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(REVISED) #13

file
509

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

December 25, 1945

(REVISED)

-2-

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

ORCHESTRA: 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!

ORCHESTRA: "DAY BY DAY" FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL, PAGE 3, TO COME)

MCGEE & MOLLY
12/25/45

-3-

OPENING OR CLOSING COMMERCIAL

It isn't very often that our broadcast brings us into your home right on Christmas Day. All of us on the show and the makers of Johnsons Wax products consider it a privilege and an honor to be included in your family circle tonight ... and to have an opportunity to say Merry Christmas.

(REVISED)

-4-

WILCOX: TO THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE MADE A VOW TO DO YOUR SHOPPING EARLIER NEXT CHRISTMAS WE'D LIKE TO SUGGEST THAT THERE ARE ONLY 365 DAYS LEFT!
AND IF YOU HURRY, MAYBE YOU CAN GET ONE OF THOSE UNIQUE AND HANDSOME ARTICLES ^{like the one just} PRESENTED TO ~~THEM BY THEIR FAMILY~~ ~~PHYSICIAN~~ AND NOW BEING ADMIRIED BY ---

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

FIBBER: Imagine old Doc Gamble givin' us one of these, Molly?
Isn't that the most beautiful present you ever saw?

MOL: It certainly is! I haven't seen so much chromium since that was what the silver service Aunt Sarah sent us in 1937 turned out to be.

FIB: ~ and look how solid it's built. There's real construction in this!

MOL: It certainly is well made.

FIB: You don't pick these things up in bargain basements, kiddo. There was a lotta THOUGHT went into buyin' a thing like this.

MOL: I'll bet there was.

FIB: Yes sir!

(PAUSE)

MOL: What is it?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, "WHAT IS IT"?

MOL: I mean WHAT IS IT?

FIB: Why it's one of those things that .. er .. you use it to .. er .. they're sort of a .. (PAUSE) I don't know.

(REVISED)

-5-

MOL: Weren't there any directions...any instructions or anything, in the package it came in?

FIB: Nope. It come all wrapped up in red tissue paper. Yards and yards of it. My eyes are still a little bloodshot from unwrapping it.

MOL: (LAUGHS) ~~The rascal!~~ By the way..what did you send Dr. Gamble this year? A book, wasn't it?

FIB: Yeah.."What To Do Till The Doctor Comes." BUT THIS THING!! I'LL BE DOG-GONNED IF I KNOW WHETHER TO LISTEN TO IT, OR COOK WITH IT. I DUNNO WHETHER TO TUNE IT IN, TURN IT ON, OR TOSS IT OUT.

MOL: Well, we'll just have to ask Doctor Gamble what it is, McGee.

FIB: OH NO NO NO...we can't do that! That wouldn't be polite!

MOL: And when did you start being polite to Doctor Gamble? You're usually at each other's throats like a couple of necktie salesmen.

FIB: Yeah, but my gosh, Molly...when a guy gives you a beautiful gift like this, you hate to admit you haven't got the brains to know what it's for.

MOL: I don't hate to admit it. I DON'T know what it's for.

FIB: Well, me either, but I ain't gonna give that old sulfa huckster the satisfaction of knowing it. Maybe somebody else will tip us off and --

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Mr. McGee. Merry Christmas!

MOL: Same to you, Alice. And thank you for the handkerchiefs.

ALICE: You're welcome, Mrs. McGee. And thank you for the handkerchiefs.

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(REVISED)

-6-

MOL: Not at all, dear.

FIB: If you kids are through battin' them hankies around, I'd like to ask Alice a question.

ALICE: Why certainly, Mr. McGee. ^{GOING TO ASK} And if you're going to ask me what I think you are, the reason Harold and I stood on the porch so long last night when he brought me home was on account of I couldn't find my front door key.

MOL: Why, we never lock the front door, Alice. You knew that.

ALICE: Yes, I knew that but Harold didn't.

FIB: Who's Harold, Alice?

ALICE: Oh Harold is the fat old lady who is the buyer for the corset department at the Bon Ton's nephew. She's nice, though.

MOL: Who is?

ALICE: Harold's aunt. She's the corset department buyer and also substitutes for the manager of household goods when she takes a day off in the basement just to the left of the elevators.

FIB: ^{down there} oh Look, we gotta door slam comin' up here any minute, Alice.. so let's get down to business. SEE THIS THING THAT DOC GAMBLE GAVE US FOR CHRISTMAS?

ALICE: Creepers, isn't that beautiful? May I use it sometime?

