

Writers: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED) # 10

*File*

"FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY"

for  
Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

December 4, 1945

mc

(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: "THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU"...FADE FOR:

G



FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
DECEMBER 4, 1945

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Do you remember the last time you walked ~~through a hospital corridor~~ down the shining hallway of a big, modern office building? Did you stop to wonder how the floors in schools, hospitals and public buildings are protected against the thousands of feet that tramp across them - how they're kept beautiful in spite of all that traffic? If you were to look into the janitor's supply room in these buildings, you'd find JOHNSON'S WAX polishes in a great many of them. Yes, those famous JOHNSON'S WAX products are used in the maintenance of millions of square feet of such floors from coast to coast. Careful tests have proved the wax method to be best for beauty, best for economy and labor saving -- and in these fields, too, polishes that bear the JOHNSON label are given top rating. If you have anything to do with the problem of maintaining the floors in schools, hospitals, churches, office and public buildings, it will pay you to write to S. C. JOHNSON, Racine, Wisconsin, or Brantford, Canada for full details.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)

Fibber McGee & Molly  
12/4/45

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: WINTER IS A WONDERFUL TIME OF YEAR, IF YOU CARE FOR THAT SORT OF THING. SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO STAY HOME BY THE FIRE. OTHERS LIKE TO GO OUT AND SKATE FOR HOURS ON END, AND DON'T EVEN CARE WHICH END. AND HERE AT 79 WISFUL VISTA ARE TWO OF OUR FAVORITE WINTER SPORTS....

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY! --

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Don't get so close to the fireplace, dearie...you'll fall in.

FIB: Think I oughtta put another log on?

MOL: No, I don't. You've got it so hot in here now, the doorknobs are turning brown.

FIB: Maybe it is a little warm, at that. I'll open the window a second.

SOUND: WINDOW UP...HOWL OF WIND

FIB: AHHHHHHHHHH.....GET A LOAD OF THAT OZONE!

MOL: PUT THAT WINDOW DOWN....PLEASE!

SOUND: WINDOW DOWN

FIB: Boy, that air is wonderful out there!

MOL: Well, leave it out there. Don't bring it in here.

FIB: This is the kind of a night for a long walk, you know it? I'd like to get into my mukluks, wrap a muffler round my neck and hike out to Dugan's Lake and back!

MOL: Include me, as the saying goes....OUT. I'm very happy right here. With my glass of rootbeer, my new murder mystery, and my pan full of popcorn, if you'll pardon the vulgar expression.

mc



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FIB: Yeah, but --

MOL: You hitch up the dogsled and carry the serum to Alaska. -----Mommy stays home. Go on. MUSH!

FIB: BUT WE MAY NOT HAVE ANOTHER NIGHT LIKE THIS ALL WINTER! CLEAR, SHARP AND BEAUTIFUL...MAKES YOUR BLOOD TINGLE!

MOL: I can get the same effect by sitting on my foot for twenty minutes.

FIB: Well, gee whizzz, I don't wanna go alone. I just thought maybe --

MOL: You were just bluffing, dearie, I know you. You wouldn't stir away from this fireplace tonight if it was snowing ten-dollar bills.

FIB: OH YEAH? I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S BLUFFING, TOOSIE! BY GEORGE, I'M GONNA GET INTO MY COAT AND WALK CLEAR OUT TO DUGAN'S LAKE AND BACK, THAT'S WHERE I'M GONNA WALK CLEAR OUT TO.....AND BACK!!

MOL: Your mittens are on the hall table.

FIB: Uh? - Oh - Okay. -- Well, here I go...I'm going now.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN...CLOSE

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee...Mr. McGee. Creepers you both look comfortable and happy sitting by this wonderful fire!

MOL: Himself here thinks it's very exhilarating weather, Alice. He's even thinking of taking a long walk.

FIB: Out to Dugan's Lake and back, Alice.

ALICE: Are you kidding, Mr. McGee?! Why it's colder than the keel of a kayak.



