

Writers: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED) #4 A

*File*

"FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY"

for

Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

October 23, 1945

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
10-23-45

(2ND REVISION)

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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 Kings Men and Billy Mills'  
orchestra!

ORCH: "OKLAHOMA"....FADE FOR:



S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST  
OCTOBER 23, 1945

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: When the world is so full of confusion as it is today, our homes become even more important to us. All your efforts to give your own home those extra touches of beauty and care are a real contribution to your family - just as JOHNSON'S WAX is a help to you in adding that extra beauty. Consider, for example, what gleaming waxed floors do for your living room - how a protective coat of JOHNSON'S WAX brings out the beautiful grain and gives a lovely lustre to your dining room table top, sideboard - in fact all of your furniture and woodwork. Yes, I doubt if there is anything you can do in your home that will pay as rich dividends in beauty and charm, as the regular use of JOHNSON'S WAX on your floors, furniture and woodwork. Of course it saves you lots of work in the long run, too, because waxed things are so easy to keep clean and shining - and remember, the wax takes the wear, and the finish underneath is safe. Genuine JOHNSON'S WAX comes in three forms - Paste, Liquid and the new Cream Wax.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

-4-

WIL: THE AVERAGE U.S. MALE IS NEVER HAPPIER THAN WHEN HE IS LOOKING THROUGH THE MORNING'S DELIVERY OF THE U.S. MAIL. AND HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, THE SQUIRE IS TRYING TO LOOK AS IMPORTANT AS ~~THREE CIRCULARS~~, ONE POSTCARD, A CHAIN LETTER AND A GAS BILL WILL PERMIT. AS WE JOIN --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Who's the postcard from, McGee?  
FIB: A friend.  
MOL: What friend?  
FIB: I dunno. That's all the signature there is. "A friend."  
MOL: Well, what does it say?  
FIB: It says "WHY DON'T YOU RAKE THE LEAVES OFF YOUR FRONT LAWN? ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE A SLUM OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD?"  
(Signed) A friend.  
MOL: A fine friend! Do you recognize the handwriting?  
FIB: It ain't handwrote. It's typewrit. I mean it ain't hand written. It's typewrote. No, I mean -  
MOL: I know what you mean, dearie. And while I believe that sending anonymous letters is a cowardly, cheap and awful thing to do...WHY DON'T YOU RAKE THE LEAVES OFF THE LAWN?  
FIB: Fertilizer.  
MOL: What?  
FIB: Leavin' 'em there intentionally. Let the snow cover 'em. Let 'em rot. Next year we'll have the finest lawn in the neighborhood.

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MOL: Wel-l-l yes...there's that. And then too, if you let those leaves lie there a few thousand years, you'll have a ton of coal. What are those two letters?

FIB: Haven't opened 'em yet. This one is kinda heavy.....  
(TEARING PAPER) I wonder what --

SOUND: CLANK OF METAL

MOL: Oh, my goodness...a chain letter! What's the other one?

FIB: I'll see...(TEARS LETTER OPEN) WELL I'LL BE A...HEY THIS IS FROM MY COUSIN ERNEST. My gosh, I haven't seen old Ernest since..well, way before the....or even...Say, come to think of it, I don't even KNOW cousin Ernest. Must be one of the West Side McGees.

MOL: The what?

FIB: The West Side McGees. I guess I never told you about the family feud. You see in 1876 my great-great-grandfather, Patrick Henry McGee, got accidentally locked in a smokehouse for three days. When he got out, he was so dark my great-great grand-uncle Mackintosh McGee smacked him with an axe thinkin' he was an Indian. That kinda split the family up.

MOL: Well yes, I can see how it would. But I never was one for family quarrels. What does Cousin Ernest say?

FIB: He's coming to visit us for a few days.

MOL: When?

FIB: Oh we got lots of time to get ready for him. He won't be here 'till the 23rd.

MOL: Fine. That will give me time to clean the guest room and..  
MCGEE, THIS IS THE TWENTY-THIRD!

FIB: WHAT? IT IS? WELL GEE WHIZZ...I GOTTA GET BUSY. GOTTA GET A GUEST CARD TO THE ELKS CLUB. GOTTA LINE UP A COUPLE POKER GAMES. GOTTA SEE IF --

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello there Alice.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee....Mr. McGee. Any mail for me?

