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PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED) #1

"FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY"

for
Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

October 2, 1945

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's 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:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

From coast to coast there's one job that's getting the play right now -- and I mean that easy job of cleaning and polishing a car with JOHNSON'S CARNU. If you haven't bought yourself a package of CARNU, why not do it this week and be one of those car-owners who is proud to drive down Main Street or Michigan Boulevard or Fifth Avenue. The truth is it's so easy to clean and polish your car with CARNU that you won't mind doing it yourself. CARNU does two jobs at once, you know -- both cleans and polishes with one application. This wax-fortified polish is a liquid -- which dries on application to a white powder. When you wipe off this powder, all the dirt and road grime and dullness vanish like magic. CARNU gives a super wax-smooth finish that doesn't offer much of a foothold to dust and dirt, which you can wipe off occasionally with surprising ease. Try JOHNSON'S CARNU on your car -- this week?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: WITH A SPECTACULAR LACK OF REGRET, A LARGE PORTION OF OUR MALE POPULATION IS GETTING BACK INTO CIVILIAN CLOTHES. BUT, ALWAYS ONE TO BE DIFFERENT, THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS BUSY GETTING INTO UNIFORM. JUST WHY HE IS MAKING LIKE A SOLDIER (VINTAGE 1918) REMAINS TO BE SEEN, AS WE JOIN --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Look, Dearie --- must you wear that old army uniform today? Can't you go in civilian clothes?

FIB: No sir! This is a military occasion, and--- Hey! Hand me my blouse, will you?

MOL: Wait till I take these last two mothballs out of it.

SOUND: SLIGHT CLATTER:

MOL: Well, heavenly days...look at that! SQUARE MOTHBALLS! With little black spots on 'em!

FIB: EH? Oh my gosh...so that's where those-- HOW MANY SPOTS ON TOP?

MOL: There's four spots on one and three on the other.

FIB: Well, how do you like that! A NATURAL! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS - AND NOT A DIME RIDING ^{ON} IT! Ah well... Hey, this thing has shrunk, hasn't it?

MOL: N-n-no...I don't think so. You're just bigger in the chest.

FIB: Yes, I guess I--

MOL: And don't forget, your chest is in a different place now, too!

FIB: Well, gee whiz----

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Mr. McGee. Are you-- (PAUSE)(LAUGHS)
Oh, Mr. McGee, you're ALWAYS clowning! (LAUGHS) What a costume!

MOL: Take it easy, Alice. That's his old Army uniform.

ALICE: Gee, I thought maybe he was in a play or something.

FIB: (WITH DIGNITY) My dear child! Don't you realize that one of our greatest problems today is how to treat a returning service man? Don't you realize that you can't pick up a magazine today without reading an article about DON'T DO THIS, DON'T DO THAT, DO THIS, DO THAT, DON'T TALK TO THEM ABOUT THE WAR, DO TALK TO 'EM ABOUT THE WAR until a civilian is so darn nervous he can't talk to anybody about anything?

MOL: It's a lot of ballyscuttle, if you'll ask me. Treat 'em like they were people, I always say.

ALICE: But I don't understand, Mr. McGee. You haven't been a returned serviceman for twenty-five years. Haven't you got over it yet?

MOL: An interesting question!

FIB: Look, Alice. You remember Mayor La Trivia?

ALICE: Oh, sure. He was that big, handsome man that went into the Coast Guard.

MOL: Well, he's coming home today, Alice. He's been in the Pacific for three years.

ALICE: CREEPERS! AND THEY FINALLY PICKED HIM UP?

FIB: (PATIENTLY) He hasn't been in the Pacific all that time, Alice. He's been ON the Pacific. New Guinea, Hollandia, Lingayen Gulf, and all them places.

MOL: He's now a Chief Petty Officer.

FIB: PETTY Officer.

MOL: Well, I think he's pretty.

FIB: Yeah, but a Chief Petty Officer---

SOUND: POP..SMALL CLATTER:

ALICE: What was that?

MOL: Just a button off his blouse, Alice. Better stand off to one side of him. He's loaded.

ALICE: I think that uniform is very interesting. But why has he got his legs all bandaged up? Varicose veins?

