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(REVISED)

*File*  
#3 A -

"FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY"

For

Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

October 16, 1945

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McGee - 10/16/45

(2ND REVISION)

-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: "I FEEL A SONG COMING ON" - FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
OCTOBER 16, 1945

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: In every block there's some fellow who keeps his automobile looking a little better than anybody else. Maybe that's you -- maybe yours is that shiny car that sits proudly at the curb in front of your house. In that case, you've probably discovered JOHNSON'S CARNU. It is easy with CARNU to keep your car shiny and beautiful looking all the time. It takes so little work you'll gladly clean and polish the car yourself -- easy because CARNU really does two jobs at once -- both cleans and polishes with one application. This wax fortified polish is a liquid -- easily applied with a cloth, without hard rubbing. Then CARNU dries to a white powder, and brother, when you wipe this off you wipe away the dirt and gloom like magic. Honestly, CARNU does an amazing cleaning job -- and it leaves such a wax-smooth finish that dirt and road grime don't have an easy foothold. Now just in case you haven't discovered easy-to-use CARNU, why not try it this week. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

10/12/45

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: ONE OF THE PRICELESS PRIVILEGES OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN IS THE RIGHT TO POP OFF ABOUT THE GOVERNMENT. NATIONAL, STATE, AND MUNICIPAL. IN THIS CASE, IT'S MUNICIPAL. IT SEEMS THAT THE CITY <sup>OF</sup> WISTFUL VISTA HAS FAILED IN ITS DUTY TO TWO OF ITS TAXPAYERS -- NAMELY, AND TO WIT:

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: I'LL BLAST THOSE BUZZARDS OUTA THE CITY HALL, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL SHOW THOSE BABY-KISSING, BALLOT-STUFFING WARD HEELERS WHO SWINGS A LITTLE POWER IN THIS TOWN! THIS IS THREE TIMES IN FIVE YEARS THEY'VE DONE THIS TO US!

MOL: Oh well, my goodness, dearie, it might have been just an oversight, and--

FIB: OVERSIGHT MY CLAVICLE! IT'S THINGS LIKE THIS THAT CAUSE EPIDEMICS. THIS MIGHT START A PLAGUE THAT WOULD SWEEP THE STATE --

MOL: Look, dearie...just because they didn't collect our garbage today doesn't mean a thing. You didn't carry it out to the curb till nine-thirty.

FIB: WHAT AM I EXPECTED TO DO - MAKE A FORMAL APPOINTMENT WITH THEM HONEYWAGON PIRATES? THEY COULD CHECK BACK THIS WAY AND SEE IF OUR GARBAGE WAS OUT, COULDN'T THEY? WE GIVE 'EM A NICE GIFT EVERY CHRISTMAS, DON'T WE?

MOL: Of course we do. You'd think they'd remember a dollar longer than that.

FIB: You betcha. Say suppose there was about two hundred fifty thousand people in this town. Suppose everybody gives the garbage man a buck every Christmas. THAT'S TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.! A QUARTER OF A MILLI  
----(PAUSE) My gosh. A quarter of a millio---- By george I could drive one of them trucks as good as anybody! HAND ME THE PHONE...I'M GONNA CALL MAYOR LA TRIVIA.

MOL: Here. But aren't you assuming a little two much when -

FIB: ANY GUY WITH MY INFLUENCE AT THE CITY HALL SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING A JOB LIKE THAT, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS KNOW THE RIGHT PEOPLE....(CLICK) THAT'S ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS KNOW.

MOL: Yes but....

FIB: HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME MAYOR LA TRIVIA AT THE CITY HALL UP A CHAIR AND SIT DOWN, MOLLY....IT'S MYRT.

MOL: You'd think a city this size would have more than one phone operator, wouldn't you?

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR SISTER.? MISS AMERICA, EH?

MOL: Oh isn't that wonderful? Is she in Atlantic City?

FIB: No, she married a guy in England. Says she's gonna miss America. LOOK, MYRT, WILL YOU PLEASE....

