

(REVISED)

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

#24

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

NBC

March 13, 1945

McGEE
3-13-45

(2ND REVISION) -2-

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: "BUT NOT FOR ME"...FADE FOR:

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

APPLAUSE

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(REVISED) -3-

WILCOX: NOBODY CAN GO SO COMPLETELY WESTERN AS AN EASTERNER WHO HAS SPENT TWO WEEKS WEST OF KANSAS CITY. PARTICULARLY IF HE IS SLIGHTLY BOWLEGGED TO START WITH. AND HERE TRYING ON HIS OLD RANCH CLOTHES, IN ANTICIPATION OF A VISIT FROM AN OLD WESTERN FRIEND, WE FIND HIMSELF, OF --

WILCOX: If you have light-painted woodwork in your home, you know what a problem it is, especially with children around, to keep it clean and spotless. If you wash or scrub it too often, you're apt to injure the finish. What's the answer? An easy one, JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX -- the wax polish designed especially for furniture and woodwork. This remarkable wax is creamy white -- easy to use, needs very little rubbing ... and it cleans as it polishes. It actually contains several cleansing ingredients, so that fingerprints and smudges disappear like magic. That's not an exaggeration, as you'll realize the very first time you try JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX. This polish is perfect for enameled surfaces, like your refrigerator -- for kitchen tables and woodwork -- for your dining room table and sideboard -- for chairs, beds, ornaments. JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX leaves a wax film for protection -- it gives a lustrous, soft, beautiful polish. Even if you already use the JOHNSON'S PASTE or LIQUID WAX, try a bottle of the white JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX on your furniture, light painted woodwork and icebox. You'll like it.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

APPLAUSE: Ollie Coodyke. You've heard me speak of Ollie Coodyke. I and him were in the army together, in the last war. The BIG war.

MOL: And where does he live now?

FIB: Out in California someplace. Big cattleman. Good thing I spent a lotta time out there. Be able to hunker down and palaver some real cow talk with him. Ought to have a small evening.

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MOL: You'll shore have a small evening.

WILCOX: NOBODY CAN GO SO COMPLETELY WESTERN AS AN EASTERNER WHO HAS SPENT TWO WEEKS WEST OF KANSAS CITY. PARTICULARLY IF HE IS SLIGHTLY BOWLEGGED TO START WITH. AND HERE TRYING ON HIS OLD RANCH CLOTHES, IN ANTICIPATION OF A VISIT FROM AN OLD WESTERN FRIEND, WE FIND HIMSELF, OF --

MOL: -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Boy, I sure got gypped when I bought this ten gallon hat!

MOL: Why did you? That's an awful lot of helmet for three dollars and ninety eight cents.

FIB: Yeah, but I held it under the bathtub faucet and you know what? It don't hold more'n six quarts.

MOL: Well, out west, the water goes so mach further.

FIB: Yeah...yeah, I hadn't thought of that. How do these blue jeans look? Feel like they've shrunk a little.

MOL: They do look a little tight, dearie. Particularly around the ----Oh, that reminds me...will a nice ham be all right for dinner tonight?

FIB: Sure...wonderful. Old Ollie will love it.

MOL: Incidentally, would you mind telling me once more just who this Ollie is that's bringing us a breath of the great open spaces?

FIB: Ollie Coodyke. You've heard me speak of Ollie Coodyke.

ALICE: I and him were in the army together, in the last war. The BIG war.

MOL: And where does he live now? Hunker down by the f'ar,

FIB: Out in California someplace. Big cattleman. Good thing I spent a lotta time out there. Be able to hunker down and palaver some real cow talk with him. Ought to have a small evening.

