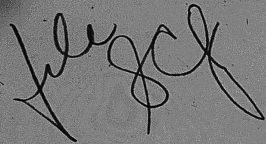


(REVISED)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#28



"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

ABC - TUESDAY

APRIL 16, 1946

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
APRIL 16, 1946

(2ND REVISION) -2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME.....FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax products for home and industry present "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" -- with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Bea Benadaret, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie. The music by the King's men and Billy Mill's Orchestra!

ORCH: "MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW"....FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY NBC
APRIL 16, 1946

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: How many square miles of furniture do you suppose you've polished in a lifetime? One of our listeners writes, "In my thirteen years of keeping house, I must have polished miles and miles of tables. After trying various furniture polishes, I happened to hit upon your JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX. I think it is your best product. Why don't you tell your audience about it?" Well now, that's a good idea. As a matter of fact, this newest of JOHNSON'S WAX POLISHES is a wonderful product...and quite different from ordinary furniture polishes. In appearance it is a creamy white liquid. In action, it not only cleans furniture, woodwork and things like refrigerators with amazing ease, it also wax-polishes them at the same time...gives them all the lovely glow and shining beauty of a wax-polished surface. Being non-oily, JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX leaves a hard, dry, satin-smooth finish, too, which doesn't readily collect dust and dirt. A light dusting restores the shining beauty, so you save yourself hours of work. Try it - JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: COUSIN SALVADOR, THE MCGEE'S HOUSE GUEST, IS A MAN WHO CAN TAKE A HINT. HE HAS SEEN THE MENU DWINDLE FROM STEAK TO CHOPS TO HAMBURGER TO HASH, AND HE'S LEAVING IN THE MORNING. IN FACT HE'S PACKING RIGHT NOW; - PACKING AWAY A SOLID BREAKFAST, AS WE MEET --

-----FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: OF SILVER AND DISHES

MOL: Have some more scrambled eggs, cousin Salvador? McGee, more eggs?

FIB: Yes, I don't mind if I --

SALV: Thanks very much, Molly. Hate to take the last of 'em, but they sure are good!

SOUND: FAST SCRAPING OF PLATE:

FIB: There's one more slice of bacon, Salvador, if you get room on your plate for it.

SALV: Shucks, I'll lay it right on top. Thanks, Fibber.

MOL: McGee, have a biscuit. You've hardly eaten a thing.

FIB: You said it. The minute I reach for something, I --

SALV: I'll have a biscuit, Molly. Thanks, Might's well take all three of 'em, I guess. They ARE mighty small, ain't they?

FIB: They look awful small from over here, yeah.

SALV: By golly, Fibber you sure married a good cook! I've et around with most of the relatives, and they ^{ain't} none of 'em set a table like Molly does.

MOL: Well, thank you, Cousin Salvador. It's just -
SALV: Any more jelly? Oh, sure there is....thanks.
SOUND: PLATES AND SILVER:
FIB: Glass of water, Salvador? We got plenty. Piped right
into the house
SALV: Nope. Thanks. Never drink it during meals. Throws my
timing all off. (FAST KNIFE AND FORK WORK)
MOL: Do you really have to leave tomorrow morning, Cousin
Salvador? You're welcome to stay as long as --
FIB: WHY MOLLY....OF COURSE HE'S GOTTA LEAVE! He's gotta big
job waitin' for him outa town. Think of that....OUT OF
TOWN!
SALV: Yup...gotta paint a whole block of flats this week, Molly.
I use a special kind of paint for that. (LAUGHS) Flat
paint.
FIB: I gotta paint our garage this summer myself, Salvy.
SALV: How many coats you gonna put on?
FIB: Just one...if I get cold I'll slip into a sweater. (LAUGHS
Get it, kids? He says how many coats am I gonna put on,
and purposely misunderstanding, I snaps back with a --
MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!
FIB: Taint? Migosh, and I'd figured on selling that one to
Burns and Allen.
SALV: Burns and Allen? They painters?
MOL: They could be. Things are always a little brighter after
they've been there.
SOUND: SCRAPE OF CHAIR

MOL: Well, thank you, Cousin Salvador. It's just -
SALV: Any more jelly? Oh, sure there is....thanks.
SOUND: PLATES AND SILVER:
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Burns and Allen.
SALV: Burns and Allen? They painters?
MOL: They could be. Things are always a little brighter after
they've been there.
SOUND: SCRAPE OF CHAIR

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SALV: Well, if you folks'll excuse me, I'll get on down to the basement. I'm working on something. Wanta get it finished before I leave. (FADE) Nice breakfast, Molly.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

(PAUSE)

FIB: Pass me the salt and pepper, will you Molly?

