wandering around here, insulting yourself, and muttering in dark corners. Is this a private fight you're having with yourself, or can anybody get in it?~~

FIB: ~~It's private, but I can tell you, I guess. On account of it was for your Christmas present.~~

MOL: ~~HEAVENLY DAYS, WHAT WAS FOR MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT?~~

FIB: ~~My fifteen bucks. I hid it last summer. So I wouldn't be tempted to spend it. Now I can't find it. IF THAT DON'T MAKE ME THE WEAKEST-MINDED --~~

MOL: Now now now...stop pacing up and down. Ours is a beautiful union and it doesn't need any pickets.

FIB: Okay, but I'm gettin' desperate. Only 8 more shopping days before Christmas. AND I'VE LOOKED EVERYPLACE!

MOL: Calm yourself. What man can hide, man can find. Where do you usually hide your extra money?

FIB: I don't usually have any extra money, but when I did, I used to put it in the sugar bowl.

MOL: Did you look there?

FIB: Yes, but I'm usin' it now to keep stuff more valuable than money.

MOL: What?

FIB: Sugar.

MOL: Did you go thru all your old clothes?

FIB: Aw, it wouldn't be there. I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER TUCKIN' IT AWAY IN SOME SAFE PLACE. Now lemme see..where could I - HEY, HAND ME THAT BLUE VASE ON THE MANTLE!

MOL: This one?

CLINK OF VASE

FIB: No. It ain't here. This is where I been keeping my cellophane collection. See? Sure got a mess of it, haven't I?

MOL: What are you saving cellophane for?

FIB: I dunno. I guess I just got tired of collectin' cigar bands and string. Seemed to be more future in cellophane. DOGGONE IT, THIS MAKES ME SORE!

MOL: Was it in five dollar bills?

FIB: It was a ten and a five. In a white envelope. And I'D wrote on the outside of it, "DO NOT TOUCH UNTIL TEN DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND THIS MEANS ME."

MOL: Well, I'M a pretty good house-keeper, if I do say so myself, and I haven't seen anything of it.

FIB: If the worst comes to the worst, I'll get a internal revenue collector in here. Them guys could find money in a caraway seed. Now lemme think a minute.

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: ABIGAIL UPPINGTON! ...HELLO DARLING!

UPP: How do you do, my deah...AND Mr. McGeel

FIB: Hiyah, Uppsy. Where's your Santa Claus costume - or aren't you Krissing the Kringle today?

UPP: I don't go on duty till four O'clock, Mr. McGeel. But what, may I awsk is the mattah with you?

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MOL: What do you mean, Abigail?

UPP: Look at him, my deah. He looks positively HAGGARD! I only hope the Government doesn't catch him with those Ford tires under his eyes!

FIB: I ain't been sleepin' good, Uppy. I got pernicious insomnia. I'M worried.

MOL: He hid fifteen dollars for Christmas shopping, Abigail, and now he can't find it. For three days now, he's been prowling around the house like a mouse after a cat.

FIB: You mean a cat after a mouse!

MOL: In this house, ANYTHING can happen!

UPP: (PAUSE) I had a case like that once.

FIB: Uppy - you sound Ozzier than Nelson. What happened with you?

UPP: Oh I was simply FRANTIC because I thought I had mislaid a ruby and emerald bracelet. The solution was so simple it was ridiculous.

MOL: What WAS the solution? Maybe it'll give McGeel an idea.

UPP: I suddenly realized I had neveh HAD a ruby and emerald bracelet. (LAUGHS) Wasn't that silly?

FIB: AND I THOUGHT I WAS DUMB! Uppy, you're as giddy as a steeplejack full of applejack!

UPP: (LAUGHS) I'M afraid I was at the time, Mr. McGeel. You see, I was just a girl out of finishing school, and MADLY in love with a handsome young Lieutenant.

MOL: Well, there was something awfully romantic about those Civil War uniforms, Abigail.

UPP: Yes, they certain....I BEG YOUR PARDON, MRS. MCGEE.

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MOL: Don't mention it, Abigail! But what girls' school did you go to?

UPP: Ward-Belmon, my deah...in Nashville, Tennessee. Ahhh, I can close my eyes now and smell the magnolias on the campus.

FIB: That's my hair, Uppy. I just came from the barber shop.

MOL: ...And it isn't Magnolia. It's Jockey Club.

UPP: Do remind me sometime, my deah, to show you pictures of my class. I was Captain of the Croquet Team, you know.

