

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#23 -

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

NBC

March 6, 1945

(REVISED)

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

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson Wax Products 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: "FLYING DOWN TO RIO" - FADE FOR:

G

WILCOX: While you were getting the dinner or doing the dishes tonight, did you take a good look at your linoleum floor covering? Were you satisfied with its appearance, or was it a little on the dull and shabby side? You know there's a very good remedy for that trouble. Just treat your floor to a beauty treatment with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Then you'll have not only sparkling beauty, and bright, fresh colors -- but you'll have protection and long life for the linoleum. Manufacturers of linoleum themselves recommend GLO-COAT. Regular care with this easy-to-use polish adds greatly to the life of the floor covering. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is SELF POLISHING -- it needs no rubbing or buffing. All you do is apply and let dry -- in 20 minutes your floor is something to be proud of. And it's easier to keep clean because spilled things wipe up in a jiffy when your floor is protected with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.

WILCOX: SOME PEOPLE THINK THE REASON A NEWSPAPER IS PRINTED IN SEVERAL SECTIONS IS SO THE WIND CAN BLOW IT ALL OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD EASIER. THIS IS AN ERRONEOUS IDEA. IT'S REALLY SO TWO PEOPLE CAN READ IT AT THE SAME TIME, LIKE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WHERE ONE WITH THE SPORTS PAGE AND THE OTHER WITH THE AFFAIRS OF SOCIETY, WE FIND -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE :

RUSTLE OF PAPER

MOL: Hmm! I see where Hamface Gorton, the Denver Destroyer, kayoed Slugger Malone in the fifth round, McGee.

FIB: Oh Molly, please. That don't sound good coming from you.

MOL: Well, blame yourself, dearie. You're the one who handed me the sports section, while you grabbed the news.

FIB: Yes, but my gosh, I --

MOL: Oh, listen! "GORILLA GROGAN, THE MEMPHIS MURDERER, WINS MAT TUSSELE WITH BORIS, THE BULGARIAN BONEBREAKER.. THE GORILLA WAS ---"

FIB: OKAY, OKAY, OKAY! YOU WIN! I'll swap sections with you.

RUSTLE OF PAPERS

MOL: Thank you. You know, I never could understand ---
(RUSTLE OF PAPERS) Ohhh, isn't this sweet!

FIB: Isn't what sweet?

MOL: This about Mr. and Mrs. Calvin W. Hookweiler, of South Oak Street. They're celebrating their golden wedding anniversary! Isn't that wonderful?

FIB: Yeah, I guess it is at that. She must be the kind of a woman who never opens perfume bottles with her husband's razor blades.

MOL: And he must be the kind of man who never nags when his wife burns the bacon.

FIB: I LIKE burned bacon...Charcoal...good for the teeth. Besides, you never --

MOL: McGee?

FIB: Huh?

MOL: (SWEET) I hope you and I can celebrate OUR golden wedding anniversary. Wouldn't that be grand, dearie?

FIB: Sure it would, but -- (PAUSE) Heyy, wait a minute. That's a wonderful idea, Molly! Why don't we do it?

MOL: Welllll - uh - fine! But I don't have to go take off my apron and put on my face right now, do I? We've still got about 25 years to go.

FIB: I mean celebrate our golden wedding right now! Today!

MOL: Oh, McGee - you can't do that! You've got to be married 50 years before you --

FIB: Aaghh! That's the trouble with people these days -- always waitin' till the last minute! If we're gonna celebrate our golden wedding let's celebrate it right now - while we're sure of it!

MOL: But, McGee - you can't just --

FIB: We'll get a few friends over here and -- No, wait! I got a better idea! (PAUSE) I'm gonna take you out tonight, baby!!

MOL: That does it! That's for me! You talked me into it!

FIB: Yessir! We'll get Doc and Harlow and Alice together and go down to the Wistful Vista Biltmore for dinner and a little dancing!

MOL: Wonderful! (LAUGHS) Our golden wedding! It IS silly, McGee, but -- Oh dear! I haven't got a gift for you...

FIB: Aw forget it. I already got something for you. I was gonna save it for your birthday, but this is better.

MOL: Oh, McGee, you darling! What is it? Come on, tell mother!