MOL: What do you want it for?

FIB: It's the only thing Salvador left on the table to eat.

MOL: Shall I scramble you some more eggs, dearie?

FIB: N-no...I guess not, thanks. I was merely----

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

SALV: You gonna scramble some more eggs, Molly?

MOL: No, I guess not, Cousin Salvador. McGee was just --

SALV: Okay...lemme know if you do.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: How do you like that guy? He's a one-man food shortage.

MOL: What's he doing down in the basement?

FIB: Probably eatin' his way thru the fruit cellar.

MOL: Oh be serious, McGee....what's he working on?

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FIB: I aint suppose to tell you. It's a secret. It's a going-away present for you. As if his merely going away wasn't enough of a gift.

MOL: OH MY GOODNESS, HE SHOULDNT DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT! Heavenly days, if we cant entertain a relative for a few days, it's -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: I cant tell from here. We're in the kitchen this time. Remember?

FIB: Oh yeah. Well, they'll probably --

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: (OFF)

DOC: (OFF MIKE) ANYBODY HOME?

MOL: OUT HERE IN THE KITCHEN DOCTOR!

DOC: (FADE IN) Good morning, Molly. And a stiff nod of recognition to you, Bait-boat.

FIB: Hiyah, Bandid. What brings you out in broad daylight? Somebody turn over the flat rock you live under?

MOL: Have a cup of coffee, Doctor? I think it's still hot, and there's just one cup left.

DOC: Dont you want it, Turtleface?

FIB: No thanks, Callworthy. I'M on a seven-day diet.

DOC: A SEVEN DAY DIET? What's that for?

MOL: His cousin Salvador has been here just seven days, Doctor.

FIB: He's leaving in the morning, which means that from now on I can reach for a slice of bread without pulling back a broken wrist.

SOUND: CLATTER OF CUP AND SAUCER:

MOL: Here's your coffee, Doctor...pass the cream and sugar, McGee.

DOC: No thanks, McGee. I take it black.

FIB: It's a good thing you do, Arrowsmith. Salvador didn't leave enough cream to make a spot on a derby.

DOC: By the way, Molly...what have you done to your front hall? It looks different.

MOL: Why nothing that I know of, Doctor. What's so different about it?

DOC: Search me, I was - WHAT ARE YOU MAKING FACES AT ME FOR, YOU LITTLE ABORIGINE?

MOL: What is this, McGee? What have you done that...LOOK..HAS THIS ANYTHING TO DO WITH WHAT COUSIN SALVADOR IS WORKING ON?

FIB: Well, my gosh, I...It wasn't...he said it was...

DOC: Never mind. Far be it from me to pry into your boyish secrets. You never - (PAUSE) I KNOW, MOLLY....THAT ANTIQUE TABLE! IT'S GONE!

MOL: WHAT? MY ANTIQUE TABLE THAT AUNT SARAH GAVE ME RIGHT AFTER WE WERE MARRIED THAT I LOVE SO MUCH? MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: TELL MOTHER THIS INSTANT WHAT'S THE FABLE OF THE TABLE?

FIB: Well, Salvador noticed it was kinda wobbly, and knowin' wood-workin' like he does, - cabinet makin' and stuff -- and he thought it was such a nice piece of furniture and all, he's fixin' it up for you.

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MOL: Oh my goodness...well isnt that nice! AND IF DOCTOR GAMBLE HADNT NOTICED IT WAS GONE, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A COMPLETE SURPRISE.

DOC: Sorry if I put my foot in it, my dear. But I would have bet a cookie that --

DOOR OPEN:

SALVADOR: COOKIES? WHO'S GOT COOKIES? SURE WORKED UP AN APPETITE DOWN THERE IN THE BASEMENT. HIYAH, DOC. DONT GO TO ANY TROUBLE MOLLY..JUST A HANFUL O' COOKIES AND A GLASS O' MILK. (MUSIC) DONT WANNA BE ANY BOTHER ON MY LAST DAY HERE, BECAUSE....