MOL: OH YOU CERTAINLY MAY, ALICE!! ... ANY TIME! AND WE'LL WATCH YOU!

FIB: Just..er.....just how do you use it, Alice? I mean....er ...I just wondered if you use it the same way....er.....we do.

ALICE: Oh I probably do, Mr. McGee. How do you use it?

MOL: He asked you first, dear.

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(REVISED)

-7-

FIB: Just wanted to be sure you knew how to, operate it, Alice.
Wouldn't want you to get hurt, you know.

ALICE: GET HURT! WITH ONE OF THESE THINGS? (LAUGHS MERRILY) Oh
Mr. McGee..You say the funniest things. Well, I've got to
go now..I have several more presents to take around.

MOL: Where are they, Alice? Did you leave them upstairs?
(FADE SLIGHTLY)

ALICE: No, I left them right here in the hall -

FIB: NO, NO, ALICE! PLEASE!!

MOL: NOT ON CHRISTMAS!!!

ALICE: (SLIGHTLY OFF)...right here in the hall table drawer.

SOUND: DRAWER OPEN AND CLOSE:

ALICE: ~~Well, Merry Christmas again!~~

~~ORCHESTRA: "SYMPHONY"~~

APPLAUSE

*Fib - Pshaw! for a minute there I thought
she was gone.*

*Alice - It's the present for Eggie I put
in the hall closet.*

Sound closet

*Alice No, come to think of it I mailed
it to him. Well merry Christmas
again.*

orch - "Symphony"

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-7-

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SECOND SPOT:

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Will you please stop worrying about that gift from Doctor Gamble? You've sat in that chair for two hours, just staring at it.

FIB: AND I'M GONNA SIT HERE TILL I FIGURE OUT WHAT IT'S FOR, TOO! There ain't any hunk of chromium plated aluminum gonna make a monkey outa me! I'll figure it out if... HEY!! I'LL BET IT'S A GOPHER TRAP!

MOL: Why should Doctor Gamble give you a gopher trap? There are no gophers in this part of the country.

FIB: What's that got to do with it? He gave me Paris garters last year and we're four thousand miles from France.

MOL: Well, you've BEEN through France...you've never been through a gopher hole.

FIB: Look...let's analyze this thing. Here's a handle, here on top, see?

MOL: How do you know it's a handle?

FIB: Stands to reason. It's a kind of a loop that just fits the hand.

MOL: Well, I've got a gadget out in the kitchen with FOUR of those loops on it, and it's an egg beater.

FIB: Okay...let's just say it's a handle, just for the sake of argument,

MOL: All right. It's a handle.

FIB: FINE! Now we're gettin' someplace. ALL RIGHT..just below the handle here there's a circular disk. That's obviously to protect the hand against something.

MOL: Such as what?

FIB: SUCH AS I DUNNO WHAT, YET. Then, we got two long sharp prongs stickin' out below it. Like daggers. NOW THEN... ALL WE GOTTA DO IS FIGURE OUT WHAT A THING LIKE THAT IS FOR.

MOL: We've certainly made tremendous strides, haven't we? You 'knew that much the minute you unwrapped it.

FIB: Now lemme see...if I hold it like this...and somebody jogged my arm...I'd have two holes in my leg. That can't be right.....

MOL: Isn't there anything movable on it, dearie? No working parts?

FIB: Haven't been able to find any. HOWEVER....A FEW MINUTES AGO I WAS TURNING IT THIS WAY AND THAT, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN A SHARP PAIN WENT THRU ME. KIND OF A STABBING SENSATION.

MOL: Like electricity or something?

FIB: No, like you'd left your manicure scissors here in this chair and I'd sat on 'em...which you had, and I did.

MOL: Well, you were using them last dearie. Cutting stamps off the Christmas cards.

FIB: Wanted 'em for my stamp collection. Got two from Indiana and one from Florida. Found another good one from --

MOL: No, sweetheart, those are --
FIB: I KNOW....PACIFIERS!! You don't have to tell me simple stuff like that. I was a baby once.
MOL: Yes, I know, but --
FIB: And I took geography, too. And if N-A-P-P-L-E-S don't spell Napples, what does it spell?
MOL: It spells Napples, all right, but --
FIB: SO!! YOU SEE? I MAY BE DUMB ABOUT SOME THINGS, BUT BY GEORGE, WHEN IT COMES TO GEOGRAPHY I DON'T TAKE A BACK SEAT FOR ANYBODY EXCEPT EVERY TEACHER I EVER HAD IN IT. BESIDES--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: HEY....IF THAT'S DOC GAMBLE, STALL HIM A MINUTE! If I can figure out what this gadget is for, I won't have to be humiliated by askin' him what --
MOL: It's just Mrs. Carstairs, McGee.
FIB: Oh, that old tomatoe surprise. Miss East St. Louis of 1904. She's had her face lifted so many times she has to walk on her toes.
MOL: Yes, but my goodness, she --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: How old man Carstairs was near-sighted enough to marry CHRISTMAS, CARSTY!