FIB: Nope. Give it to you later.

MOL: Well, I'll think of something nice for you...Oh say, if we're going out for dinner, let's give Beulah the night off.

FIB: Why not?

MOL: (CALLS) Beulah! OH, BEULAH!

DOOR OPENS

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

FIB: Yeah - look, Beulah, Mrs. McGee and I are celebrating our golden wedding anniversary tonight and --

BEULAH: YOU IS BOIN' WHICH, WHEN, SUH?

MOL: Celebrating our golden wedding anniversary tonight, Beulah.

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BEUL: Well, fo' gooness sakes! When do folkses git married back in dat lil ole Peoria? When they is 2 weeks old?

FIB: Aw no, we haven't been married 50 years yet, Beulah.

MOL: Of course not.

BEULAH: Oh. You mean it only SEEM like 50 years, mam.

MOL: Yes. Er - NO, Beulah! You see, Mr. McGee just decided we ought to celebrate our golden wedding while we were still more or less young. (LAUGHS) It IS pretty silly, isn't it?

FIB: Whattaya mean - silly?

BEULAH: (GIGGLES) Why, ma'am, I think it jus' wonderful! I is plumb flabbergoosed!...My sistuh - she's always talkin' about celebratin' her weddin' anniversary - but she neveh git around to it.

FIB: Why not? No time?

BEUL: Nosuh - no husband! (GIGGLES) What you gonna do tonight, mam? You gonna have the ceremony agin, and toss yo bridal bokay downstairs? Cause if so, you is gonna find Beulah out theah in lef' field. (LAUGHS)

FIB: No, we're just gonna toss a little wing-ding for a few friends, Beulah. Little dinner party.

BEUL: Oh my, I is goin' right to work! (GIGGLES) Beulah is gonna whip you all up a five-CHEER weddin' cake that --

MOL: You mean five-TIER, Beulah.

BEULAH: Ain't gonna be no teahs today, Ma'am! This is HAPPY stuff!

MOL: Well, thanks, Beulah, but we're going to eat downtown tonight. You can take the evening off.

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BEUL: Oh well thank YOU, ma'am! (GIGGLES) Ira's in town tonight. We maybe go down to de Dreamland Ballroom tonight and terp us a lil sickery...I sorry you ain't havin' the party at home, though. I'd love to make you some punch.

FIB: And I could go for some, too, Beulah. You make good punch?

BEUL: Suh, when I delivuh dat punch - it's a knockout! My uncle invent de recipe - although he ain't been able to make it much since he got hurt in a 'splosion.

MOL: Oh my! What exploded, Beulah?

BEUL: ~~Just~~ A bowl of punch he was makin'.

FIB: Hmmm - sounds like his recipe went over with a bang! (CHUCKLES)

BEUL: Lissen to de man say "went oveh with a --" (SCREAMS) LOVE DAT GOLDEN WEDDIN' COUPLE!

ORCH: "PERFIDIA"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -10-

FIB: So I says to myself, Alice, I says - we may not all be together 25 years from now, I says - so I says why not celebrate it now?

ALICE: I think it's a wonderful idea, Mr. McGee. Let me see, now -- when you're married 25 years, that's your silver anniversary ... 50 is gold, of course ... What's 75?

FIB: Diamond.

ALICE: And a hundred?

FIB: When you're married a hundred years, Alice - you just totter over to the phone and call Ripley. That's what is known as gettin' into his column the hard way! Why, if I ever --

MOL: (FADING IN) Oh, I didn't know you were in here, Alice. Are you coming to our dinner party tonight, dear?

ALICE: I wouldn't miss it for the world, Mrs. McGee! I love parties, anyhow. I just went to one night before last.

MOL: What do you do, dear? Do you play parlor games, or dance -

ALICE: Play games. Grownup games, of course - like "spin the *bottle* plate" and "post office".

FIB: Post Office! Aagh --- I draw the line at that!

ALICE: You do, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Yes, due to an unfortunate experience in his youth, dear.

FIB: Played post office at a high school party, Alice. Girl named Marge was postmistress at the time --

MOL: The hussy!

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FIB: And she calls me into the post office, see? Well, sir, I kinda blushed and smoothed back my hair (had a terrible cowlick at the time) - and walks in. "I got a letter for you, Breezy", she says. Kids all called me Breezy in them days.

