

(REVISED)

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Bill Dargh

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 (13)

December 22, 1942

NBC - RED 6:30-7:00 PM

K

(REVISED) -2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORK: THEME: FADE FOR --

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by  
Don Quinn, with music by Billy Mills' Orchestra, and  
featuring tonight a very special musical score written by  
Ken Darby, arranger and director of the King's Men.  
The show opens with "Who".

ORK: "WHO" -- FADE FOR --

O

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
DECEMBER 22, 1942

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: If there were any instrument like a thermometer for measuring increased activity and hustle and bustle around the house, it would certainly kick over the traces in this week before Christmas. What with shopping and cooking and tree trimming, and being an air raid warden besides, there's certainly lots to be done. But in spite of how busy you are, you still want your home to look its best for the holidays. Have you ever stopped to think how useful wax is at such a time? Truth is, if your floors, furniture and woodwork have been regularly protected with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, that special holiday cleaning can be done in short order. A quick dusting, polishing, touch-up with wax where needed -- and your rooms are glowing with mellow beauty, ready for the visits of your family and friends. For over 50 years JOHNSON'S WAX has helped brighten homes at the Christmas season.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

-4-

WIL: 'T WAS A COUPLE OF NIGHTS BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING EXCEPT ---

--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOLLY: McGee, I don't like to seem repetitious, but hadn't you better get your Christmas shopping done?

FIBBER: AW, CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, CHRISTMAS SHOPPING!! EVERY YEAR, THE SAME THING! MAKES ME SICK!

MOLLY: Yes, I know, dearie. We go thru this every year.

FIBBER: ~~WHATCHA MEAN? WE GO THROUGH WHAT?~~

MOLLY: ~~This same scene,~~ You howl and scowl, and then the day before Christmas, the spirit hits you like a baseball bat, and you do everything but grow a beard and climb down chimneys!

FIBBER: Well, gee whizz...Christmas is gettin' too commercial.

MOLLY: Sure, sure. We ought to have rubber stamps made for this whole conversation. Every year you say Christmas is getting too commercial, and every year I have to scold you for spending too much.

FIBBER: WHO, ME? (LAUGHS SCORNFULLY) I JUST SPEND WHAT I HAVE TO GET BY, THAT'S ALL. I GO ALONG WITH THE MOB. IT AINT ANY BEAUTIFUL YULETIDE THOUGHTS WITH ME, BABY. NO TINSEL SNOW GETS IN MY EYES. IF I SPEND ANY DOUGH, IT'S BECAUSE IT'S THE EASIEST WAY OUT.

MOLLY: McGee, you're a fraud. You're a phoney! (LAUGHS) You're so scared somebody'll find out you're sentimental, you act like a Dead-End Kid!

FIBBER: SENTIMENTAL, MY CLAVICLE! THE WHOLE THING IS A LOTTA TAPIOCA!  
I WOULDN'T GIVE A HALF-HEARTED HOOT IN HACKENSACK IF I NEVER  
SAW A - whaddye got there?

MOLLY: This is the mail that came this morning. It's mostly just  
Christmas cards.

FIBBER: Lesees 'em.

MOLLY: You wouldn't be interested. They're just the same old  
Christmas malarkey.

FIBBER: WHADDYE MEAN, MALARKEY? DON'T YOU REALIZE PEOPLE HAVE GONE  
TO A LOTTA TIME AND TROUBLE TO --- (PAUSE) er... ~~was~~ there  
any other mail?

MOLLY: Just a couple of bills. INCIDENTALLY, WHAT'S THIS ITEM ON  
THE BON TON BILL FOR ONE MAMMA DOLL, EIGHT DOLLARS AND A HALF?

FIBBER: Mamma doll?

MOLLY: Oh don't try to look so innocent! Not that I mind your playing  
with dolls - if they're made out of plaster - but you certainly  
didn't buy this one for me.

FIBBER: I bought it for the little girl across the street.

MOLLY: Well, I think that was very sweet of you.

FIBBER: IT WAS NOT SWEET! I'M GIVIN' IT TO THE LITTLE PEST AS A  
BRIBE TO STAY OUTTA MY LIFE.