FIB: Just a letter from the airplane plant, Alice. They said they hated to see you leave their employ and wished you good luck and enclosed your final pay check for thirty-nine dollars and eighteen cents.

MOL: MCGEE, DID YOU OPEN ALICE'S LETTER?

FIB: Certainly not. I was just seeing who it was for and I happened to be lighting a cigar at the time and I happened to get the letter between me and the lighted match and I'd read the whole thing before I realized what I was doing.

MOL: Yes, he was so absent minded about it Alice, he had to light three more matches before he could make out the amount of the check.

ALICE: Oh that's all right, Mrs. McGee. Some people might think he was a nosy little snoop, but I know it was just a friendly interest.

FIB: HEY!, don't make too many social commitments for the rest of the week, kid. I may wanna arrange a few dates for my cousin Ernest. He's comin' to visit us.

MOL: Maybe he's married, McGee.



(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: I doubt if Ernest is married. None of the West Side McGees ever got married until late in life. Cousin Hubert didn't get married till he was 87. Married a kid of 65. Everybody said he was silly, marryin' a girl 22 years younger'n himself. But...they were very happy until he died twenty years later. Broke his neck falling off his polo pony.

ALICE: What does your cousin Ernest look like, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Frankly, Alice, I don't quite remember Cousin Ernest. But all the West Side McGees were good looking. Great Uncle Folsom used to pose for collar ads.

ALICE: Creepers, really?

MOL: Yes indeed. Then the harness business folded up and he had to go to work.

FIB: Just keep a few evenings open this week, Alice. I think you'll like cousin Ernest. If he's like the rest of them West Side McGees he'll keep you out dancing till the cows come home.

ALICE: I used to go with a boy like that. He kept me out dancing till the cows came home and then get sore because I wouldn't help him with the milking.

MOL: He'll probably be here by dinner time, Alice. You can meet him then.

ALICE: That will be super, Mrs. McGee. Gee, I hope he's tall and handsome with lots of money. Oh, what am I saying! What do I care how tall or handsome he is. Goodbye now. I'll go upstairs and check over my engagement book.

DOOR SLAM:

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(2ND REVISION) 8-9-10

MOL: I do wish I knew more about your cousin Ernest, dearie. I'd like to know what to cook for him and everything.

FIB: Well, in the first place, he must be my second cousin. He's one of Aunt Lucy's Boys, and she's a second cousin to Annie Hogan. There's a lot of dough in that branch of the family. Maybe I can get cousin Ernest to invest a few thousand bucks in a certain project of mine.

MOL: What project?

FIB: I dunno, but I'll think of one. HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT?

MOL: No. What?

FIB: I'm gonna throw a big dinner for Ernie at the Elks club tonight. Get the private dining room! Flowers on the table. Salted cups in little paper nuts, Architects with melted butter.

MOL: You don't mean architects, sweetheart. You mean artichokes.

FIB: Go on. An artichoke is a ... is a ... (PAUSE) Boy, this is a tough one, ain't it?

MOL: Let's skip it.

FIB: Okay. HEY? WHERE'S MY PARCHEESI BOARD? All the West Side McGees are great parcheesi players. You know where the parcheesi set is?

MOL: Yes, I think it's --

FIB: I know. In the hall closet.

MOL: NO, MCGEE I JUST SAW IT ---

SOUND: DOOR OPEN...AVALANCHE OF JUNK...BELL TINKLE, PAUSE

MOL: -- upstairs on the table in the hall.

FIB: Oh. Intidentally, remind me to straighten out this closet one of these days.

ORCH: "I'M GONNA LOVE THAT GUY"



SECOND SPOT

(REVISED) -11-

MOL: Did you ever get in touch with the Elk's club, McGee?

FIB: Yup. They're gonna fix up the private dining room for me. Gonna have squab, corn on the cob, architects with melted bu-

MOL: ARTICHOKEs.

FIB: Artichokes with melted butter, and crepe suzettes for dessert.

MOL: Isn't squab pretty expensive?

FIB: The chef is given' me a special rate. He raises homing pigeons and they lost their last six races. HEY WHAT ARE CREPE SUZETTES?