MOL: WINDY, it was.

FIB: Oh yes, Windy. "Got a letter for you, Windy", she says. So I shuts my eyes and puckers up --

ALICE: And she kissed you!

MOL: No, she gave him a letter. Her father was the real postmaster.

FIB: I never quite got over that, Alice. I was a woman hater for several days after that.

ALICE: Gee, nobody ever wanted to kiss me when I was a little girl. I had braces on my teeth and they called me Iron-Jaw Alice.

FIB: Welllll, I guess that situation has improved some by now, hasn't it?

ALICE: I guess you'd call it an improvement, Mr. McGee. I ~~wrote~~ *had to write* home last week for my braces.

MOL: Oh say, Alice, maybe you can think of some little gadget made of gold that I can give Mr. McGee.

ALICE: Well, I'll give it some thought, Mrs. McGee, and -- OH, WAIT A MINUTE! I've got a wonderful idea for a gift for him!

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MOL: Oh good! Whisper it to me, dear.

ALICE: (WHISPERS)

MOL: Welllll -- it's a cute idea. And they would be gold, all right, - but Mr. McGee would always forget to feed them. Thanks, anyway.

ALICE: I'll keep trying. See you tonight.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Goldfish, eh?

MOL: You listened!

FIB: I never no sucha thing! I merely --

MOL: Oh, by the way -- did you reserve a table at the Biltmore?

FIB: Yep. Table for five at eight ... Or was it a table for eight at five? ... Nope, table for five at eight, that's what I told 'em.

MOL: Good.

FIB: This oughta be a lot of fun, Molly. They got two swell bands down there.

MOL: Two bands? Oh dear, you have trouble enough keeping time with one, McGee. I don't see --

DOOR OPENS:

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Oh, Mr. Wilcox! ... Just the man we wanted to see!

FIB: Yep. Want you to come to a golden wedding anniversary party, Junior.

WIL: Swell! Whose?

MOL: Ours.

(PAUSE)

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WIL: Whose?

MOL: Ours, Mr. Wilcox. At the Wistful Vista Biltmore, tonight.

WIL: TONIGHT? YOUR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY?

FIB: You heard.

MOL: Will you come? And bring Mrs. Wilcox?

WIL: (PAUSE) Well gee, kids, I'd love to be there, but General Grant and Henry the Eighth and I have a date to play squat tag in Carnegie Hall tonight!

MOL: BUT WE'RE NOT FOOLING, MR. WILCOX! WE'RE SERIOUS!

FIB: Certainly. Look, Junior - we just decided to celebrate our golden wedding anniversary right now while we can still have fun --

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MOL: BUT WE'RE NOT FOOLING, MR. WILCOX! WE'RE SERIOUS!
FIB: Certainly. Look, Junior + we just decided to celebrate our golden wedding anniversary right now while we can still have fun --

MOL: And Alice Darling and Doctor Gamble and the Wilcoxes are invited. Won't you please come?
WIL: Well, I don't know who thought this up, but it's probably the most delightfully idiotic idea I ever heard! And I wouldn't miss it for the world!
MOL: Good! Be there about eight o'clock, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: We'll have cocktails first, see -
WIL: Cocktails?
FIB: Well natch! Oyster - shrimp - mixed fruit - anything you want, Junior!
WIL: Great. I'll just about have time to pick up a little gift.
FIB: NO GIFTS, JUNIOR! THAT'S OUT, SEE!
MOL: The presents are just between McGee and me, Mr. Wilcox. Only I haven't been able to think of anything for him yet. Have you any ideas? Something gold, that doesn't cost too much?
WIL: Well, let me think a minute ... Uhh -- OH, SURE, I KNOW JUST THE THING!
MOL: Oh good! What is it? Put your fingers in your ears, McGee.
FIB: Okay, go ahead.
WIL: (LOWERS VOICE) Look, Molly, you know that golden oak dresser he has in his room?
MOL: Yes ...
WIL: Well, that's sort of golden, see? So why don't we send him out for awhile and we slip up there and polish it all up with Johnson's Wax! Make it look beautiful!