MOLLY: (LAUGHS) It's strange how much she annoys you, isn't it?

FIBBER: I never saw such a little nuisance. Always buttin' in where  
she ain't wanted.

MOLLY: I know. You hate her so much that last year you gave her a  
two-dollar Valentine, gave her a white rabbit for Easter, took  
her to the circus twice, spent three days fixing her tricycle  
and did card tricks thru her bedroom window when she had the  
mumps!

FIBBER: THAT DON'T MEAN I LIKE HER, DOES IT?

MOLLY: Doesn't it?

FIBBER: No! That was an old valentine that'd been kickin' around  
here for years. I gave her the rabbit because I thought it  
would annoy her old man. I fixed her tricycle so she could  
go someplace besides around here. I took her to the circus  
because they always give kids better seats than they do  
grownups, and I was takin' advantage of her helpless  
condition to practice my card tricks. (LAUGHS) AND SHE NEVER  
CAUGHT ON! THOUGHT I WAS DOIN' IT ALL FOR HER! (LAUGHS  
HEARTILY)

MOLLY: Oh come off it, dearie. You're not fooling anybody.

FIBBER: I AINT TRYING TO FOOL ANYBODY. ALL I'M SAYIN' IS THAT  
CHRISTMAS HAS LOST ITS MEANING. IT'S GOT SO PEOPLE DONT--

DOORBELL:

MOLLY: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MILLS: Hello, Mom. Hiyah Skimp.

FIBBER: Well, if it aint Billy Mills! The Poor Man's Toscanini!

MOLLY: Hello, Mr. Mills.

FIBBER: Come on in, William, my boy. Hang your hat on a hickory  
limb and don't go near the piano. What's confusic with  
music?

MILLS: Just stopped in to wish you a Merry Christmas--

(REVISED) -7-

FIBBER: MERRY CHRISTMAS, BLAH! WHAT'S MERRY ABOUT IT? WALK YOUR WEDGLES OFF IN THE SLUSH TO FIND A LOTTA JUNK FOR A FEW MUGS THAT WON'T APPRECIATE IT. HANGIN' A TON OF GEW GAWS ON A PINE TREE THAT LOOKED BETTER IN THE WOODS. SCRATCH YOUR HANDS ALL UP ON A HANDFUL OF HOLLY TO HANG IN THE WINDOW SO YOU CAN STICK YOURSELF IN THE EYE WITH IT WHEN YOU LOOK OUT TO WATCH THE MAILMAN BREAKIN' HIS BACK WITH A SACKFUL OF SILLY CHRISTMAS CARDS. MERRY CHRISTMAS...

~~POOPY!~~ Blah!

(PAUSE)

MILLS: -- And a Happy New Year.

MOLLY: Thank you, Mr. Mills. The same to you. And don't pay any attention to <sup>Makes</sup> ~~Little Boy Blue here~~. He goes thru this act every year. He's got those don't-wrap-up-that-packet, Christmas-is-just-a-racket Blues.

MILLS: Don't worry, Mom. I can read him like a book.

MOL: What kind of a book?

MILLS: He's a mystery. Very novel character.

MOL: Fine type, too. One of the lower cases.

MILLS: Somebody ought to borrow him. And not bring him back.

MOL: Maybe we could arrange with the Book-of-the-Month Club to offer him as a special premium on the -

FIB: AWWW LAY OFF, WILL YOU? EVEN IF THE RIB WAS AS PRIME AS YOU THINK, THIS IS A MEATLESS DAY.

MOLLS: Ever play the bag-pipes, Alfred?

FIB: AND DON'T CALL ME ALFRED!

MILLS: Okay, Joe. Ever play the bagpipes?

(2ND REVISION) -8-

MOL: I don't think he ever did, Mr. Mills. You think he could?

MILLS: Sure. Got a head start. Big bag of wind. All he needs is a flute. Well, gotta be going. Merry Christmas again.

FIB: Same to you, you Oskaloosa Sousa. But what's all the rush?

MILLS: Gotta drop in and see my mother-in-law. She's A.W.O.L.

MOL: YOU MEAN ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE?

MILLS: No. A Welder Out At Lockheed. Bye, now!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't he a wonderful band leader, McGee?

