

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED) # 11

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

December 19, 1944

N.B.C.

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax for home and industry present
Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn and
Phil Leslie, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'
Orchestra.

ORCH: "MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW" ... FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

-3-

WILCOX: The holiday season is a time when you want your home as bright and cheerful as you can make it. It's a time that proves as much as any other the value of protective wax-housekeeping. If your floors, furniture and woodwork have been waxed regularly with JOHNSON'S WAX, then it's a very easy matter to put on the finishing touches and have that richly polished kind of home that everyone admires. There are many accessories from one end of the house to the other that you can protect and beautify with JOHNSON'S WAX -- either paste, liquid, or cream. Your window sills, for example -- picture frames, ornaments, lampshades, venetian blinds, refrigerator -- many of you know the list as well as I. When you wax all these surfaces, you protect them because the wax itself takes the wear and the surface underneath is safe. When you go over your house tomorrow try out several of these extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

1

-4-

WILCOX: THREE OF THE MOST CURIOUS THINGS IN THE WORLD ARE THE GYROSCOPE, THE PYRAMIDS, AND THE SQUIRE OF ⁷⁹WISTFUL VISTA. AND IF YOU DON'T THINK HE'S CURIOUS, GET A LOAD OF HIM SNEAKING A PEEK INTO THE HALL CLOSET, AS WE JOIN --
---- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: RUSTLING OF PACKAGES

FIB: Boyohboyohboyohboy...look at all the ~~stuff~~ ^{max presents} "From Molly to Fibber, with Love"... "To Fibber from Molly, with best wishes"... "To the best husband a woman ever had"... I wonder who that's for? I thought I was the only husband she ever... ..oh well..OH OH! An envelope..."DO NOT OPEN BEFORE CHRISTMAS!" Looks like it might be a War Bond...Hmmm..' flap isn't sealed very tight, either. If somebody's thumb ever got caught in there it'd flip open like a...OH MY GOSH...IT DID!! Maybe she didn't even mean to seal it... and if it ain't sealed, I suppose it's okay to read it...

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER

FIB: (READS) "To my dear Husband! Get out of this hall closet and stop snooping!" WELL I LIKE THAT! To think she'd think I'd think of stooping to snoop when -

MOL: (OFF MIKE) OH MCGEE...MCGEE WHERE ARE YOU?

FIB: oh oh...caught in the act...I better put this stuff back fast!

SOUND: TUMBLING PACKAGES:

1

MC GEE
12-19-44

(2ND REVISION) -5-

FIB: This must be the new belt I been hinting for .. (THUMP)
and I hope this is a fountain pen ... (THUD) and if this
ain't a sweater, I'll --

MOL: (NEARER) MC GEE... WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

FIB: (YELLS) TRYIN' TO GET THE DOOR CLOSED ON THE HALL CLOSET,
MOLLY ... IT'S SO FULL OF STUFF IT SPRUNG OPEN ... AHHH ..
I GOT IT!

SCOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) That was quick thinkin', McGee, old man. If
she'd ever caught you -

DOOR OPEN: CLOSET EFFECT: BELL TINKLE

FIB: Gotta straighten out that closet right after Christmas!

MOL: (FADE IN) McGee ... what goes on here? I told you to
stay away from that hall closet! You're much too snoopy!

FIB: (INDIGNANT) WHY, MOLLY! DO YOU MEAN TO STAND THERE IN
ONE OF THE BEST-LOOKIN' HOUSE DRESSES I EVER SAW, AND
ACCUSE YOUR OWN HUSBAND BY MARRIAGE OF SNOOPING?

(REVISED) -6-

MOL: (LAUGHS) Dearie, you can pump up more phoney indignation
than Donald Duck! Now get all that stuff put back in the
closet. No, you'd better let me do it.

FIB: Something in there you don't want me to see, baby?

MOL: If there was, and I didn't, and you already had, what's
the difference?

FIB: I DIDN'T UNWRAP A THING! I NEVER EVEN SHOOK ANYTHING.
Only thing that ever aroused my curiosity is that big white
package with the blue ribbon on it.

MOL: I don't remember any big white package with any blue rib --
MC GEE! STOP PEERING OVER MY SHOULDER! Go read the paper.