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MOL: (LOW VOICE) Yes, but for a wedding anniversary gift, that hardly seems very -

WIL: (SAME) Oh, but there's nothing more pleasant to look at than a Johnson Waxed piece of furniture, Molly! And every time he sees it he'll think how wonderful it is to be married to such a good housekeeper. So efficient! So economical! A woman who thinks of Johnson's Wax immediately when she wants to make her home more attractive. Why, Johnson's Wax is -

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, WAXEY! WHAT'S JOHNSON'S WAX GOT TO DO WITH THIS??

MOL: McGee, you weren't supposed to be listening!

FIB: I WASN'T LISTENING!

WIL: Then how did you know what I was talking about?

FIB: Look, ~~Waxey~~ ^{Johnson} - when you get that slap-happy look on your pan - when your chest starts goin' up and down like a movie hero in a clinch - when you start swayin' like you were in a trance, I KNOW what you're talkin' about!

MOL: Well, I think it's wonderful to be so enthusiastic about something, McGee. The only thing you were ever carried away by, was the ambulance the time you had pneumonia!

WIL: And you know what they use on those ambulances to keep them so shiny and -

FIB & MOLLY: YES WE KNOW!

WIL: I was afraid you did. Well, see you tonight, folks!

DOOR SLAM

(2ND REVISION) -16-

MOL: Oh, I'm so glad he's coming, McGee. He's a lot of fun at a party.

FIB: He'll probably wanna dance all night, too. I hear he's been takin' rhumba lessons. From Arthur Murray himself.

MOL: Arthur Murray?? OF THE TEAMSTER'S UNION?

FIB: That's PHILIP Murray. Although Wilcox does dance a little like a brewery horse, at that.

MOL: I wish I could think of a gift for you, McGee. Something gold. Say, you don't have a bill clip, do you?

FIB: Don't need one. I just throw 'em on the hall table when they come in, anyhow. But don't worry about--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, for goodness-sakes - Doctor Gamble! Hello, Doctor.

DOC: Hello, Molly. And how are you today, good-looking?

FIB: Fine, Doc, thanks.

DOC: I was still talking to Molly.

FIB: Oh...Well look, you're invited to dinner with us tonight, Doc. At the Wistful Vista Biltmore. Eight o'clock.

It's a celebration.

DOC: Celebration of what?

MOL: Our golden wedding anniversary.

(PAUSE)

DOC: There must be something wrong with my ears. I better see a doctor and-- WHAT AM I SAYING? I AM A DOCTOR!!

FIB: And there's nothing wrong with your ears that a little adhesive tape wouldn't of fixed when you were a baby, Doc. Instead of waiting twenty-five years, we're celebrating our golden wedding anniversary tonight. Don't that make sense?

DOC: No it doesn't - but it's a splendid idea for you, at least.

MOL: Why for him, Doctor?

DOC: Well, in another 25 years, Molly, you'll still be a handsome, healthy specimen of womanhood. But little Belt-Stretcher there will resemble a weary baboon with arteries like a clay pipe!

FIB: Oh, is that so! IN 25 YEARS I'LL COME OVER TO YOUR HOUSE AND DO A STANDING BROAD JUMP OVER YOUR WHEEL CHAIR, YOU SUPER-ANNUATED OLD PILL ROLLER!

DOC: YOU COULDN'T DO A RUNNING HOP OVER A CRACK IN THE SIDEWALK RIGHT NOW, LARD-BUCKET!

FIB: THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT IT, YOU MALPRACTISING OLD MUSCLE-TWITCHER! YOU COULDN'T DIAGNOSE A CASE OF ROOTBEER!

MOL: Now boys, after all, this is hardly the time for--

DOC: LET HIM RANT, MOLLY. He's just got a physical inferiority complex because he hasn't got enough leg muscles to keep his garters up!

FIB: Why, you --

DOC: Aww, save your breath, hillbilly. You'll need it to argue with the waiter when he brings your check. See you down there.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't he a sweet old character?

FIB: He's old, all right - and he's a character - but if he's sweet, I'm Shirley Temple's grandson! He's about the--

MOL: Look, dearie, I've got to get upstairs and start getting ready. When Beulah gets thru pressing my dress (FADING) ask her to bring it upstairs, will you?