ORCH: "WARSAW CONCERTO"

APPLAUSE:

B

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SECOND SPOT

MOL: My goodness it certainly is nice of Cousin Salvador to fix up my antique table. What's he doing to it?
FIB: I dunno, but you can trust him. I was gonna clean it up and wax it for you myself but Salvador's an expert.
MOL: Well, he's got plenty of time to do it today, too. You would have had to sandwich it in with other jobs and -

DOOR OPEN:

SALV: Sandwiches? I hear somebody say they were makin' sandwiches, Molly?
FIB: No, Salvador. We just had breakfast twenty minutes ago.
SALV: Shucks, seems like hours. Well, call me fer lunch.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Getting so you don't dare mention f.o.o.d. out loud around here!
MOL: Well, heavenly days, dearie, if you worked as hard as Cousin Salvador does, you'd have an appetite too. Your idea of exercise is unfolding the morning paper!
FIB: Well, gee whizz, if-I was an expert on restoring antique furniture, I'd -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh hello there Mrs. Garstairs.....do come in!
GARST: Thank you my dear. DOOR CLOSE: Good day, Mr. McGee.
FIB: Well, this is a coincidence, Garsty! We were just discussing antiques.

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CARST: Really! I always suspected you had an interest in antiques Mr. McGee. Your hat itself is a museum piece. Incidentally, my dear, what ever ^{happened to} became of that charming antique table you had in the hall?

MOL: That's what brought up the discussion, Millicent. McGee's cousin Salvador is fixing it up for me. I value that table very highly you know.

CARST: Naturally. It is a splendid old heirloom. I personally have spent a small fortune on antiques but I have never had a piece of furniture as lovely as that one. Although, in 1929, at an auction, I bid on a piecrust table that -

DOOR OPEN:

SALV: Piecrust? Somebody say piecrust? By snackers, I could really -

MOL: No, Cousin Salvador. We just mentioned a piecrust table. Oh excuse me. Mrs. Carstairs, this is McGee's cousin, Salvador, McGee.

CARST: How do you do, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. How's everything?

MOL: She meant cousin Salvador, McGee.

SALV: Mornin', ma'am. Sorry can't be more sociable. Workin' on a little job down in the basement. Souse me.

DOOR SLAM:

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CARST: What were we saying? Oh yes, the table I bought at an auction. Mr. Carstairs was carrying it downstairs for me one day and I heard the most TERRIBLE CRASH. Then I heard Marie, the upstairs maid say something about a broken leg, which frightened me horribly. Until I discovered that it was my husband's leg, and not the table! BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU GIVEN UP PAINTING, MR. MCGEE?

MOL: Yes he has, Millicent.

CARST: Too bad. Such an interesting hobby. One of my ancestors - Sir Malcolm - was court painter during the reign of Henry the Eighth, you know.

FIB: No kiddin'. Was he really? What was his name? Sir Malcolm what?

CARST: Agnesia.

MOL: Oh yes...Malcolm Agnesia. I've heard of him. How did he get his title, Millicent?

CARST: That is a fascinating story, my dear. It seems that, as a joke, King Henry handed my ancestor a yardstick and said "DRAW MY PORTRAIT, FELLOW!" But the painter said, "I'm sorry, Sire, I can't draw a ruler with a straight line!" (LAUGHS) This pleased Henry so much that he knighted SIR MALCOLM on the spot. Well, so nice to have seen you.. good day!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Sir Malcolm Agnesia. Oh brother! HEY, DID MORT TOOPS CALL ME ON THE PHONE?

MOL: Not that I know of, dearie. What about?

FIB: As soon as Salvador leaves, Mort and I are goin' fishin'. Mort says his launch will be ready about -

DOOR OPEN:

SALV: Somebody say lunch was ready? 'Cause if it is, I -

MOL: No, Cousin Salvador. LAUNCH, it was. A friend of McGee's has a launch. They're going fishing in it.