~~Go read the Christmas paper.~~
FIB: ~~Okay, but you're whining --~~
~~Go, have the Christmas cards started piling up already.~~

~~MOL: Yes, we now have a pile of two. One from the gas company
and one from Aunt Sarah.~~

~~FIB: Aunt Sarah! Don't tell me that old broomstick jockey
squandered two bills on a Christmas card!~~

~~MOL: Please, Sarah is! You're speaking of my father's own
states-in-law!~~

~~FIB: I am indeed! But let's talk human-kindred old laundry bag
is so economical.~~

~~MOL: Now, McGee! Aunt Sarah is one of the grandest people in
our family. She's just careful is all.~~

(REVISED) -7-

~~FIB: Boy, I'll say she's cute! The time you gave her that
little bear napkins, she had it appraised by five different
astronomers!~~

~~MOL: Well, my goodness --~~

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello, Alice.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hiya, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hi, Alice. What'dja do to your hair?

MOL: She's just wearing it differently, McGee. Himself here is getting very observant with Christmas coming on, Alice. Ordinarily, you could wear your scalp full of neon lights and he'd never notice.

ALICE: You like my hair with the buns over the ears, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yes, I do, kid. I like the buns over the ears' much better than the old sweet-roll on top, or the apple strudel you used to have falling down in back.

ALICE: My hairdresser says they're wearing it this way in Paris now.

MOL: It's a nice hair-do. What do they call it?

ALICE: Herr Hitler. Because it's more trouble than it's worth.

FIB: Got your Christmas counter-crashing all done, Alice?

ALICE: Creepers, I thought I had, Mr. McGee, but now I'm as confused as a kangaroo at a pickpocket's convention.

MOL: Why, dear?

ALICE: Well, I had a terrific billfold for Harold, but I had to change the tag to Ronnie, because I'm giving Ronnie's cufflinks to Rick to take the place of Rick's cigarette lighter because I quick had to give the lighter to Jimmy when he showed up here last night with a simply super pair of ear-rings for me.

FIB: That is a little complicated, isn't it?

MOL: Like the year when McGee gave me nothing but napkins, handkerchiefs, pillow cases and tablecloths for Christmas. He took the laundry slip downtown instead of the shopping list.

FIB: Well, gee whiz ---

MOL: We're not doing very much for Christmas this year, Alice. The Treasury Department has beat Santa Claus down the chimney.

ALICE: Well, I told all the boys not to spend their money foolishly on things for me this year. I told 'em all to take whatever money they intended to spend on me and put it in War Bonds.

FIB: GOOD FOR YOU, ALICE! Use the boys' dough to back up the doughboys.

ALICE: Certainly. Anyway, I'd just as soon they gave me War Bonds as anything else. Well, I've got to get to the postoffice -- G'bye.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: There's a girl who has her heart in the right place! On her sleeve.

MOL: She's a lot like I was when I was a girl, McGee. Except that she has twenty boy friends and I just had you.

FIB: That wasn't because you were unpopular, Snookey. That was because there was an ugly rumor around Peoria that McGee had put a bear trap in Molly Driscoll's porch swing.

MOL: That was more than a rumor, sweetheart. For 15 years after that, my father never sat down without first slapping the chair with his cane. Now go away, while I get this stuff back in the closet.

FIB: How about that white package with the blue ribbon?

MOL: McGee, I swear I know absolutely nothing about it.

FIB: (LAUGHS) You wouldn't kid me, would you? After all, when mysterious packages are hid away in a clos--

SOUND: SHARP SNAP

MOL: Heavenly days...what was that?

FIB: My belt. It busted. Remember how I been telling you my belt was on its last legs?

MOL: It's a funny place to wear a belt, but I do remember your mentioning it. Several times.

FIB: Looked awful, too. Supposed to have been genuine calf, but I'll bet a cookie its mother was a paper mill. Doggone it, my last belt, too! Oh well, I can wear a necktie around my waist till I can get downtown and buy a new one.

MOL: ALL RIGHT, DEARIE...ALL RIGHT. You win. Here...open this package.

FIB: That wasn't because you were unpopular, Snookey. That was because there was an ugly rumor around Peoria that McGee had put a bear trap in Molly Driscoll's porch swing.