FIB: BAH!! Just a tang in the air, that's all. LOOK...WHADDY  
SAY WE ALL GO! WE CAN THROW SNOWBALLS ON THE WAY...BUILD  
A SNOW MAN... (LAUGHS GAILY)...DIVE INTO SNOW DRIFTS.....  
HAVE FUN!!! COME ON....LET'S GO!

(PAUSE)

MOL: Have some popcorn, Alice?

ALICE: Yes, thank you. What are you reading, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: A new Crime Club book, Alice. "The Man Who Asked Why".  
It's wonderful. I've read page 39 four times, thanks to my  
little lover of the Great Outdoors.

FIB: OKAY, SISSIES! I'LL GO ALONE, THEN. YOU TWO PANTY WAISTS  
CAN STAY HERE AND MAKE LIKE A COUPLE O' HOTHOUSE PETUNIAS!

ALICE: I couldn't go anyway, Mr. McGee. Bud's calling for me in  
half an hour. We're going to a movie.

MOL: Who's Bud, dear?

ALICE: Bud is the floorwalker in my department at the Bon Ton who  
always wears a carnation in his buttonhole's cousin.

FIB: I see. Well, you'll have to sit, if you don't get started  
pretty soon because all the theatres are pretty crowded  
these days, in the balcony.

MOL: You and Bud will be perfectly welcome to stay here by the  
fire, Alice...there's plenty more popcorn...and apples,  
and marshmallows.

ALICE: Gee, thanks, Mrs. McGee. Maybe I WILL ask Bud to stay here  
this evening. We could sit by the fire, and...OH, LOOK  
AT MR. MCGEE...YOU LOOK LIKE YOU WERE GOING TO THE NORTH  
POLE, MR. MCGEE.

MC

MOL: Enjoy yourself, dearie.

FIB: I will, believe me. A few miles in this bracing air and  
I'll--

TELEPHONE:

MOL: I'll get it.

ALICE: I'll get it.

FIB: I'LL GET IT!!! I'LL GET IT...Wait'll I take this overcoat  
off.

MOL: You don't have to take your coat off to answer the phone.

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Well, it may be somebody wants me to stay home for  
something or other. (CLICK) HELLO... WHO? OH, YES...  
YEAH...SHE'S RIGHT HERE. FOR YOU, ALICE.

ALICE: Thanks, Mr. McGee. HELLO. YES, THIS IS ALICE. WHAT?  
NO, THAT WASN'T MY FATHER. THAT WAS THE HOUSE THAT I  
RENT A ROOM IN'S OWNER. Yes...WELL LOOK, BUD...HOW  
ABOUT IF WE STAY RIGHT HERE TONIGHT... THE FIREPLACE  
IS...WHAT? FINE. GOODEYE, BUD. (CLICK) He says I  
talked him into it.

MOL: Well, get going, McGee. Here's your coat...and mittens.

FIB: Huh - Oh. Well okay...well, so long.

MOL: Goodbye.

ALICE: Goodbye.

FIB: WELL...HERE I GO!

DOOR OPEN: WIND HOWL

G



DOC: HELLO, MCGEE...ANYBODY HOME?  
FIB: (DELIGHTED) WELL, MY GOSH...OLD DOC GAMBLE!!  
COME ON IN, DOC...TAKE OFF YOUR THINGS...(FADE)...  
HERE, MOLLY...TAKE MY COAT...CAN'T GO OUT NOW...WE  
GOT COMPANY. AHHH, GOOD OLD DOC.....COME RIGHT IN,  
DOCKY...  
MUSIC: BRIDGE..."STORMY WEATHER"

