

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

#18

" F I B B E R M C G E E A N D M O L L Y "

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

JANUARY 29, 1946

(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 - aided and abetted by Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Bea Benadaret, and yours truly, Harlow Wilcox. The writing is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie; with music by ⁺Billy Mills' orchestra and the King's Men.

ORCH: "I'M NO ANGEL".....FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: In the recent nation-wide popularity poll among 1,091 radio editors conducted by Radio Daily, the award for the most popular commercial radio program went to "Fibber McGee and Molly". The makers of Johnson's Wax and all of us are very proud of this honor; and we particularly like that word "commercial". Because during the many years "Fibber McGee and Molly" have been on the air, we have done our best to play fair with the radio audience in our advertising. We have tried to make no extravagant claims...limiting our statements to provable facts which the users of Johnson's Wax products could easily demonstrate to themselves. We are proud and happy that both the entertainment we offer and the product we sell have received such warm approval in your homes.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: WHEN MRS. MOLLY DRISCOLL MCGEE OF 79 WISFUL VISTA GIVES A CARD PARTY, IT'S NOT ONE OF YOUR CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN, THROW-YOUR-COAT-IN-THE-CORNER-AND-DEAL AFFAIRS. IT'S A MATTER OF FLOWERS ON THE MANTEL, CANDY ON THE TABLE, AND SHOES ON THE HUSBAND. AND HERE, GETTING READY FOR THE OCCASION, WE FIND ----

-----FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: My goodness, McGee, I haven't given a party for so long, I'm as nervous as a cow in the deer hunting season.

FIB: Ah calm down, baby. Everything's under control. In a thing like this, there's only one thing you gotta worry about.

MOL: What's that?

FIB: If it's table stakes and you're runnin' low, buy your new stack before the deal. Because when you got plenty o' chips --

MOL: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WE'RE NOT USING CHIPS.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WE'RE NOT USING CHIPS? HOW CAN YOU PLAY POKER WITHOUT CHIPS? IF YOU USE MATCHES, AND FOUR PEOPLE AT THE TABLE ARE SMOKING, YOU ALWAYS --

MOL: BUT WE'RE NOT PLAYING POKER! WE'RE PLAYING BRIDGE!

(PAUSE)

FIB: You're kidding, aren't you?

MOL: I am not. If I wanted a poker party, I'd rent the back room of Joe's tavern. This is a bridge party, for ladies and gentlemen, of whom, fortunately we know just about enough for two tables.

FIB: Oh, but bridge! My gosh...what a dull game! I don't even believe I remember enough about it to play.

MOL: Oh, it's quite simple, dearie. All you do is wait till your partner says two clubs and then you say seven no-trump, and two days later they find your body floating down the river. And you know who's coming?

FIB: Who?

MOL: MISS FORDELIA BLAKEWELL BUTLER, herself!

FIB: NO!!...YOU MEAN...?

MOL: MISS FORDELIA BLAKEWELL BUTLER, SOCIETY EDITOR OF THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE! And believe me, dear lad, getting Fordelia to come to your party is like getting the Royal Family to high tea at Duffy's Tavern!

FIB: Yeah, but I still think poker would be a much better--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: I wonder who that is...it's a little early for the guests to arrive. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, Mrs. Carstairs...DO COME IN, MRS. CARSTAIRS!

CARST: Thank you, my dear. Good day, Mr. McGee.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

FIB: Hiya, Carsty. I understand you are one of the unfortunate victims selected for our little slaughter tonight. Better bring your checkbook and a fright-wig.

CARST: Please don't worry about me, Mr. McGee. Here, Mrs. McGee, is the sandwich tray you wanted to borrow.

MOL: Oh, thank you so much, Mrs. Carstairs. You know, himself here wanted to play poker tonight instead of bridge, Millicent, but what with the Society Editor of the Gazette coming--

CARST: WHAT? FORDELIA BLAKEWELL BUTLER? My dear, I congratulate you! She almost NEVER attends social functions, except in the most exclusive circles.

FIB: Well I'll spike her rootbeer, and she can run around in one of her own. Hey, I'll cut the deck with you, high man, for fifty cents. (SHUFFLE AND RIFFLE)

(REVISED) -7-

CARST: Very well, Mr. McGee. And my dear if there is anything more I can do to help out with your party, I'll be only too happy to (King of Hearts, Mr McGee) -to assist.

FIB: Dad rat it, four of diamonds. I owe you fifty cents, Let's do it again. (SHUFFLE AND RIFFLE)

MOL: Thank you, Millicent, but I think everything is under control now.