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MOL: ALL RIGHT, DEARIE...ALL RIGHT. You win. Here...open this package.

FIB: Why this is a Christmas package! Gee, I shouldn't open this till Christmas...

MOL: Open it.

FIB: Well...okay.

SOUND: TEARING WRAPPINGS:

FIB: WELL WHADDYE KNOW!!!! A NEW BELT!! I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE IS THIS ISNT A CO-INCIDENCE!

MOL: Remember me to your nephew.

FIB: GEE...WITH MY INITIALS ON THE BUCKLE!!! Oh this is a beauty. Molly. Thanks ever so much!

MOL: Don't mention it, and Merry Christmas, First installment.

FIB: My gosh...this is really unexpected!!

MOL: (LAUGHS) It shouldn't be. The way you've been talking about a new belt the past few weeks, you should have taken out a hinting license!

FIB: Here, throw this old one away will you?

MOL: All right. I'll put it in the...(PAUSE) Why this is strange. It looks like it had been cut half way thru!

FIB: Well, I've had a very sharp appetite lately and my waist was probably --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Gary.

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Hiyah you big front man for the stork club. And why call me Gary? You finally agree with me that I look like Cooper?

FIB: Why this is a Christmas package! Gee, I shouldn't open this till Christmas...

MOL: Open it.

FIB: Well...okay.

SOUND: TEARING WRAPPINGS:

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DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

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MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Hiyah you big front man for the stork club. And why call me Gary? You finally agree with me that I look like Cooper?

DOC: No, that's just my abbreviation for "garrulous."
MOL: Why McGee is not garrulous, ~~Doctor~~.
FIB: I should say not! I haven't been out with a garrul since I married Molly.
DOC: Yes I know. You two are the living exhibit "A" for the scientific theory of the attraction of opposites. Molly is so good-looking and sweet and quiet.
FIB: And I'm--- ?
DOC: Yes indeed. In spades. SAY, WHAT'S ALL THIS CHRISTMAS STUFF AROUND HERE? YOU BEEN UNWRAPPING A PRESENT, MCGEE?
MOL: He just broke his bolt, Doctor. And as long as I was giving him one for Christmas, I thought he might as well have it now.
FIB: Beauty, aint it, Doc? Real Pigskin.
DOC: I shall not descend to any of the obvious retorts, my boy. It is a vory handsome hunk of habordaghery. But aren't you a little ashamed of accepting your gifts now?
According to my calendar it's ^{several} days until Christmas.
MOL: I was just trying to keep up his spirits - and his pants for the next week, Doctor.
FIB: What do you use for a calendar, Doc? Cut a notch in a patient for each day of the week?
DOC: No, I just glance in the mirror. If I seem to have aged ten years I know another day has crept by.
MOL: You ought to go away for a good long rest, Doctor. Someplace where you can't get near a telephone. Like any drug store.
DOC: Don't think I wouldn't love it, my dear! But I've got to stick around for the Christmas rush.

FIB: What Christmas rush? You running a black market in pink pills?
DOC: No, but us cowtown Pasteurs expect certain seasonal phenomena about this time of year. Like kids swallowing Christmas tree ornaments - selfish little animals that they are - and ornaments so hard to get. And then, too, digital callosity is almost an annual epidemic.
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...WHAT ON EARTH IS DIGITAL CALLOSITY?
DOC: Callousses on the fingers. From people rubbing them over greeting cards to see if they're really engraved.
~~FIB: I suppose you get a lot of cases hanging over till New Year's Eve.~~
~~DOC: Yes. I sometimes think the Human Race ought to be posted on the Star Line. People can't seem to learn not to lick too many bottles, or stick too many liquor.~~
MOL: Nice to have you drop in, Doctor. Particularly without McGee starting an argument with you.
FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE! WHOM STARTS THE ARGUING WITH WHO? DOC ALWAYS STARTS 'EM, NOT ME!
DOC: OH NOW DON'T GIVE US THAT, LITTLE SIR DECIBEL!! YOU'RE AS BAD-TEMPERED AS A DIME STORE JACKKNIFE, AND YOU KNOW IT!
FIB: I DON'T KNOW ANY SUCH DIRTY THING!! JUST BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS START SNARLING AT ME WITH YOUR BIG FAT TEETH DON'T MEAN I GOT A HEAD TEMPER.
DOC: WHY YOU PERIPATETIC LITTLE BIOLOGICAL ABERRATION, YOU HAVE THE NEUROLOGICAL REACTIONS OF A SCHIZOPHRENIC TROGLDYTE!
(PAUSE)