DOC: Well, this has<sup>all</sup> been very nice, but I don't want to upset  
any of your plans. I see little Bucklewart here is all  
dressed up to go out, and--  
FIB: AH, FORGET IT, DOC...STICK AROUND. JUST GOIN' OUT FOR A  
LITTLE STROLL, IS ALL. NOTHIN' IMPORTANT.  
DOC: A little STROLL! In this blizzard! Why your ears would  
drop off before you got to the corner! Not that that  
wouldn't be a facial improvement, but--  
MOL: He says he's going to walk out to Dugan's Lake and back,  
doctor.  
ALICE: Creepers, that's quite a hike! I rode out there once on  
the back of a fellow I knew at the airplane plant named  
Ozzie Simpson's motorcycle, and was it ever rugged!  
You said it!  
FIB: Pshaw...you're all makin' a lotta fuss about a little walk  
in the crisp winter air. I LIKE winter walkin'. I feel  
marvelous with the wind in my face...head up...chest out...  
swingin' my arms...with the frosty stars twinkling down,  
and--  
DOC: Oh, STOP IT, you little double-malted extrovert! You hate  
winter weather as much as I do...and any time I  
deliberately walk into a gale, it will be Gale Patrick.  
Where you going, Alice?  
ALICE: I've got to go up and fix my hair, Doctor. My boy friend  
is coming over. Have a nice walk, Mr. McGee.  
FIB: Thanks, kid. I will.

DOOR SLAM:



MOL: Take off your things, boys, and relax. I guess McGee's in for the night.

DOC: Of course he is. It ain't a fit night out for man nor beast. Not that McGee could be classified as either one.

FIB: I NEVER HEARD SUCH A LOTTA SILLY NONSENSE ABOUT A LITTLE WALK IN THE FRESH AIR!

DOC: Okay, go ahead. We'll give you a ten minute start, Deep-freeze, and then we'll send out the St. Bernards. And what a switch that is! The dogs going to you.

FIB: Oh, ptah! I can take it. I GOT INDIAN BLOOD IN ME! I'M ONE SIXTEENTH POTTOWATOMIE!

MOL: I think he really is, Doctor. At least he dances much better alone than he does with me.

DOC: If he's one sixteenth Indian, my Mummy was an Egyptian. AND WHAT DOES IT PROVE, ANYWAY? IT'S JUST--

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

DOC: That's for me.

MOL: How do you know, Doctor?

DOC: Any time the weather gets below zero, and I'M chatting comfortably in a warm home with friends, and the phone rings, it's for me. Somebody's child has just swallowed a toy soldier and I've got to go and demobilize him.

FIB: Well, WHADJA EXPECT? Did you take up medicine so you could sit in your big fat office and--

TELEPHONE:

MOL: I'll get it. (CLICK) 79 Wistful Vista, Molly McGee speakin'. WHO? YES, HE'S RIGHT HERE. (ASIDE) For you, Doctor.

DOC: It is? Thanks. (IN PHONE) GAMBLE SPEAKING. (PAUSE) YES... YES, I...THE BISHOP? GREAT SCOTT! DON'T MOVE HIM 'TILL I GET THERE!!...YES, I'LL HURRY...HAND ME MY COAT AND HAT, MCGEE...QUICK! SEE YOU LATER, FOLKS...

FIB: My gosh...Something serious, Doctor?

DOC: Yes, when I left the hospital I was in the middle of a chess game with one of the internes! AND IF HE MOVES THAT BISHOP, I'M CHECKMATED! GOODNIGHT!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN...WIND HOWL...DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, better put your hat and coat away, dearie. I KNEW you wouldn't really go for a walk, tonight.

FIB: OH YOU DID, DID YOU? YOU THINK THAT BIG FAT PILL-PUSHER TALKED ME OUT OF IT? NO SIR...HE JUST GOT MY BACK UP, IS ALL HE JUST GOT! Hand me my mittens again.

MOL: Here.

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE. ..don't you think I oughtta stay 'till Alice's boy friend gets here?

MOL: OH NO NO NO...you run along. Or I'll begin to suspect you of deliberately stalling.

FIB: (HURT) Why, Molly.....HOW could you THINK such a thing, much less SAY it! WHY I BEEN JUST WAITIN' FOR A NIGHT LIKE THIS. WITH THE LACY BRANCHES OF THE TREES GLITTERING WITH ICE.....WITH THE CLEAN FRESH AIR BLOWING THRU, THESE MITTENS HAVE GOTTA HOLE IN 'EM, did you know it?