CARST: If Marie, my upstairs maid can help you with serving - (Queen of spades, Mr. McGee) - I'm sure she'll be glad to come over.

FIB: Doggone it, five of clubs. Owe you a buck. Cut 'em again, kiddo.

MOL: Thank you so much, Mrs. Carstairs, but I don't think my guests will be spending much time upstairs.

CARST: Oh with Marie you can't tell, my dear. Since we have had her, my husband even ^{chases} ~~runs~~ upstairs to check the furnace. (Ace of Diamonds, Mr. McGee.)

FIB: WELL I'll be a ... six of hearts and I owe you a buck and a half. Once more, double or nothing. (SHUFFLE AND RIFFLE)

CARST: Don't hesitate to call me if I can do anything my dear. And please tell Miss Butler that I spell my name with an "S". Carstairs. tray of spades, Mr. McGee.

FIB: AH, NOW I GOTCHA!no, I havent either. Deuce of diamonds. You gotta go, Carsty?

CARST: Yes, I have a hair appointment. Good day, my dear.

MOL: And thank you for the sandwich tray, Millicent.

FIB: Here's your three bucks, Lucky.

(REVISED) -8-

CARST: (LUCKY, MR MCGEE? I think you will find all your opponents have the same sort of luck, until you learn to shuffle the deck so that the cards cant be read like 24-sheet posters. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that old sharpie! SHE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF MY CLUMSINESS, THAT'S WHAT SHE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF MY!

MOL: Stop pouting, pigeon, - you brought it on yourself. New let me see....I think maybe another bowl of peanuts on the side of the table there and a couple more ashtrays on the--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: HELLO THERE, KIDS!

MOL: Oh hello there, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: HAPPENED TO BE IN THE DRUG STORE, DAUGHTER, AND KREMER SAYS YOU'D ORDERED SOME ICE CREAM, AND I TOLE HIM I'D SKIP OVER HERE WITH IT. HERE YE ARE. BOTH KINDS.

FIB: We only ordered one kind, Old Timer.

OLD M: Well, keep the kind you want, kids. I'll take the other one back.

MOL: What two kinds did Mr. Kremer send?

OLD M: Tutti and Fruitti. If you want the fruitti, I'll return the tutti, or, if you want the tutti ---

FIB: NEVER MIND...NEVER MIND. We'll keep both. Say, tell me something.

OLD M: Certainly, Johnny. Tell ye anything ye wanna know...except why there are more monkey's uncles than there are monkeys. That's one of the great mysteries of the --

(REVISED)

-9-

MOL: No, I think what he wants to know, Mr. Old Timer...is JUST
WHAT IS YOUR REAL NAME?

FIB: Yeah...OLD TIMER is not only pretty corny, it's glumy.

OLD M: Well, kids...I...I'd kinda hoped it would never come to
this. Why dont ye just call me Number 28, or Danny Kaye,
or -- or HEY YOU, or something?

MOL: You ashamed of your name?

OLD M: Wel-l-l no...not exactly, daughter. But it just never
seemed to fit me, somehow. (LOWERS VOICE) Confidentially,
my name is....Rupert.

FIB: RUPERT!! My gosh..

MOL: Rupert!

OLD M: Yup. Rupert Blessingame. And I'll give ye five bucks
apiece to forget it.

FIB: You dont have to do that, Rupe. Matter of fact, I like it.

MOL: Very aristocratic, Mr. Blessingame.

OLD M: Personally, kids, I liked what they called me in the Sea
Bees better.

FIB: What was that, if it's fit for my wife's ears?

OLD M: Oh yes. In the Sea Bees, I was knowed as Serial Number
748,567, 982, - J. Little hard to use in a conversation,
but it's - *Hey what time is it?*

MOL: ~~By the way, just what was your work in the Sea Bees, anyway.~~

(2ND REVISION) -10-

FIB: It's about half past--

OLD M: GEEWHILLIAKERS, I GOTTA GIT GOIN', KIDS. Gotta be
at the tattoo parlor in ten minutes.

MOL: You mean you're getting tattooed?

OLD M: Nope. Gettin' UN-tattooed, daughter. Some o' my
art work is gotta be toned down a little fer civilian
life. They's a hula dancer on my left shoulder that
don't know it yet, but by tomorrow mornin' she's
gonna be a Pilgrim Father. So long now!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU'RE YOU"
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) -11-

FIB: Doggone it, Molly, I don't know why you had to ask the society Editor of the Gazette over here tonight.