FIB: THOSE ARE PUTTEES, ALICE! Wrap-around leggins. MY GOSH, DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE A UNIFORM FROM THE FIRST WORLD WAR? THE BIG WAR? THE ONE RIDDY ECKENBACKER AND I WERE IN?

MOL: It's Eddie Rickenbacker and before she was born, dearie. Got to go, Alice?

ALICE: Yes, I've got to go to the airplane plant and get my tools. They're reconverting and I'm laid off. And about time, too! I helped make so many airplanes there I got so I wanted one myself.

FIB: What are they gonna make now, Alice?

ALICE: Baby carriages. Well, see you later, Mrs. McGee. Goodbye, Mr. McGee. I think your uniform is simply..(GIGGLES)
OH, BROTHER!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: What was she snickerin' about? Does this uniform look that funny?

MOL: Of course not, dearie. It looks lovely. With those white tennis shoes and the polka dot bow tie, you're the snappiest-looking--

TELEPHONE:

FIB: You get it, Molly. I'm still kinda dizzy from wrapping these leggins.

MOL: All right. Where's the phone? Oh, here it is...right where we left it, June 26th. *click* (IN PHONE) 79 Wistful Vista Molly McGee speaking. OH, HELLO, MRS. CARSTAIRS. YES,, YOU ARE? WHY, WE'D SIMPLY BE DELIGHTED TO, MRS. CARST-- WHAT? OH....JUST ME. I SEE. YOU'RE THE CHAIRMAN OF-- YES, BUT--

FIB: That old tomato surprise is chairman of so many committees she has her gloves made with built-in gavels.

MOL: (IN PHONE) WELL THANK YOU SO MUCH, MRS. CARSTAIRS... GOODBYE. (CLICK) McGee! ... you know what?

FIB: No, what?

MOL: (EXCITED) MRS. CARSTAIRS IS IN CHARGE OF THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE FOR MAYOR LA TRIVIA! AND THEY'RE ALL GONNA MEET HIM AT THE RAILROAD STATION AND SHE'S GOING TO MAKE A SPEECH OF WELCOME AND ...

FIB: HEY HEY HEY ... WAIT A MINUTE!!! I GOT A SPEECH ALL WROTE OUT, AND IF THAT DIAMOND-STUDED OLD MUD RUNNER THINKS SHE'S GONNA -

MOL: --And she's GOING TO HEAD THE PARADE WITH MAYOR LA TRIVIA IN THE BACK SEAT OF HER CAR AND SHE'S ASKED ME TO RIDE WITH THEM AND I SAID YOU'D BE WITH ME AND SHE SAID THERE WOULDN'T BE ROOM FOR YOU, AND I SAID ----

FIB: JUST A MINUTE THERE! HOLD EVERYTHING.

MOL: But look, dearie, she --

FIB: I DON'T CARE WHAT SHE SAID ... NOBODY'S GONNA FINAGGLE ME OUTA THIS THING! WHERE'S MY OVERSEAS CAP?

MOL: You lost it at the Legion convention in 1936.

FIB: THEN I'LL WEAR MY AIR RAID WARDEN HELMET! WHERE'S MY AIR RAID WARDEN HELMET? BY GEORGE, AS A WORLD WAR VETERAN, I THINK I'M ENTITLED TO OH, I KNOW WHERE MY AIR RAID WARDEN HELMET IS!

MOL: Where?

FIB: Right here in the hall clos ----

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LA TRIVIA IN THE BACK SEAT OF HER CAR AND SHE'S
ASKED ME TO RIDE WITH THEM AND I SAID YOU'D BE
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KNOW WHERE MY AIR RAID WARDEN HELMET IS!

MOL: Where?

FIB: Right here in the hall clos ----

MOL: OH NO, MCGEE NO, NOT THE VERY FIRST TIME WE ---

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK BELL TINKLE:

PAUSE:

FIB: I gotta ~~clean~~ *straighten* out that closet one of these days!
(~~SLIGHT CLATTER~~) Ahh! Here's my old air raid warden
helmet.

ORCH: .. "ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

FIB: SO! Mrs. Carstairs has took over the whole La Trivia welcome celebration has she?

MOL: Yes, she has, dearie.