FIB: Okay, Snooky...Ahh, there goes a good kid! She knows this is the silliest idea I ever cooked up, but does she squawk?...Yelps her pretty little head off - till she finds out we're goin' dancing. Then she shuts up like--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR OPENS:

TEE: Hi, mister!

FIB: Oh, hello, Teeny. Come in.

TEE: Whatcha doin', mister? Hmm? Whatcha doin', huh? Whatcha?

FIB: Why, Mrs. McGee and I are gettin' ready to celebrate our golden weddin' anniversary ~~tony~~ sis.

TEE: What's a golden weddin' anniversary, mister? Hmm? What is it?

FIB: Welllll, it's a sort of a long story, sis --

TEE: Oh, goody!

FIB: You see - the whole thing starts when two young people fall in love. They get engaged - they get married - and then - hand in hand - they start down the long road of life together --

TEE: Why's it a road, mister? Hmm? Why is it?

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son! He's about the--
stairs and start getting
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ny is it?

(REVISED)

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FIB: Well...uh...Because it's so easy to get in a rut, I guess.
TEE: Oh.
FIB: Anyhow, they go along hand in hand - side by side - always
together --
TEE: Who?
FIB: The boy and girl.
TEE: Boy and girl??
FIB: In the story!!
TEE: Oh boy, a story! I LOVE stories! Tell it to me, mister!
Go on, tell it to me!
FIB: Dadrat it, sis, I'm TRYIN' to tell it to you!...Anyhow,
they go along through the years, sharing everything -
through troubles and trial and tribulation --
TEE: Why did they get arrested, mister?
FIB: Huh? They DIDN'T get arrested, sis. I says they --
TEE: Then why do they hafta go through a trial? Were they
framed?
FIB: Look, sis! Skip the trial!
TEE: Okay. I'll read about it in the papers.
FIB: All right!! So this young couple goes along through
sickness and sorrow - through grief and bad luck and
misfortune - through sadness and misery and trouble --
TEE: Gee - don't they ever have any fun?
FIB: Oh, sure - some. But they go right ahead *anyway* resolutely
marching forward down the rocky road of time - her little
hand in his - her little head on his shoulder - till all at
once one of 'em happens to take a gander at a calendar and
this thing's been goin' on for fifty years!!

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FIB: Well,
TEE: Will
FIB: Ohh -
TEE: ...An
FIB: Sure.
TEE: Oh boy
in the

DOOR SLAM

ORCH & KING'S MEN:

APPLAUSE

G

TEE: Oh, boy!

FIB: Soo - they throw a big golden wedding celebration and all their friends come and whoop and holler and spill stuff all over the furniture, and they live happily ever after and get their pictures in the paper.

TEE: Gee - that's a wonderful story, mister! Can I have a golden weddin' anniversary, mister? Hmm? Can I?

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Probably, some day.

TEE: Will I have to grow up and get married, like Mrs. McGee?

FIB: Well, certainly.

TEE: Will I ~~grow up and get married~~ *have a husband* like Mrs. McGee *is got?*

FIB: Ohh - if you're lucky.

TEE: ...And I'll have him for 50 years??

FIB: Sure.

TEE: Oh boy - what some women won't do to get their pictures in the paper! So long, mister!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE"

APPLAUSE

SOFT MUSIC IN BG...SHUFFLING FEET...HOLD IN BEHIND:

MOL: Ahhh, isn't this nice, McGee?

FIB: Swell. Floor's pretty crowded, but I'll weave us through that mob without bumping into-- Ooops! Sorry, sis.

MOL: Be careful, dearie.

FIB: Oh, I'm okay...Foot slipped...When you got a natural sense of rhythm like I got, you don't-- WHOOP!!!

MOL: Oh dear, you nearly knocked the man down, McGee!

FIB: Yeah. Sorry, bud, I didn't mean to-- Oh, it's you, Harlow.

WIL: In the flesh, pal. The badly bruised flesh, I might add.

FIB: (STERNLY) Well, watch where you're goin', kid - you're liable to hurt somebody! It's okay, Molly.

MOL: (DREAMY MOOD) McGee, do you remember the first dance you ever took me to? Back in Peoria?

FIB: Sure I do! In the high school auditorium.