FIB: King's X.
 MOL: What do you mean, King's X?
 FIB: Doc don't play fair. I dunno what's he's talking about.
 DOC: Well, we'll call it off till I look up some one-syllable words, McGee.. Anyway, I've got to get back to my office. Probably full of expectant fathers.
 MOL: Expectant FATHERS!
 DOC: Yes, they expect me to tell them beforehand whether to have the nursery decorated in pink or blue.
 FIB: Whaddye you tell 'em, Doc?
 DOC: I give them ^{in serious} ~~the only possible~~ answer. ^{to tell them to go f---} ~~the only possible~~ answer. Well, Merry Christmas, folks.
 MOL: Thank you Doctor..same to you!
 FIB: AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR, DOC.
DOOR SLAM
 MOL: Isn't he a sweet old character!
 FIB: Yeah...great guy! It was a great loss to medicine when he started studying it. What a patient he'd of been!
 MOL: I wonder if it was he who sent us this big white package with the blue ribbon on it.
 FIB: (LAUGHS) Are you kidding? You don't have to play coy with me, 'tootsie. I wasn't born yesterday.
 MOL: You might as well have been, - you're so changeable. Now if you'll go away someplace while I straighten up this closet ---
 FIB: I'll run over to Kremer's drug store. Gotta buy a new fountain pen.

MOL: OH NO NO NO, MCGEE...DON'T DO THAT!
 FIB: Eh? Why not?
 MOL: Well, I..er..I was...er...WELL WHY DO YOU NEED A NEW FOUNTAIN PEN JUST THIS MINUTE?...Can't you use your old one?
 FIB: MY OLD ONE. I only got one.
 MOL: I meant..er..well what's the matter with it?
 FIB: The point is pigeon toed. Writes two lines instead of one.
 MOL: But maybe -
 FIB: When I registered with it at a hotel last summer, the clerk looks at my signature and says "YOU GENTLEMEN WANT TWIN BEDS?" You go ahead and fix the closet, kiddo. I'll run over to Kremer's and -
 MOL: OH DEAR.....YOU WIN AGAIN, MCGEE...HERE....OPEN THIS PACKAGE.
 FIB: (INNOCENTLY) Whaddye mean?
 MOL: Go ahead...open it.
 FIB: Okay.
SOUND: TEARING WRAPPINGS: (PAUSE)
 FIB: WELL I'LL BE A ... A NEW FOUNTAIN PEN! GEEE, THANKS KID!
 MOL: THIS IS WONDERFUL!
 MOL: Merry Christmas ^{and} installment.
 FIB: BOY, THIS IS A WONDERFUL PEN! JUST THE KIND I WANTED, TOO! AND JUST WHEN I NEEDED IT! WHY, YOU COULD KNOCK ME OVER WITH A FEATHER, MOLLY. I NEVER DREAMED YOU'D...
 (PAUSE) Whattye lookin' for?
 MOL: A feather.
 ORCH: "JINGLE BELLS"
APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

-16-

SOUND: CLATTER OF PACKAGES IN CLOSET

MOL: Now don't bother me, McGee. I've almost got this closet straightened up again.

FIB: How about the big white package with the blue ribbon on it? Does it gurgle, or rattle or squeak, or anything?

MOL: I haven't touched it. Somebody around here has got to keep his curiosity under control. And as long as there's only two of us, it looks like I'M elected.

FIB: Hey, this is a wonderful pen you gave me, Molly.

MOL: You like it, dearie?

FIB: It's marvelous. Only one thing wrong with it, that I can see.

MOL: My goodness...what's that?

FIB: I just worked a crossword puzzle with it, and it don't spell very good.

MOL: That isn't the pen, it's the ink.

FIB: Oh, well I'M really quite grunted with it.