MOL: I'll mend them when you get back sweetheart. Have a nice walk.

FIB: Huh? Oh -- I sure will! Well....so long!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.....WIND HOWL

WIL: HELLO, THERE!! ANYBODY HOME?

FIB: (DELIGHTED) WELL I'LL BE A....HIYAH, JUNIOR.....COME ON IN....HEY, MOLLY....HERE'S WILCOX!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM WITH WIND OUT

FIB: (SOTTO) Gee, cold out there.

WIL: I don't want to break up anything, Mac.....if you were going out. Hello, Molly.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Take off your coat and sit over here by the fire.

FIB: You ain't interferring with a thing, Junior. Mighty glad to see you. I was merely going out for a little walk.

MOL: Out to Dugan's Lake and back.

WIL: (HORRIFIED) DUGAN'S LAKE!! WHY THERE ARE TEN FOOT SNOWDRIFTS BETWEEN HERE AND DUGAN'S LAKE! THEY WOULDN'T FIND YOUR BODY 'TILL SPRING!! WHY, IT'S SO COLD OUT, GENERAL GRANT'S STATUE IS FLAPPING HIS ARMS.

FIB: Please, Junior...you know I don't like to hear people exaggerate. And anyway, cold weather don't frighten me. I was a fur trapper up north of Winnipeg for several years. And that's where they MAKE the weather. I'LL NEVER FORGET ONE TIME...(Here, let's take our coats off and be comfortable, Junior. That's it.) I'LL NEVER FORGET THE TIME I WAS RUNNIN' MY TRAP LINE AND SMACKED INTO A BLIZZARD THIRTY-TWO MILES FROM MY CABIN.

WIL: Was it cold?

FIB: WAS IT COLD! JUNIOR, IT WAS SO COLD, THE TEETH IN MY POCKET COMB WERE CHATTERING. THE SMOKE FROM MY CAMPFIRE FROZE SOLID BEFORE IT GOT FIVE FEET IN THE AIR ... JUST KINDA CONGEALED AND FELL OVER ON THE GROUND. AND THAT'S WHAT SAVED MY LIFE.

MOL: Tell us about it, McGee, as if anybody could stop you.

FIB: Well, sir, QUICK'S A FLASH, I PILED PEAT ON THE CAMPFIRE ...

WIL: Peat ... that's kind of an inflammable turf, isn't it?

FIB: Yes, but I was referring to Pete Ooonguck, an Eskimo that was workin' with me that season. I threw Pete on the fire because he was wearin' a sheepskin coat that would make a big smoke, see? WELL SIR, FAST AS THE SMOKE FROZE AND FELL DOWN, I'D GRAB IT AND START PILIN' IT UP. You ever handle any frozen smoke?

MOL: No, but we've heard a lot of hot air that was pretty solid.

FIB: Well sir, frozen smoke is kinda like putty. Quite pleasant to work with. AND IN FIFTEEN MINUTES I'D BUILT US A LITTLE IGLOO OUTA THAT FROZEN SMOKE THAT PETE AND I LIVED IN FOR TEN DAYS ... AND IT DARN NEAR COST US OUR LIVES.

WIL: Why, pal? Did you inhale part of the ceiling?

FIB: No, but me and Pete was playin' a game of Red Dog when the thaw come. ALL OF A SUDDEN THERE WE WAS, STRANGLING AND GASPING AND COUGHING!!! THAT FROZEN SMOKE HAD MELTED AND WAS CHOKIN' US TO DEATH!! HOLDIN' MY BREATH, I GRABS PETE AND HAULS HIM OUT INTO THE OPEN AIR ... THEN I RUSHES BACK INTO THAT CLOUD OF SMOKE!