MOL: You'll shore have a rippin' time, ef yo' hunker down in
FIB: them tight britches.
FIB: Shucks, gal, fine clothes and city talk don't cut no
cactus when real men folk set around a camp-fa'r. Besides,
Ollie'll have to do most o' the talkin', I reckon.
MOL: How come, pardner?
FIB: Caint talk, myself. Britches are so tight I caint git ma
breath. Better run up stairs and git into my chaps,
instead.
MOL: Take it easy in those high heeled boots, McGee. You even
wobble when you stand still.
FIB: Haven't had 'em on for several years. They say once you
get used to 'em you'll never wear anything else.
MOL: Well, you'd get a nice sun tan that way.
FIB: I mean on your feet.
MOL: Oh. Well, personally ---
DOOR OPEN
ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Mr. McGee.
MOL: Oh hello, Alice.
FIB: Howdy, Miss Alice. Come in and set a spell, ma'am.
ALICE: I just...huh?
FIB: Rope yourself a bar stool and name yore poison, gal. How
about a slug o' rootbeer? Offer you a chaser, too, but we
don't cotton to chasers in this valley.
ALICE: No thank you, I don't believe I...but what...I mean --
MOL: Relax, Alice. He's just getting in the mood to greet an
old pal of his from the West. Hunker down by the f'ar,
Miss, and let old Hopalong McGee tell yo' how he used to
wrestle cuttle, er...rustle cattle.
ALICE: Gee, were you really a cowboy 'once, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Shore was, Miss Alice. I was top wrangler for the old Bar
Nothin' spread out in Blue Diamond, Nevada. Spent ya'rs
out there tryin' to find a bull that was nine foot from
horn to tail. Already had me a cow critter that was ten
foot from horn to tail.
ALICE: What did you want such big cattle for?
MOL: He was trying to git a long little dogie.
FIB: Never fergit the time I was chasin' a couple of mavericks
through a dry wash one day, and --
ALICE: What's a maverick, Mr. McGee?
MOL: He didn't know. He was trying to catch one to find out.
FIB: A maverick is a unbranded cow. Know what a brand is,
Miss Alice?
ALICE: Shore do, pardner. But I don't pay much mind to brands,
nowadays. Smoke any kind I kin git.
MOL: Smokin' was no problem out th'ar, Alice. Always had a
couple o' butts on their guns.
FIB: WELL SIR, THAR I WAS YIPPEE KYE-AY-IN' THROUGH THIS HERE
DRY WASH..
ALICE: What's a dry wash, Mr. McGee?
FIB: River bed without water in it, Miss Alice -
ALICE: What is it when it has water in it?
MOL: A wet wash.
FIB: WELL, SIR, THAR I WAS, SKY-HOOTIN' ALONG, WHEN ALL OF A
SUDDEN A BIG GRIZZY BA'R RIZ UP OUT OF A CACTUS BUSH.
ALICE: You mean ROSE.

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FIB: Nope. Cactus, ~~is~~. WELL SIR, MY HOSS GIVE A SNORT, SUNFISHED TWICE, SWAPPED ENDS, AND THERE I WAS, SAILIN' THROUGH THE AIR. LANDED PLUMB ONTO THE BACK OF THAT THAR GRIZZLY BA'R!

MOL: Well de-horn my Buick! Never knowed you was a bear-back rider, pardner!

FIB: Never knowed it myself till then, naw. WELL SIR, I CLUMP MY SPURS INTO HIS WITHERS, SLAPPED HIM ACROST THE FACE WITH MY SOMBERRO AND BROKE HIM FOR RIDIN', RIGHT THEN AND THAR! TURNED OUT TO BE THE ONLY FIVE GAITED GRIZZLY BA'R IN THE WORLD.

ALICE: Jeepers, what became of him, Mr. McGee?

FIB: (SADLY) Had to turn him loose, Miss Alice. Couldn't find us a blacksmith that could make shoes with toes on. Scuse me, ma'am. You dropped yor handkerchief. (FADE SLIGHTLY)
Allow me to -

SOUND: RIPPING CLOTH

MOL: You might of had a nice seat on that b'ar, pardner, but yore a little vice versa right now!

FIB: Scuse me, gals - while I go up and change my pants.

ORCH: "MAGIC IS THE MOONLIGHT"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2nd Revision) -8-

SOUND: DOOR OPEN, CLANK OF SPURS. DOOR CLOSE, SPURS IN AND STOP

FIB: Well, how do I look now, Molly? Got my spurs and my chaps and my neckerchief on.

MOL: Hmmm. Very horse opera indeed! What are you carrying the rope for? So if somebody calls you can tell 'em you're tied up this evening?

