

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#13

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1943

NBC

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCHESTRA: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax, Johnson's Car-Nu and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCHESTRA: "OKLAHOMA" - FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1943
9:30 PM NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: In this week before Christmas there is probably more friendliness in the air than at any other time of the year. As we grow older, it's not the gifts of Christmas that we feel, but the friendly spirit back of them -- the good smile, the warm handclasp of neighbors and friends. When these friends and relatives gather with your own family in your own home, you realize what it means to have a home in a free country. In anticipation of these friendly gatherings, many of you will be adding the finishing touches of housecleaning this week -- among other things, going over waxed floors, furniture and woodwork to make them gleam with beauty. The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX are proud that their humble products find a useful place in your preparations for a warm-hearted Christmas season.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: HAVE YOU EVER WAITED TILL THE LAST MINUTE TO BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE, ONLY TO FIND THAT THE DEALERS WERE ALL SOLD OUT?
YOU HAVE?
THEN MAYBE YOU CAN WHIP UP A LITTLE THROB OF SYMPATHY FOR --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: WALKING (CREAK OF SNOW?)

MOL: I'm afraid it's no use, McGee. We've been to seven different lots and we haven't seen a loose spruce.
FIB: Aww, don't worry! I'll get us a Christmas tree if I have to chop one off the courthouse lawn.
MOL: Then I'll have to change my Christmas present for you.
FIB: Eh?
MOL: That ~~war~~ bond. I'll make it a bail bond. WHY ON EARTH DIDN'T YOU GO BUY A TREE LAST WEEK, AS I SUGGESTED?
FIB: Because they were askin' ridiculous prices, that's why! Most of them slum-raised lumberjerks were askin' seven-fifty for a bowlegged little balsam no bigger'n a whisk-broom.
MOL: Well, do you think they get cheaper as they get scarcer?
FIB: That ain't the point. The point is to find a guy that's overstocked, see? Afraid he isn't gonna get rid of 'em by Christmas. Get one for a song that way.

MOL: We should have brought Nelson Eddy with us, then. I've heard you sing in the shower, and that soapy opera of yours wouldn't get us anything but a raspberry bush. AHH, MERRY CHRISTMAS, MRS. NESMITH!

FIB: Who was that?

MOL: Mrs. Nesmith!

FIB: Oh. Hey, there's a lot right along in here someplace where the guy had a million trees last week, and he can't possibly have...OH...HERE IT IS. COME ON!

WALKING FAST

MOL: That must be the salesman. I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT IS THAT CHRISTMAS TREE FOR SALE AND IF SO HOW MUCH IS.... Well, heavenly days.....UNCLE DENNIS.

DENNIS: Hello, Molly, darlin'. And Fibber, lad!

FIB: Hiyah, Unk. Where's the sap in charge of the saplings?

MOL: We wanta negotiate for a live log.

DENNIS: Well now, I'M sorry, lad, I am indeed. The gentleman in charge of this Christmas tree lot - a fine lad by the name of Monahan, may his pretzels never grow soggy as he is one of the grandest boys that ever tripped a fruit peddler to take his hungry mother a big, juicy apple, has closed up and gone home.

MOL: BUT WE WANTED TO BUY THIS CHRISTMAS TREE, UNCLE DENNIS.

FIB: Not that it's much of a tree. I've seen better fir on a mouse.

DENNIS: Well now, isn't it a shameful thing that you should be too late, and all! 'Twas only ten minutes ago, lad, by your very own wrist-watch, (which I happen to be wearing as it was lying about loose in your top dresser drawer and I don't happen to have one myself)....It was sold.

MOL: Oh dear! But there's no sales tag on the tree, Uncle Dennis.

FIB: And who, may I ask, was stupid enough to dish out good dough for that beetle-bitten hunk of tumble-weed?

DENNIS: 'Twas myself.

MOL: YOU?

FIB: YOU BOUGHT THE LAST CHRISTMAS TREE IN THIS LOT - KNOWING THAT WE DIDN'T HAVE ONE?