MOL: What on earth for?  
FIB: I'd left my cigarette burning. Dangerous thing to do in the woods. WELL, SIR, THAT LITTLE EXPERIENCE TAUGHT ME A VALUABLE LESSON, JUNIOR.  
WIL: It did, eh?  
FIB: YES SIR...FROM THAT DAY ON, I NEVER PLAYED ANOTHER GAME OF RED DOG WITH AN ESKIMO!  
MOL: Well, if you should trap a few seals on your way to Dugan's Lake tonight, dearie, mother could use a new coat.  
WIL: Are you serious about taking a walk tonight, Mac?  
FIB: I never been seriouser in my life, Junior. THERE'S NOTHING BETTER FOR THE INSIDE OF A MAN THAN THE OUTSIDE OF A HOUSE, I always say. Remember -- all our famous men have been great Walkers.  
MOL: Oh I don't know, dearie. Christopher Columbus rode a boat. Paul Revere rode a horse. And Fred Allen rides Jack Benny.  
WIL: Yes and don't forget that for a while walking met a great deal of opposition, too.  
FIB: WHADDY MEAN OPPOSITION .... WHOM FROM?  
WIL: Housewives.  
MOL: Oh oh!  
FIB: How do you like that! I ran into that with my big fat eyes wide open! Why can't I ever learn that ....  
WIL: What I mean is, housewives used to complain about people walking over their kitchen linoleum.... tracking it up with mud and snow and rain. But that was before they discovered Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat.

MOL: You're not whistling Dixie, Mr. Wilcox!  
WIL: Yes, now that housewives know that spilled things and foot-tracks can be so easily and quickly wiped off a Johnson Glo-Coated linoleum they WELCOME the milk man on a muddy day.  
FIB: They do if he's got any butter, anyway. Otherwise they -  
WIL: In FACT, Glocoat is one of the great labor-saving devices of the 20th Century. No rubbing, no buffing ... just spread it around and let it dry. No fuss, no fume, no fret, no more popcorn?  
MOL: No, McGee just ate the last handful Mr. Wilcox ... can you wait till I pop some more?  
WIL: No thank you. I've got to get along home. My wife promised me we were going to have crab Louie for dinner tonight.  
FIB: Well, trot along Waxey. Don't keep him waiting.  
WIL: Keep who waiting?  
FIB: This crab, Louie, whoever he is.  
WIL: (LAUGHS) Okay, Pal. Goodnight, Molly.  
MOL: Goodnight, Mr. Wilcox.  
DOOR OPEN: WIND HOWL. OUT WITH DOOR SLAM:  
MOL: For your information, dearie .... Crab Louie is kind of a salad.  
FIB: How do you know ... you ever meet him?  
MOL: IT'S NOT A HIM. It's a dish. Made of crab meat.  
FIB: OH ... Oh, I see. Did he invent it?  
MOL: Who?  
FIB: This fella, Looie?  
MOL: Looie, who?



FIB: Search me. I never met him. He's a friend of the Wilcoxes.

MOL: Well, we'll ask them to bring him over, some night.

FIB: Sure, what do we care if he's a crab. We'll jolly him along. WELL, I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER BE MAKIN' SOME MORE POPCORN.

MOL: No, dearie...I'll make the popcorn. You go on and take your walk. That is, if you weren't just kidding about it all this time.

FIB: WHADDYEMEAN, KIDDING? WHEN I SAY I'M GONNA DO SOMETHING, I'M GONNA DO IT, COME ANYTHING OR HIGH WATER. WHERE'S MY OVERSHOES..Ah, here they are...(GRUNTS...THUMP...THUMP)

MOL: Are you really going, McGee?

FIB: You betcha. And save a little popcorn for me! I won't be gone for more'n 3 - 4 hours. Nothin' like a brisk hike in the winter air to give a guy an appetite. SO LONG, NOW.

MOL: Goodbye, Pet.

DOOR OPEN: WIND HOWL:

CARST: Ahh, thank you, Mr. McGee...I was just about to ring the doorbell.

FIB: WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE! HIYA, CARSTY! GLAD TO SEE YOU!! COME IN, COME IN, COME IN! HEY, MOLLY, LOOK WHO'S HERE! IT'S THE OLD-- IT'S MRS. CARSTAIRS!