FIB: Well call me Virginia and watch me reel! So you-all were the captain of the croquet team was you, honey-chile?

UPP: PLEASE, MR. McGEE...(I have only the most charming memories of the South. And I found southern men were always MOST gentlemanly.

MOL: I guess that will dim your Northern lights, McGee.

FIB: That must account for my good manners, Uppy. My grandfather wore the Southern uniform, you know.

UPP: Really!

MOL: Yes, he was a Conductor on the Chatanooga Choo-Choo, Abigail. But what was it you wanted to see me about?

UPP: Oh...I just wanted to tell you about the most MARVELOUS fortune tellah!

FIB: Fortune teller...Blah! Those bargain-basement gypsies couldn't foretell the future of a blue-eyed blonde with the fleet in!

MOL: Oh, but they're fun, McGee!

FIB: FUN, MY CLAVICLE! (MOCKINGLY) Dark man gonna cross your path - gonna take a long journey...gonna get a letter - you'll find your diamond ring under the (PAUSE)...HEY.... MAYBE SHE CAN TELL ME WHERE MY FIFTEEN BUCKS IS! COME ON.. WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR? GET YOUR HAT, MOLLY...WHERE IS THIS FORTUNE TELLER, UPPY?

UPP: Well, it's upstairs over the --

FIB: NEVER MIND * I'LL FIND IT! COME ON, MOLLY!...SEE YOU LATER UPPY!...WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE! OH BOY...THAT FIFTEEN BUCKS IS AS GOOD AS FOUND, RIGHT NOW...THOSE PEOPLE ARE WONDERFUL! WHY, I KNOW OF A CASE WHERE A GUY LOST A BASS DRUM, AND...(MUSIC IN)

ORCH: "ROAD TO MOROCCO"

APPLAUSE

FIB: Get a load of this reception room, Molly! Boy, what a dump! Why do fortune tellers always live in joints like this? If they can see into the future why don't they make a killing at the races and live in a classy apartment?

MOL: Maybe they can't get a crystal ball big enough to see a horse in.

FIB: Well, this one sure ought to know her onions -- (SNIFF SNIFF) She's cooked enough of 'em around here.

MOL: Don't be so critical. You know Madame X ought to be calling us in any time now. We've been waiting twenty-five minutes.

FIB: Madame X! Probably an old gypsy named McGillicuddy! Not that I care what her real name is, if she can slap herself into a trance and find my fifteen bucks.

MOL: We'd have saved time if we'd just consulted Uncle Dennis.

FIB: What does he know about fortune telling?

MOL: I don't know --- but he certainly lives in an atmosphere of departed spirits. Last night I came into the hall and found him balancing himself on the bannister.

FIB: Yeah? What'd he say?

MOL: He said "Lady, your escalator has run down!" So I just -- what? *So I just -- what? I just -- what? I just -- what?*

DOOR OPEN:

MME X: Meester McGee? I weel see you now, please.

MOL: Oh, thank you, Madame. Come on, dearie. We'll see what Fate has in store for you. If Fate still has a store, which I doubt, with things being so hard to get.

FIB: I'm ready, sis. Hop onto your broomstick.

MME X: Thees way, please.

DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: Ooooooh!...Incense!

FIB: I think I preferred the onions. HEY CAN'T WE HAVE A LITTLE LIGHT IN HERE, SIS?

MME X: No. The darkness, she is desirable for proper contact weeth thees forces off thees onknown....seet down, please.

MOL: Thank you. The reason we came, Madame X, is because -

MME X: Do not tell me. I weel tell YOU. Your hosband is lose something, no?

FIB: WELL! Can you read my mind, sis?

MME X: Yes....eet is very simple.

FIB: Eh? Oh!

MOL: That's what he's been telling himself all day.

FIB: How do we go about this, Sis? Do you read the stars, feel the bumps on my head, look at my palm, or do we just sit around and strain our eyes at each other?

MME X: No. For five dollars I weel answer three questions.

MOL: Five dollars! Isn't that a little expensive?

MME X: Yes. Now you have two more questions.

FIB: We better not waste any time, Molly. Here's a question, sis. WHERE'S THE FIFTEEN BUCKS I WAS SAVIN' FOR MY WIFE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT?

MME X: Eet ees right where you are putting it. Now you have one more question.

MOL: Heavenly days...we're not making much progress, are we?