FIB: I think they're all a bunch of fakers, myself. You ever see a musician lookin' at the leader? No! They dunno whether he's beatin' out a march, a polka, a waltz, or swattin' flies.

MOL: Then what keeps them together?

FIB: That check at the end of the week. Confidentially - one of 'em told me -

FOORBELL:

MOL: I wonder who that could be?

FIB: Oh probably somebody else comin' in to wish us a Merry Christmas when all they really want is to see if you ever got those new curtains for the dining room.

MOL: Well, I didn't, and the same to them. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh oh. This is all I needed today. Sis, why don't you take your little sled and go out on the pond in the park?

TEE: There isn't any ice on it, mister.

FIB: Yes, I know.

MOL: Oh now, McGee..don't be like that. You were young once yourself, you know.

FIB: I wasn't that young this long.

MOL: Be very tactful with him today, little girl. His Christmas Spirit is later than usual this year.

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, THE WHOLE THING IS A VERY FOOLISH ARRANGEMENT.

TEE: Why, Mister?

FIB: THE IDEA OF HAVIN' CHRISTMAS COME RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HOLIDAYS, RIGHT WHEN EVERYBODY IS BUSIEST! IT'S RIDICULOUS!

TEE: Look, mister. I got business to see you about. Do you like to hear children sing Christmas Carols?

FIB: SIS, THERE'S NOTHIN' I LOVE MORE THAN TO HAVE A LITTLE GROUP OF CHILDISH VOICES STAND OUTSIDE MY WINDOW AND BLAT THEIR MELODIOUS LITTLE BRAINS OUT. PARTICULARLY IF I AIN'T HOME THAT NIGHT.

TEE: Well, gee, mister...I got my whole gang outside and they're awful anxious to sing you a Xmas Carol, and I told 'em I ----

FIB: WELL -- I DON'T LIKE TO HEAR 'EM BUTCHERED BY A BUNCH OF KIDS! HOW CAN ANYBODY SING GOOD STANDIN' HIP-DEEP IN A SNOWDRIFT, WITH A MUFFLER OVER THEIR FACE, WONDERIN' HOW MANY FINGERS AND TOES THEY'LL HAVE LEFT WHEN THEY GET HOME, IF THEY EVER DO!

TEE: Maybe you're still mad on account of last year, huh? Are you mister. Hmmm. Are you Hmm?

FIB: NO, I'M NOT. THAT HAS NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT.

MOL: What's this? What happened last year that I dont know about?

FIB: Oh nothin', She's just -

TEE: Us kids were going around singing Christmas Carols and -

FIB: NEVER MIND, SIS. THAT'S ANCIENT HISTORY.

TEE: And Mr. McGee came out and -

FIB: NEVER MIND, NEVER MIND, NEVER MIND. Give the kid a cookie, Molly. I imagine she's kinda hungry. Eh, sis?

TEE: Gee, thanks, mister. ANYWAY, MR. MCGEE CAME OUT WHILE WE WERE SINGING AND -

FIB: SIS I TOLD YOU NOBODY WAS INTERESTED. Now let's just drop the subject. What kind of a cookie you want?

TEE: Any kind, thanks. And a glass of milk.

MOL: AND WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE CHRISTMAS CAROLS, DEAR?

TEE: AND MR. MCGEE CAME RUNNING OUT OF THE HOUSE AND -

FIB: NOW YOU CUT THAT OUT SIS. I NEVER -

TEE: AND HE WANTED TO SING WITH US ONLY WHEN WE HEARD HIM SING WE DIDNT WANT HIM TO, AND HE FOLLOWED US ALL OVER TOWN, AND GEE, WE COULDNT GET RID OF HIM AND HE KEPT TRYING TO SING AND PEOPLE THREW THINGS AT US OUT THE WINDOW AND GEE, WE NEVER.... *it was awful.*

(MUSIC TO COVER FAST)

ORK: "DARK EYES"

APPLAUSE

## SECOND SPOT

TEE: -- And when the Prince tried the slipper on Cinderella's foot it fit just dandy and he said gee kid, you're cute, how'd you like to be a Princess and she said OH BOY, AND WRITE TESTIMONIALS FOR GOLD CREAM, and they got married and lived happy ever after you wanna hear another one, mister, well, once upon a time there lived a --

FIB: NO NO NO!! ...That's enough, sis. Thanks anyway. You've told me at least fourteen of 'em.