MOL: Well, do come in, Mrs. Carstairs! Shut that door, McGee, from either side.

DOOR SHUT WITH WIND HOWL OUT:

FIB: Carsty, you'll never know how glad I am to see you! Shake hands - and pardon my mittens.

CARST: er...Thank you, Mr. McGee. Goodness, that fire feels good, Mrs. McGee. If I ~~my~~ quote my husband, I am colder than a well digger's memories, BUT, AM I DETAINING YOU, MR. MCGEE? I SEE YOU ARE DRESSED TO GO OUT,

FIB: Oh, no...nothin' important, Carsty. Just goin' out for a little stroll.

MOL: Out to Dugan's lake and back.

CARST: Really? At 12 below zero. If you have a grudge against your insurance company, Mr. McGee, wouldn't it be simpler just to stand up in the bathtub and stick your wet finger into a light socket?

FIB: (LAUGHS) I GUESS YOU UNDERESTIMATE ME AS AN OUTDOORS MAN, CARSTY. DID YOU KNOW I WAS A FUR TRAPPER FOR SEVERAL YEARS UP IN THE SASKATCHEWAN COUNTRY?

MOL: Oh, dear...

FIB: I'LL NEVER FORGET ONE DAY I GOT CAUGHT IN A TERRIFIC BLIZZARD, 32 MILES FROM MY CABIN.

CARST: Good heavens, Mr. McGee. Was it cold?

FIB: WAS IT COLD! MY COW GAVE ICE CREAM FOR TWO WEEKS!!

CARST: Amazing!

MOL: Yes, it seems an utter impossibility.



FIB: ANYWAY, CARSTY...HERE I WAS, CAUGHT IN THIS TERRIFIC  
BLIZZARD EVEN THE SMOKE FROM MY CAMPFIRE FROZE BEFORE  
IT GOT FIVE FEET INTO THE AIR.~ JUST KINDA CONGEALED  
AND FELL TO THE GROUND. AND THAT'S WHAT SAVED MY LIFE.

(FADE) BECAUSE, QUICK'S A FLASH, I PILED PETE ON THE  
FIRE.... *when I got him you good*

ORCH: (SNEAK IN) "YA-TATA, YA-TATA" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

FIB: YES SIR...AND THAT LITTLE EXPERIENCE TAUGHT ME A  
VALUABLE LESSON, CARSTY.

CARST: Did it, indeed, Mr. McGee?

FIB: YES...FROM THAT DAY ON, I NEVER PLAYED RED DOG WITH  
AN ESKIMO.

MOL: Wasn't that an interesting experience, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: It really was, my dear. And while it might seem incredibl  
to some, I happen to know it is true.

FIB: You...er...you do?

CARST: Yes. You see, Mr. Carstairs and I were motoring through  
Maine one winter...en route to our hunting lodge...(my  
husband goes up there every year to moot shoose)...er...  
shoot moose.

MOL: And what happened, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: We had a blowout just as we encountered a blizzard. But  
my husband leaped out of the car, lit a cigar and started  
blowing smoke rings, which froze almost instantly,  
of course.

FIB: Well, natch.

CARST: Finally, he blew one the exact size of our tires, mounted  
it on the rim, and we reached our hunting lodge in the  
nick of time!

MOL: Yes, but what did you do when it melted, Millicent?

CARST: Oh, we are still using it, my dear. (LAUGHS) It's quite  
amusing how that tire has baffled our ration board. And  
do you know, evry cold winter day since that time, my  
husband has smoked rough-cut tobacco.

FIB: What for, Carsty?



CARST: He is trying to blow a smoke ring with a tread on it.  
WELL, THIS HAS ALL BEEN VERY ENTERTAINING, BUT I SIMPLY  
MUST GO. GOOD EVENING!

MOL: Good night, Mrs. Carstairs.