FIB: Where you meeting her. At her house? Or is she pickin' you up in her 40-cylinder Lincoln...the one that was given to her by Lincoln himself because she looked so much like George Washington?

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes, McGee...Mrs. Carstairs never did anything to you. Why do you dislike her so much?

FIB: Because she's rich and I'm poor. I know that ain't reasonable, but it's human. And the way I dislike her, I'm super-human.

MOL: Well for goodness sakes, try not to be so --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS...DOCTOR GAMBLE!

DOOR CLOSE:

DOC: Hello, my dear. Nice to see you. And how are you, Supermouse? What's that uniform? Western Union?

FIB: My old army outfit, Arrowsmith. How you been? How'd you spend the summer? *kid*

DOC: Oh hunting and fishing and hiking.

MOL: Really, Doctor?

DOC: Yes, hunting vacant beds in hospitals, fishing for appendices, and hiking thirty miles a day thru maternity wards. Great little vacation!

FIB: Thirty years of doctoring, and he can't say appendixes. Well, you don't look a day older, Doc. Not a day older than a hundred and six.

MOL: Did you hear about Mayor La Trivia coming home from the Coast Guard today, Doctor?

DOC: I did indeed, my dear. And it'll be a great day for Wistful Vista. Those addelepatated incompetents in the City Hall need somebody who knows a parking ordance from a sewer assessment.

FIB: La Trivia's the best mayor we ever had. He's the only politician in town that can wear a silk hat without lookin' like Jiggs sneakin' out to Dinty Moore's saloon.

MOL: And his swallow-tail coat never looks like it had spent the summer at Capistrano.

DOC: I'm depending on him to help get the city some new ambulances. Those two broken-down fracture trucks we have now spend so much time in the repair shop, my patients get to the hospital smelling like Diesels.

MOL: This has been a pretty hard time for the doctors who had to stay home, hasn't it?

FIB: PTAH! Don't let this four-flushin' old artery-pincher kid you, baby. What's such hard work about tearin' off eight inches of adhesive tape four times a day?

DOC: He's right, Molly. It's really a soft touch. If I hadn't been given a beautiful new stethoscope for Christmas, I'd give up medicine and go straight.

FIB: Tired of it, Doc?

DOC: Tired of it? Did you ever try making a living by having people stick their tongues out at you?

MOL: Yes, he did doctor. He used to work in a railroad ticket office.

DOC: AH, TOUCHE! (LAUGHS) Well, will I see you at the reception for La Trivia, this afternoon, McGee? I'M on Mrs. Carstairs committee.

FIB: WHAT? IS EVERYBODY ON THAT COMMITTEE BUT ME? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?

DOC: We went into that subject at a luncheon meeting but we had to adjourn for dinner, so we never arrived at a conclusion. Good day, my dear. So long, Corn-borer.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: WELL THIS IS A FINE STATE OF HOW DO YOU DO! MAYOR LA TRIVIA'S BEST FRIEND, AND THEY DON'T EVEN ASK ME TO BE ON THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE!!!!

MOL: Well, my goodness, dearie, there'll be such a crowd at the station you won't have a chance to talk to Mr. La Trivia anyway.

FIB: Yeah...but the point is, I'M BEING FROZE OUT! If I knew what train he was comin' in on, I'd go to the next town up the line and...

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WIL: HELLO, FOLKS.

MOL: Hello there Mr. Wilcox. My goodness, we haven't seen you for ages.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Watcha been doin' since we saw you last?

WIL: Oh, spending most of my time at the golf course. SAY, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT MAYOR LA TRIVIA COMING HOME TODAY?

MOL: Yes, we did, Mr. Wilcox...isn't it wonderful? I'm going to ride in Mrs. Carstairs automobile in the parade.

WIL: Oh swell...me too. I'm on her committee.

FIB: (SCREAMS) WHAT? YOU TOO? CARSTAIRS...MOLLY...DOC GAMBLE...AND NOW YOU! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE ANYWAY? AM I BEIN' INTENTIONALLY LEFT OUTA THIS?

WIL: I've nothing to do with it, Pal. Mrs. Carstairs is handling the whole celebration. And I'll bet La Trivia will be happy to be a civilian again.