MOL: Four alarm pancakes. Who are you inviting to this olambake, dearie?

FIB: Oh just a few intimate friends, Mayor La Trivia, Alice Darling, Doc Gamble, Wilcox, old Lady Carstairs, and you, of course.

MOL: Well, thank you! It's nice to be numbered among your intimate friends. I'd hate to think we'd just been casual acquaintances all these years.

FIB: Oh I gotta have you there. Somebody's gotta insist that I make a speech. Right after the dessert, you say "I THINK WE OUGHT TO HAVE A FEW WORDS FROM OUR HOST." And I'll kinda blush, and everybody will applaud, see...and then I'll get up...kinda bashful and make a brief speech. I got it all wrote out.

MOL: It will be worth the entire expense of this thing to see you blush, McGee.

FIB: It's easy if you know how. Just gotta hold your breath a few minutes. Then when-

DOOR CHIME:

*Mel - Come in*

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DOOR CHIME:

*Mel - Come in*



DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. And how are you, Egghead?

FIB: Fine, Butcher-boy. HEY DOC. WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT?

DOC: What I usually do. Make my rounds at the hospital, answer a few phone calls about whether or not it's all right to eat lobster and ice cream at the same meal, conduct my regular classes for amateur fathers in baby-burping, and then go to bed for a well-earned rest ... Which I won't get because some dimwit has ~~chosen~~<sup>to pick</sup> the hour of four A.M. to light a match to look into his gas tank.

MOL: Well, IS IT all right to eat lobster and ice cream at the same meal, Doctor?

DOC: It's a matter for individual research, my dear. I've done it, and loved it. But I happen to have a digestive apparatus designed by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

FIB: Reason I asked what were you doing tonight, Arrowsmith, is I'm havin' a special dinner at the Elks for my Cousin Ernest. Like to have you there. Not on account of your personality, but just in case somebody chokes on a bone.

DOC: Thank you, my boy. I'll be there, if I can make it. But don't get annoyed if I'M called away in the middle of the salad course to usher a new little vital statistic into the world. Have I met cousin Ernest?

MOL: No, and neither have we, Doctor. He's coming to visit us for a few days.

DOC: Well, it will be nice to meet him. Particularly if he has --

TELEPHONE RINGS:

MOL: I'll get it. (CLICK) 79 WISTFUL VISTA, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'. WHO? YES HE'S RIGHT HERE. (ASIDE) For you Doctor.

DOC: Thanks. (IN PHONE) GAMBLE SPEAKING. WHO? OH YES, ... WELL, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER AND TAKE CARE OF IT! JUST DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. YES, RIGHT AWAY. (CLICK) If you'll excuse me, folks, I've got to make an emergency call.

FIB: Something serious, Doc?

DOC: Yes, I've got to go show a woman how to remove stains from a rug.

MOL: That's an unusual thing to ask a doctor, isn't it?

DOC: No, that was Mrs. Stains calling. Her husband is pie-eyed again. SEE YOU AT THE ELKS, MCGEE.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well -- Hadn't you better get down to the Elk's and see if everything is all right for your dinner party?

FIB: Say, I guess I better had, at that. I gotta confer with the chairman of the greens committee.

MOL: The GREENS COMMITTEE!

FIB: Yeah... I wanna be sure there's no sand in the spinach tonight. You can help arrange the flowers in the table and ---

DOOR OPEN:



WIL: Hello, Molly. Hello, Pal.  
MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.  
FIB: Junior, you're just the guy I wanted to see. You free for dinner tonight?  
WIL: Well, I was taking my wife out to a Chinese restaurant. Every now and then she gets a yen for some Gung Far Chee and Lim Tooley.  
FIB: Well, look, Juney...I gotta cousin comin' for a visit and I'm throwin' a little marshmallow roast at the Elks. Why don't you bring your sparring partner and join us?  
WIL: Gee, I'd love to, Pal ... let me use your phone and I'll check with Sugarface.  
MOL: Help yourself, Mr. Wilcox. Tell her it's strictly informal. Plaid tie and toothpicks.  
WIL: OKAY (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR, GIVE ME WESTWOOD OH OH, OH OH, OH OH, ONE.  
FIB: He must have known somebody to get a low number like that.  
WIL: (IN PHONE) HELLO, IS THIS THE WILCOX RESIDENCE? MR. WILCOX SPEAKING. I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO MRS. WILCOX PLEASE. YES. (PAUSE)  
MOL: Who was that?  
WIL: One of the butlers.  
FIB: ONE OF THE BUTLERS!  
WIL: Yes ... Tillie Butler does the house cleaning... Pete Butler washes the windows. (IN PHONE, VERY SACCHARINE)  
HEL-LOOOO, DREAM BOAT?...IS THIS DADDY'S LITTLE TAFFY APPLE?  
MOL: How long has he been married?