DENNIS: Now, now, now....and how was I to know that a smart gossoon like yourself would be gettin' caught without a tree? 'Twas a bargain given to me by my good friend Monahan, who is quite a man at singin' the come-all-ys's which are a regular feature of Grogan's Beefsteak dinners. May they soon be resumed when Hitler, the dirty little housepainter gets his come-uppance and Hirohito finds our heroes turnin' on the heato!

MOL: BUT WHY DO YOU WANT A CHRISTMAS TREE, UNCLE DENNIS? YOU LIVE WITH US.

FIB: COME ON, UNK...SELL IT TO US, WHADDYE SAY? Whatever you paid for it, I'll toss an extra two bits on the drum.

DENNIS: That I couldn't do, lad! 'Twas buyin' this tree for a dear friend, I was. And there isn't enough money in the world to make Dennis Driscoll betray a trust, and the very idea is enough to make my old father - (may the little people keep his pipe lit for him) - look down and say would ye think of makin' it two dollars extra now?

FIB: NO, I WOULDN'T!

MOL: THAT'S RIDICULOUS!

DENNIS: Very well...you can't blame a man for tryin' to
pickupacoupleo'bucks. A very Merry Christmas to ye.

(FADE OUT, SINGING) Oh, tread on the tail o' me coat...

MOL: Imagine that ...my own Uncle.

FIB: Of all the dirty lowdown tricks! A fine Christmas spirit.

GYPPIN' HIS OWN FAMILY OUT OF THE LAST CHRISTMAS TREE
IN TOWN!

MOL: You think it really is?

FIB: Well...it might be. Come on...let's look some more...

SOUND: WALKING

FIB: Good will toward men! That was a fine sample of it.
Here we are, with the whole world full o' misery, needin'
friendship and sacrifice more'n any time in history, and
what happens? We get bopped with a balsam! If that
ain't the --

MOL: MCGEE...LOOK!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: There's a Christmas tree place right there. And there's
Alice Darling coming out of it. YOO HOO....ALICE!!

ALICE: (FADE IN) Oh, hello, Mrs. McGee...Hello, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Alice. Don't tell us you're shopping for a
Christmas tree, too.

ALICE: Oh jeeppers no, Mr. McGee. On account of anybody who is
silly enough to wait till now to buy their Christmas tree
is simply just too, too stupid for anything! What are
you doing down here?

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

MOL: We're...buying a Christmas tree.

ALICE: Oh! Well, that's what I say...it's much better to
wait till the last minute when it isn't so crowded
and the trees are much fresher...or something. When
I bought my tree two weeks ago--

MOL: TWO WEEKS AGO!

FIB: If you bought a tree, whadtja do with it, Alice?
We didn't see it around the house anyplace. And
a pine tree ain't exactly what you might call
unobtrusive.

ALICE: Oh, well, I didn't buy it for me, Mr. McGee, on
account of jeeppers I've only got one room, and a
girl which she lives in just one room only needs a
little piece of mistletoe - you know what that is -
that's the ivy that if you don't meet the right people
under it, it's poison.

MOL: And if you do, it's the berries!

FIB: Why, Molly!

ALICE: Oh, I just love Christmas time, because that's when
you can dash up to people and kiss them like it was
a sudden impulse and I've already made out a list
of the SWEETEST men to have sudden impulses about.
That's one nice thing about being a girl, you can be
girlish and people don't think anything about it.

MOL: NOW I know what I forgot to get Alice for Christmas, McGee. LIPSTICK!

FIB: That brotherly love stuff is great, isn't it, Alice? Particularly when you run out of brothers.

ALICE: (LAUGHS) Well, I don't want that you should get the idea that I simply rush around kissing simply everybody Mr. McGee. Because really I'm a very reserved character. Once I was in love with a fellow for three years and he never even held my hand and then he married another girl.

MOL: Who was that, Alice?

ALICE: Cary Grant. Creepers, I'd like to have met that man! Well, I hope you find a Christmas tree, Mr. McGee. G'bye now.