FIB: Good night, Millicent!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: WIND HOWL: DOOR SHUT:

FIB: DID YOU EVER HEAR SUCH A LINE OF MALARKEY IN YOUR BORN DAYS?  
WHO DID SHE THINK SHE WAS KIDDING, WITH THAT SMOKE RING  
STUFF. FROZEN SMOKE RINGS....THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

MOL: Well, you know how some people exaggerate, *déarjie*. And  
you'd better get out of that overcoat. It's too late to  
go for a walk now.

FIB: TOO LATE FOR WHO? I AIN'T AFRAID OF THE DARK. I SAID I  
WAS GONNA WALK TO DUGAN'S LAKE AND BACK, AND BY GEORGE, I'M  
GONNA DO IT. AND RIGHT NOW, TOO. WHERE'S MY MITTENS - OH  
HERE THEY ARE! WELL, SO LONG.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: WIND HOWL: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Bless his brave little heart! He hates walking like a  
jockey and snow like the Miami Chamber of Commerce. But  
he'll trudge out to Dugan's lake like a little man if it --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: HOWL OF WIND:

FIB: HEY MOLLY....LOOK WHO I FOUND COMIN' UP OUR FRONT WALK!!  
OLD CIVIC VIRTUE HIMSELF....COME ON IN, LA TRIVIA....OLD  
MAN, COME ON IN.

GALE: Quit shoving me, McGee.

SOUND: DOOR SHUT: WIND OUT:

MOL: Good evening, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Good evening, Mrs. McGee, though it certainly is a  
bitter cold one!

FIB: Yeah....it's cold, but it's stimulating, boy!

GALE: B-r-r-r-r! I don't suppose you'd have a small glass of  
something to....er....

MOL: MY GOODNESS, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME! MCGEE, GET HIS  
HONOR A NICE COLD GLASS OF ROOTBEER.

FIB: Why sure. I'll --

GALE: NO NO NO!! Thank you anyway....I....er....come to think  
of it, if I took any liquids, I'd clink all the way home.  
As I was saying to our street commissioner this morning,  
Bundeson, I said, this is the coldest --

FIB: Incidentally, La Trivia....how much does he get a year?

GALE: Who....the Street Commissioner? Well, you're a taxpayer,  
so I suppose you are entitled to the information. His  
salary is seventy-five hundred per annum.

FIB: How much is that a year?

MOL: Per annum MEANS per year, McGee.

FIB: Oh. Well, is that in addition to his commissions, La Trivia

GALE: What commissions?

MOL: Any commissions. He's a commissioner, isn't he?

GALE: Yes, but he doesn't work on commission. He gets a straight  
salary.

FIB: Then why do they call him a commissioner?

GALE: BECAUSE HE BELONGS TO THE STREET COMMISSION, YOU IDIOT!



MOL: Oh, he belongs to the commission, but the commissions don't belong to him.

FIB: IS THAT YOUR IDEA OF FAIR PLAY, LA TRIVIA? GUY WORKS ALL YEAR LONG, EARNING COMMISSIONS, AND THE CITY SAYS NO! YOU TAKE YOUR STRAIGHT SALARY AND LIKE IT!...BY GEORGE, I'M GONNA START AN INVESTIGATION, LA TRIVIA, THAT WILL --

GALE: (ANGRILY) Go right ahead, McGee! I've been investigated by bigger dunderheads than you in my day, and if --

MOL: Now there's no use flying into a rage, Mr. Mayor. I assure you; the investigation will be fair and impartial.

FIB: Certainly. All we want is a square deal for our public servants.

GALE: Of course, but --

FIB: Man earns a commission, he's entitled to GET a commission.

GALE: But he doesn't --

FIB: Plus his salary.

GALE: (ROARS) BUT HE'S NOT ENTITLED TO A COMMALERY...ER...A SUBMISSIO-- AS A MURDER...ER...A MEMBER OF THE COMMON TONSIL...ER...COUNCIL-- WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS THAT THE... THE STREET...HE'S A...WE ALL...IN THE...ugh...(PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Eh?