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hello, Pal.  
MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.  
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MOL: Who was that?  
WIL: One of the butlers.  
FIB: ONE OF THE BUTLERS!  
WIL: Yes ... Tillie Butler does the house cleaning... Pete Butler washes the windows. (IN PHONE, VERY SACCHARINE)  
HEL-LOOOO, DREAM BOAT?...IS THIS DADDY'S LITTLE TAFFY APPLE?  
MOL: How long has he been married?



FIB: I'm beginning to wonder if he IS married.  
WILL: (IN PHONE) LISTEN, HONEY-LIP ... REMEMBER MR. MCGEE?  
YES ... Only you mustn't talk like that, Loveykins ...  
they'll take our phone out ... Well, WE'RE INVITED TO  
HAVE DINNER WITH THE MCGEES AT THE ELKS CLUB TONIGHT ...  
WHAT? BUT YOU CAN DO THAT IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS, DEAR.  
REMEMBER WHAT DADDYKINS IS ALWAYS TELLING YOU?  
FIB: What are you always telling her, Daddykins?  
MOL: Quiet, McGee!  
WIL: LOOK, JELLYCAKE ... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS POUR OUT A  
LITTLE JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT ... NO, GLOCOAT ... G.L.O....  
MOL: Hyphen.

WIL: C-O-A-T. GLO-COAT. OH, THERE'S LOTS OF IT ON THE SHELF IN  
THE BACK HALL. YES...WELL, JUST POUR A LITTLE OUT ON THE  
LINOLEUM, SPREAD IT AROUND WITH THE LONG-HANDLED APPLIER  
AND LET IT DRY. WHAT? OF COURSE YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANY  
RUBBING OR BUFFING. IT SHINES AS IT DRIES. YES I KNOW  
YOU LOVE THAT BEAUTIFUL LINOLEUM, BUT JUST TAKE DADDY'S  
WORD FOR IT...GLO-COAT WILL PROTECT AND KEEP IT FROM  
GETTING DULL AND DINGY LOOKING...YES...ALL RIGHT, SPANIEL-  
EYES. GOODBYE. WHAT? (TENDERLY) OH, YOU KNOW I DO!  
GOODBYE. (CLICK)

MOL: She knows you do what, Mr. Wilcox?  
WIL: Have my umbrella with me. What time at the Elk's, pal?  
FIB: About seven-fifteen, Waxey. But look...how come your wife  
don't know any more about Glo-coat than that...after livin'  
with you all these years?  
WIL: Oh she knows all about it. But she always pretends not to  
in case I'm phoning from a public place and there might be  
some people standing around.  
MOL: But she will come to dinner with us, Mr. Wilcox?  
WIL: Oh, sure. She said she was all set for some Gung Far Chee  
and some Lim Toocy, but she'd be glad to come.  
FIB: What the sam hill is Gung Far Chee and Lim Toocy?  
WIL: Ham and eggs. WELL, SEE YOU AT SEVEN FIFTEEN, PAL!  
SO LONG NOW!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: What a couple! Can't you just see her, one of these days,  
with a gleam of joy in her eyes, whispering to old Harlow  
that precious little secret...that she just bought a new  
batch of Glo-coat?



MOL: Never mind them, dearie...we'd better be getting downtown.  
Your cousin Ernest might be here any minute. SAY, WHAT  
IF HE CALLS WHILE WE'RE GONE?

FIB: I'll leave a note on the telephone.