MOL: I suppose he will. Although men form some very strong friendships in the service. McGee did, I know.

FIB: I sure did. And speakin' of friendships...I'll never forget what my sergoant says to me the day I was discharged...three little words that changed the whole course of my life.

MOL: What were they, McGee? Those three little words?

FIB: Well, sir, there we were...just off the boat at Newport News...fellas that'd been through thin and thick together...thin underwear and thick mud...fought and bled together...BUDDIES!! Well sir...we knew lots of us would never see lots of us again...and it was kinda...well...kinda sentimental...all of a sudden my sergoant comes up to me, puts his arms around my shoulders...and says those 3 little words: - "GO HOME..CIVILIAN!"

WIL: What outfit were you in? To judge by that uniform you've got on, you were with the Lewis and Clark expedition.

FIB: Can't tell you that, Junior. I can only give you my name, rank and serial number. International law. Security reasons, you know.

MOL: Oh don't be silly, McGee...that was 25 years ago.

FIB: Sure it was...and the War Department would STILL like to know who stole that box car full of....AHHH, THOSE WERE THRILLING DAYS, JUNIOR...DID I EVER TELL YOU HOW I WON THE CROIX DE GUERRE?

WIL: DID YOU WIN THE CROIX DE GUERRE....REALLY?

FIB: I won it, Junior...but I didn't get it. Jealousy, you know. You see, two other guys and me kidnapped Von Hindenberg one night.

MOL: MCGEE YOU NEVER TOLD ME THAT!

FIB: I was afraid it might frighten you. It did me. Anyway, we kept Von Hindenberg prisoner in a little patch of woods, behind the German line...hammerin' questions at him all night long, with a bayonet stuck in his back. He answered every question, too! When he'd answered everything we threw him out, and went back to our own lines.

WIL: With some pretty valuable information too, I guess?

FIB: Would have been Junior...but none of us understood German so we never knew what he told us, but that's enough about me, Junior. I don't like to talk about my experiences.

MOL: Since when?

FIB: I...er..AHEM. YOU SAY YOU SPENT MOST OF THE SUMMER ON THE GOLF COURSE, JUNIOR? Do you...er....you think those...er....certain people up there in...you know...Wisconsin...the folks that make the..you know..the stuff...think they'd approve of that?

WIL: You mean the Johnson Wax people in Racine? Sure....they LOVED IT.

MOL: You mean they APPROVED of your wasting the summer playing golf?

WIL: Playing what?

FIB: GOLF!

WIL: Oh I don't play golf.

(REVISED) -17-

MCL: But..but...you said you spend most of the summer on the golf course.

FIB: What were you doin' - trappin' gophers?

WIL: No, I just sat there on the first tee, with my bag of clubs.

(PAUSE)

FIB: You do it, Molly.

MOL: No. You do it.

FIB: Somebody's gotta do it.

MOL: We'll both do it. WHAT WERE YOU DOING, MR. WILCOX, SITTING ON THE FIRST TEE?

FIB:WITH YOUR BAG OF CLUBS, IF YOU DON'T PLAY GOLF?

WIL: That's an interesting question. ^{You see} I had a can of Johnson's Wax sitting beside me, see?

MOL: No.

WIL: ^{Yes} Well, it was the perfect demonstration of Johnson's Wax. For wood for leather, for enameled surfaces..I'd wax my golf shoes and the golf bag..LEATHER! Then my clubs... WOOD!

FIB: They use steel clubs nowadays, Waxey.

WIL: Who cares? Then I'd wax all my golf balls. ENAMEL! Well, sir, by that time there'd be a crowd around me, watching, and I'd give them a short pitch on Johnson's Wax. How it protects against the elements...preserves the finish..seals the pores against dust and dampness, and how it adds life and beauty to so many things.

MOL: What was the reaction, Mr. Wilcox?

(2ND REVISION) -18-

WILCOX: SAY YOU'RE GOING DOWN TO MEET LA TRIVIA, PAL?

FIB: You couldn't keep me away with a ten foot Pole named Stanislaus Walensky.

MOL: See you there, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Right!

DOOR SIAM:

FIB: Ahh, good old Waxey! I love the way he tightens up and gets so excited when he talks about Johnson's Wax ... what do you suppose causes that?