MOL: HOLD IT, MCGEE...THE GARBAGE MEN ARE PICKING UP THE GARBAGE RIGHT NOW!

FIB: Eh? OH OKAY....SKIP IT MYRT! THANKS ANYWAY. (CLICK)  
(LAUGHS) That shows what influence will do, snooky. I merely THREATEN to call the city hall and them monkeys start jumping.

MOL: Sometimes I wonder why you don't go into politics, McGee.

FIB: Not enough money in it, if you're honest - and too much trouble if you're not. Personally, I just as soon be a silent figure in Wistful Vista politics. The man who knows everybody. The man who--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: That's probably Westbrook Pegler wanting to know how to spell Roosevelt. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Mrs. Carstairs. So nice to see you!

CARST: How do you do, my dear. Good day, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Carsty. Sit down and build yourself a lap.

CARST: ...er... Thank you.

MOL: Take Mrs. Carstairs' coat, dearie.

FIB: Sure! Shoot the sable to me, Mabel! 'At's a girl! Now then, what seems to be troubling you, Carsty? What's puttin' all the furrows in your well-plowed brow?

CARST: I am sorry that my agitation is so obvious, Mr. McGee. But...I AM perturbed.

MOL: Well, tell us all about it, Millicent, dear. If there's anything we can do, we'll be glad to.

FIB: You betcha, kid. Tell Old Uncle Fibber your troubles. You owe some bookie more'n your allowance will cover? Forget it. Gimme his name and I'll win enough to tide you over.

CARST: That isn't exactly the -

FIB: YOU WORRIED ABOUT PUTTIN' ON WEIGHT AGAIN? Don't let it worry you! Remember, elephants are a lot more popular than snakes.

CARST: No, Mr. McGee, I -

FIB: You found a telephone number written in lipstick on your husband's dress shirt? So WHAT? Nobody'd give a guy like him their right number. Besides --

MOL: MCGEE...WHY DON'T YOU LET MRS. CARSTAIRS HAVE A WORD?

FIB: Eh? Why sure...have a word, Carsty. Have two, they're small.

CARST: My trouble is this, Mrs. McGee. It is IMPERATIVE that I be in Florida next Monday for my niece's wedding. Are you familiar with Pensacola?

MOL: Yes, and I like it, too...though I'd just as soon have root beer.

FIB: NO, NO, NO, Molly...she says PENSACOLA. That's a town in South Carolina.

CARST: Florida.

FIB: What'd I say, South Carolina? It's a town in Florida. When do you leave, Carsty?

CARST: That, is the crux of the whole matter, Mr. McGee. I CAHN'T leave because I find it impossible to get a train reservation. My seketry is on her vacation, and Mr. Carstairs is out of the city. I am almost desperate enough to...to... What does one call it - weigh my thumb?

MOL: No. "Thumb your way", dear.

CARST: Yes. Though I shudder at the veddy picture of a Carstairs sitting on a suitcase at the side of the road.

FIB: Oh, I dunno, Carsty. You'd be surprised how much abuse a well-made suitcase can take. BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I'LL GET YOU ON A TRAIN! I'll get you a double compartment with hot and cold running brakemen. Old Atchenson, Topeka and Santa Claus McGee, that's me!

MOL: You might just as well go home and start packing, Mrs. Carstairs. And you might as well throw in some fishing tackle, too.

CARST: Fishing tackle?

MOL: Yes, I wouldn't put it past him to route you by way of Nova Scotia.

FIB: NEVER MIND WHAT WAY I ROUTE HER. I'LL  
GET HER TO PENSAVANIA BEFORE SHE CAN--

CARST: Pensacola, Mr. McGee! Please call me the moment  
you have my reservation. And if a man answers,  
DON'T hang up...it will be I - me...HOARSE with  
excitement! Good day, and thank you so much.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

(PAUSE)

MOL: Well...shall I run upstairs and get you your wool  
muffler?

FIB: What do I need my wool muffler for?

MOL: You've stuck your neck out so far I don't want you  
to catch cold.

FIB: Ptahh...hand me the phone! (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR?  
GIMME THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA AND THE SANTA FE.