MME X: No. Now for another five dollars, I will answer three more questions.

FIB: OH NO YOU DON'T SIS! COME ON, MOLLY....I AIN'T GONNA PAY HER TEN BUCKS TO FIND FIFTEEN! Here sis ... here's your five dollars!

MME X: Thank you. You must come again and see Madame X when you are trobbled weeth beesiness, loff, or marriage.

MOL: Who - us? Do we look that silly? Do you think we LIKE TO BE GYPED?

MME: That is three more questions. I weel answer the feerst one by saying --

FIB: COME ON, MOLLY..QUICK!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: My goodness, McGee. We didn't get much satisfaction in there, did we?

FIB: Well...yes. She at least says that dough is still where I put it. That's SOME comfort! Come, let's go home and -

WIL: Hello there folks....you been consulting Mme X?

MOL: Yes, if you could call it that, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: The way that dame clips you, she oughtta be a barber in a boot camp. YOU GONNA CONSULT HER, JUNIOR?

WIL: Sure - I was in here last week for advice.

MOL: About what?

WIL: Business. I asked her how the future of Johnson's ^{Wax} ~~Self-polishing Glocoat~~ stacked up and she said it had a very bright and sparkling future. She said that in times like these when conservation was so important, more housewives than ever would preserve and protect their kitchen linoleum with ^{Johnson's Wax} ~~Glocoat~~.

FIB: And what was the second question, my fellow ~~chump~~?

WIL: Then I asked her which of ^{Johnson's Wax} ~~Glocoat's~~ many great features I should emphasize and she said health. Because ^{Johnson's Wax} ~~Glocoat~~ seals the surface ~~of linoleum~~ against dust and dirt and dampness and gives the housewife so much extra rest and leisure ~~from old-fashioned floor scrubbing that every container of Glocoat was equivalent to two week's vacation.~~

MOL: And the third question?

WIL: That's where I made my mistake. I asked her if my pipe bothered her.

FIB: And she said yes and soaked you another fin. Boy what a racket!

MOL: Why on earth did you come back, Mr. Wilcox, if you knew you'd been cheated.

WIL: I want to ask her if she took my watch.

DOOR OPEN:

MMME X: Meester Weelcox? I weel see you now.

WIL: I'll say you will, baby. So long, folks!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Let's get on home, McGee..we'll turn the house inside out till we find that fifteen dollars.

FIB: Okay...AND BELIEVE ME, NEXT TIME I HIDE SOMETHING, I'M GONNA HIDE IT IN PLAIN SIGHT! THIS'LL TEACH ME A LESSON. IF I WASN'T SUCH A SAP-HEADED, (FADE INTO MUSIC) BEETLEBRAINED, LOP-EARED, LOW-BROWED, BLITHERING DONKEY, WITH A NOODLE FULL O' NOTHIN', I'D OF....

CRK: WILLIAM TELL SNEAK IN UP FAST AND OUT:

MOL: Well, now that we're home, - where'd we better start, McGee?

FIB: I dunno. I remember puttin' it in a place where I could lay hands on it at a minute's notice.

MOL: You say the fifteen dollars was in a white envelope?

FIB: Yep.

MOL: Well, that shouldn't be so hard to find. Would you have put it behind one of the pictures?

FIB: Nope, I looked behind all of 'em this morning. In fact, I turned Whistler's Mother around so many times she almost fell out of her chair.

MOL: Maybe you put it under a rug. No..I've had 'em up too many times..I'd have seen it.

FIB: OH WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER!!! I MUST HAVE A SKULL FULL OF RICE PUDDING!! I'M THE BIGGEST DRIP THIS SIDE OF NIAGRA FALLS! THE ONLY THING THAT KEEPS MY EARS APART IS MY BIG FAT MOUTH!

MOL: Oh no, McGee..anybody can forget things. You just -

FIB: NOBODY CAN FORGET 'EM AS EASY AS ME! IT'S EXASPERATING! I'M GETTIN' SO I'M AFRAID TO SHAKE HANDS FOR FEAR I'LL WALK OFF WITHOUT MY ARM! HERE I THOUGHT I WAS A PRETTY BRIGHT GUY, AND I COULDN'T PASS THE INTELLIGENCE TEST OF A MONGOLIAN BASKET WEAVER! WHY OF ALL THE --

~~MOL: MCGEE...STOP IT! You're just being silly. If you'd just sit down and concentrate, I'll bet you could find that 15 dollars in no time.~~

~~FIB: CONCENTRATE, SHE SAYS!!! Hah hah. I'VE CONCENTRATED TILL I GOTTA HEADACHE DOWN TO MY HIPS! I GOTTA GOOD NOTION TO GO TO NEW GUINEA AND JOIN THE HEAD HUNTERS. IF ANYBODY EVER NEEDED A NEW HEAD, -~~

MOL: For goodness sakes, if you'd stop scolding yourself for a few minutes, maybe we could get something done.