MOL: That was the night somebody turned off the lights while we were all dancing.

FIB: Yeah. (CHUCKLES) And when the lights went out, you ducked - and I kissed my Chemistry teacher!

MOL: Miss Fidditch. (LAUGHS) I remember. And she slapped the President of the school board!

FIB: And his wife took him right home! (LAUGHS) Boy, those were the days! Sometimes I wish I-- OWWW! WATCH YOUR ELBOW, BUD!...Oh...Oh, that's MY elbow!

MOL: Maybe if you held them a little closer to your sides, McGee --

FIB: Aw, this is okay. Get a better balance on the turns with 'em out like this. You see, if you don't square off good on the turns, you're liable to skid when you--

KILL MUSIC...BURST OF HANDCLAPPING

FIB: (STARTLED) What happened? Did I miss something? What's the--

MOL: The music ended, that's all.

FIB: Oh. I thought I heard somethin' funny. Come on, let's get back to the table. I didn't have my pie yet, and if Doc Gamble gets there first, he's liable to--

MOL: Relax, dearie. He and Alice came off the dance floor right behind us, and--

DOC: (FADING IN) Well, I see you two made it all right.

FIB: Old stuff for us, Doc.

DOC: Oh, and thanks again for the dance, Alice.

ALICE: It was fun, Doctor.

SCRAPE OF CHAIRS...SCUFFLE OF FEET

FIB: Yeah, it looked like fun! Gamble, you get around that dance floor like a hamstrung hippopotamus.

DOG: (PLEASANTLY) Well, thanks, my boy. You dance with all the carefree abandon of a runaway bulldozer yourself.... I could always tell where you were by the trail of people nursing bruises! And grudges.

FIB: Hey, you had some cherry pie, Doc - how is it?

CLINK OF FORK ON PLATE

DOC: Just like Mother used to make, McGee.

MOL: Your mother a good cook, Doctor?

DOG: Terrible!

FIB: (MOUTH FULL) Tastes okay to me.

MOL: Oh, this has been a wonderful evening, McGee. There's only one thing wrong -

FIB: (MOUTH FULL) What's the matter, Molly?

MOL: Oh, I just feel badly that I never did get a gift for you, that's all.

FIB: Awww....

MOL: And I LOVE the gift you gave me! Who else would ever have thought of a gold thimble.

CLINK OF FORK ON PLATE

FIB: (MOUTH FULL) Well, I knew you always - OWW! OHHHH! OHHH!

AD LIB SYMPATHY FROM DOC AND ALICE

MOL: McGee: Darling! What on earth?

FIB: Ohhh! 'roke a toof! Cherry pit! Ohhhh, dadrat the -

DOC: Here, my boy, let's see it.

FIB: NO, DON'T TOUCH IT! 'ET YOUR 'IG FAT HANS OFF OF -- Ohhh!
MOL: Oh dear! What can -
DOC: Better get him to a dentist. Right away.
MOL: At this hour of the night?
DOC: There's one has offices next door to mine, Molly. You
grab a cab and rush him over there. I'll get on the phone
and have the dentist there and waiting. (FADING)
Go ahead now.
MOL: Oh thank you, Doctor. Come on, dearie. Oh dear, of
all the --
WAITER: (FADING IN) Is there anything wrong, sir?
FIB: MOANS LOUDLY.
MOL: There certainly is, waiter. My husband just broke a tooth
on a piece of your pie! Come on, dearie!
WAITER: Oh, I'm terribly sorry, madam! Rest assured, sir, that
the hotel will certainly not charge you a cent -
MOL: For the dinner?
WAITER: For the PIE, madam!
FIB: Look, bud, I can't stan' here gabbin' -- just give our
bill to the fat guy over there with the stethoscope in
his pocket. Come on, Molly!
ORCH: SHORT AGONY BRIDGE
FIB: (GROAN).
DENTIST: That's it - just sit back in the chair, Mr. McGee - and
we'll have a look. Relax now.
FIB: 'ill it 'urt much, Doc?
DENTIST: Oh, of course not! Open up now, let's look in there....
Hummmmm Hmmmmmmm.