SALV: Oh. Sorry I won't be here to go with 'em. Love fish. Nothin' like a nice broiled trout. Don't forget to call me fer lunch.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: If cousin Salvador is so fond of fish, maybe I could get some for dinner, McGee. Got any suggestions?

FIB: Yes, I think a whale steak would be about right for him. I'll whip up half a ton of tartar sauce in the bathtub.

MOL: Don't talk like that, McGee. I LOVE to see a man with a hearty appetite. And after all, look what he's doing for me, fixing up my antique table.

FIB: Well, as soon as he gets thru waxing it and -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks - waxing what?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. You can hear the word wax about as far as cousin Salvador can hear the word food.

DOOR OPEN:

SALV: FOOD, you say?

FIB: NOT YET, SALVY.

SALV: Okay.

DOOR SLAM:

WIL: I repeat...waxing what?

MOL: My antique table that used to be in the hall there, Mr. Wilcox. Cousin Salvador is putting it in shape for me.

WIL: Oh yes.....that's a beautiful table, Molly. An heirloom was it?

FIB: Her Aunt Sarah gave it to her when we were married, Junior. First piece of furniture we ever owned.

WIL: Well, I'M sorry it was a table you were talking about, and not a beautiful manolemmum cove.....er.....limolinum....

MOL: What was that again, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I said if you had only been talking about a kitchen floor covered with limol....er.....minola.....

FIB: (HOWLS WITH GLEE) DO IT SOME MORE, WAXEY....THIS IS WONDERFUL!

MOL: McGee, it probably isn't funny to Mr. Wilcox? What's the matter, Mr. Wilcox? You've been using that word for years without any trouble.

WIL: (TROUBLED) Gee...I..I dunno, Molly. I've always talked about linom...about kitchen floors that were covered with it, and how Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat was specifically designed to protect and preserve it.

MOL: Protect and preserve what?

WIL: Linomel...Mineol...OH YOU KNOW! I've ALWAYS talked about how Glocoat is so easy to use...how you just pour it out, spread it around and let it dry for 20 minutes or less, and how it restores the beauty and luster to worn and faded old --- old -

FIB: Old what, old man?

WIL: Floor coverings that you use Johnson's Glocoat on. OH WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? I CAN SAY LIMOLENUM...er...MANOLEU....

MOL: You're just temporarily twisted up, Mr. Wilcox. Can you say The Leith Police dismisseth us?

WIL: The Leith Police dismisseth us?

FIB: Very good, Juney. Now then...THE SINKING STEAMER SUNK.

WIL: The sinking steamer sunk.

MOL: PERFECT! Now say ENGLISH MUSTARD.

FIB: Is that a tongue twister?

MOL: Ever eat any?

WIL: Oh this is silly. Look, don't say anything to Racine about this will you? Gee, if I can't even pronounce what they recommend their product for---

FIB: What DO they recommend Glocoat for Junior?

WIL: Lemoneu...liloll...OH THIS IS TERRIBLE! I'M RUINED!!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You know, McGee...that could really be serious.

FIB: You're telling me, kiddo. I had to give up a swell job selling enpysocledias for the same reason, I could never pronounce enpysocledia.

MOL: Yes, but just think...it's Mr. Wilcox's livelihood. If he can't tell people what it is that Johnson's Glocoat protects and preserves, he--

DOOR OPEN:

SALV: Preserves? Gosh, folks, I love 'em. I think black raspberry is the finest kind of pres--

FIB: Look, Salvy...we were talking about how Glocoat preserves limon...er...lomeni --

MOL: LINOLEUM.

FIB: Yes.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I should have asked how he was coming along with my table.

FIB: Better not to. No expert likes to answer questions in the middle of a job. I remember once--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: Oh, hiya, Wimp, old man.

MOL: Have a chair, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Oh no thank you, ever so much, Mrs. McGee. I can't stay but a tiny minute. And I hope you won't think me rude if I keep my hat on.

FIB: That's okay, Wimp. Got a bandage on your head, or something?

WIMP: Oh no, Mr. McGee. I'm just sensitive about being bald.

MOL: BALD! Why, Mr. Wimple...you're not bald. You've got lots of hair.

WIMP: Not since this morning, Mrs. McGee. Sweetface..(that's my big old wife)..Sweetface tried an experiment and all my hair came out.