SOUND: WALKING:

MOL: Well, shall we give it up, McGee?

FIB: NO SIR!!! I STARTED OUT TO GET A CHRISTMAS TREE, AND BY THE CURLY COTTON COVER CROP OF A CORNER KRIS KRINGLE, I'M GONNA GET ONE!

MOL: Well, you might fly up to Canada and get one. But it would be a lonesome trip.

FIB: Whaddye mean?

MOL: The other geese won't be flying back for a couple of months yet.

FIB: OKAY, SCOFF IF YOU WANNA...DERIDE!! BUT I'M TELLING YOU...

MOL: (CALLS) MERRY CHRISTMAS, MISS CURRY!!

FIB: Who was that?

MOL: Miss Curry.

FIB: Oh. BUT I'M TELLING YOU, WHEN I SET OUT TO GET A CHRISTMAS TREE, BY GEORGE...hey...here's a place on the corner here. Come on.

WALKING UP:

MOL: Alice Darling might have told us she was getting one. She could have got one for us at the same time.

FIB: WELL, WHADDYE EXPECT OF PEOPLE? CONSIDERATION? IT'S NO WONDER THEY ALWAYS PICTURE SANTA CLAUS AS A FAT MUGG STANDIN' THERE HOLDING THE BAG. MY GOSH...

MOL: Look, McGee...this place seems to have plenty of trees.

FIB: They had plenty last week, too. And the guy that runs this pocket-pickin' concession thinks no more of a quarter than I do of my left leg. He wouldn't lend you a match without four co-signers. HIYAH, BUD. REMEMBER ME?

MAN: Yeah. You were the guy last week that waved a dollar bill at me. And for that I was supposed to sell you a twelve-foot tree, deliver it, trim it, sing three Christmas carols and carve your turkey.

MOL: We couldn't get a turkey. We're having chicken.

FIB: Don't take him so literary, Molly. LOOK, BUD, IF YOU HAVE A NICE, REASONABLE-PRICE TREE, WE MIGHT--

MAN: Only got one left, brother.

MOL: (ASIDE) (Take it, quick, dearie!)

FIB: (ASIDE) (Not so fast...they like to haggle with you) WHICH TREE IS IT, BUD? IF IT'S THE RIGHT SIZE, AND THE PRICE IS REAS--

MAN: You're leaning on it.

MOL: Heavenly days...that one?

FIB: You call this broken-down bird sanctuary a Christmas tree? I've seen better trees than that in an old pair of tennis shoes. That moth-eaten bramble looks like it was raised in a cold hot-house,

MOL: How much is it, sir?

MAN: Much too much, lady. The price is way out of line. If I was you, I'd skip it.

FIB: DON'T TELL ME HOW MUCH I CAN PAY FOR A TREE, BUD! I'M NOT AS POOR AS I MAY LOOK.

MAN: I hope not, friend. You look like a hold-out from a hand-out.

MOL: Well, how much, how much?

MAN: Twelve bucks.

FIB: (IN A RAGE) TWELVE BUCKS! TWELVE DOLLARS FOR THAT SAD-LOOKIN' CEDAR? WHY, THAT CONE-CARRIER'S GOT MORE BROKEN BRANCHES THAN THE BERLIN PUBLIC LIBRARY! AND LOOK AT THOSE BARE LIMBS! YOU COULD SURE FIND A HAYSTACK IN THOSE NEEDLES!

FIB: Besides, last week you only wanted nine dollars for the same tree.

MAN: Last week the town was full of Christmas trees, and foldermore, I don't - Oh hiyah, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: (FADE IN) HELLO THERE, LOUIE. HOW ARE YOU MOLLY...HIYAH FIBBER.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. What you lookin' so happy about?

WIL: Who, me? I dunno. Just the old Christmas feeling I guess. I love this time of year, don't you?

MOL: I guess everybody does, Mr. Wilcox. Got your Christmas window-shopping all done?

WIL: Just about. I suppose the presents are all piled up at your house.

FIB: We stack 'em on the piano, Junior.