FIB: Well, my gosh...gee whizz -

MOL: Here's what we'd better do. I'll start with the upstairs and go thru every room. You look around down here. Between us, we ought to cover every inch of the house.

FIB: Okay, but -

MOL: Now stop your arguing. Anyway, you're not as dumb as you claim. You're really pretty smart.

FIB: I....I am?

MOL: Yes, - or you wouldn't have hidden that fifteen dollars from yourself. Why when it comes to money, and I hope we do, ---

DOORBELL:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Hello, there Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Hello, daughter. Hello, Johnny. I just stopped in to say goodbye Goodbye!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why, that old ---

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: HEY, OLD TIMER...COME BACK HERE!

OLD M: (FADE IN) What's the matter, kids?

MOL: You can't yell goodbye at us and then rush away like that. Where are you going? And for how long?

FIB: And when will you be back - and for how long?

OLD M: Goin' to Chicago, kids. Gonna be gone for a indefinite period.

MOL: What do you mean, "indefinite period."?

OLD M: I mean I won't be back till the afternoon of January 5th, but whether 3 o'clock or 3:15 is indefinite.

FIB: Fly?

OLD M: Eh?

FIB: FLY?

OLD M: Oh. Well, I'll hold still and you swat him, Johnny!

MOL: No, my husband means are you going to FLY to Chicago? Or take the train?

OLD M: Ain't decided, daughter. Thought maybe I'd git up early in the morning, throw the Saddle on old Betsy, leap onto her back and ride her all the way to Chi!

FIB: That's a long trip for a horse.

OLD M: WHO'S A HORSE?

MOL: Isn't Betsy?

OLD M: No. Betsy's my bicycle. On the other hand, kids...I'll likely take the steam cars. I love trains. Used to be a railroad man, in my younger days.

FIB: What'd you do on the railroad?

OLD M: WHADDYE MEAN, WHAT'D I DO, JOHNNY? I HAD MY OWN!

MOL: You mean you owned a railroad?

OLD M: Sure did, daughter. 18 cars, two engines and seventy two foot o'track. Run from the dining room thru the front hall, back to the kitchen and around into the dining room again. Stopped at the umbrella stand, the piano stool, the refrigerator and the cook, exception Mondays, which was the cook's day off and at the piano stool on signal only. But I had a bad wreck in 1889, when papa come home late one night and tripped over the coal car.

FIB: Tough luck!

OLD M: Yes. Now I never see a engine with a tender behind, without thinkin' o' what papa did to me that night! Well, so long kids, and a Merry Christmas to ye!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS" -- KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

-18-

MOL: Well, McGee...I'll have to confess...I'M about ready to give up. You certainly hid that fifteen dollars well.

FIB: YES AND I COULD KICK MYSELF AROUND THE BLOCK FOR IT, TOO IF I'M NOT THE SILLIEST -

MOL: Yes yes yes...we've been all over that..Are you SURE you HAD fifteen dollars in the first place?

FIB: SURE I'M SURE. A TEN AND A FIVE. AND THEY WERE EARMARKED FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT, TOO.

MOL: They were what?

FIB: Earmarked. That's what the government does with money, so that's what I did.

MOL: How?

FIB: I put ink all over my ears and pressed both the bills against 'em. I think the theory is that no two people have ears alike. You know...like fingerprints, only easier to see.

MOL: That must keep Mr. Morgenthau pretty busy. Now let's just sit down here and reconstruct what you did when you hid the money. What did you do first?

FIB: Well, sir, I got me a envelope -

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN.

DOOR OPEN:

KEN: WHO'S CAR IS THAT OUT IN FRONT?

FIB: The black one? Well, it's kind of a combination ownership, bud. Me and the finance company are -

KEN: I SEE YOU HAVE AN "A" STICKER ON THE WIND-SHIELD. DO YOU DO ANY PLEASURE DRIVING?