GALE: Will you do me a favor?

MOL: Of course he will, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Just name it, La Trivia.

GALE: Well, when you get to Dugan's Lake, will you walk out to the exact middle of it...and JUMP UP AND DOWN...HARD!!!

DOOR OPEN: WIND HOWL: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: There goes a very thoughtless guy! I don't suppose he ever stopped to think what might happen if I jumped up and down on the ice on Dugan's Lake. Pretty thin out there in the middle. Fella could bust right thru!

MOL: Oh well...he didn't know what he was saying, most likely. LOOK, DEARIE...IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DUGAN'S LAKE...AND I WOULDN'T BLAME YOU IF YOU DIDN'T --



FIB: WHADDYE MEAN IF I'M NOT GOING? CERTAINLY I'M GOING! AND RIGHT AWAY, TOO! I GOT MY BACK UP ABOUT THIS THING, BY GEORGE! I'LL HATE MYSELF IN THE MORNING IF I DON'T GO THROUGH WITH IT NOW. SO LONG, BABY!

MOL: Wait a minute...here's your mittens.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Thanks. WELL...SO LONG!

MOL: Enjoy yourself, darling.

FIB: Okay.

DOOR OPEN: WIND HOWL...DOOR SHUT:

MOL: Heavenly days..I do believe he's really going! Well... where was I? Oh yes, page 39. (READS) "The alley where the dead man had been found, (MUSIC SNEAK IN) was a blind areaway between a building of..."

ORCH: BRIDGE: "STORMY WEATHER".....FADE --

SOUND: WIND BEHIND - FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH FAST . . .

DOOR OPEN - CLOSE:

FIB: HEY, MOLLY...I'M HOME!!!! SAFE AND SOUND!! WHAT TIME IS IT?

MOL: Hello, dearie. It's just 10:30. You've only been gone three hours. DID YOU ENJOY YOUR WAIK?

FIB: It was marvelous! I'm pretty tired, but it was worth it! DID YOU EVER SEE THE MOONLIGHT ON LAKE DUGAN IN WINTERTIME? I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S A SPECTACLE! THE STILLNESS...THE BLUE SHADOWS OF THE TREES ON THE DUNES--- THE SWOOP OF A NIGHT OWL OVER THE DRIFTED SNOW...BY GEORGE, IT'S AN EXPERIENCE I'LL NEVER.....

SOUND: TELEPHONE

MOL: I'll get it, McGee..you must be completely worn out. Sit down and rest, Sweet.

FIB: (SIGHS WEARILY) Ahhhhhh..

MOL: (CLICK) 79 WISTFUL VISTA, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'. YES... WHO? Oh, HE DID? OH, WELL THANK YOU VERY MUCH, I'M SURE. GOODEBYE. (CLICK) It was Kremer's drug store, McGee.

FIB: What'd they want?

MOL: They said to tell you you left your mittens on the pin ball machine.

ORCH: "LOVE ME" - FADE FOR --



(2ND REVISION) -30-

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, one of America's favorite comedians comes back to the NBC airwaves tonight. You'll hear him on his new show over most of these stations, directly following Bob Hope.

MOL: We know you join us in wishing good luck and even greater success to..RED SKELTON!

FIB: Red ~~Skelton~~ has spent two years in the Army, folks... doing a grand job of entertaining our men here, on the high seas and in Europe. Red is one of the fortunate, G.I.'s who has an assured future.

MOL: BUT...there are thousands and thousands of men who will for many years be dependent on you and us for hospital care...for rehabilitation and return to civil life. And there is a debt of honor we owe the families of those who lost their lives in our service.

FIB: The only way we can really pay these obligations is by our purchases of Victory Bonds. A profitable security for you...and a much-needed loan to our country.

MOL: Remember...it's strictly G.I. Government Issue, a Grand Investment...and Gratitude Implied!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WILCOX: 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. Goodnight.

Writers: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

*File*  
(REVISED)

"FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY"

for  
Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

December 11, 1945

mc