MOL: And from the looks of the Christmas tree situation, that's where they're going to stay, too.

WIL: So what? It won't hurt anything. Not when anyone keeps the piano and woodwork and lampshades and window sills and everything protected from scratching and holiday wear-and-tear like you do - with Johnson's Wax.

FIB: You think it's nice, Junior, to be so commercial about Johnson's Wax on a holiday like Christmas? You think that very couth.

WIL: This is Tuesday, pal. Christmas is Saturday. And on Saturday, I say nothing about Johnson's Wax. I merely say things like "THANK YOU!" and GEE, THAT'S WONDERFUL BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT!" and ~~"YES AND THE SAME TO YOU"~~ and "VERY LITTLE ICE IN MINE" - and stuff like that.

MOL: Personally, we've been so upset about getting a Christmas tree, Mr. Wilcox that we haven't --

WIL: OH!! Excuse me, Molly. HEY, LOUIE. HOW MUCH IS THIS TREE HERE?

MAN: Twelve dollars Mr. Wilcox. It ain't worth it, frankly, but it's the last one I got.

WIL: I'll take it. Here's fifteen and wish yourself a Merry Christmas with the rest of it.

MAN: For three bucks I can wish my self six merry Christmases. Thanks, Mr. Wilcox. I'll -

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE....I WAS DICKERING FOR THAT TREE MYSELF, WILCOX! LOOK, LOUIE -

MAN: To you, friend, the name is Mr. Zambowski. And we can't do no business. The tree is sold.

MOL: You see, Mr. Wilcox, we -

WIL: GEE, I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD THIS HAPPEN FOR THE WORLD, FOLKS!! IF I'D ONLY KNOWN YOU WANTED IT.!! I THOUGHT YOU WERE MERELY FRIENDS OF LOUIE, HERE.

MAN: He should live so long!

FIB: They say a man can't have too many friends, but in your case, bud, it would be too many. NOW LOOK, WILCOX... WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHRISTMAS TREE, AND WE WERE MERELY TRYING TO DECIDE ABOUT -

WIL: Believe me, pal, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY! TO THINK THAT I SHOULD WALK IN AND GRAB IT RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER YOUR NOSE. I OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF MYSELF!..er..I'll take it with me, Louie. WELL..SEE YOU LATER, KIDS. (FADE OUT) To think that I should pull a shabby trick like that on my best friends is.....

FIB: Well, of all the dirty, lowdown --

MOL: I'm afraid it was your own fault, dearie. You had the first chance at it...^{McGee} ~~GOOD~~ DAY, MR. ZAMBOWSKI.

MAN: And the same to you, lady.

MOL: Come on, McGee...

SOUND: WALKING

FIB: STANDIN' THERE LIKE A FRIEND..CHATTIN' AWAY AS GABBY AS YOU PLEASE...AND ALL THE TIME.....OHHHH!! THAT HURTS.....

MOL: Well, heavenly days, we don't HAVE to have a tree you know. Lots of people don't.

FIB: IF AIN'T NOT HAVIN' A TREE THAT BOTHERS ME! IT'S THE WAY MY FRIENDS AND RELATIVES UNDERCUT AND CHISEL ON ME. UNCLE DENNIS!! ALICE DARLING!! HARLOW WILCOX!! CHRISTMAS SPIRIT! WHERE IS IT? AND HERE, WHEN I HAD A CHANCE TO GET A BEAUTIFUL BIG TREE --

MOL: That isn't what you told the man it was.

FIB: Well, my gosh, you can't have any fun dickering with guys if you tell 'em how beautiful their merchandise is. You first gotta make a man ashamed to ask the price he's askin', see? And then...

MOL: McGee, I think the...OH MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. KRAMER!

FIB: Who was that?

MOL: Mr. Kramer.

FIB: Oh. What were you saying?

MOL: I was about to say that I think the grocery store is about our last chance to get a tree. We might as well look.

And it's just a few doors down.

FIB: MY GOSH, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT...COME ON!!!