MOL: Surface tension.

FIB: Oh of course, I should have known that he ---

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: MRS. CARSTAIRS! HOW NICE TO SEE YOU!

CARST: Good afternoon, my dear. You're looking very well!

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. Look ...I got a bone to pick with you!

CARST: How delightful!! And then shall we bark at automobiles for an hour or so?

MOL: He just wonders why you didn't ask him to be on the welcoming committee for Mayor La Trivia, Mrs. Carstairs.

FIB: DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT LA TRIVIA AND I ARE EXTREMELY GOOD FRIENDS, CARSTY?

CARST: I did.

mc

FIB: Did you realize that with me bein' a ex-serviceman myself, I might be the logical person to handle a difficult situation like this? Don't you think it would be fitting for one war hero to welcome the other war hero? MAY I ASK WHY YOU DELIBERATELY GIMME THE HINDU SHUFFLE ON THIS DEAL?

CARST: Pray do.

MOL: Pray do what, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: Pray ask me.

FIB: OKAY. WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF INCLUDING ME OUT OF THIS CELEBRATION?

CARST: Since you are so insistent, Mr. McGee, it was at the request of Mayor La Trivia, himself. We have corresponded with him concerning his arrival, and he said in his last telegram, and I quote, "AND PLEASE SEE THAT FIBBER MCGEE IS KEPT IN THE BACKGROUND." Unquote.

(PAUSE)

FIB: (SOFTLY) "Please see that Fibber McGee is kept in the background!" By George, I think that's the finest compliment a man ever had!!!

MOL: Did you say compliment, dearie?

FIB: Don't you get it? That LaTrivia is so sentimental, he's afraid if he sees me first thing, he'll just go all to pieces! Can't trust himself! Imagine him bein' so emotional?

CARST: Well, now that we have settled that to Mr. McGee's satisfaction, - and a remarkably cheap settlement it was - may I have a word with you, my dear?

mc

MOL: Why of course, Mrs. Carstairs. Excuse us, Dearie.

FIB: Why sure!

CARST: Now as for the arrangements, my dear...we all meet down at the railroad station, and form a group at the gate (FADE) so when Mayor La Trivia's train comes in, I'll be ready with ----

FIB: (ON MIKE) "Please keep Fibber McGee in the background"! I'M gonna treasure them words as long as I live! To think that La Trivia thinks so much of me, that -

ORCH: "ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE"

APPLAUSE:

mc

THIRD SPOT:

SOUNDS: STATION NOISES...TRAINS IN B.G., ETC.....VOICES....FADE FOR -

MOL: Heavenly days...what an ant hill this station is! I don't know why the railroads can't arrange to have their trains come in some place that isn't so crowded!!! I wonder where Mrs. Carstairs...oh there she is...YOOO HOOO.. MRS. CARSTAIRS!!! YOO HOO!

CARST: (FADE IN) Ah, there you are, my dear! Is that awful little...er...is your husband with you?

MOL: No he isn't. He just walked out of the house muttering something about staying in the background. He seemed --

MOL: OH LOOK, MRS. CARSTAIRS...THERE'S MR. WILCOX AND DOCTOR GAMBLE! YOO HOO...BOYS!!! OVER HERE!

SOUND: TRAIN NOISES UP SLIGHTLY AND FADE:

DOC: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Hello, Millicent. Harlow and I were wondering what train our wandering Coast Guardsman was coming in on.

WIL: Never end a sentence with a preposition, Doc.

DOC: I'm old enough to end a sentence with a split infinitive if I want to. And I want to, but I can't think of one.

DOC: Where's little Napoleon, Molly? Don't tell me he's going to miss this glorious opportunity to make a silly ass of himself.

MOL: He just disappeared, Doctor.

CARST: I intentionally failed to tell him that there would be a newsreel cameraman here. I think you will agree that Mr. McGee is not our most photogenic citizen.

WIL: You're not whistling Dixie there, lady!

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WIL: You're not whistling Dixie there, lady!

MOL: Oh I don't know. I think McGee photographs very well.
He has a nose just like Bob Hope.