FIB: Pretty drastic experiment, kid. What was she experimenting with? A new hair tonic?

WIMP: No...she was taking her life-saving examinations at the Municipal swimming pool. And she wanted to see how far she could drag a man under water by his hair.

MOL: Heavenly days! And how far could she?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh, I really don't know, Mrs. McGee. They say I was lying in the bottom of the pool quite a while before she noticed she only had a bunch of hair in her hand. She gave me the very dickens for not keeping up with her.

FIB: Should think she would, Wimp. Very inconsiderate of you.

MOL: How long before they brought you to, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh, they brought me three, in less than five minutes. Two Boy Scouts and a fireman. Then just as I was breathing again, somebody said "THROW WATER IN HIS FACE". And Sweetface, who is really a quick thinker, said "I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA. LET'S THROW HIS FACE IN THE WATER". And she did.

FIB: You've had a very strenuous day, Wimp. It seems as if.

WIMP: Well, that wasn't the worst of it, Mr. McGee. Sweetface got into an argument with the swimming instructor. About whether a hundred foot dive would, or would not, break a man's neck. For your information - it won't. Not every time, anyway.

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Wimple. A hundred foot dive! You might have drowned!

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh, there was no danger of that, Mrs. McGee. Sweetface threw me into the shallow end.

FIB: Wimp, I predict that one of these days, Sweetface is going too far with you. And you're going to revolt.

WIMP: You're so right, Mr. McGee. When she interrupted my Spanish lesson a little while ago, I stood up on my hind feet and I read her the riot act, believe me!

MOL: GOOD FOR YOU!!

FIB: WHAT'D SHE SAY TO THAT, WIMP?

WIMP: Oh, she just laughed...Fortunately, she doesn't understand Spanish. Well, I'll see you later, folks.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "SHOO FLY PIE AND APPLE PAN DOWDY" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

MOL: My goodness, McGee....cousin Salvador is taking an awfully long time to polish up my antique table.

FIB: That's because he's a good workman, that's why. When he brings it back upstairs, I'll betcha it won't have a wobble in it. Hey, ain't it almost time for (LOWERS VOICE) L-U-N-C-H?

MOL: Yes, but I've got to have some er....G-R-O-C-E-R-I-E-S. Will you run over to the market?

FIB: Yeah. Pretty soon. Gimme the list.

MOL: Here you are. But I use my own abbreviations. Hed-cab id head of cabbage, kak-flo is cake flour, and see-ban means see if they have any bananas.

FIB: What's this....L.S./M.F.T.?

MOL: Laundry soap and meat for tomorrow.

FIB: Oh. I thought maybe it was --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, my goodness....MAYOR LA TRIVIA! DO COME IN, YOUR HONOR.

GALE: Thank you.

DOOR SLAM:

GALE: Been housecleaning, folks?

FIB: No we haven't, La Triv. What gave you that idea?

GALE: I noticed you'd moved some things out of the hall. That beautiful old table, for instance.

MOL: Oh, that's being...er...(LAUGHS) Well, I don't know....

FIB: Don't worry about it, La Triv. Hey, did I hear you were renting your apartment?

GALE: No, we're not, McGee. And for a ridiculous reason.

MOL: What's that, your honor?

GALE: Simply because we can't get "No Vacancy" signs.

FIB: For a supposedly educated guy, La Trivia, you talk awful bum grammar. "Can't get no vacancy signs"! HAH!!!

MOL: Yes, even himself here knows it should be "I CAN'T GET ANY vacancy signs."

GALE: But I don't want any "Vah/cancy" signs. I want "NO VACANCY" signs.

FIB: Well, if you don't want none...er...any...what are you beefing about?

MOL: If you wanted a vacancy sign and couldn't get it, then you'd have a legitimate complaint, your honor.

GALE: BUT I HAVE GOT A COMPLAINT. I CAN'T FIND "NO VACANCY" SIGNS.

FIB: IT'S ANY VAGANCY SIGNS, LA TRIV. NOT NO VACANCY SIGNS.

GALE: IT'S NO VACANCY SIGNS I WANT. I DON'T WANT VAGANCY SIGNS. "VACANCY" SIGNS, I CAN GET. BUT I CAN'T GET "NO VACANCY" SIGNS.