MOL: Well, it won't hurt any of us to use our manners for one evening, dearie. Personally, I'm rather going to enjoy a party here that doesn't wind up with people squirting seltzer water at each other. OH DID YOU GET---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear, and I haven't even had time to dress yet. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:: CLOSE:

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble! Aren't you a little early? The party isn't for two hours yet.

DOC: I know - but I thought you might need some extra score pads, Molly. I happened to have some lying around and thought I'd bring 'em over.

MOL: Oh thank you, Doctor,

DOC: Everything going smoothly, Molly?

MOL: Yes, I think everything is under control, Doctor. Did I tell you that Fordelia Blakewell Butler, is coming?

DOC: GREAT SCOTT, YOU MEAN THE SOCIETY EDITOR OF THE GAZETTE?

MOL: Yes, do you know her personally, Doctor?

DOC: Yes, I do. Though "professionally" would be a more accurate term as I first met her due to a rather painful injury.

DOC:

(2ND REVISION) -12-

FIB: What's she do, Capsule-Happy, - get run down by a typewriter carriage?

DOC: Well, it's a matter of public record, so I guess I can tell you. On one of the rare occasions when she went out socially, coming home late at night, she got her heel caught in the street car track.

MOL: Oh, how terrible. Was she badly hurt?

DOC: Oh, not a bit. But I had to treat him for a torn ligament. And he tried to get her to pay my bill.

FIB: Who?

DOC: The chap that was with her. The heel that caught in the car track.

MOL: But what does Miss Butler look like, Doctor?

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

(REVISED)

-13-

DOC: Well, I'd say she was about five feet four, brown hair with incipient alopecia areata due to a childhood attack of typhoid, blue eyes, inclined to acute myopia, an almost undetectable congenital malformation of the phalanges, third digit of the dexter pedal extremity, an unobtrusive papilloma on the left inferior maxillary and a bit underweight, due, I think to hyperthyroidism. Really a very attractive woman!

FIB: Yeah, she sounds like a Powers model who's lost most of her powers.

DOC: I was merely being accurate. Beauty, to me, is a matter of circulation, muscle tone and a willingness to pay my fee at the end of the month.

MOL: I'd still like to know more about Miss Butler, Doctor. Is she very ritzy?

FIB: Do I have to take off my cloak and spread it on the floor so she can cross a spilled drink?

DOC: If you'd get something in the house besides rootbeer, Bluenose, people wouldn't spill their drinks - they'd drink 'em. WELL, I'LL SEE YOU SHORTLY!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Heavenly days, I hope nobody ever asks Doctor Gamble what I look like!

FIB: If they do, just tell 'em what HE looks like. That'd be about as dirty a revenge as you could get!

MOL: Well, this isn't getting ready for the party, McGee. And I want everything to go perfectly tonight. I want my friends to know I can hostess something larger than a chili con carne fracas after a forty-cent movie.

(2ND REVISION) -14-

FIB: You'll do okay, snookie! When this jamboree hits the society page, Ely Culbertson is gonna wonder why we're snubbing him.

MOL: Well, I do hope -

DOOR OPEN--CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, folks. (SOUND: THUD) Here's the card table you wanted to borrow, Molly.

MOL: Oh thank you very much, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Yeah, much obliged, Junior. It's gonna be a shame to win your pay check away from you on your own card table.

WIL: Well, that's life, Pal -- look --- could you spare a man a glass of water?

FIB: Do better'n that, Juney. Come out in the kitchen - (LOWERS VOICE) Give you a little sample of what we're gonna give the guests tonight. (STEPS) I picked up a case of genuine pre-war rootbeer. The kind with sugar in it. Costs me 3 bucks and a quarter. Want a wee dock and doris?

WIL: Keep Doc. Just give me a little Doris. Remember, I've got to drive home.

MOL: Here's the opener, McGee---

FIB: Thanks...

SOUND: POP...HISS

MOL: I'll hate that sound till we can get a new set of tires!

FIB: (CHIME) Drink hearty, Junior!

WIL: (PAUSE) AHHHH, SAY THAT'S THE REAL STUFF, MAC! I don't believe I ever-- HEY, WATCH IT...YOU'RE SPILLING ROOTBEER

DOOR OPEN:
MOL: ON THE FLOOR!