MOL: My goodness, I never would have thought of that. You're  
so ---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: MY GOSH, I WONDER IF THAT'S COUSIN ERNIE! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Heavenly days...it's Mrs. Carstairs. Hello,  
Mrs. Carstairs.

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

FIB: Carsty, you're as welcome as a tax refund. Where you  
tying on the feed bag this P.M., kid?

CARST: I...er...I'M sorry to appear obtuse, Mr. McGee...but would  
your mind translating that into English? Remember, I  
haven't had all your disadvantages.

MOL: He was just asking if you have any engagement for dinner  
tonight, Mrs. Carstairs. Himself here is giving a little  
dinner party for a cousin. In the private dining room  
at the Elk's Club.

CARST: Thank you so much. I shall be glad to come..Although, due  
to a previous engagement which is part of my personal  
program of cultural development, I must scam quite early.

FIB: Scram any time you like, Carsty. You gotta get home for  
something?

CARST: My music lesson, Mr. McGee.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, DEARIE...ARE YOU STUDYING MUSIC? Piano?

CARST: Er...no.

FIB: Banjo?

CARST: Er...no.

MOL: Is it a secret, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: Not exactly. But I have just taken up this instrument  
because of Mr. Carstairs. You see, he was at one time a  
Captain in a Scottish Highland regiment.

FIB: YOU MEAN ---

MOL: YOU'RE LEARNING TO PLAY THE ---

CARST: Yes...the bagpipe. Mr. Carstairs likes to have me march  
around the breakfast room table playing "The Battle of the  
Boyne Water" as his oatmeal is being served.

FIB: Boy, he must be a real Scotsman!

CARST: He is indeed, Mr. McGee. He knows that after one of those  
performances I am much too winded to do any shopping that  
day. WHEEL, I MUST GANG AWA!, THE NOO. HOOTS TOOTS!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "A KISS GOODNIGHT" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE



THIRD SPOT:

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES....CHAIRS MOVING..ETC:

FIB: ALL RIGHT, BOYS....WE NEED ONE MORE CHAIR ON THIS SIDE OF THE TABLE

CLUMP: CLATTER:

FIB: THAT'S IT!!!! HEY, JOE....THAT SECOND PLACE ON THE LEFT THERE HASN'T GOT ANY BUTTER KNIFE.

MAN: (OFF MIKE) So what? He won't have any butter.

FIB: Oh. Okay. Well, how does everything look, Molly?

MOL: Very handsome, McGee. Who arranged that floral centerpiece?

FIB: I did. You like it?

MOL: It's beautiful. Those are lovely roses.

FIB: Yeah, artificial ones would have been prettier but there's a paper shortage and I had to get real ones. HEY JOE...HOW ABOUT ASHTRAYS?

MAN: (OFF) FORGET IT. EVERYBODY STUBS OUT THE BUTTS IN THE COFFEE SAUCERS ANYWAY.

FIB: Okay. Now lemme see....I wish I knew what kinda cigars cousin Ernest smokes. I'd get a couple o' boxes.

MOL: Look, dearie...I don't want to be a damp afghan, but aren't you going a little overboard for a cousin you never saw?

FIB: Nothin' is too good for a McGee, snooky. By George if I can't welcome my own blood cousin in such a way that...HEY, JOE!

MAN: (OFF) Yeh?

FIB: What kinda wine you serving with the fish course?

MAN: (OFF) There ain't any fish course.

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FIB: What kinda wine would you serve if we had a fish course?

MAN: (OFF) Applejack.

FIB: AHHH, MY CHOICE, EXACTLY! (ASIDE) I wanna do this thing right, Molly. After all, Cousin Ernest may be kind of a connersier.

MOL: Incidentally, isn't it about time you were hearing from Cousin Ernest, if he is coming?

FIB: Oh didn't I tell you? Doc Gamble said he'd pick him up at the station. If he's comin' in today he's gotta be on the 5:30.

MOL: How will Doctor Gamble know him?

FIB: Doc's wearing a carnation in his button hole.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: That way Cousin Ernest will recognize...HEY JOE!

MAN: (OFF) NOW WHAT?

FIB: WE GONNA HAVE A BUS BOY TONIGHT?

MAN: (OFF) Yeah. But he'll be a little late.

FIB: HOW COME?