(REVISED)

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MOL: Take him for a ride around the block, McGee. That'll answer THAT question. In that car you get more pleasure walking.

FIB: I don't quite understand why -

KEN: LET ME SEE YOUR DRAFT REGISTRATION CARD, PLEASE.

FIB: Okay. Here you are, Bud. I'M not only a little over age, but I got a lotta collateral dependents. I got collateral at the First National, the Morris Plan, The Building and Loan -

KEN: NEVER MIND. HOW MUCH COFFEE HAVE YOU GOT?

MOL: About a half a pound.

KEN: SUGAR?

MOL: No thanks...just cream.

FIB: Look here, Bud I don't mind answering questions, but -

KEN: (STERNLY) MCGEE....THIS IS WAR.

MOL: Yes, we read about it in the papers. But what -

KEN: I ONLY HAVE A FEW MORE QUESTIONS, AND THEN I'M THRU. HAVE YOU BEEN BUYING WAR BONDS...?

FIB: Bud, we been buying war bonds till we're red white and blue in the face. And I've licked the back of so many war saving stamps everything I eat tastes like glue. Now if you don't mind -

KEN: I HOPE YOU'RE NOT COMPLAINING?

MOL: CERTAINLY WE COMPLAIN. EVERYBODY COMPLAINS. AND IT DOESN'T MEAN A THING. AND NOW IF YOU WILL PLEASE EXPLAIN WHY -

KEN: McGee, I SEE YOU HAVE CUFFS ON THOSE TROUSERS. DID YOU BUY THAT SUIT AFTER RESTRICTIONS WERE PUT ON CLOTHING?

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KEN: McGee, I SEE YOU HAVE CUFFS ON THOSE TROUSERS. DID YOU BUY THAT SUIT AFTER RESTRICTIONS WERE PUT ON CLOTHING?

FIB: No, I didn't. And while I don't like to be personal, bud, there are still a few people who need a cuff on the pants. So will you please tell us just who --

KEN: JUST ONE MORE THING. THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T WANT YOU TO BUY ANYTHING YOU DON'T NEED. THEY'RE TRYING TO KEEP PRICES AT A REASONABLE LEVEL, AND ENCOURAGE BUYING BONDS AND PAYING OFF DEBTS. WE WANT THIS COUNTRY TO BE ON A SOLID FINANCIAL FOOTING AFTER THIS WAR IS OVER. NOW REMEMBER THAT.

MOL: Just what is your connection with the government?

KEN: OH, (LAUGHS) My goodness, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Mr. Tolliver. I just moved into the brick house down the street.

FIB: Glad to know you, Tolliver. My wife, Molly.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure. Just what department of the government are you in, Mr Tolliver?

KEN: OH I'M not in the government, Mrs. McGee. I run the hamburger wagon down there at 14th and Oak. And I must say we serve the finest...

FIB: WELL DAD HAT IT, BUD, WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU GOT TO COME BUSTIN' IN HERE AND ASKIN' ALL THEM QUESTIONS?

KEN: Well, I think when a man moves into a new neighborhood, he naturally wants to know all about his neighbors...(LAUGHS) CERTAINLY IS NICE TO HAVE MET YOU, FOLKS. GOODNIGHT.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well of all the brassy, nervy people I ever met, --

FIB: Something tells me I'm gonna have trouble with that mugg! He's gonna get in my hair, and there ain't enough in it for anybody but me. A self-appointed cop! WHY, THAT -

MOL: Never mind him, McGee...let's concentrate on finding your fifteen dollars. Now what did you do after you got the envelope?

FIB: Lemme think. Well, I put the money in the envelope and sealed it.

MOL: Yes...

FIB: Then I started lookin' for a hiding place. First I thought I'd hide it in the hall closet, and then I says to myself, "NO", I says, "I'M GONNA CLEAN THAT CLOSET OUT ONE OF THESE DAYS", so I takes the envelope -

DOORBELL:

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee...hollo, Mr. McGee...

MOL: MR. WIMPLE!

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, Old Man. Why the suit case? You running away from home again?

WIMP: Oh no, Mr. McGee...I'm going to Chicago on a business trip, for about three weeks.

MOL: Is your wife going with you, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No she isn't, Mrs. McGee. And I'm going to be terribly lonesome without her too....OUCH!

FIB: What's the matter?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh I was crossing my fingers so hard I almost broke them.