FIB: Aw, take it easy, Junior. Migosh, I got Glo-coat on this linoleum, you know that. Don't you know by this time that Glo-coat puts a tough film over the linoleum that protects it against dirt and spilled stuff? Migosh, doncha read?

WIL: Yes, but gee, I--

MOL: (LAUGHS) My goodness, Mr. Wilcox, that's nothing to worry about. I just Glo-coated that floor this morning for the party. Just poured some Glo-coat on it and spread it around.

WIL: Yes, but what that got to do with--

FIB: It's about time you learned that a linoleum floor never has a party hangover the morning after - if it's been Glo-coated the morning before!

MOL: Certainly!

WIL: Well...(PAUSE)

FIB: Well, what?

WIL: Well, gee - I hope we have this much fun tonight! See you later, kids!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (PAUSE) Hey, what happened there, anyhow? I'm so used to that guy spouting about Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-coat that-- Oh well, this is one time we didn't have to listen to him popping off about it, anyhow.

MOL: Yes, you certainly showed him. Well come on in the living room now, dearie, and help me--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Hello there, Mr. Mayor!

FIB: HIYA, LA TRIVIA!

GALE: Hello, Molly. Good day, McGee. Here are the extra ashtrays you wanted to borrow for your card party, Molly.

MOL: Oh thank you, Your Honor.

FIB: Yeah, much obliged, LaTriv. You know who's gonna be here? Toss your hair back so you'll have room to raise your eyebrows.

MOL: Fordelia Blakewell Butler, Mr. Mayor!

GALE: Oh that's splendid - it'll be nice to see her again.

FIB: OH -- you acquainted personal with this Butler beetle, La Trivia?

GALE: I have met her, McGee. Rather a charming person, really. She went to college with my sister. Got her Bachelor's Degree the same year.

MOL: Her what, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Her bachelor's degree.

FIB: Gee, that's tough, La Triv. What if she changes her mind and wants to get married?

GALE: What's that got to do with it? She can still get married.

MOL: WITH A BACHELOR'S DEGREE?

FIB: Take it easy there, La Trivia. As a college man yourself, you know you can't practice law with a medical degree.

GALE: Of course not, but a bachelor's degree is --

MOL: AND IF YOUR COLLEGE MAKES YOU A BACHELOR, THAT'S LEGAL, ISN'T IT?

GALE: Naturally it's legal. But you--

(2ND REVISION) -18-

FIB: SO....IF YOU'RE LEGALLY A BACHELOR, AND THEN YOU GET MARRIED, THAT'S ILLEGAL, ISN'T IT?

GALE: NO, IT IS NOT. THE LEGALITY OF THE MATTER IS NOT A--

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE THERE, LA TRIVIA! BY GEORGE, I'm pretty liberal in my views, but when a city official advocates tearing down our school system --

GALE: I ADVOCATED NO SUCH THING, MCGEE, AND YOU KNOW IT. THE MERE FACT THAT A PERSON GETS A BACHELOR'S DEGREE DOES NOT PREVENT HIM..OR HER...FROM GETTING MARRIED.

MOL: But if they DO get married, they have to tear up their bachelor's degree, don't they?

GALE: NO, THEY DO NOT! MY SISTER IS MARRIED AND HAS THREE CHILDREN AND HER BACHELOR'S DEGREE HANGS ON THE WALL OF HER LIBRARY.

FIB: Oh, those poor kids!

MOL: This is the most shameful thing I ever heard, your honor!

GALE: OH FOR GOODNESS SAKE. LOOK...WHAT I AM TRYING TO SAY IS THAT A BACHELOR'S DEGREE IS A PURELY HONORARY --

FIB: What's so honorary about promising to be a bachelor and then getting married?

GALE: (ROARS) THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH...WHEN YOU GET A DEGREE...ER...DEGREE AS A BASKET...ER...BACHELOR...ER... YOU ARE NOT REQUESTED...ER...REQUIRED TO MAINTOON..ER TAIN A...IT'S MERELY A...WE...EVERYBOD-....THE SCHOLASTIC... ER...I.....YOU....UG.....(PANTS).....McGEE.

FIB: Yes, La Trivia?

GALE: Let's go fishing one of these days.

m

(2ND REVISION) -19 & 20-

MOL: Why he'd love to, Mr. Mayor! Wouldn't you, dearie?

FIB: You betcha, La Trivia. But what give you the idea, all of a sudden?

GALE: (GENTLY) Well, it just occurred to me that after all the years that you have been baiting me we ought to do something about it. Now, if I may have my hat --

MOL: NO NO, MR. MAYOR...NOT IN THERE!!