SOUND: WALKING FAST:

FIB: (OVER WALKING)...I'M not so sure about buyin' a tree at the grocery. Jimmy Sale'll probably ask us eight green points for it.

MOL: Oh I don't think he...LOOK IN THE WINDOW, MCGEE...THEY'VE STILL GOT A COUPLE.!! HURRY UP!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: MURMUR OF VOICES. FADE FOR -

FIB: If these are both sold, and Lady Luck could know what I think of her, she'd forget she was a lady.

MOL: One is sold, McGee..but the other still has a price tag on it.

FIB: How much?

MOL: Let me see.....six dollars!

FIB: OH BOY...THAT'S A DEAL...AND I'M GONNA GRAB ONT? THIS TILL THE CLERK GETS HERE TOO! ANYBODY THAT GETS THIS ONE AWAY FROM ME WILL HAVE TO START TRIMMING IT WITH MY TWO ARMS.

MOL: Well, as the taxi driver said when Einstein get out of the crowded cab, "This is certainly a a mind off my load!"

FIB: (HAPPILY) YES SIR!. NEXT TIME MAYBE YOU'LL BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU I KNOW WHAT I'M -

DOC: (FADE IN) Well, hello there Fibber. Hello, Molly.

MOL: Oh hello Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Hiyah, Doc, old man! Happy Yuletide, and all that.

DOC: Why are you hugging the tree, McGee? Just a nature lover, or are you going to climb it and hunt for birds nests?

MOL: He's just making sure nobody beats him out of it till the clerk gets around to him, Doctor.

FIB: Yeah...till this deal is signed, sealed and delivered, I stick to this trunk like a baggage label. Pretty nice little spruce, ain't it Doc?

DOC: It's not a spruce. It's a Douglas Fir.

MOL: I thought it was a balsam.

FIB: Might be some kind of a cedar.

DOC: It might be some kind of a cypress, too, but it isn't.

MOL: My cousin had one of those on his farm near Peoria. We squeezed apples in it every fall.

FIB: In what?

MOL: A ciderpress.

DOC: I DIDN'T SAY CIDERPRESS. I said CYPRESS. The cypress is a symmetrical evergreen common to the Western United States. Very interesting study, that of our non-deciduous trees. The pine tree, like most coniferous trees, is an evergreen - the larch being a conspicuous exception.

MOL: Are you an expert on plants and trees, Doctor?
DOC: They used to be a hobby of mine, Molly. Botany is a very interesting subject.
FIB: Of the two, which did you like best, Doc?
DOC: Of which two?
FIB: Plants and trees - or botany?
MOL: They're the same thing, McGee. I had it in high school.
In fact, I was the pistil-packin' mamma of the lily-
collectors.
FIB: I thought maybe Doc knew so much about 'em because he was a tree-surgeon at heart.
DOC: No, but if I ever hear of a sap needing a transfusion, I'll know where to come.
FIB: OH YEAH? I'D SHOW YOU WHO WAS A SAP, IF I DARED LET LOOSE OF THIS TREE FOR A MINUTE.
MOL: Oh now boys...
DOC: One excuse is as good as any, McGee. By embracing that tree you're probably saving yourself a few very spectacular contusions.
FIB: IS THAT SO!! WHY, YOU UNREASONABLE FACSIMILE OF A MAYO BROTHER, FOR TWO ASPIRIN TABLETS I'D --
MOL: Now now now...MCGEE.....is that any way to talk, while hugging a Christmas Tree?
DOC: No it isn't, Molly. And it was my fault. I'm sorry McGee. This is no time for quarrels.
FIB: Okay, Doc, old man. I...I'm a little hasty myself, at times.
MOL: Not about buying Christmas trees.
DOC: Well, real friends are too scarce to fight with 'em. In fact, McGee, I retract all the unpleasant things I ever said about you in the past.