ORCH: "ATCHISON, TOPEKA AND THE SANTA FE"

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: (FADE IN) McGee did you have luck with---

FIB: Wait a minute, Molly...I'm talkin' on the phone. (ON PHONE)  
Now look, Mack...here's my problem...I got to get a friend  
of mine's wife on the rattler to Pensacola, see? Yeah...  
it's a matter of life and death...if I don't do it, she'll  
kill me...Now wait a minute, Mac...this is a...I've got a...  
It's extremely...yeah, but Mac...I...HELLO...HELLO...  
(CLICK CLICK) Hmm. Disconnected!

MOL: Who's Mac? General MacArthur?

FIB: Nope. Friend of mine name McNally. Used to sing baritone  
in the old Winter Garden Four. Great pal of I and Fred  
Nitney.

MOL: Who?

FIB: Fred Nitney. He's a fellow from Starved Rock, Illinois,  
that he and I used to have a vaudeville act together. You  
know, singin' and dancing and witty sayings. Never forget  
one time we played a split week in Boise Idaho and  
Frankfort Kentucky. It was a ---

MOL: How could you play a split week in places so far apart?

FIB: Fred went to Boise and I went to Frankfort. I used to sing  
smart sophisticated songs like "IF I GOTTA DRINK CHAMPAGNE  
FROM HER SLIPPER, I GOTTA GET A GAL WITH SMALLER FEET".  
All special material like that.

MOL: But what's all this got to do with getting Mrs. Carstairs  
a train reservation?

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FIB: Well, this McNally I was talkin' to, used to play snooker with a guy named Charley Bonfield, see? And this Bonfield married a gal who used to be private secretary to a man who was a cousin of Hap Vanderveen who went to school with Gordie Bestel. AND BESTEL IS THE BARBER THAT CUTS THE HAIR OF P, Morten Brilling, THE PRESIDENT OF THE T.S. & R. RAILROAD. You see how it pays to have connections.

MOL: No.

FIB: Me either. Bonfield moved to Michigan. Vanderveen is in the South Pacific, Bestel won the Irish Sweepstakes in 1937 and lives in Bermuda and Brilling hasn't been president of the railroad for 16 years. BUT I'LL FIND SOMEBODY, BY GEORGE! I STILL GOT CONNECTIONS. I GOT AN IN AT THE CITY HALL, DON'T FORGET.

MOL: Have you tried calling the President of the Railroad?

FIB: Several times. Can't get to him. His smart aleck secretary keeps cuttin' me off. EVEN AFTER I TELL HER WHO I AM!

MOL: You don't mean "even". You mean "especially". Are you sure you weren't cut off accidentally?

FIB: Sure I'M sure. Look, I'll show you. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR GIMME WISTFUL VISTA 1234524. YEAH...(PAUSE) PRESIDENTS' OFFICE, PLEASE. (PAUSE) HELLO. THIS IS MR. MCGEE SPEAKING. A VERY CLOSE FRIEND OF MR....ER...WHAT'S THE PRESIDENT'S NAME AGAIN? EH? RUDOLPH? RUDOLPH WHAT?... OH....I'M A VERY CLOSE FRIEND OF RUDY'S AND I WANTED TO SPEAK TO HIM ABOUT A RESERVA.....HELLO!! HELLO!! (CLICK) (CLICK) See? She does that every time.

MOL: Who else have you called?

FIB: My gosh, everybody I could think of. In the last hour, I've talked to a State Representative, the Brotherhood of Pullman Porters, the Interstate Commerce Commission and a guy named Godfrey P. Dugmore.

MOL: Who's Godfrey P. Dugmore?

FIB: I dunno. I got him on a wrong number. Very interesting chap. He said he was the first guy to go over Niagra Falls in a wardrobe trunk.

MOL: My goodness!

FIB: Yup. He says as soon as he gets outa the hospital he's gonna try it again without drawers. In the trunk, I mean.

MOL: Well, it looks like you'd better get to Mayor La Trivia, dearie. Time's a wasting, and ---

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Well for goodness sakes ....DOCTOR GAMBLE! How are you Doctor?