DOC: Yes, and he has shoulders like Clark Gable...one on each
side. However, that moth eaten old uniform he was wearing
is --

P.A. VOICE:
YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE! TRAIN NUMBER 31, "THE CINDER-
BUCKET" WILL ARRIVE IN TWO MINUTES ON TRACK THREE FROM
EAST ST. LOUIS, KANKAKEE, MOLINE, JOLIET, AND, ODDLY
ENOUGH, HAVANA, CUBA!

CARST: Come Gentlemen....we must be at the gate, to welcome the
mayor...

SOUND: STATION NOISES UP..VOICES...TRAIN WHISTLE IN DISTANCE....
FADE IN RAPIDLY....COME TO HALT, PUFFING.

WIL: Well, where's La Trivia?

DOC: I don't see anybody in uniform on that train. Except
that dumpy little guy in the....OH, NOW WAIT A MINUTE....
IT CAN'T BE!!!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS..IT'S MCGEE!! MCGEE..HOW DID YOU GET ON
THERE?

FIB: Hiyah folks!!

CARST: There's Mr. La Trivia right behind him...trying to see
what's going on...MOVE ASIDE, MR. MCGEE!!! MOVE ASIDE!

WIL: Look at La Trivia trying to peek over McGee's shoulder.
He looks like the middle Andrews sister.

FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT IS MY PROUD
PRIVILEGE TO --

CHORUS FROM DOC, WILCOX..CARST...BE QUIET!! WE WANT LA TRIVIA!! ETC,
ETC.

FIB: (UNPERTURBED) TO WELCOME HOME FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC....
CHIEF GUNNER'S MATE, HIS HONOR, MAYOR LA TRIVIA!!!!

CHEERS:
LA TRIVIA: THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS! NEEDLESS TO SAY, I HAVE LOOKED
FORWARD WITH A GREAT DEAL OF ---

FIB: Hold it a minute, La Trivia. I wasn't through yet. FOLKS
SINCE I CLIMBED ABOARD AT THE EDGE OF TOWN, I HAVE BEEN
BRIEFING LA TRIVIA ON HOW TO CONDUCT HIMSELF IN CIVILIAN
LIFE.... I BEEN TELLING HIM HE CAN'T EXPECT TO GO INTO
THE FIRST STORE HE COMES TO AND BUY A GIRDLE...HA HA HA.
HE CAN'T EXPECT TO...

(REVISED)

-25-

SHOUTS: PIPE DOWN!...GET OFFA THERE!...LET THE MAYOR TALK!!

CARST: Come, Mr. Mayor..we have a car waiting for you.

LA TRIV: Thank you Mrs. Carstairs....And it's wonderful to see you again...

FIB: I was just tellin' La Trivia that the cigarette situation was...

DOC: HELLO, LA TRIVIA, YOU SEA-GOING WARD-HEELER! HOW ARE YOU, BOY!

LA TRIV: DOC GAMBLE! WHY YOU BALD-HEADED OLD MIDWIFE! GLAD TO SEE YOU - AND HARLOW WILCOX!!

WIL: WELCOME HOME, PAL! WE'VE BEEN KEEPING THE BALLOT BOXES HOT FOR YOU.

LA TRIVIA: WELL, I MUST SAY I...WELL, MOLLY MCGEE...HELLO, MOLLY!

MOL: Hello. Mr. Mayor...I....I.....This is such a ...(SOBS)

FIB: I BEEN TELLIN' LA TRIVIA ABOUT WHAT US CIVILIANS BEEN THROUGH WHILE HE WAS OUT THERE IN THEM LAZY OLD SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, FOLKS. I TOLD HIM WE ---

P.A.VOICE ATTENTION PLEASE...TRAIN NUMBER 31, THE "CINDER BUCKET," NOW LEAVING ON TRACK THREE. BOARRRRRRRRD!

SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE...TRAIN STARTS SLOWLY:

LA TRIV: WAIT A MINUTE!...MY DUFFLE BAG!...I MUST HAVE LEFT IT ON THE TRAIN....MCGEE, WOULD YOU MIND...

FIB: I'LL GET IT LA TRIVIA!!!! (FADE) I'LL BE BACK IN A SNIP WITH YOUR GRIP.

MOL: HURRY, MCGEE!!!