FIB: Nope. Gonna brush up on my roping. Now here's how we do it. WE ENLARGE THE LOOP...INSERT THE ~~FINGER~~ ^{FINGER} BETWEEN THE MAIN LINE AND THE LOOP, AND WITH A GRACEFUL TWIST OF THE FOREARM, WE START SWINGIN' THE ROPE...ONE (SWISH) AND TWO..(SWISH)..AND --

SOUND: GLASS CRASH: (WINDOW)

FIB: Oh-oh!...too big a loop. Wonder how bad that window is broke? I'll take a look.

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, Mr. McGee. TAKE THAT GUN OUT OF MY HAND!

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hello, gals. You're yore bronc and light down a spell.

MOL: Oh...how was that walk, gals?

MOL: YOU HEERED EAW, DIDN'TCHA! SET, STRANGERT!

WIL: Oh...er...thanks. What goes on, kids? Why is old

Wild Bill McGee all dressed up in the cowpoke costume?

FIB: Expectin' a friend o' mine from out west, son. Big stockman. We ain't to make him feel to home.

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SOUND: CLANK OF SPURS. STOP

MOL: If you tell me it's worse than you thought because it's broken on both sides, I'll scream.

FIB: Shucks, gal, you ruint my joke.

MOL: *Oh,* Well, ~~how~~ - twarnt much of a joke!

FIB: No, I reckon twarnt.

MOL: Twarnt.

FIB: Nope. WEELL, seein' I caint twirl a rope in ha'r, might's well try seein' how fast I kin draw my shootin' ar'ns.

MOL: They bean't loaded, be they, paw? My hide starts a-twitchin' at the sight of shootin' ar'ns.

FIB: No, maw. Don't git skittish. Jest wanta try practisin' drawin' a bead on somethin'. Now if a outlaw - or even a in-law - should come bustin' through that there door tha'r, I'd--

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks, I'd-- HEY...TAKE THAT GUN OUT OF MY FACE!

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Howdy, son. Hobble yore bronc and light down a spell.

WIL: Er...how was that again, pal?

MOL: YOU HEERED PAW, DIDN'TCHA! SET, STRANGER!

WIL: Oh...er...thanks. What goes on, kids? Why is old Wild Bill McGee all dressed up in the cowpoke costume?

FIB: Expectin' a friend o' mine from out west, son. Big stockman. We aim to make him feel to home.

MOL: Not a bad aim, either, pardner, if you kin hold 'er steady!

FIB: Ain't one to ask personal questions son, but yore face is shore familiar. What outfit you ride fer?

WIL: Wa'al, been mendin' fences for the old G bar C spread, pappy. City folks call it the G.L.O. Hyphen C.O.A.T. outfit.

MOL: I've heered of 'em, paw. Right nice folks. Wh'ar you located, son? Tother side o' the ridge, must be.

WIL: Yup. East side o' Racine Gulch, jest above Johnson's Canyon, in the Linoleum mountains.

FIB: Mighty sightly country; they tell me.

MOL: I hear tell they's quite a passel o' mountain lions round them parts, son.

WIL: Shore is, ma'am. Mountains lyin' all around there.

FIB: DON'T TWIST MAW'S WORDS, STRANGER!

WIL: Sorry, ma'am.

MOL: Look, son..I don't aim to be noseey, but what you got in them th'ar saddle bags?

WIL: Little gift, ma'am. Here,--- COMPLIMENTS of the ole G bar C.

MOL: Wa'al, thank ye, son. Hair oil, ain't it?
 WIL: No, ma'am. Glocoat, fer the linoleum.
 FIB: WHUT'S LINOLEUM?
 WIL: Kind of a carpet made outa cork and stuff, Easterners use to cover the cook-house floor with.
 MOL: Wa'al brand me fer a stray, what'll they think of next!
 PAW, YOU GOTTA TAKE THE BUCKBOARD INTA TOWN AND GIT ME SOME O' THAT THERE...ER...WHAT WAS THAT STUFF AGAIN, SON?
 WIL: Linoleum, ma'am. Makes a right smart floor coverin' fer places that's libel to git spilled on and foot-tracked. This here Johnson's Glocoat on it saves a heap of house-cleanin'.
 FIB: WHUT YOU TRYIN' TO DO, STRANGER? BREAK UP MY HOME? HOUSECLEANIN' IS WHAT I MARRIED HER FER.
 MOL: Now Paw...remember what you says when I give up school-ma'ammin'. You says when I got the chickens fed, and the harness polished, and the lamps filled, an' the windmill oiled an' the butter churned and the garden patch weeded, I could have the hull forenoon to myself. Remember, paw?
 FIB: Shore, maw, but I didn't figger on this dude comin' along to fill up yore time with Eastern fol de rol.