FIB: THAT'S THE HALL CLOS--

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: CLOSET EFFECT: BELL TINKLE: PAUSE:

FIB: I GOTTA STRAIGHTEN OUT THAT LA TRIVIA ONE OF THESE DAYS.

ORCH: "TAMPICO" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

(REVISED)

-21-

THIRD SPOT:

MOL: Well, they ought to be coming any minute now, dearie....
how does the house look?

FIB: Beautiful. Everything is so slicked up, I been puttin'
my cigar ashes in my pocket. You've got the --

MOL: How's my hair?

FIB: Wonderful. The way you --

MOL: Have I forgotten anything?

FIB: No, I don't believe --

MOL: You think there are enough peanuts?

FIB: Too many. Make 'em too thirsty. I only got one case
of rootbeer, and if --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: WELL..HERE THEY COME...GOOD LUCK WITH IT, BABY.

MOL: Thank you, dear...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: HIYAH, WIMP! COME ON IN.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple...

DOOR SLAM:

WIMP: Hello, folks. My I've been looking forward to this
evening. I haven't been to a party for SO long....I hope
you don't mind if I just let myself go tonight...

MOL: You just unwind, Mr. Wimple. Have fun.

FIB: You get really raucous, do you, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh, I'm a caution when I get started, Mr. McGee.....
(CHUCKLES) You should hear me recite 'The Curfew Shall
Not Ring Tonight' with a lampshade on my head.

(REVISED)

-22-

MOL: It sounds really riotous, Mr. Wimple. Maybe it's a good
thing your wife couldn't come to night and cramp your
style.

FIB: It's a wonder she'd let you out of her sight this long,
Wimp.

WIMP: Oh, I just sneaked out, Mr. McGee....she was sleeping off
the effects of a cup of coffee when I left.

MOL: COFFEE! I thought coffee was supposed to keep you awake.

WIMP: Not if you put in what I put in it, Mrs. McGee. (LAUGHS)
She'll be lucky if she wakes up in time for Valentine's
day.

FIB: That's pretty dangerous, Wimp..doping a person's coffee.

WIMP: That's what I kept telling myself, Mr. McGee...but every
time I said it, I dumped in another teaspoonful. (LAUGHS)
I'm getting so I don't believe a word I say.

MOL: Was she all right when you left?

WIMP: Oh yes...she was breathing very naturally...which for
her means snoring like a water buffalo. She's OOOOH;
PEANUTS...MAY I HAVE SOME?

FIB: Sure, Wimp. They're --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Go right in and sit down, Mr. Wimple...everybody will be
here in a few minutes...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

HUBBA HUBBA OF VOICES: CARSTAIRS...WILCOX...GAMBLE...LA TRIVIA:

DOOR SLAM:

DOC: Well, break out the pasteboards, Rothstein! I brought a sun lamp with me in case I lose my shirt.....

WILL: The house looks swell, Molly. The way that furniture shines -

CARST: Please, Mr. Wilcox...no shop talk!

LA TRIVIA: Is everybody here? Because I'm all ready to....OH OH...
PEANUTS!! LAY OFF, GAMBLE...I saw them first...

LAUGHTER AND HUBBA HUBBA:

DOOR CHIME: HUBBA HUBBA CONTINUES FAINTLY BEHIND:

MOL: Oh, my goodness McGee..this must be Fordelia Blakewell
Butler!

FIB: Well, don't look so scared, Tootsie. She ain't gonna bite you. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

BUTLER: Mrs. McGee? I am Fordelia Butler.

BACKGROUND VOICES OUT IN SUDDEN HUSH:

MOL: Oh, I...er...I... (NERVOUS LAUGH) Well, do come in, Miss
Butler. It was SO nice of you to come.

BUTLER: It was nice of you to ask me, Mrs. McGee..

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: This is my husband, Miss Butler.

BUTLER: How do you do, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Fordelia! HEY, YOU'RE VERY GOOD LOOKIN'! FROM
WHAT DOC GAMBLE SAYS, I WAS EXPECTING A BROKEN DOWN OLD -

MOL: McGee.

BUTLER: I'm so glad Doctor Gamble is here. One of my dearest
friends, you know.

FIB: He's one of the dearest friends anybody ever had, Fordie,
His bills, at the end of the year...