TEE: You sure you don't wanna hear any more?

FIB: I'M positive, sis.

TEE: Okay. Then get off my lap.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: THUD

MOL: (FADE IN) WELL HEAVENLY DAYS..McGEE, WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO DO - CRUSH THE CHILD?

FIB: Nah...She wanted to pretend I was her little boy and tell me some stories. Now I know why they call 'em Grimm's Fairy Tales. This is the grimmest half hour I ever spent.

TEE: Gee, I thought it was fun.

FIB: Oh, you did! Well, personally, I'd rather lie down with a good book under my head and go to sleep.

MOL: Can't you two think up any more games to play?

TEE: I betcha I know what would be fun, I betcha.

FIB: What?

TEE: I could bring my lil playmates in and we could sing you some Christmas carols. They must be pretty cold out there by now and --

FIB: I DON'T WANNA HEAR ANY CHRISTMAS CAROLS! CHRISTMAS CAROLS ARE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC AND TO HEAR YOUR LITTLE MOB OF HALF-PINT HEP-CATS WOULD RUIN MY DAY. THE VERY THOUGHT OF THOSE KINDERGARTEN CONTRALTOS DRIVES ME TO DRINK. Get me some rootbeer, will you, Molly.

TEE: Me, too, please. HEY, MISTER...LET'S PLAY STORE. Hmm. Shall we, hmmm?

FIB: How do we play it?

TEE: Well, first you gimme maybe about three dollars in change, and -

FIB: GIVE YOU THREE BUCKS!! WHAT IS THIS? FIRST YOU EAT TWO DOZEN COOKIES AND THEN WANNA BORROW THREE BUCKS. YOU TRYIN' TO PUT THE BITE ON THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU?

TEE: Aw gee, it'll be lots of fun, mister. First we post a lotta ceiling prices --

FIB: I don't wanna buy a ceiling. We got one.

TEE: This is different, mister. Us storekeepers have gotta post ceiling prices, so people won't have to pay too much for stuff and it keeps the cost of living down to a reasonable level, and prices won't go pig wild -

FIB: HOG wild.

TEE: You know your own habits best, mister. Anyway, we gotta keep prices from getting out of hand for the merchandise that's getting scarce so after the war we won't have inflation, see?

FIB: Aren't you gettin' a little outa your depth, sis? What do you know about economics?

TEE: My daddy told me. We had a lil heart-to-heart talk last night. He says I'M at the age where I ought to know certain things. Like not paying ten cents for a lollypop that's worth only five because then I'm bidding against somebody that can only pay five cents for a lollypop besides spending a extra nickel that oughtta go toward a war bond which'll help pay for the war and gimme a nest-chicken afterwards.

FIB: YOU MEAN A NEST EGG.

TEE: By that time it oughtta be a chicken.

FIB: Well, be that as it may or may not be, or not, sis, we won't play store. I gotta better game.

TEE: What, mister?

FIB: Skanoopi. Ever play Skanoopi?

MOL: What on earth is Skanoopi, McGee?

FIB: OH IT'S A WONDERFUL GAME.

TEE: How do we play it, mister?

FIB: Like this: YOU RUN ON HOME, HIDE IN A CLOSET, PUT YOUR HANDS OVER YOUR EYES AND COUNT UP TO SEVEN MILLION.

TEE: And then what?

FIB: By that time we'll both be so old we'll have forgotten what we started out to play, which is the object of the game. Now I'll get your hat and coat and -

DOOR OPEN

WIL: (FAST) HELLO, FOLKS..MERRY CHRISTMAS...OH HELLO, LITTLE GIRL!

TEE: Hi, Mr. Wilcox, What did -

WIL: HAVEN'T GOT ANY TIME TO STOP AND TALK, JUST WANTED TO LEAVE THIS LITTLE CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR YOU, MOLLY!