MOL: Been dreamin' for ya'ars about havin' a mite o' spare time. Like to try some o' that th'ar coldy cream on my face. Like it says in the catalog. How does this here Gloty coat work, son?
 WIL: Jest pour it out, ma'am, spread it around and wait fer twenty minutes or less.
 FIB: 20 minutes, eh? That's about time it takes the shadder of the spring house to creep past the ~~manuf. spreader~~ ^{hay stack}, maw.
 MOL: Always boil an egg, myself. When it gits hard enough to bounce, it's eighteen minutes. Ye know, Paw, ef the price of beef stays up, you ought to git us a clock, That calendar keeps time awful loose.
 WIL: ANYWAY, MA'AM, WHEN THIS H'AR GLOCOAT DRIES, YORE LINOLEUM'LL HAVE ITSELF A GLITTER LIKE A CATAMOUNT'S EYEBALLS.
 MOL: Well, we shore do thank ye kindly fer it, stranger.
 FIB: Shore you won't stay fer chow, son? It's jest buffalo hump and sody biscuits, but yore shore welcome.
 WIL: *Well, that's mighty neighborly of you*
~~Thank ye kindly, mister~~ But I got to git back to th' outfit afore dark. Evenin', ma'am.
 MOL: Evenin', son.
 DOOR OPEN: CLOSE: SOUND: HOOFBEATS FADEOUT RAPIDLY:
 FIB: My gosh, did you hear that? It sounded like he ---
 DOOR OPEN ~~Well, stop worryin'. He'll be here all right.~~
 WIL: (FAST) (LAUGHING) AH, THAT WAS JUST ME SLAPPING MY LEG!
 DOOR SLAM
 MOL: That's what I like about Mr. Wilcox. He always enters into the spirit of things.
 FIB: Well, he always enters, - I'll go that far with you.

MOL: Look, McGee...there's something I've wanted to tell you ever since you came downstairs with those chaps on.

Don't you think --

FIB: HEY, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS DELAYING OLD OLLIE OOPDYKE? Gee whizz, he ought to of been here by now.

MOL: What time does the train from San Francisco get in?

FIB: Well, as the guy says when he put the cigarette into the long holder, "Let's be Frank". I don't know.

MOL: Better call up and find out. But about those chaps --

FIB: Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE UNION STATION. YEAH, THE INFOR-THE LOVE O' MIKE, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER? WELL, THAT'S GREAT! FIRST MAN ^{to reach} ~~OVER~~ THE RHINE, EH?

MOL: Isn't that wonderful! How long has he been in the army?

FIB: He isn't in the army. He was in a watermelon eatin' contest. First one ^{to reach} ~~the~~ the rind. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH, BUSY, EH? OKAY, MYRT. THANKS ANYWAY. (CLICK) Line's busy.

MOL: Well, stop worrying. He'll get here all right. And as I was saying - about those chaps of yours --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh, maybe this is Mr. Oopdyke now, dearie. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: No, it's ~~just~~ Doctor Gamble. Hello, Doctor.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee-- WELL, PULL UP MY PANT-LEG AND HOGTIE MY CALF!! If that's supposed to be a riding habit you've got on, Buster, I'd try and break myself of it, if I were you.

FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) Howdy, Sawbones. Shore glad you come. Bring yore kit bag out in the corral - we got a mighty sick helfer out tha'r. Et some loco weed, I reckon.

DOC: Come off it, McGee. You're about as Western as the Fulton Fish Market.

MOL: He's just practising, Doctor. We're expecting an old friend of his for dinner. A big stockman from California.