MAN: Missed his bus.

FIB: OH. Now lemme see...napkins...placecards...celery and olives...

MOL: OH MCGEE...HERE COMES MAYOR LA TRIVIA. HELLO, MR. MAYOR.

MAYOR: Hello, Molly. I got your invitation at my office, McGee. As I was going by here I thought I'd drop in and tell you I'd accept with pleasure.

FIB: SWELL, LA TRIVIA. This is in honor of my Cousin Ernest. You'll be seeing a lot of him the next few days. Poker games..golf...bowling..all stuff like that there.

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MOL: We're going to have broiled squab, Your Honor. You like squab?

MAYOR: Oh very fond of it, Mrs McGee.

FIB: Didn't have much o' that stuff in the Solomon Islands, eh, La Trivia?

MAYOR: Yes, but we called it by the native term.

MOL: What was that, Mr. Mayor?

MAYOR: Spam. Our food was all right, but in some of the officer's messes, they -

FIB: Some of the what, La Trivia?

MAYOR: In some of the officer's Messes, they -

MOL: Isn't that just sour grapes, Mr. Mayor?

MAYOR: Isn't what just sour grapes, Mrs McGee?

FIB: The fact that you weren't allowed to eat with the officers don't give you any right to call their food a mess, does it?

MAYOR: IT IS NOT SOUR GRAPES. MESS IS THE CORRECT TERM FOR THE OFFICER'S DINING ROOM.

MOL: Well, even sweet grapes can make quite a mess, I'll say that. But you'd think the officers would be a little more fussy than to make a mess in their own -

MAYOR: THEY DIDN'T MAKE A MESS. IT WAS A MESS.

FIB: Well, who made it?

MAYOR: IT'S ALWAYS A MESS. I MEAN, IN THE SERVICE, THE EATING QUARTERS ARE ALWAYS A MESS...BECAUSE --

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE THERE, LA TRIVIA! JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE IN CIVVIES --

MAYOR: YOU LISTEN TO ME, MCGEE....YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTING ME INTO ONE OF THESE VERBAL BRAWLS, BUT BY GORGE....

MOL: BOYS!!!STOP THAT SHOUTING! My goodness....

MAYOR: (LOWERS VOICE) I was merely saying, Mrs McGee, that in an officer's mess -

FIB: WELL, WHY DID THEY ALWAYS SERVE GRAPES, IF IT MADE SUCH A MESS?

MAYOR: THEY DIDN'T ALWAYS SERVE GRAPES. THEY NEVER SERVED GRAPES! IN THE THREE YEARS I SPENT IN THE COAST GUARD, I NEVER SAW A GRAPE!!

MOL: That's because you weren't an officer, I guess.

FIB: Yeah, that's really what you're griping about, La Trivia. Because you had to eat with the enlisted men -

LA TRIV: (IN A RAGE) I AM NOT GRAPING ABOUT ANYTHING!! I MEAN IF THE OFFICERS DID EAT GRIPES!!..ER..GRAPES, THEIR MESS WAS A..IF THE OFFICER'S MESS...WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU IS THAT AN OFFICERS GRIPE... .ER..GRAPE...I MEAN IF THEY MADE A MESS OF. . . .(PAUSE; BREATHING HARD) I say..McGee.

FIB: Eh:

LA TRIV: You were in the last war, weren't you?

MOL: Yes he was, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: The Big war. You betcha.

LA TRIV: Tell me..what did you call the sergeant who had charge of the food supplies?

FIB: We called him Bignose. Bignoso Whitney. Why?

LA TRIV: But what was his official title?

MOL: He didn't have any title. He was an American.