FIB: I do too, Doc. I even take back the stuff I've THOUGHT about you. And that was even dirtier than what I said.
MOL: This is better, Christmas is a time when we should all be friends.
DOC: I think so too. Let bygones be bygones, McGee. I'm your pal.
FIB: That goes for me, too, Doc. Here I'd like to shake your hand!
DOC: GOOD! SO WOULD I!
MOL: ISN'T THIS NICE!!
FIB: Wait'll I get untangled from this weeping willow here...
AHH...PUT 'ER THERE, DOC!!
MOL: I think this is one of the sweetest things I ever -
FIB: ALL RIGHT, DOC...LEGGO MY HAND...
DOC: WAIT A MINUTE. HEY JOE....
CLERK: (FADE IN) YES, DOCTOR?
DOC: PUT THAT CHRISTMAS TREE IN MY CAR, WILL YOU?
MOL: WHAT?
FIB: HEY WHAT THE...NOW LOOK, DOC!..I..
CLERK: RIGHT AWAY, DOCTOR. (FADE) Pay for it next time you're..
FIB: DOGGONE IT, DOC..LEGGO MY HAND, WILLYA? YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' DOUBLE DEALIN'...DOC!!! COME BACK HERE WITH THAT CHRISTMAS TREE!
ORK: MUSIC.APPLAUSE:

FIB: I do too, Doc. I even take back the stuff I've THOUGHT about you. And that was even dirtier than what I said.

MOL: This is better, Christmas is a time when we should all be friends.

DOC: I think so too. Let bygones be bygones, McGee. I'm your pal.

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DOC: GOOD! SO WOULD I!

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FIB: Wait'll I get untangled from this weeping willow here...
AHH...PUT 'ER THERE, DOC!!

MOL: I think this is one of the sweetest things I ever -

FIB: ALL RIGHT, DOC...LEGGO MY HAND...

DOC: WAIT A MINUTE. HEY JOE....

CLERK: (FADE IN) YES, DOCTOR?

DOC: PUT THAT CHRISTMAS TREE IN MY CAR, WILL YOU?

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: HEY WHAT THE...NOW LOOK, DOC!..I..

CLERK: RIGHT AWAY, DOCTOR. (FADE) Pay for it next time you're..

FIB: DOGGONE IT, DOC..LEGGO MY HAND, WILLYA? YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' DOUBLE DEALIN'...DOC!!! COME BACK HERE WITH THAT CHRISTMAS TREE!

ORK: MUSIC.APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: WALKING

MOL: Oh cheer up, McGee....heavenly days, it isn't a Christmas tree that makes Christmas, you know.

FIB: Yeah, I know. It's the Christmas spirit. Christmas spirit, BLAHHHHHHH! ALL I'VE SEEN OF IT TODAY YOU COULD -

MOL: (CALLS) MERRY CHRISTMAS, MRS. CROCKETT!

FIB: Who was that?

MOL: *John* Mrs. Crockett *from Washington*

FIB: Oh. What was I sayin'? Oh yes...here it is, the season where everybody is supposed to love everybody - so what do they do? They go around grabbin' Christmas trees out of people's hands. Timber thieves!! The first guy that says Merry Christmas to me, I'm gonna hang up my sock, right on his chin. (CALLS) Merry Christmas, bud!

VOICE: (WAY OFF) Same to you, thanks!

MOL: Who was that?

FIB: Search me. But I got just as much right to holler at people on the street as you have. DOGGONE IT, IF THOSE SO-CALLED, THROAT-CUTTIN' SHEEP STEALIN' FRIENDS OF MINE KNEW HOW BAD I WANTED THAT TREE, I'D....hey....

MOL: What?

FIB: What if we string the colored lights on that rubber plant of yours and...no. That's no good. DOGGONE IT, I TRUST PEOPLE TOO MUCH...BUT NOT NOW! TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. MCGEE....RECOGNIZE HIM?

MOL: Why shouldn't I?

(2ND REVISION) -19-

FIB: BECAUSE HE JUST HAD HIS FAITH LIFTED, THAT'S WHY! FROM NOW ON, LITTLE FIBBER IS GONNA GO ALONG LOOKIN' AFTER LITTLE FIBBER, PERIOD!! AS LONG AS EVERYBODY IS THROWIN' THE LOVE-YOUR-FELLOW-MAN STUFF OVERBOARD, I MIGHT JUST AS WELL--

TEE: Hi, Mister McGee. Hi, Miz McGee. Merry Christmas.