FIB: Shore be glad to have ye muzzle up to the feed box with us, pardner. The vittles ain't fancy, but they're mighty wholesome. Specially the doughnuts! Haw haw haw.

DOC: LISTEN, YOU MISERABLE, MASQUERADING LITTLE MUGWUMP!

FIB: EASY ON THAT CUSSIN', STRANGER!...THEY'S A LADY PRESENT!

MOL: WHA'AR? OH...ME!

DOC: LOOK, YOU TEN CENT RE-PRINT OF A COUNTERFEIT BUCKAROO, LAY OFF THAT BUNK-HOUSE BALONEY! YOU'RE ABOUT AS MUCH AT HOME ON THE RANGE AS A CELLULOID FRYING PAN.

FIB: (LAUGHS) The ole sidewinder's got the gift o' gab, ain't he, Maw?

MOL: Shore has, Paw. Spent much time in the cattle country, Doc?

DOC: No, but I've heard more bull right here than you could pasture between South Bend and Sacramento. Where did little Wagon-Tongue here get so full of tumble weed?

FIB: Reckon I never told you, Pardner, - used to train mules for the Army out in Wyomin'.

DOC: That was a silly aspiration, if I ever heard one.

MOL: Tell about Bessie, Paw. You shore done a job with her.

FIB: Yes, I shore did. Had me one mule I trained for the signal core, Sawbones. Name of Bessie. Taught her to wig wag with her big, long ears. Used to send her up to the front lines and let her graze. Watched her ears thru a pair of barnacles -

DOC: You mean binoculars, dopey.

MOL: Always thought binoculars was what they kept a compass inside of.

DOC: That's a binnacle.

FIB: Don't give us none o' that sheep dip, stranger. Ever-body knows a binnacle is a high peak. Like they say "Reachin' the binnacle of fame", and such like.

DOC: THAT WORD IS PINNACLE.

MOL: YOU SHORE, DOC.? THOUGHT PINNACLE WAS A CARD GAME.

DOC: YOU'RE THINKING OF PINOCHLE!

FIB: THEN WHAT IN TARNATION'S A BARNACLE, CITY SLICKER?

DOC: A BARNACLE IS A MARINE ANIMAL.

FIB: WELL BESSIE WASN'T. BESSIE WAS A ARMY ANIMAL. WA'ALL, SIR, WE KEP WATCHIN' HER EARS THRU A PAIR O' BARNACLES... (PAUSE)

DOC: I pass.

FIB: AND BESSIE KEPT WIG-WAGGIN' INFORMATION BACK TO US. HOW MANY PATROLS WAS OUT...WHA'R THE GUN EMBLACEMENT WAS... WHICH WAY THE TRENCHES RUN, AND ALL STUFF LIKE THAT TH'AR. TOOK THEM GERMANS THREE Y'ARS TO FIGGER WH'AR WE WAS GITTIN' OUR INFORMATION FROM.

DOC: And then what (- as if I cared?

MOL: Then when they finally caught on ... they shot pore Bessie's ears off, Doctor.

FIB: GLEANER'N A WHISTLE. HAD TO GIVE PORE OLE BESSIE A MEDICAL DISCHARGE.

DOC: I don't know why that should have stopped an ingenious little rascal like you, my friend. WHY DIDN'T YOU TEACH HER TO SIGNAL WITH HER TAIL?

FIB: NO SIR!! I WAS NEVER A ONE TO TAKE NO BACK TALK
FROM A MULE!

DOC: What a cowhand! Ever been on a horse that wasn't
made of wood and didn't go around in a circle?

MOL: Oh yes, Doctor. He spent a couple of summers on
his uncle's ranch. Remember those evenings around
the campfire?

FIB: Shore do. Listenin' to the cowhands strummin'
their git-tars and a-singin'. I kin shut my eyes
and hear 'em now..

MUSIC: IN SOFTLY

FIB: Yessir! Old Slim Darby and his Prairie Dogs. Squattin'
thar around the fa'r....

ORCH: "I'M AN OLD COWHAND" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

FIB: Yes Sir, Ole Slim Darby and his Prairie dogs...let's
see now...they was Slim, and Rimpoek ^{Robinson} and an'
Deadwood Dobson and Lightnin'-Rod Lynn.