LA TRIV: I mean, he was a sergeant, wasn't he?  
FIB: Certainly.  
LA TRIV: Ahhh...what KIND of a sergeant?  
FIB: A darn good one, La Trivia. I remember one time--  
LA TRIV: I MEAN, WHAT WAS HIS OFFICIAL RANK?  
MOL: Sergeant.  
LA TRIV: WHAT SERGEANT?  
FIB: MY sergeant. He had charge of the-- HEY, WHERE YOU GOING, LA TRIVIA?  
LA TRIV: (FADE) Down to the post-office, McGee. If I'm not back here for dinner...(SHOUTS) I'VE RE-ENLISTED!  
DOOR SLAM: OFF:  
FIB: I wonder why he was so interested in our mess sergeant?  
MOL: Search me, dearie. And frankly, I'm getting a little worried about your cousin Ernest.  
FIB: Oh, he'll be along any minute now. Doc Gamble will find him.  
MOL: When I think of the expense you've gone to for this dinner...and then if he didn't show up...  
FIB: Ah, PTAH...Shucks, it's only money. HEY, JOE!  
MAN: (OFF) Yeh?  
FIB: THEM SQUABS READY FOR THE OVEN?  
MAN: (OFF) THEY'RE IN THE OVEN.  
MOL: Oh dear...oh dear...oh dear...this thing is...WELL, HERE COME YOUR GUESTS, MCGEE...HELLO, EVERYBODY.  
FIB: COME ON IN, FOLKS!

SOUND: VOICES .. WILCOX, CARSTAIRS, ALICE, LA TRIVIA, .. LAUGHING AND TALK ABOUT POKER GAMES, PRIZE FIGHTS..BILLIARD MATCHES  
FIB: NOW LOOK, FOLKS .... TAKE YOUR PLACES ACCORDING TO THE PLACE CARDS, SEE .... AND WHEN DOC GAMBLE COMES IN WITH MY COUSIN ERNEST, LET'S ALL SING "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW"!  
MURMURS OF AGREEMENT: SOUND OF DISHES CLATTERING..SILVER, ETC....  
MOL: HERE HE IS, MCGEE .... HERE'S DOCTOR GAMBLE!!....  
FIB: OKAY FOLKS!...AND A-ONE! AND A-TWO! AND A-THREE!!  
CHORUS: "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FE...." (ABRUPT PAUSE)  
FIB: WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? DOC?  
MOL: WHERE'S ERNEST?  
DOC: RIGHT HERE. ERNEST, THIS IS YOUR COUSIN MOLLY, AND, COUSIN FIBBER. Friends, this is your cousin Ernest.  
BOY: Hi, cousin Fibber. Hi, Cousin Molly. Gee, was that a super train ride. I sat by the window all the way!  
(PAUSE)  
FIB: Are....are....are you....Ernest McGee?  
BOY: I ain't Clark Gable!  
MOL: How....how....how old are you, Ernest?  
BOY: Eleven, goin' on 12. Hey, I'm hungry..where we gonna eat?  
MOL: We're going to eat right here, Ernest. You like squab? *Son?*  
BOY: What's a squab?  
FIB: It's a pigeon .... and look who's talking! HEY JOE .... JOE .... HEY JOE ....  
ORCH: "THE MORE I SEE YOU" .... FADE FOR:



CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: When we ask women why they prefer JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT for their linoleum and other floors, the answers come back quickly. "It's so easy to use"... "It makes floors so beautiful"... "makes cleaning so easy"... "it protects the linoleum"... "never streaked or uneven." All of the answers add up to this -- that SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT gives linoleum and other floors maximum beauty with the least possible work. When you GLO-COAT your kitchen floor you are being kind to the linoleum and kind to yourself. The floor will look its very best, colors fresh and bright, protected against wear, dirt and moisture. And you will have time free for other things, because GLO-COAT takes practically no work. It is self polishing, needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry -- come back in 20 minutes to find a gleaming floor. If you haven't tried JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, it will certainly pay you to do so.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA HAS INVITED US TO BROADCAST FROM TORONTO, ONTARIO, NEXT WEEK, IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE OPENING OF CANADA'S NINTH VICTORY LOAN.

MOL: ~~AND~~ WE ARE PROUD AND HAPPY TO ACCEPT THE INVITATION!

FIB: AND WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING OUR FRIENDS IN CANADA, SO NEXT WEEK WE'LL BROADCAST FROM THE MAPLE LEAF GARDENS IN TORONTO. *Canada*

MOL: ARE YOU ALL PACKED, MCGEE?

FIB: Yaah, but look..what language do they speak in Canada?

MOL: English, but if you speak slowly, you'll get by.

FIB: Eh? Oh, Yeah, Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF: SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night when we will be broadcasting from the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto, Canada. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(CHIMES)