MOL: Well, heavenly days, Mr. Wilcox, you shouldn't have -

WIL: OH IT ISN'T VERY MUCH, AND DON'T OPEN IT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, BUT I THINK IT'S SOMETHING YOU'LL LIKE.

FIB: I got one for you too, Junior, but it ain't wrapped up yet and -

WIL: THAT'S OKAY, PAL, ANY TIME! REMEMBER, MOLLY, DON'T OPEN THAT PACKAGE BEFORE CHRISTMAS BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO BE SURPRISED.

MOL: I promise, Mr. Wilcox. My it's wrapped beautifully.

WIL: I wrapped it myself, specially for you.

FIB: Shake it, Molly...see if it rattles.

TEE: I betcha that wouldn't be fair, I betcha.

WIL: OF COURSE IT WOULDN'T. I WANT IT TO BE A SURPRISE. YOU JUST PUT IT AWAY TILL CHRISTMAS. I THINK YOU'LL LOVE IT!

MOL: *oh I think I'm going to love it Mr. Wilcox.*  
All right, Mr. Wilcox. I won't let McGee even -

WIL: I KNOW YOU'LL LOVE IT, BECAUSE MILLIONS OF OTHER HOUSEWIVES DO, BECAUSE IT'S SO EASY TO APPLY, AND SHINES AS IT DRIES TO A BEAUTIFUL MIRROR-LIKE POLISH IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS AND SAVES HOURS OF HOUSEWORK TO SAY NOTHING OF ELIMINATING OLD FASHIONED FLOOR SCRUBBING AND BOY, WHAT IT DOES FOR THE LOOKS OF YOUR KITCHEN LINOLEUM IS AMAZING, BUT I WON'T SAY ANY MORE, OR I MIGHT GIVE YOU A HINT. MERRY CHRISTMAS, ALL OF YOU.

DOOR SLAM:

TEE: Gee, I wonder what it is.

FIB: Say, SIS...ain't it about time your mother ought to be worrying about why you don't come home?

TEE: No.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: Look...I been very patient with you today. Now why don't you do something for me?

TEE: Okay, mister.

FIB: FINE, FINE....COME BACK MAYBE TOMORROW. I'LL HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU.

TEE: I gotta sprise for you too, Mister. I got some little friends outside who are waiting to sing you a Christmas Carol and ---

FIB: DOGGONE IT, SIS, HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA TELL YOU I DON'T LIKE KIDS SINGIN' CHRISTMAS CAROLS. I DON'T WANNA HEAR ANY.

TELEPHONE:

MOL: (FADE IN) I'll get it, McGee.

FIB: If it's this little girl's Mother, Molly, tell her yes. She'll be right home. I hope.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

MOL: 79 WISTFUL VISTA, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'. LONG DISTANCE? YES, I'LL HOLD THE PHONE. YES, I'LL.....OH IS THAT YOU, MYRTLE?

FIB: Hey, that's no fair. I always -

MOL: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRTLE? IT IS? WHO, MYRTLE? YOUR BROTHER? WENT FISHING THRU THE ICE? WELL, ISN'T HE THE LUCKY ONE.

FIB: What'd he get, Molly?

MOL: The cherry out of his Planter's punch. WHAT DID YOU SAY, MYRTLE? YES... I'M READY...HELLO....WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES!!! YOUR THE LAST PERSON IN THE WORLD I'D...WHAT? YES HE'S FINE.

FIB: Who is it?

MOL: OH YES INDEED...ON WE'D LOVE TO SEE YOU. YES, DO. AND PLAN ON HAVING DINNER WITH US.

FIB: Who -

MOL: OH WE'LL BE DELIGHTED...THANKS FOR CALLING AND WE'LL BE EXPECTIN' YOU NEXT WEEK...GOODBYE, MR. GILDERSLEEVE.(CLICK)

FIB: GILDERSLEEVE.

TEE: I betcha I remember him, I betcha. He's the man who always laughs with his stummick.

FIB: We call that a belly-lau---

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Never mind. Mr. Gildersleeve says he's coming to visit us next week. He'll be here for dinner.

FIB: Boy, ain't it wonderful and strange what some guys'll do to get a extra pat of butter these days? But I'll be kinda glad to see the old blimp at that.