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Pot-holder.

FIB: Hiyah, Arrowsmith. Just the guy I wanted to see.

DOC: O.K. Toad face. Stick out your tongue and say "ah".

FIB: AHHHHH---I'M ALL RIGHT. WHO DO YOU KNOW IN THE RAILROAD RACKET, DOC?

DOC: Well, the Chairman of the Board of the Wistful Vista and Eastern has been under my care for seven years.

MOL: Heavenly days...what's he got, Doctor?

DOC: Three railroads, a castle in Scotland, a four-hundred foot yacht, two ex-wives, arterio-sclerosis and a tendency to pinch waitresses.

FIB: Well look, kid...give him a buzz on the Ameche and see if he can swing me a good reservation on the train to Pensacola, will you?

DOC: No.

MOL: Why not, Doctor?

DOC: Because he spends his afternoons on the golf course and if interrupted would fly into a rage, which would raise his blood pressure, and he's already so red in the face he looks like he looks like an indian, and strangely enough, he is. What time is it?

FIB: Three forty-one, Doc. Why? Gotta go?

DOC: Yes. I've got to be at my office at four o'clock to extract a dog's tooth.

MOL: Heavenly days, isn't that a job for a veterinarian, Doctor?

DOC: No, I have to extract this one from a mail carrier's derriere. See you later.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: What's a derriere?

MOL: It's a French word, dearie, meaning the back of the lap.

FIB: Oh, that! Doggone it, If that secretary at the office of the President of the road wasn't so -- HEY - I GOT AN IDEA. HAND ME THE PHONE!

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME WISTFUL VISTA 1-2-3-4-5-2-4. (PAUSE) (IN PHONE) HOWDY, MA'AM...THIS IS WILD BILL HORNADAY SPEAKIN'. WILD BILL HORNADAY FROM WYOMIN', PRESIDENT O' THE TONTO CATTLEMANS ASSOCIATION...

MOL: (ASIDE) Waal, yippy my oh ki-yay, if paw ain't a character!

FIB: (IN PHONE) LOOK, MA'AM...I'VE SHIPPED A HEAP O' BEEF CRITTERS ON YORE RAILROAD, AND I'D LIKE TO ASK YE A TRIFLIN' FAVOR. I GOT TO GIT ME TO PENSACOLA, FLORIDY, AND IF YE KIN ROPE ME A RESERVATION, I-- Hello. Hello! (CLICK CLICK) SHUCKS, MAW, SHE CUT THE W'AR ON ME!

MOL: Cain't understand it, Paw...you were shore mighty convincin'. I could almost hear them maverick's bawlin' down thar in the silkwoods.

FIB: Cottonwoods, maw.

MOL: Scuse me. Forgot the place was kinda run down. (SWITCH BACK) Look, McGee...the time is getting short. You'd better call the city hall and get Mayor La Trivia to help you with Mrs. Carstairs reservation.

FIB: Well, I hate to do it till I have to. My gosh, there must be SOMEBODY I know that's--

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hiya, Pal.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: HIYA, JUNEY! LOOK, KID...YOU KNOW ANYBODY CONNECTED WITH THE T.S. & R. RAILROAD?

WIL: The T.S. & R. What railroad is that?

FIB: The Tallahassee, Saskatchewan and Richmond. The T.S. & R.  
MOL: Otherwise known as The Two Streaks of Rust.  
WIL: OH, THE TALLAHASSEE, SASKATCHEWAN AND RICHMOND!! SURE....  
I know the purchasing agent very well! He buys Johnson's  
Wax from me by the carload!  
MOL: SPLENDID!  
FIB: Here's the phone, Junior, tell him I----