DOOR CLOSE:

CARST: And the same to you, Mr. McGee...and Mrs. McGee!
MOL: Thank you, Millicent. Move all those boxes and packages and things off the chairs so Mrs. Carstairs can sit down, McGee.
FIB: Sure...
SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER...THUDS OF PACKAGES:
CARST: Well, Kris Kringle seems to have done very well by you, my dear.
MOL: Oh he did, indeed, Mrs. Carstairs. The only thing I wanted that I didn't get was a new waffle iron. Kris crossed me on that!
FIB: I done all right, though, Carsty. Whaddye think of this thing that Doc Gamble gimme.
(PAUSE)
CARST: Er...yes. I gave my husband one of those for his birthday. They make a splendid gift, for men.
MOL: What did he do with it, Mrs. Carstairs?
CARST: Oh, he still has it, my dear.
FIB: Yeah, but what was it for?
CARST: For his birthday.
MOL: But what is it good for?
CARST: Well, I only know what the salesman told me, my dear...and he said it was good for YEARS AND YEARS. By the way, Mrs. McGee, thank you SO much for the lovely handkerchiefs!

MOL: I'm so glad you liked them, Millicent. And thank you for YOUR lovely handkerchiefs. They're so beautiful I've been sitting around in drafts, trying to catch cold.

FIB: Look, Carsty, gettin' back to this gadget here, just exactly what--

CARST: OH, I ALMOST FORGOT...LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT MY HUSBAND GAVE ME FOR CHRISTMAS...HERE!...ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...a CORNET!

CARST: No, my dear...a trumpet. Something I have always wanted.

FIB: You mean you can play one of them things, Carsty?

CARST: Yes, a little, Mr. McGee. Confidentially, I played truant from Wellesley one year and went on the road as trumpet player for Bumpy Van Jive's Original Barrelhouse Dance Bandits. Such fun, really! And you know what?

MOL: No, what, Millicent?

CARST: On May 12th, I have been invited to play as guest trumpeter at the Wistful Vista Race Track.

FIB: No kiddin'? Let's hear you play Boots and Saddles, Carsty.

CARST: Certainly.

TRUMPET: BOOTS AND SADDLES WITH SWING FINISH

MOL: Why, that's wonderful, Millicent!

FIB: Better go easy on that hot finish though, Carsty. You'll have Busher and Whirlaway comin' around the clubhouse turn doin' the Lindy Hop.

CARST: I shall have to brush up a bit, of course. I have almost lost my embouchure.

MOL: What on earth is an embouchure?

CARST: That, my dear, is a French term meaning an osculation in brass. WELL, I MUST BE GOING, AND --

FIB: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, CARSTY...about this gadget here. What's it for and how do you use it?

CARST: That depends, Mr. McGee...are you right-handed or left-handed?

MOL: He's right-handed.

CARST: Then of course you use it in your left hand, Mr. McGee, thus leaving the right hand free to work with. WELL, MERRY CHRISTMAS TO BOTH OF YOU!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, at least I know this thing is to be used in the left hand. That's a big help.

MOL: Can you imagine her playing the trumpet, McGee? And very well, too, I thought.

FIB: I can hardly wait for her guest shot at the race track. It'll be the first time anybody blew their brains out before a race. HEY..DO YOU THINK THIS THING COULD BE A POTATO SLICER?

MOL: I do not. Anybody who approached a beautiful Idaho potato with a lethal weapon like that would get a nasty note from Governor Williams! LOOK...

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I have an idea!...let me see it a minute!

FIB: Okay...but be careful. Them prongs are sharp. Matter of fact, a gift like this oughtta be labelled "FROM HARRY TO CARRIE, with Love". Why'd you wanna look at it?

MOL: LOOK...ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WRITE TO THE MAN WHO MADE
THIS AND ASK HIM WHAT IT'S FOR!

FIB: HOT DOG...IS HIS NAME ON THERE?

MOL: It certainly is. Stamped right into the metal!