SOUND: TRAIN A LITTLE FASTER

LA TRIV: I must say, folks, that when ^{McGee} he got on the train at the edge of town, I was...

FIB: OFF MIKE, OVER TRAIN: I CAN'T FIND IT, LA TRIVIA!!

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(REVISED)

-26-

MOL: GET OFF, MCGEE...GET OFF...QUICK!! NO, DON'T...IT'S GOING TOO FAST!

SOUND: TRAIN UP FAST...MCGEE SCREAMING: "LET ME OFF! STOP THE TRAIN!!"...FADE OUT WITH DISTANT WHISTLE

CARST: Pardon me, Mr. Mayor...but this is your duffle bag right here, isn't it?

LA TRIV: (QUIET LAUGH) Yes, isn't it! ... As I was saying...when McGee got on the train at the edge of town...

ORCH: "YOU CAME TO ME" - FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY SHOW
TUESDAY 8:30 PM PT NBC
OCTOBER 2, 1945

-27-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Every now and then I feel that I should say something extra special about the newest form of JOHNSON'S WAX - to make sure you know about this new CREAM WAX that was developed for furniture and woodwork. It's quite different from the regular LIQUID and PASTE WAX. It's a white liquid, and it contains several cleansing ingredients, so that it does an amazing cleaning job. You can make this test in just a moment. Apply a little CREAM WAX with a cloth to a strip of light-colored woodwork, or your window sill or refrigerator. Take a stretch that has smudgy fingerprints or other dirt, and notice how this disappears instantly. Then with a minimum of rubbing, you give furniture and woodwork a soft, satiny wax lustre that is beautiful. This wax finish is dry, not oily, so dirt and dust don't cling to it. It gives furniture and woodwork real wax protection, and makes your housework easier. Even if you already have the PASTE or LIQUID JOHNSON'S WAX on hand, try just one bottle of CREAM WAX. You'll really like it.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

(2ND REVISION)

-28-

FIB: -LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SEVERAL YEARS AGO THERE WAS A YOUNG FELLOW SINGING WITH THE ORCHESTRA ON THIS PROGRAM. HE WAS A NICE KID, AND EVERYBODY LIKED HIM, IN FACT, EVERYBODY LIKED HIM SO MUCH THEY'RE MAKING HIM ONE OF THE TOP SINGING STARS OF TODAY. HIS NAME IS --

MOL: PERRY COMO! AND OUR CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES TO HIM!

FIB: THEN, A LITTLE LATER, THERE WAS A DRUMMER WITH BILLY MILLS' ORCHESTRA. BUT HE HAD SOMETHING BESIDES A SET OF SKINS AND A WIRE BRUSH. HE HAD IDEAS, AND ~~THEY'RE~~ *that idea* MAKING HIM A MISERABLE LITTLE FORTUNE. KNOW WHO WE MEAN?

MOL: SPIKE JONES! NICE GOING, SPIKE.

FIB: THEN THERE WAS AN ACTOR NAMED HAROLD PEARY. AFTER SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS WITH US, HE DECIDED THAT CRIME DIDN'T PAY AND, AS "THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE", IS MAKING SUNDAY NIGHT RADIO HISTORY. MORE POWER TO HIM!

MOL: AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, FROM THESE LITTLE TUESDAY NIGHT WEENIE ROASTS, THERE CAME A CHARACTER NAMED "BEULAH"! WE WANT TO EXTEND OUR CONGRATULATIONS AND ALL GOOD WISHES TO MARLIN HURT AND HIS OWN "BEULAH" SHOW!

FIB: IT ALL JUST GOES TO PROVE, FOLKS, THAT CLASS WILL TELL.

MOL: YES... WHO KNOWS...MAYBE SOME DAY MCGEE AND I WILL HAVE A SHOW OF OUR VERY OWN!

FIB: BUT - THAT'S FOR THE FUTURE! GOODNIGHT.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

PLAYOFF: SIGNOFF:

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WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of
JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES for Home and Industry, inviting
you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Stay tuned
for Bob Hope - And remember Tuesday is a bigger comedy
night than ever with your old friends Amos 'n' Andy being
heard just before FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY! Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

sj

Writers: DON QUINN
PHIL LES

NBC - Tuesday