MOL: PLEASE, McGEE!...Miss Butler I'd like to have you meet the
rest of our friends...MRS. CARSTAIRS...This is Miss
Fordelia Blakewe-

MUSIC: SNEAK IN: "LONDON BRIDGE" FADE --

SOUND: VERY QUIET: SHUFFLE AND SNAP OF CARDS-

VOICES: (PLAY DOWN:)

WIL: Four diamonds...

CARST: Double.

DOC: Re-double...

WIMP: Pass the peanuts, Greedy.

MOL: Well, that's our game, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: I've been doing very well tonight, Molly. I haven't seen
so many spades since the W.P.A. finished the airport.

FIB: How about some refreshments, Molly? I could eat the
horns off Ghandi's goat.

MOL: My goodness, McGee...it's only a little after nine. Could
I get you anything Miss Butler?

BUTLER: Well, if it isn't too much trouble I WOULD like a glass of
water, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: WHY SURE. FORDELIA!...YOU'RE A CINCH. WE GET IT PIPED
RIGHT INTO THE HOUSE..(FADE)..YOU JUST SET THERE AND I'LL--

BUTLER: Oh I'll come with you, Mr. McGee...I'm dummy, anyway...

SOUND: CARD PLAYING EFFECT FADE:

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

SOUND: GLASS CLINK: WATER RUNNING

FIB: Frankly, Fordelia, ain't this about the dullest evening you ever spent in your life?

BUTL: On the contrary, Mr. McGee..I am enjoying myself very much. Although I - Oh, thank you.

FIB: Althought you what?

BUTL: (LAUGHS) Well, one of the reasons I accepted your wife's very kind invitation is that I heard you were quite a poker player, and being very fond of poker myself, I -

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN?

BUTL: I said, being very fond of poker, I ---

FIB: WELL MY GOSH, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? WE'VE WASTED A WHOLE HOUR! COME ON, SIS....YOU JUST TALKED YOURSELF INTO POPULARITY!

(DOOR OPEN:)(SLIGHT BORED CROWD)

FIB: ATTENTION EVERYBODY!...FORDELIA WANTS TO PLAY POKER!.... THROW THEM BRIDGE SCORES OUT THE WINDOW, AND BREAK OUT THE CHIPS!!

CHEERS AND LAUGHTER

BUTL: Well, now really, I didn't intend...

MOL: THAT'S ALL RIGHT, DEARIE IT WAS MY MISTAKE...

FIB: MOVE THOSE TABLES TOGETHER, BOYS AND TAKE OFF YOUR COATS!

HUBBA HUBBA AND LAUGHTER:

DOC: What'll it be - dealer's choice?

MOL: YES, AND YOU DEAL THE FIRST HAND, FORDELIA!

BUTLER: WONDERFUL! GET YOUR CHIPS ON THE LINE AND FEED THAT HUNGRY KITTY! HERE WE GO WITH "SPIT IN THE OCEAN" ... WHEEL 'EM AROUND AND BET 'EM LIKE YOU SEE 'EM. SKY'S THE LIMIT, AND HERE'S WHERE ALL FRIENDSHIP CEASES ---

CROWD: HUBBA HUBBA

ORCH: "FOREVER" - FADE FOR -

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
1/29/46

(REVISED) -26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: ~~Do you agree with me when I say~~ ^{It's been said} that the best way to judge a product is by its popularity? I'm a mere male when it comes to shopping, but that sounds like good common sense to me. That's one reason why I have such confidence in telling you about JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Did you know more women use this famous wax floor polish than any other polish in the world? The reason for such popularity is simple, of course. When you protect your linoleum with GLO-COAT you accomplish two things. You preserve its original attractive colors and beautiful pattern, and you make it last a much longer time. And, of course, you save yourself lots of work all year round because GLO-COAT is self-polishing -- it needs no rubbing or buffing, takes practically no work from you. Simply apply and let dry -- that's the GLO-COAT story. Why don't you take a tip from the millions of pleased users and get some JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION)

-27-

TAG

SOUND: RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER

MOL: Well, dearie, I guess our party was a success, after all.
FIB: I'll say! Look at this picture - and listen to this. It says "Mrs. McGee - one of the town's smarter hostesses, entertained with a card party last night. In sharp contrast to the usual sticky bridge affair, the McGee party was one your editor will long remember - to the tune of sixteen bucks!"

MOL: What else does she say?

FIB: Oh, a lot - here, read it. There was only one thing I thought she'd never say last night.

MOL: What was that?

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Oh - goodnight, all.

ORCH: 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. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C.*** THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(CHIMES)