FIB: What is it?

MOL: Pat Pending!

FIB: PAT PENDING! Molly, that ain't his na--

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: MERRY CHRISTMAS, MOLLY!! AND THE SAME TO YOU, MAC!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: HIYA, JUNIOR. YOU'RE JUST THE GUY I WANTED TO SEE.

MOL: Yes, Mr. Wilcox, we received a simply wonderful gift, and--

WIL: You mean that electric iron I sent you? I'm glad you
liked it.

FIB: Yes, but that isn't the--

WIL: I thought it would be a good gift for you, Molly,
considering the time you spend pressing ~~the old man's~~^{his pants}
trousers, here. He's the only guy I know who always looks
like he'd been smuggling canteloups in his pant legs.

MOL: Oh now, Mr. Wilcox...

FIB: LOOK, JUNIOR, WHEN YOU GROW UP, YOU'LL REALIZE THAT
CLOTHES AIN'T SO AWFUL IMPORTANT.

WIL: No? Ever try walking down 14th Street without any?

MOL: He means that you can't judge a man by his clothes,
Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Certainly not. The seats of the mighty are often shiny,
Junior. Remember that. And it's better to have bags under
the knees than under the eyes. There's many a dull
character goin' around with sharp creases.

WIL: Yes, but -

FIB: A wide lapel don't cover up a narrow mind, Junior. And
a two-faced fella can look awful good in a single breasted
coat. ^{Yeah I know} A loud check don't make much noise in the First
National Bank. And the horsehair out of some peoples
shoulder pads would look a lot better on the original
horses's neck.....Now then..you got any more sartorial
comments to make?

WIL: No dad. I'm thru.

MOL: Good! Now maybe we can get^{down}to business. Show Mr. Wilcox
what you got for Christmas, McGee.

FIB: Here, Junior. This thing. Ever see one of these before?

WIL: SEEN THEM! Why I used to manufacture them. My brother,
Big Sedgewick Wilcox, and I had a little factory together.

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS...OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER!

FIB: Hot dog! Used to build these things eh, Juney? Well, sit
down, boy! Pass him the cigars, Molly. Have a panatella,
fella!

WIL: Don't use 'em, thanks. Of course when I was manufacturing
these gadgets, it was before I ever heard of Johnson's
Self Polishing Glocoat.

MOL: Oh, of course, but when you made these things, just what
did -

WIL: WHICH REMINDS, ME, FOLKS! I HAVE A LITTLE MESSAGE FROM THE JOHNSON WAX PEOPLE.

FIB: Well, are we supposed to fall on the floor with loud shouts of amazement, Waxey? You got more messages in your system than Western Union...only every tenth word is 'Johnson' instead of 'love'.

MOL: Don't let him stop you, Mr. Wilcox. You go right ahead.

WIL: Okay. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

FIB: Same to you, son. But go ahead with the message.

WIL: That was it. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, from the Johnson Wax people in Racine, Wisconsin and Brantford, Ontario. NOW THEN...WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT THIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT?

MOL: HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT IT'S FOR. AND SO DO I.

WIL: I'm sorry, Molly. I promised Doc Gamble I wouldn't tell. He said he was giving you this, and for me not to spoil the surprise. WELL, JINGLE BELLS, KIDS!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, of all the dirty tricks!! ^{HE} HE KNEW AND WOULDN'T TELL US!

MOL: Maybe it's a puzzle of some kind, McGee.

FIB: You can say that again! HEY, DO YOU SUPPOSE THIS THING IS A PRACTICAL JOKE? THINK IT'S LIABLE TO EXPLODE OR SOMETHING?

MOL: No, I don't. Doctor Gamble doesn't like practical jokes. He told me once that anybody who would give anybody a loaded cigar, ought to be made to eat six of them and then have his appendix removed with a blowtorch.

FIB: Yes, that sounds like our kindly old family physician. That cowtown Kildare thinks the human frame is merely something for him and his buddies to play mumblety peg on. He snoops around among the various organs like a prospect in a Wurlitzer salesroom. Besides which --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes! MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. MAYOR!

GALE: Thank you, Molly. And the same to you. Merry Christmas, McGee.

FIB: Likewise, La Trivia. HEY, I GOTTA KIND OF A PROBLEM ON MY HANDS, LA TRIVIA.

GALE: Well---glad to help, McGee. What seems to be your trouble, McGee?

FIB: It's this thing I got for Christmas, La Triv. See?

GALE: What's it for?

MOL: What's it for, he says.