DOOR BELL:

MOL: Oh dear....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Gee, it's Mrs. Uppington. Hi, Miz Uppington!

UPP: WELL...Hello, little girl. AND GOOD AFTERNOON, MRS. MCGEE

AND MR. MCGEE.

MOL: Hello, Abigail.

FIB: Hi, Upsy. Won't you wiggle out of the minks and drape the frame on a orange crate for a spell?

UPP: Thank you no, Mr. McGee...I just dropped by to wish you both a VEDDY, VEDDY MEDDY CHRISTMAS!

MOL: Thank you, Abigail, the same to you. AND TAKE THAT SOUR LOOK OFF YOUR FACE, MCGEE.

FIB: Well...Gogone it...

TEE: I guess he doesn't like Christmas very much, Miz Uppington, I guess.

FIB: WELL IS IT MY FAULT THAT CHRISTMAS AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE? IT'S TOO COMMERCIAL. MY GOSH...WHEN I WAS A BOY --

MOL: Oh McGee! He doesn't mean a word of it, Abigail. He's just an old softy who's afraid somebody'll find out about it.

FIB: I'M NEVER NO SUCH A THING!

TEE: You are too, I betcha. You gave me ten dollars on account of there's some little orpheums in school who won't have any Christm--

FIB: YOU KEEP OUTA THIS, SIS!

TEE: Okay.

MOL: You don't have to hurry away do you, Abigail. I was just going to make a pot of tea.

UPP: Oh I cawn't stay, my deah...I still have two days' work as Santa Claus at 14th and Oak Streets. Ahh, it's been such fun, really. Quait an experience.

FIB: That costume and the beard really fools 'em eh, Uppity?

(REVISED)

-20-

UPP: They really do, Mr. McGee. I have been a Santa Claus for two weeks now, and I have been given twenty-three cigars, seven hot tips on the races and business cards from two coffee-leggers, (LAUGHS) Ah, well, it's been a rich expedience. I feel younger every day. And, as Mr. McGee, will probably say <sup>after</sup> when I leave, no one can stand it better than I. MEDDY CHRISTMAS, ALL!

DOOR SLAM:

TEE: You really gonna say that, Mister?

FIB: No. ...And she might have given me a handful of them cigars people have given her. The thoughtless old -

MOL: MCGEE! There's plenty of cigars in your humidior.

FIB: Okay. (FADES OUT) But if she wasn't so stingy, she might of.....

TEE: Hey, why won't he lemme and my friends sing a Christmas Carol. Hmm? Why won't he? Hmm?

MOL: (LOWERS VOICE) Frankly, little girl..he'd LOVE it. But he knows himself too well. When he hears those Christmas songs he goes all mushy inside. Now look...you pretend he's hurt your feelings. Make believe you're going home and -

FIB: (FADE IN) HEY I HOPE SOMEBODY GIVES ME A BOX OF CIGARS FOR CHRISTMAS BECAUSE I ONLY GOT.....what goes on here? What you two whispering about?

TEE: She says I better go home, mister. She says you're mad at me because I wanna have the kids sing a Christmas carol for you....

FIB: OH I AIN'T MAD, EXACTLY SIS. I JUST -

z

(REVISED)

-21-

TEE: (WEEPY) I betcha you are, I betcha..and gee the kids have been out there in the cold all afternoon on account of they thought --

FIBBER: NOW NOW NOW..NONE O' THAT, SIS...CUT IT OUT. THE ONLY REASON I DIDN'T WANT EM TO SING IS..ER...WELL - GEE WHIZZ...

TEE: It's okay, mister. I know how you feel. Thanks for the cookies. And thanks for -

FIBBER: HEY DON'T RUSH AWAY LIKE THIS SIS, MY GOSH, I'LL LISTEN TO YOUR OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL IF IT MEANS THAT MUCH. I JUST THOUGHT --

TEE: No, you don't like em.

FIBBER: I DO TOO LIKE 'EM! I ONLY THOUGHT --

TEE: You don't either like 'em.

FIBBER: I DO NTOO.

TEE: You don't.

FIBBER: I DO SO!

TEE: No.

FIBBER: YES.

TEE: No!

FIBBER: LOOK SIS...PLEASE....Here...take my handkerchief and wipe your nose.