WIL: With the job he's got, of course, he realizes how  
Johnson's Wax preserves and protects their  
equipment - brings out the natural beauty of the  
wood in their club cars - and helps to keep their  
dining cars spotless and gleaming.  
MOL: Of course it does that, but --  
WIL: He wouldn't think of using anything else to  
protect the leather upholstery from dirt and dust  
and dampness - to keep the pictures frames and  
the lampshades clean and new-looking --  
FIB: Yeah, we know all that, Junior, but --  
WIL: No railroader who's ever seen what Johnson's Wax  
can do to beautify the interiors of his lounge  
cars and Pullmans would ever think of using  
anything else, and --  
FIB: Look, Waxey!!  
WIL: Pardon me, pal?  
FIB: About Carstairs' reservation --  
WIL: Who?  
MOL: Mrs. Carstairs, Mr. Wilcox. McGee promised to  
get her on a train to Pensacola.  
WIL: Oh...Oh yes. You're sending Carstairs to  
Pensacola.  
FIB: That's right.  
WIL: I think it's a marvelous idea!! Best of luck,  
pal, and let me know how you come out. Bye, now.  
DOOR SIAM:



FIB: Oh, that boy, that boy.

MOL: I don't like to say this, daddy, but aren't your connections coming a bit loose? The influential people you've contacted so far couldn't give you standing room in a gondola.

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, I MUST KNOW SOMEBODY AROUND HERE THAT'LL BE USEFUL. IF THAT SECRETARY IN THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE WASN'T SO DADRATTED SNIPPY, I-- Lemme try her again. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR. GIMME-- EH?  
NO, MYRT, NOT NOW...HAVEN'T GOT TIME! GIMME WISTFUL VISTA 1-2-3-4-5-2-4. YEAH... (PAUSE)

MOL: Wild Bill Hornaday rides again!

FIB: Quiet, Snooky. (IN PHONE) 'ALLO...MIST' GUM CHOO LONG, CHINESE EMBASSY SPEAKING...LIKE VELLY MUCH CATCHEE NUMBAH ONE LESEVATION ON LAILLOAD TLAIN FO' PENSACOLLE CHOP CHOP... HELLO...HELLO...(CLICK CLICK) Aw, dad rat the dad ratted..

MOL: Well, you know what Confuscious say: "Man who make big bluff, apt to fall over it in dark."

FIB: Well, she's got no business cuttin' me off. If she realized who I was--

**DOOR OPENS:**

MOL: Oh, hello, Alice - come in, dear. Alice? Has she been

FIB: Hi, Alice.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee...Mr. McGee. (Slightly sees and speaks)

MOL: Aren't you a little late for work today, Alice?

ALICE: Oh, this is my day off, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: How is the new job, Alice? You're workin' at the Bon Ton now, aren't you?

ALICE: Yes, at the perfume counter, Mr. McGee - and it's perfectly facinating! Did you know we have some perfumeS down there that sells for about seventy-five dollars an ounce?

MOL: You really pay through the nose for those, don't you?

ALICE: One woman opened a bottle to sniff it and asked me if she could have just a dollar's worth. And before I could say no, she'd had it!

FIB: Hey, is it true that a lot of men are beginning to use fancy smelling toilet water and stuff, Alice?

ALICE: Oh yes, Mr. McGee - but we call those items by very masculine names so men wbn't mind asking for them. You ought to try "SOUVENIR DE SAWMILL" or a bottle of "LOCKER ROOM ESSENCE" or maybe some of our "COLOGNE DE CABOOSE".

FIB: Hey, speakin' of cabooses, Alice - do you happen to know anybody down at the railroad station?

ALICE: Creepers, yes, Mr. McGee - my cousin Marjorie. You're heard me mention her.

MOL: Oh yes, I have.

FIB: Great! Great! What does she do, Alice? Has she been there long?

ALICE: Oh yes -- she's been there for simply ages and ages!

MOL: Ah, at last we're getting somewhere!

(2ND REVISION) -20 & 21-

FIB: Yeah, who's office is she in? The President's?

ALICE: Oh, she's not in any office, Mr. McGee - she's waiting to get on a train.

FIB: What?

ALICE: Sure - I take her sandwiches every day....~~Goodbye now.~~

FIB: Oh, this is ridiculous.

ORCH: KING'S MEN: "IN THE MIDDLE OF MAY"

APPLAUSE

(2ND REVISION) -20 & 21-

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APPLAUSE

MOL: Look, McGee...why don't you give it up? After all, you don't HAVE to get Mrs. Carstairs a train reservation.