FIB: That's all, brother! Class dismissed! WELL, DID YOU HAVE A NICE CHRISTMAS, LA TRIVIA?

GALE: Splendid, thank you. And you?

MOL: Just lovely, your honor. I gave himself here a nice leather tackle box and he bought me a new hat.

GALE: HE BOUGHT YOU A NEW HAT!!

FIB: You betcha. And a beauty, too, La Trivia. It's right there on the floor, in that box.

GALE: Say, that is a beautiful hat!

FIB: Don't step on it, La Trivia!

GALE: I won't, don't worry. I usually keep an eagle eye about me.

MOL: Do you really, Mr. Mayor? That's interesting.

FIB: I always carry an Elk's tooth, myself. BUT..every guy to his own good luck piece, I always say.

GALE: You misunderstood me, McGee. When I said I usually keep an eagle's eye about me, -

FIB: How do you carry it, La Trivia? On a chain?

GALE: OF COURSE NOT, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. I JUST -

MOL: Oh, it's in a ring!! Take your gloves off and let's see it, Mr. Mayor. I've never seen an eagle's eye ring and -

GALE: I DO NOT HAVE AN EVIL EYE. I MEAN AN EAGLES EYE. IT ISN'T A --

FIB: Oh what do we care if ain't a real eagle's eye, La Trivia. You mustn't be ashamed of things like that.

GALE: I AM NOT ASHAMED OF IT. THERE'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF. I DON'T OWN ONE.

MOL: Oh, it's one you borrowed. (CHANTS) SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING BLUE, A GOOD LUCK PEECE WILL KEEP YOU TRUE...

GALE: WILL YOU BOTH STOP THIS NONSENSE? GOOD HEAVENS, I DIDN'T INTEND...

FIB: It may be nonsense to you, La Trivia, but to thousands of people a good luck charm means something. Maybe it's an elk's tooth..maybe an old coin...maybe an eagle's eye, but a charm is -

GALE: I TELL YOU I HAVE NO CHARM!

MOL: Oh don't be so modest, your honor. You have LOTS of charm.

FIB: Sure you have, boy. Don't lose confidence in yourself. Just look people in the eye and -

GALE: (YELLS) I DON'T WANT TO LOOK EAGLES IN THE EYE...ER... PEOPLE IN THE CHARM...I MEAN TO SAY, IF I'VE AN EAGLE... ER..AN EAGLE'S EYE IS..I MERELY TRIED TO SAY THAT I HAD AN OWL'S RING...ER..AN ELK'S COIN..ER...TOOTH...AND YOU MIS-UNDERTOOK...ER.. STOOD...I...IT'S ALWAYS A...EVERY TIME I....YOU...eughh... (PANTS) McGee.

FIB: Eh?

GALE: May I say one thing, before a leave?

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Mayor:

FIB: What is it, La Trivia, old man?

GALE: Simply this, McGee. (QUIETLY) You have your foot ^{IN} Molly's hat. Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA "JINGLE BELLS" APPLAUSE:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Lemme see now...it couldn't be a bootjack... you'd stab yourself in the ankle every time you used it... How about a can opener...no...too simple. Maybe if.... OH OH...I GOT IT!! HEY, MOLLY!!

MOL: Yes, dearie?

FIB: I KNOW WHAT THIS IS!! IT'S A POTATO MASHER! AM I DUMB NOT TO HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE!

MOL: If that was a masher, dearie, and I was a potato, I'd certainly slap his face.

FIB: You..er..you don't think it's a potato masher?

MOL: To give you a short answer, No. Those two sharp prongs would stab holes in a saucepan in nothing flat.

FIB: Yeah...yeah, I see what you mean. Well, I wish I could get the answer. As the phonograph needle said to the turntable...this thing is driving me into an early groove.

MOL: I can see just one way out, dearie. CALL DOCTOR GAMBLE AND TELL HIM FRANKLY THAT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HIS GIFT IS FOR.

FIB: My gosh, I hate to do that. He'd have the laugh on me the rest of my life. Suppose it turned out to be a necktie rack or something simple like that? Wouldn't I look dopey?

MOL: Well, my goodness, you can't just sit in that chair the rest of your days, just glaring at it. Why don't you --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: OH HELLO, DOCTOR GAMBLE. MERRY CHRISTMAS.

DOC: Same to you, my dear. And even to you, Marblehead.

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FIB: Thank you, Arowsmith. It's always nice to see you in our little home.

DOC: Thank you.

FIB: Because while you're here, we know you're not torturing some helpless patient.