FIB: NO, DON'T TOUCH IT! 'ET YOUR 'IG FAT HANS OFF OF -- Ohhh!
MOL: Oh dear! What can -
DOC: Better get him to a dentist. Right away.
MOL: At this hour of the night?
DOC: There's one has offices next door to mine, Molly. You
grab a cab and rush him over there. I'll get on the phone
and have the dentist there and waiting. (FADING)
Go ahead now.
MOL: Oh thank you, Doctor. Come on, dearie. Oh dear, of
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WAITER: (FADING IN) Is there anything wrong, sir?
FIB: MOANS LOUDLY.
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WAITER: Oh, I'm terribly sorry, madam! Rest assured, sir, that
the hotel will certainly not charge you a cent -
MOL: For the dinner?
WAITER: For the PIE, madam!
FIB: Look, bud, I can't stan' here gabbin' -- just give our
bill to the fat guy over there with the stethoscope in
his pocket. Come on, Molly!
ORCH: SHORT AGONY BRIDGE
FIB: (GROAN).
DENTIST: That's it - just sit back in the chair, Mr. McGee - and
we'll have a look. Relax now.
FIB: 'ill it 'urt much, Doc?
DENTIST: Oh, of course not! Open up now, let's look in there....
Hummmmm Hmmmmmmm.

MOL: He broke it on a cherry pit, doctor. We were -
DENTIST: Well, we'll have to drill that a little bit now -
Open wider.
FIB: GRUNTS
DENTIST: A little wider - I've got to go in there with this drill,
you know.
FIB: STRAINS - BIG
DENTIST: Oh, not that wide! I'M not going in! Just the drill!..
That's better..
SOUND: DRILL
MOL: We were having a little dinner party, you see -
FIB: 'celebratin' our 'olden 'eddin' anna-hersery.
DENTIST: Whose golden wedding anniversary?
MOL: Ours, doctor.
DENTIST: YOURS? (DRILL OFF) My word, how old were you two when
you were married?
MOL: Well, himself here was 21, but I was only -
DENTIST: Twenty-one? And 50 is - why that's amazing! By George.
I've never seen anyone so well-preserved!
FIB: 'oo - me?
DENTIST: I wouldn't take him to be a day over 65, Mrs. McGee!
Could almost pass for a man of 60. Got the teeth of a
man of 60!
DRILL ON AND OFF
MOL: Well, Doctor, you see -
DENTIST: There we are, Mr. McGee. You can sit up now.
FIB: Ahh, that feels better, Doc.

DENTIST: Yessir - but we're gonna have to give you a new tooth
there.
FIB: A new tooth? What kind of a tooth?
DENTIST: A new gold tooth.
MOL: A gold tooth? Oh, that's wonderful! I'll pay for it
myself!
FIB: Huh?
MOL: That's my present, McGee - my golden wedding present
to you!
FIB: A gold tooth? Oh, this is ridiculous!
ORCH: "I SHOULD CARE"....FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(REVISED) -28-

WILCOX: As you go about your housekeeping, from room to room, you don't stop to think about what you're doing for your family. But with every bit of your housework -- every pie that you bake, every floor that you wax -- you are expressing your love for them. And when they say, "Mom, this pie is swell" -- or "Mother, the house looks beautiful" -- you've had your reward. Here's something else to give you satisfaction. If your home is regularly wax-protected, it is a clean home -- cleaner and more sanitary, and more healthful. JOHNSON'S WAX fills the pores of wood and other surfaces -- eliminates many breeding places of germs. Moisture and dirt do not collect in clean, waxed corners. Cleaning and dusting are easier all year round. So the regular use of JOHNSON'S WAX saves you work, and every application of this famous wax polish adds greater beauty to your floors, furniture, woodwork and other furnishings. You can get JOHNSON'S WAX in three forms -- paste, liquid or cream.

McGEE

(2ND REVISION)

-29-

TAG

MOL: You know, McGee, I still think a golden wedding anniversary is a wonderful thing!

FIB: So do I.

MOL: And I'd like to congratulate every single couple who are celebrating theirs, or planning to celebrate it. I hope they have a long life - and a happy one.

FIB: And ice cream for dessert!

MOL: Why ice cream?

FIB: No seeds.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

SIGNOFF.....PLAYOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
(CHIMES)