FIB: No, I don't have to...but won't I look like a mugg if I fall down on the job! I had to flap my big fat lips about what a big shot I was...knew all the right people...friends everywhere...and what happens? Looks like I couldn't influence a ninety point Marine to accept his discharge papers.

MOL: You know...that girl at the office of the President of the railroad. If there was some way you could avoid using the word Pensacola...that's what tips it off that it's you everytime.

FIB: HEY...I'LL BET YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT'S WHAT GIVES ME AWAY. HAND ME THAT TELEPHONE AGAIN.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR, I WANT-- EH? NO, MYRT, PLEASE...NOT NOW...GIMME WISTFU, VISTA 1-2-3-4-5-2-4...YEAH. (PAUSE)

MOL: Old Paul Muni McGee...the man of a thousand voices...

FIB: (IN PHONE) Evenin', ma'am. This heah is Cunnel Beaugard speakin'...Cunnel Beaugard, ma'am... from Mount Julep, No'th Ca'lina. That's about halfway between here and-- HELLO! HELLO! (CLICK CLICK) Why, that lil Yankee whippesnapph!

MOL: That ought to about end your impersonations for the day, dearie. Even Mason and Dixon had to draw the line someplace.

FIB: WHAT THEM RAILROADS NEED IS A LESSON IN COURTESY, THAT'S WHAT THEY NEED IS A LESSON IN. IF I EVER GET TO OWN A RAILROAD--

MOL: OWN ONE! My dear boy...you can't even get a friend a ride on one.

FIB: And I'm beginning to feel a little cheap, too. Here I go blowing around about knowin' people in the right places and--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES...MAYOR LA TRIVIA. THIS IS QUITE AN HONOR, YOUR HONOR!

LA TRIV: Good afternoon, Molly. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Politico! YOU'RE JUST THE GUY I WANTED TO SEE! I don't wanna ask you for any favors for myself, you understand, but--

LA TRIV: That, in my experience, is approach #2. Number one is: "I want a favor." Number two is: "I want a favor for a friend." Number three is: "I want to do YOU a favor, Mr. Mayor." Number three is the one that is always loaded. Any time anyone does a politician a favor, there are enough strings to it to equip the violin section of the Boston Symphony.

FIB: This is a very simple thing, La Trivia. You can do this with one eye tied behind you.

MOL: He wants you to use your influence with the railroad, Mr. Mayor.

LA TRIV: Whom do you wish me to corrupt in what railroad, McGee?

FIB: The T. S. & R., La Trivia. Tallahassee, Saskatchewan and Richmond. All we want is a decent reservation to Pensacola, Florida. That ain't so tough, is it?

LA TRIV: Oh, not at all, my boy. And when I finish that little task I shall be happy to bake you a lemon meringue cake in the shape of the Taj Mahal. Then let's you and I put on our bathing suits and climb Mount Everest. (SHARPLY) WHO DO YOU THINK I AM - THE WIZARD OF OZ?

MOL: Is it ~~so~~ difficult to get train reservations, Mr. Mayor? I mean, I know it is for common people like us, but after all, an important man like you is--

FIB: CAN'T SWING IT, EH, LA TRIVIA?

LA TRIV: As it happens, my friends, the President of the T.S. & R., is a fellow club member of mine. We play chess together twice a week.

MOL: McGee used to play chess, too, didn't you, McGee.

FIB: Used to be a marvel at it, La Triv. One night I played twenty-seven opponents, while blindfolded.

LA TRIV: You don't say. How many games did you win?

MOL: He didn't win any. He stumbled over a chair and knocked himself out for three hours.

FIB: BUT...That's in the past. You say you're a pal of the railroad prexy, eh La Triv?

LA TRIV: Yes...he was asking me just this afternoon if I could use my influence to get him a set of automobile tires.

MOL: And did you?

LA TRIV: I did not. I wouldn't use my influence to get anyone enough rubber to erase a comma from a petition to remove me from office.