MOL: Oh stop it, McGee. Why don't you two boys ever say anything nice about each other?

DOC: That's a good idea, Molly. You first, McGee. Say something nice about me.

(PAUSE)

FIB: My gosh, I can't think of anything!

DOC: Neither can I. Oh well, ~~neither of us would either mean it, or believe it, anyway.~~ Have a nice Christmas, folks?

MOL: Just grand, Doctor. We got SO many nice things.

FIB: And some INTERESTING things, too. Some of our friends really used their ingenuity. For instance -

TELEPHONE

FIB: I'll get it.

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

DOC: Thank you.

FIB: Just tell 'em to put a mustard plaster on it-and if the pains start coming too close together, they're smokin' too much.

MOL: Hush, McGee.

DOC: (IN PHONE) HELLO, GAMBLE SPEAKING. WHO? OH YES, MRS. HARLAN. HE WON'T? WELL, TIE HIS LEGS TOGETHER AND TRY AGAIN. I'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS I CAN. GOODBYE.

(CLICK)

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FIB: Nurse?

DOC: Housekeeper. Can't get turkey in the oven.

MOL: Well -- what were we talking about?

FIB: We were talking about the interesting things people send people for Christmas.

DOC: Such as what, McGee?

MOL: Well, for instance, that wonderful gift you sent McGee, doctor.

FIB: This, doc.

DOC: Oh yes...you like it?

MOL: OH WE JUST LOVE IT, DOCTOR. McGee is just tickled to death with it.

FIB: Dunno how I've ever got along without one, doc.

DOC: Well, that's great, my boy. You had me sort of stymied there for a while, and then I thought of this. And I said to myself AHAA, I SAID, THAT'S JUST THE THING FOR MCGEE!!

MOL: The thing I like about it is there's no complicated machinery to it.

DOC: No, it's extremely simple.

FIB: Sure is. (PAUSE) er...was there...er...was there any directions come with this, doc?

DOC: DIRECTIONS!!! FOR A SIMPLE LITTLE THING LIKE THAT?

MOL: (LAUGHS) Don't be silly, dearie..you certainly don't need instructions for a gadget like that. Why, there isn't a moving part on it.

FIB: (LAUGHS MERRILY) I was just kidding. My gosh, a child could manage this.

DOC: Certainly.

PAUSE:

FIB: Wonder where I could borrow a child. HEY DOC.

DOC: Yes?

FIB: ...I..er...I just wondered...if...er...when you use this..if..

MOL: What he means Doctor, is this. He thinks SO much of your gift, he doesn't want to damage it by using it wrong. How do YOU use it?

DOC: Great scott, how does anybody use it?

FIB: That's ..er..that's a good question.

(PAUSE)

FIB: AW FER THE...I GIVE UP. LOOK DOC....

DOC: Yes?

FIB: WHILE I REALLY APPRECIATE THIS GIFT....

MOL: AND WE'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE...THERE'S

FIB: THERE'S ONE LITTLE THING I WANNA KNOW.

DOC: What's that, my boy?

~~Fib:~~
~~MOL:~~ WHAT IS IT FOR?

DOC: I havent the slightest idea.

FIB: (YELLS) THEN WHY DID YOU GIVE IT TO ME?

DOC: Because you gave it to me last Christmas, Pickelpuss.

~~Fib:~~
~~MOL:~~ ^{Why} Heavens, I KNEW I'd seen one of those things before!

~~ORCH:~~ SELECTION: - FADE FOR

"Don't you remember me?"

(REVISED)

-23-

TAG

MOL: McGee, if you really want to solve the mystery of that gadget, why don't you call the people you bought it from?

FIB: They wouldn't know.

MOL: Why wouldn't they?

FIB: I just happened to remember. I won ^{the thing} it on a punchboard. ^{come me}

MOL: Oh dear! Well, let's forget the whole thing. What do you say?

FIB: I say this: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS A VERY SPECIAL CHRISTMAS. THE FIRST PEACETIME CHRISTMAS IN FIVE YEARS. FOR MILLIONS OF WAR VICTIMS ALL OVER THE WORLD, IT ISN'T A VERY MERRY ONE, WHICH MAKES US DOUBLY APPRECIATIVE OF OUR OWN BLESSINGS.

MOL: Among which we count the friendship of all of you who have been so loyal to us these many years.

FIB: Merry Christmas to you --

MOL: And goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND 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. Good night.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
(CHIMES)

Mc

Writers: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVIS

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for
Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

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