MOL: Whatever became of those boys?

FIB: Oh a big Dude name of Paul Whiteman heered 'em and took
'em back east. Last I knowed of 'em they was callin'
theirselves the King's men. I claim they'll never git
noplace with a moniker like that th'ar!

MOL: Look, dearie. I don't like to change the subject, but
those chaps you're wearing are --

FIB: PRETTY SNAZZY, EH? HEY, WHAT ARE WE HAVIN' FOR DINNER?

MOL: Mr. Oopdyke.

FIB: I mean to eat.

MOL: Oh. Ham and sweet potatoes. Hot biscuits. Lemon
meringue pie.

FIB: How about some maple syrup on the biscuits? As I
remember it, old Ollie used to go for biscuits and syrup.

MOL: I'll ask Beulah if we have some maple syrup. OH,
BEULAH...BEULAH!

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DOOR OPEN

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

FIB: Yeah...we got any maple syrup to put on the biscuits, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yassuh. We sho has, suh. But wif ham and yams and pie, it gonna be awful rich, Mist' McGee.

MOL: Oh, let the boys have it, Beulah. It isn't every night we have one of Mr. McGee's old sidekicks for a dinner guest.

BEULAH: Yes ma'am. Only it ain't his side that's gonna kick... it's his front! (CHUCKLES)

FIB: This man is a big cattle man from out west, Beulah. Those guys can digest anything.

BEULAH: So kin a ostrich, please, suh...but they always wind up as a feathah in somebody else's hat.

MOL: Well, don't you worry about it, Beulah. It's their responsibility. And we've got to show Mr. Oopdyke that old Western hospitality.

BEULAH: Yes ma'am. (LAUGHS). Long as we don't have to show him an ole Eastern hospital.

FIB: Reason why I'm wearin' this cowboy outfit, Beulah, is I want him to feel at home. Look kinda strange to you?

BEULAH: No suh.

MOL: They don't.

BEULAH: No ma'am. (SNICKERS) I ook fo' a couple yeahs at a dude ranch out in Yona, Arizuma.

FIB: You mean, Yuma, Arizona.

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(REVISED)

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BEULAH: Yassuh. An' three yeahs at the Bar-O ranch in Phoenix.

MOL: The BAR-O, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yes'm. They call it that because folkses always used to come runnin' up the road to Bar-O a' cup a sugar, or to Bar-O a couple eggs, or somp'm.

FIB: I always liked Phoenix, Buelah. Beautiful place. Why'd you leave there?

BEULAH: Oh, I like Phoenix too, suh! (LAUGHS) But they wouldn't raise my fee, so I says nix. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Didn't you like ranch life, Beulah?

BEULAH: Oh, it real healthy, ma'am, I admit that. But I'M a city gal, ma'am. And I can't git to sleep lessen I hears fenders bangin', flat-wheel streetcars clankin', cops whistlin' an' milkman keep them bottles noisy!

FIB: You mean you'd rather be here with a wolf, mooning at the bay, than out there with a wolf bayin' at the moon.

BEULAH: Out theah with a wolf bayin' at the listen to the man say-- (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: What was I about to say before you -- OH, I KNOW..... those chaps you're wearing, McGee...will you please --

FIB: What's the matter with 'em? I had 'em made by one of the best western outfits in Trenton, New Jersey. They said --

DOOR CHIME

MOL: My goodness...I wonder who this could be. Come in!

DOOR OPEN

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(REVISED)

-20-

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DOOR OPEN

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(REVISED)

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FIB: WELL, WHAT IS IT,...WHADDYE WANT?
MAN: I'm looking for the residence of Mr. Fibber McGee.
MOL: This is it.
FIB: AND STATE YOUR BUSINESS BRIEFLY, BUD....WE'RE EXPECTING COMPANY AND--
MAN: I am Oliver Oopdyke.
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS..PAW! IT'S OLLIE!
FIB: WELL HEMSTITCH MY HACKAMORE IF IT AINT! YOU AINT CHANGED A BIT, OLLIE, OLD HOSS!...I'D OF KNOWED YOU ANYPLACE. LIGHT DOWN AND SET A SPELL, PARDNER...YORE SHORE A SIGHT FER THESE OLD EYES! THIS HERE'S THE LITTLE WOMAN, OLLIE. MOLLY, THIS HERE'S OLLIE. OLLIE..MOLLY!
MAN: How do you do.
MOL: How do you do, I'm sure...please come in and sit down, Mr. Oopdyke..

DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: HUNKER UP TO THE F'AR THERE, OLLIE, OLD LONGHORN! BEEN HANKERIN' FER SOME REAL OLD CORRAL TALK. HOW MANY HEAD O' BEEF YOU RUNNIN', NOW? HOW'S THE GRAZIN'? ANY TROUBLE WITH NESTERS?
MAN: Er...nesters?
MOL: Homesteaders, pardner. Always muddyin' up the water holes..
FIB: And a sight too handy with a runnin' iron, Ollie. HOW BIG A TRAIL HERD YOU RUN THIS YEAR?
MAN: Trail herd. You mean cattle, McGee? Why...er...I have nothing to do with cattle.
FIB: WHAT? I THOUGHT YOUR LETTER SAYS YOU WERE A STOCK MAN.
MAN: I am. Stocks and bonds. I said I was on my way to New York because of bull market conditions.

(PAUSE)

(REVISED) -22-

FIB: Oh.
MOL: (BRISKLY) WELL, DINNER WILL BE READY IN JUST A FEW
MINUTES, MR. OOPDYKE...WOULD YOU LIKE TO WASH UP A BIT?
MAN: Yes, thank you, I would.
FIB: Head o' the stairs and second door on the left, Ollie...
MAN: Thanks.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS AND FADE OUT:

FIB: Stocks and bonds. Bull market.
MOL: Look, sweetheart. Before he comes back.
FIB: Eh?
MOL: Those chaps you're wearing. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO WEAR
PANTS UNDER 'EM!

FIB: Oh my gosh! I thought they were a little drafty!

ORCH: "I WISH I KNEW"... FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-23-

WILCOX: If you're ever in doubt about the kind of polish to use on
your linoleum surfaces, let me read you a paragraph I
noticed yesterday in a recent issue of a Home Economics
magazine. It's from an article on the care of floors --
and reads as follows: "Never use shellac, lacquer or
varnish on smooth-surface floor coverings. These will
cause discoloration, and under foot-pressure the finish
will break down and form unsightly ridges, which grow worse
with each new coat." ... All experts agree that JOHNSON'S
GLO-COAT is the ideal kind of polish for all linoleum. It
is recommended by the linoleum manufacturers themselves.
GLO-COAT gives protection against dirt, wear and moisture--
adds greatly to the life of the linoleum, keeps it new
and fresh looking indefinitely. And GLO-COAT saves you
lots of work, first because it is SELF POLISHING and needs
no rubbing and buffing -- and second because spilled things
are wiped up in a jiffy from floors protected with
JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE ON CUE FOR:

-23-

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FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -24-

TAG

FIB: FOLKS -- ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR EVERYBODY IS HANDING OUT AWARDS FOR THIS AND THAT. MEDALS AND RIBBONS AND OSCARS. TONIGHT WE'D LIKE TO HAND OUT ONE OF OUR OWN. THIS IS THE FIRST, LAST, AND ONLY "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY ANNUAL AWARD" FOR SERVICES FAR BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY.

MOL: AND THE CITATION READS:
TO AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE SOLDIER IN GREASE-PAINT. TO THE ONE-MAN VAUDEVILLE CIRCUIT, WHO HAS BROUGHT HONOR TO THE RADIO INDUSTRY AND GLORY TO HIMSELF FOR THE UNTIRING WORK HE HAS DONE - AND IS DOING - TO ENTERTAIN OUR SERVICEMEN IN CAMPS AND HOSPITALS ALL OVER THE WORLD, WITHOUT REGARD TO HIS OWN HEALTH, COMFORT OR SAFETY.

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...OUR HEARTY ADMIRATION AND RESPECT TO BOB HOPE! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

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

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

.(CHIMES)

WRITERS: Don
Phil

6:30 - 7:00 PM

V