MOL: What did he need a set of tires for, Mr. Mayor?

LA TRIV: He wants to drive to Florida, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: DRIVE to Florida. WHY DON'T HE TAKE ONE OF HIS OWN TRAINS.

LA TRIV: This is the point at which I was trying to arrive. HE CAN'T GET A RESERVATION! I hope that answers your inquiry. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, of all the dad-ratted, ungrateful...HERE I VOTED FOR THAT GUY EVERY TIME..SOMETIMES TWICE AT A TIME...AND HOW DOES HE SHOW HIS GRATITUDE! THIS IS A FINE STATE OF... Oh my gosh...how'm I ever gonna tell Carstairs?

MOL: Have you exhausted every single angle, dearie?  
FIB: Yes, and myself too! My gosh, I'd of SWORE --  
MOL: AH AH!  
FIB: Excuse me. I mean I WAS SURE I knew somebody that could swing it for me.,but no....I...I guess I'm just a flop. A failure.....Just a big windbag that never ---  
MOL: McGee.  
FIB: Eh?  
MOL: I have an idea. Hand me the phone.  
FIB: It's no use. I've tried all tho dialects.  
MOL: Hand me the phone please, dearie.  
FIB: Okay. Here.  
MOL: Thank you. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR. GIVE ME THE UNION STATION PLEASE. (PAUSE) HELLO, TICKET OFFICE? WHAT HAVE YOU ON THE T. S. & R. FOR PENSACOLA TOMORROW NIGHT? DRAWING ROOM B IN CAR 172? WELL, PLEASE RESERVE IT IN THE NAME OF MILLICENT CARSTAIRS. THANK YOU. GOODBYE.  
(CLICK)  
FIB: WELL I'LL BE A.....A DRAWING ROOM!!! WELL WHADDYE KNOW ABOUT THAT! BY GEORGE I KNEW I KNEW SOMEBODY THAT COULD SWING IT! HAND ME THAT PHONE AND I'LL TELL CARSTY! I'LL SHOW HER WHO HAS INFLUENCE IN THIS TOWN!  
MOL: You're simply wonderful, dearie.  
FIB: AH, IT'S NOTHIN'! JUST GOTTA USE YOUR HEAD, THAT'S ALL.  
(CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? <sup>NO NO NOT NOW MYET</sup> GIMME THE RESIDENCE OF  
MRS. CARSTAIRS ON ---  
ORCH: "IN THE VALLEY" ~~THEME~~ FADE FOR ---

McGee & Molly  
10-16-45

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Here's one thing you can really count on -- if you protect your things regularly with wax -- with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX -- your home will be more and more beautiful. Your floors will have that rich, mellow beauty that good housekeepers love so much. Your table tops, furniture, woodwork, windowsills will have that glow and lovely lustre that only regular Johnson-waxing can give them. And in every room there are other things that will benefit by regular waxing -- venetian blinds, picture frames, ornaments, leather goods. This wax method of taking care of your things is called protective housekeeping. It's the modern, smart way to protect and beautify your home -- and you ladies discovered it yourselves, by finding so many extra, labor-saving uses for JOHNSON'S WAX in your homes. This famous wax polish comes in three convenient forms -- the paste, the liquid, and the new, white cream wax especially developed for furniture and woodwork. Many housekeepers keep all three kinds on hand.

ORCH: THEME UP -- FADE FOR --

TAG

MOL: What did Mrs. Carstairs say when you told her you had a reservation for her, McGee?

FIB: She said skip it. She said she changed her mind. Said she wasn't going.

MOL: WELL MY GOODNESS...AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE YOU WENT TO!  
What did you say?

FIB: Oh, I says that was perfectly okay. Then I asked her if she was gonna be here two weeks from Wednesday.

MOL: What difference does that make? What's two weeks from Wednesday?

FIB: (NASTY LAUGH) Halloween!

MOL: OOOOOOH! GOODNESS!

FIB: Goodness won't have anything to do with it!.. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all!

ORCH: BUMPER:

SIGNOFF:

P

Writers: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY"

for  
Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

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