FIB: Oh, hiyah little girl. And if you must yammer out those Yuletide wall mottoes, sis, just say "A GOOD DECEMBER 25th, TO YOU," or, "SEASON'S GREETINGS, SIR!" Or something like that. SKIP THE MERRY CHRISTMASSES, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED.

MOL: He's just had a little disappointment, little girl...he'll get over it.

FIB: I'll get over this like Dan McGrew got over his lead poisoning! SIS, I'M GLAD I SAW YOU WHILE YOU WERE STILL YOUNG. IF YOU STILL BELIEVE IN THIS -

TEE: Hey, mister.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Look up on your front porch! (GIGGLES)

FIB: Whaddye mean look up on our -

MOL: MCGEE...LOOK...THE PORCH IS FULL OF CHRISTMAS TREES!!!!

FIB: WHAT IN THE.....WHO.....

TEE: (GIGGLES) I just been reading the tags on 'em, Mister. There's one from Doctor Gamble and one from Mr. Wilcox and one from Alice darling, I betcha, and one from Billy Mills and one from Uncle Dennis and one from.....

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(2ND REVISION) -20-

FIB: Well, you mean they were all buyin' 'em for us. My gosh, I ...I never thought...well, gee whizzz....

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: LAUGHTER AND VOICES:

CHORUSES OF LAUGHTER AND MERRY CHRISTMASSES...

WILCOX,
GAMBLE,
ALICE,
DENNIS...MILLS, ETC. ETC.....

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...HERE'S THE KING'S MEN AND EVERYBODY!
MCGEE, GET OUT THE ROOTBEER...I'LL GET SOME COOKIES!!

GAMBLE: JUST A SMALL ROOTBEER FOR ME, MCGEE...I'VE GOT TO OPERATE IN THE MORNING!

MOL: McGee...can you close your mouth and pull in your eyeballs long enough to thank these people for the Christmas trees?

CHORUS OF PROTESTS:

FIB: Well, look, everybody, I...well, gee whizz I...all I can say is...well...WELL, MERRY CHRISTMAS!!

CROWD: (AD LIB - "SAME TO YOU" - "MERRY XMAS" ETC.)

TEE: Hey, Mister McGee....

FIB: Whaddye want, sis?

TEE: Look, I got my whole gang here again - Kenny and Bud and Johnny, and Raddy and Billy Mills and all the fellas, an' we thought maybe it would be nice to sing that same song we sang las' Christmas...Hmnnnnnn

FIB: SIS, THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA...AND PEOPLE BEEN WRITIN' IN ALL YEAR ASKIN' US TO DO IT AGAIN. Folks, here's "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS!" - as originally set to music by Ken Darby of the King's Men.

ORCH: TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS - KINGS MEN, TEENY

APPLAUSE

(NO COMMERCIAL)

m

(2ND REVISION) -20-

'em for us. My gosh, I
ZZ....

..
N AND EVERYBODY!
ET SOME COOKIES!!
..I'VE GOT TO OPERATE

pull in your eyeballs
r the Christmas trees?

whizz I...all I can
AS!!
S" ETC.)

- Kenny and Bud and
d all the fellas, an'
sing that same song

PEOPLE BEEN WRITIN' IN/
Folks, here's
riginally set to music

NGS MEN, TEENY

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'TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, for ourselves and the makers of
Johnson Products, we send the season's greetings to all
our loyal friends and listeners. And we'd like to ask
a favor.

MOL: Most of you have brothers and fathers and sons - yes,
and maybe daughters - in the service, here and overseas.
So when you write to them next, please tell them they
have the sincere and heartfelt wishes for a speedy and
safe return and a Merry Christmas from -

FIB: Fibber McGee.
MOL: And Molly.
FIB: Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!

SIGNOFF

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Phil Leslie

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 19