MOL: What kind of a business trip is this, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: I'M going to see my publishers, Mrs. McGee...the ones who publish all my poetry. They sent me a telegram saying they wanted to see me.

FIB: They must think a lot of you, Wimp.
WIMP: Yes..they wanted to publish my picture and I sent them some and they wired right back.."WE DON'T BELIEVE IT. COME IN PERSON". Wasn't that nice!
MOL: So you won't be here for Christmas, Mr. Wimple.
WIMP: No. But Sweetiface gave me my Christmas present before I left. Look...a check for 25 dollars.
FIB: SAYYY, THAT'S GREAT, WIMP!
WIMP: Isn't it though? She says if I'M a good boy all year, that next Christmas she'll sign it.
MOL: She might even throw in the blotter.
FIB: The old sabertooth! I thought of a swell gift I'd like to send her, Wimp, but I hate to ask anybody to deliver it.
WIMP: Oh I'd be very happy to take it over, Mr. McGee.
FIB: No you wouldn't. It might explode before you got there.
WIMP: Not if you timed it right to the second.
MOL: What did you give your wife for Christmas, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: A great big bottle of cologne, Mrs. McGee. To be opened on Christmas morning.
FIB: Cologne, eh? What kind, Wimp?
WIMP: I mixed it up myself, Mr. McGee. Mostly carbolic acid.
MOL: WHY MISTER WIMPLE! THAT'S LIABLE TO TAKE THE SKIN RIGHT OFF HER FACE!
WIMP: (LAUGHS) Yes. WELL, MERRY CHRISTMAS, FOLKS.
(FIB AND MOL AD LIB MERRY XMAS'S)
DOOR SLAM:
FIB: Three weeks away from that gunner's mate of his and Wimp'll be a new man!
MOL: Poor little fellow!

FIB: I'LL BE A POOR LITTLE FELLOW MYSELF IF I DON'T FIND THAT FIFTEEN BUCKS. IF I WASN'T SUCH A NUMBSKULL...SUCH A HOPELESS DOPE AND A BLUE RIBBON BOOB, I MIGHT...
MOL: STOP IT!
FIB: Eh?
MOL: Let's take up where we left off. After you decided against hiding it in the closet, what did you do?
FIB: DOGGONE IT, THAT'S WHAT I CAN'T REMEMBER! ALL I KNOW IS, I PUT IT SOMEPLACE WHERE I'D REMEMBER IT JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS!
MOL: Well, I'm sorry, McGee - I can't imagine where in the dickens -
FIB: DICKENS!! THAT'S IT! NOW I REMEMBER! Here it is - right here in this book -
MOL: What book?
FIB: Dicken's Christmas Carol.
MOL: Whatever made you hide your money in that?
FIB: Safest place in the world. Nobody ever opens that book till Christmas time.
ORCH: ("IT CAN'T BE WRONG") (FADE ON CUE)
(APPLAUSE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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WILCOX: Winter weather is hard on our floors -- we might as well admit it. When snow and slush and wet get tracked in, the floor surfaces need the protection of a tough coat of JOHNSON'S WAX. If you examined a waxed floor under a magnifying glass, you'd see that it's the wax that gets all the wear -- the surface underneath is safe. And don't forget that with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX you can touch up heavy traffic spots whenever necessary without having to re wax the entire floor. Don't forget either that there are 100 extra labor-saving uses for wax around your home -- windowsills, venetian blinds, luggage, shoes and boots, furniture and woodwork. In these times, when we have to take better care of the things we have, wax is a helpful ally.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(REVISED)

-25-

TAG

FIB: You know, Molly, that was kind of clever stunt at that, hidin' this fifteen bucks in Dickens Christmas Carol. Maybe I ain't such a fool after all.

MOL: No, you really have some bright moments, McGee.

FIB: I guess I do at that. Well, all's well that ends well.

SOUND: TEARING PAPER

FIB: Here. You keep the fifteen bucks for me. I gotta throw this envelope in the waste basket.

MOL: This isn't fifteen dollars. This is the envelope.

FIB: EH? OH MY GOSH!!! I TORE UP THE MONEY!!! IF I AIN'T THE WORST MUDDLE HEADED MOPE THAT EVER SHOULDN'T OF HAD FIFTEEN BUCKS IN THE FIRST PLACE. I'M THE DUMBEST, DILLIEST - OHHHH -
- GOODNITE!

MOL: GOODNITE, ALL!

ORK: UP TO FINISH.

APPLAUSE, ETC.