MOL: You mean disgrunted?

FIB: No, I'm very happy. It's the finest pen I ever--

DOOR OPEN:

WILCOX: Hello, friends.

MOL: Well, hello there, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Waxey, old man. How you like the new belt Molly gimme for Christmas?

WIL: It's beautiful. But aren't you folks a little previous with your Christmas presents?

MOL: Well, he was getting so snooty, Mr. Wilcox, I just had to give him a belt, one way or another. So I took the easy way.

(REVISED) -17-

FIB: Look, she gimme a fountain pen, too. Ain't that a darb? Writes ten thousands words without filling. Dunno how many it'll write when I fill it. (LAUGHS) GET IT, KIDS? I says it writes ten thous--

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: Really? I thought it had kind of a funny taint. You like the pen, Junior.

WIL: Very handsome, pal. But you'd better get your name engraved on it. Be a shame to lose a nice pen like that.

MOL: I couldn't get it engraved till after Christmas, Mr.

Wilcox. Took it to seven different jewelers, too.

FIB: Gee, did you really, Molly.

MOL: Yes and I got quite an inferiority complex, leaning over 80 thousand dollars worth of diamond necklaces, trying to get a three-dollar job of engraving done.

WIL: Gee you should have taken it to my cousin "Big Bill" Wilcox on Oak Street, Molly. One of the finest engravers in the country.

FIB: I thought all the really great engravers were workin' for the Government, Waxey.

WIL: Oh he used to.

MOL: In Washington?

WIL: Leav-north. That's why they call him Big Bill. he got caught making twenties out of tens.

FIB: They put him to work makin' little ones out of big ones for makin' big ones outa little ones, eh?

WIL: He's a terrific engraver though. He's a...WAIT A MINUTE... here...take a look at this common, ordinary little pin.

MOL: What about it?

WIL: Look at the head of it.

FIB: Kinda scratched up isn't it, Junior?

WIL: (LAUGHS) Look at it thru this magnifying glass, *which I just happened to have with me -*

(PAUSE)

MOL: WELL, HEAVENLY DAYS...ISN'T THAT MARVELOUS!

FIB: What? Lemme look at it..(PAUSE) WELL, I'M A SON OF A GUN! What does it say, Junior...can't quite read it without my glasses.

WIL: It says, *You don't have to be sharp as a pin to* ~~KNOW~~ KNOW THAT JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT IS THE FINEST BEAUTIFIER AND PROTECTOR OF LINOLEUM."

MOL: Imagine writing all that on the head of a pin.

WIL: Oh, ~~there's~~ more than that. It says: "IF YOU'RE STUCK WITH FADED, WORN LINOLEUM, BRING IT BACK TO LIFE AND BEAUTY WITH JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT, THE POLISH THAT SHINES AS IT DRIES."

FIB: My gosh..he IS quite an engraver isn't he, Waxey?

WIL: Well, the funny part of it is, it only took him 20 minutes or less to do it. The same length of time it takes for Glocoat to dry to a mirror-like finish on your linoleum. Wasn't that a co-incidence?

MOL: It's amazing. Here...let me put the pin back in your lapel, Mr. Wilcox. I'm afraid it might get lost and--

WIL: OUCH!

MOL: Oh, I'M sorry.

FIB: (LAUGHS) It's your story, Junior..and you got stuck with it.

WIL: Here, let me take your fountain pen, pal. I'll have big Bill engrave it for you.

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Thanks, Junior.

WIL: Don't mention it. I'll have it back Friday.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't he a sweet old...er....no, that's Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Look Molly...no kidding...that big white package with the blue ribbon on it...is that for me?

MOL: I tell you I don't know a thing about it, McGee.

FIB: Cross your heart?

MOL: Cross my heart....

FIB: Well, my gosh, somebody must have...HEY...MAYBE BEULAH PUT IT THERE ... OH BEULAH...HEY, BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN

BEUL: You call me, Mist' McGee, ~~can't~~ *can't*

FIB: *Why should I. You never call me, Beulah.*

MOL: ~~So~~, he wanted to know about this big white package with the blue ribbon on it, Beulah.

FIB: Did you put it in the closet here, Beulah?