TEE: (SNIFFS)

FIBBER: Now bring in your half pint glee club and let 'em do their worst...which I imagine is pretty bad.

TEE: THEY ARE NOT BAD...THEY'RE WONDERFUL.

FIBBER: OKAY SO THEY'RE TERRIFIC! BRING 'EM IN!

TEE: All righty. ....

DOOR OPEN:

k

TEE: (WEEPY) I betcha you are, I betcha, and gee the kids have been out there in the cold all afternoon on account of they thought

FIBBER: NOW NOW NOW..NONE O' THAT, SIS...CUT IT OUT. THEN ONLY REASON I DIDN'T WANT EM TO SING IS..ER...WELL - GEE WHIZZ...

TEE: It's okay, mister. I know how you feel. Thanks for the cookies. And thanks for -

FIBBER: HEY DON'T RUSH AWAY LIKE THIS SIS, MY GOSH, I'LL LISTEN TO YOUR OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL IF IT MEANS THAT MUCH. I JUST THOUGHT --

TEE: No, you don't like em.

FIBBER: I DO TOO LIKE 'EM! I ONLY THOUGHT --

TEE: You don't either like 'em.

FIBBER: I DO TOO.

TEE: You don't.

FIBBER: I DO SO!

TEE: No.

FIBBER: YES.

TEE: No!

FIBBER: LOOK SIS...PLEASE....Here...take my handkerchief and wipe your nose.

TEE: (SNIFFS)

FIBBER: Now bring in your half pint glee club and let 'em do their worst...which I imagine is pretty bad.

TEE: THEY ARE NOT BAD...THEY'RE WONDERFUL.

FIBBER: OKAY SO THEY'RE TERRIFIC! BRING 'EM IN!

TEE: All righty. ....

DOOR OPEN:

k

TEE: (CALLS) HEY KENNY....RADDY, JOHNNY....BUDDY....COME ON IN!

SCRAMBLE OF FEET....FADE IN TO DOOR SLAM:

MOLLY: Well, what handsome little fellows. Hello, boys.

K'S M: Hello, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: WHATCHA GONNA GIVE US, KIDS?

TEE: The Night Before Christmas...and gee, we rehearsed it like sixty. Ready?

FIB: Ready, sis. NO, WAIT!

MOLLY: What's the matter, McGee?

FIB: (LOWERS VOICE) Here...take my money and my watch, you know me! Every time I hear these things I wanna give away everything I own. All right - go ahead.

TEE: (PAUSE) 'Twas the night before Christmas, and all thru the house, not a creature was stirring... etc. etc. etc.....

ORCHESTRA: IN WITH "TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS" UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

z

(REVISED)

-22-

JOHNNY....BUDDY....COME ON IN!

lows. Hello, boys.

nd gee, we rehearsed it like

y money and my watch, you know

things I wanna give away

go ahead.

ea Christmas, and all thru

stirring... etc. etc. etc.....

"MERRY CHRISTMAS" UP TO FINISH

(2ND REVISION) -23-

PAUSE AFTER APPLAUSE:

ORCH: IN SOFTLY WITH "SILENT NIGHT" - DOWN UNDER -

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, EVEN WHILE WE WISH YOU A  
MERRY CHRISTMAS, WE CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT IN MANY  
PARTS OF THE WORLD, THE SPIRIT OF GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN  
HAS BEEN MADE A SHAME AND A MOCKERY.  
BUT THERE'LL BE OTHER CHRISTMASES, AND TO OUR MEN IN  
UNIFORM, ALL OVER THE WORLD, WE SEND OUR PRAYERS AND  
OUR THANKS FOR WHAT THEY ARE DOING TO RESTORE FAITH AND  
DECENCY TO OUR WORLD. TO THEM WE SAY THANK YOU, AND  
GOD BLESS YOU.

MOL: AND WE HOPE AND PRAY THAT WHEN NEXT CHRISTMAS COMES,  
THERE WILL REALLY BE PEACE ON EARTH.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: "SILENT NIGHT" UP TO FINISH

PAUSE:

CHIMES AND SIGNOFF.

WRITERS: Don  
Bill

December 29, 1