BEUL: Nossuh. That package is a complete stranger to me.

MOL: Well, that's strange. Oh well, we'll find out when we open it at Christmas time. Got all your shopping done, Beulah?

BEUL: Yes, ma'am. Pratically. All I got left to git stuff fo', is Papa and Ira.

FIB: Who's Ira?

BEULAH: (GIGGLES) He's my one and only, suh. At least he's one of the few and far between. Ira, he's a FBI man.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS... *Federal Bureau of Investigation?*

BEUL: *No man-* Friendly, but Ignorant.

FIB: What does he do, Beulah?

BEUL: Insurance man, suh. He specialize in life insurance wif double indignity.

MOL: Indemnity.

BEUL: Yes'm. Only he may have to give it up, on account of a greetin' card he got this mornin'.

FIB: ON ACCOUNT OF A GREETING CARD!

BEUL: Yassuh. It say "FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES - GREETINGS!"

MOL: What's his present status, Beulah.

BEUL: Five foot nine and a half..in his socks, ma'am.

FIB: No, Beulah...how is he classified now?

BEUL: I'd classify him as ready and willin', suh. Though he sufferin' wif flat feet an' astigmatiz.

MOL: TISM.

BEUL: Oh yes tis, ma'am. He so short sighted he don' know his bes' friend across a taffy pull.

FIB: Well, they don't pull taffy in the army anyway, Beulah. He'll be okay if he can see well enough to pull a sergeant's leg.

BEUL: If he kin see good enough to pull a... (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Molly, I think we oughtta open that package..I think it msta been delivered by mistake.

MOL: It might have been at that, McGee. There's no tag on it or anything.

FIB: Think we oughtta?

MOL: Wel-l-l..I don't....

FIB: YEAH..I THINK WE OUGHTTA!...ONE SIDE, BABY...I'LL SOON SOLVE THIS MYSTERY...

MOL: Wel-l-l, if you really --

SOUND: TEARING PAPER...BOX OPEN:

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NEGLIGEE!

FIB: A negli...OH MY GOSH!

MOL: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

FIB: OH GEE WHIZZ! OH GOLLY! OH MY! THAT WAS MY PRESENT FOR YOU, BABY. BOUGHT IT A MONTH AGO AND FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT! -- IF I AIM'T THE DUMBEST BUNNY THAT EVER --

MOL: Oh now, McGee...I think it's lovely! AND JUST WHAT I WANTED! IT'S THE MOST --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Now who in the - COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister. We're all ready.

FIB: WHO'S ALL READY FOR WHAT?

TEE: Kenny and Johnny and Buddy and Ray...and me. We're already to sing..COME ON IN, KIDS!

TRAMPING FEET ENTER...GREETINGS:

~~TEE: Ohay, Mr. McGee, you and Mrs. McGee sit in a circle, you sit at the piano, Kenny. Ready, everybody? AND A ONE, AND A TWO AND A THREE!!~~

TELEPHONE RINGS

PLAID AND SWEAT

(REVISED)

21-A

FIB: Folks, three years ago, Ken Darby of our King's Men wrote for our Xmas show an original musical setting for the poem "Twas the Nite Before Christmas." Everyone seemed to like it so well that we've been asked to do it every Christmas since. We're glad to do it again tonight.

TEE: Okay Mr. McGee. Go on. Sit down. You and Mrs McGee sit in a circle. You sit at the piano, Kenny. Ready everybody? AND A ONE - AND A TWO - AND A THREE !!

ORCH, KING'S MEN AND TEENY: "Twas the Night Before Xmas"

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

-22-

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, - TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO, A STAR SHONE OVER BETHLEHEM, TO LIGHT THE WAY TO PEACE AND GOOD WILL ON EARTH. TONIGHT THAT STAR IS REFLECTED IN THE WINDOWS OF MILLIONS OF YOUR HOMES.

MOL: SO OUR CHRISTMAS WISH TO ALL OF YOU IS THAT THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE GONE OUT TO FULFILL THE PROMISE OF THAT SYMBOL MAY SOON RETURN - MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

FIB: Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH. & KING'S MEN:.....(TAG REPRIS)

ANNCR: (ON CUE) THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)