MOL: Look, Mr. Mayer...I don't want to seem school-teacherish, but you must never use a double negative. Like "I ain't got no nothing." Or "I can't get no this or that."

FIB: You oughtta know that, La Trivia. College man like you. DIDN'T YOU EVER LEARN THAT A SUBJUNCTIVE TAKES A PLURAL NEGATIVE WHEN USED AS A PREDICATE!?

GALE: I NEVER LEARNED ANY SUCH THING, I MERELY STATED THAT --

MOL: Now let's get this straight, your honor. You said you were not renting your apartment because you couldn't get any vacancy signs.

GALE: I didn't say that, Mrs. McGee. I said I couldn't get "NO VACANCY" SIGNS.

FIB: AHAA.....THAT'S WHERE YOUR GRAMMAR FALLS ON ITS FACE, LA TRIVIA. You see.....

GALE: THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH MY GRAMMAR.

MOL: That's nice. Don't forget to send her flowers on Mother's Day.

GALE: WHO?

FIB: Your grandmother. Bless her heart!

GALE: (YELLS) I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT MY GRANDMOTHER. AND IF MY ENGLISH IS NOT PREDICATE.....I MEAN, IF YOU PLURAL A VACANCY INTO A.....LOOK! A NO VAGRANCY...ER...VAGANCY SIGN IS.....WHEN I SAID I COULDN'T GET NONE...ER...ANY...ER...SOME....YOU SAID.....I SAID.....IT.....WE...(PANTS) McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: Did you ever think of studying to be a chiropractor?

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MOL: Why, I don't think he ever did, your honor.
FIB: Why, La Triv?
GALE: Well, you'd better. I don't mind having my leg pulled,
but you'd better be ready to put it back where
it belongs. Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I don't think we should have done that, McGee.
FIB: Done what?
MOL: Scolded him merely because his grandmother didn't
speak good English.
FIB: No, I don't suppose we should. We don't even know his
grandmother.
MOL: And besides, the Mayor is such a grand man. Such nice
manners. I think he's just an old peach!

DOOR OPEN:

SALV: PEACH? WHERE? MY FAVORITE FRUIT, PEACHES. LOVE 'EM
RAW, SLICED, CANNED....Oh, hey....Molly.
MOL: Yes, Cousin Salvador?
SALV: Got a little surprise fer ya!
MOL: FOR ME? OH, GOODY....I WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE!
SALV: WELL, SHUT YER EYES FER A MINUTE. THAT'S IT. Hey
Fibber...gimme a hand, hepe.
FIB: Okay, boy!
SALV: Jest help me git it thru the door here....
SOUND: THUD AND SCRAPE OF MOVING TABLE:
FIB: OH MY GOSH, SALVADOR....YOU SHOULDN'T OF

(2ND REVISION) -24 & 25-

SALV: Quiet, cousin. Let it be a surprise to her. OKAY, MOLLY
OPEN YOUR EYES AND TAKE A LOOK!

(PAUSE)

MOL: WHAT....what....what....what is it?
SALV: That old table you had settin' in the upstairs hall.
Sure fixed 'er up, didn't I? Cut the legs off a mite,
puttied up the worm holes, sanded her down and give her
three coats o' red paint. Makes a swell coffee table!
MOL: (CRYING) OH, SALVADOR....YOU....OH....OH....MY BEAUTIFUL
OLD TABLE....
SALV: Oh, don't cry, Molly! I was glad to do it. Shucks, you
and Fibber been so good to me, I felt I had to do
something, so --
MOL: YES, BUT....IT....I....(SOBS) OHHHHHH, I CAN'T STAND
IT!....OHHHHHH.....(FADE OUT SOBBING TO:)

DOOR SLAM:

SALV: Jiminy, wimmin sure do take on when they're happy,
don't they?
FIB: HAPPY! WHY, YOU HUMAN TAPEWORM, DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT
TABLE WAS HER PROUDEST POSSESSION? IT'S BEEN STANDING
THERE IN THE FRONT HALL EVER SINCE WE--
SALV: Wait a minute! This here's the old one outa the UPSTAIRS
HALL. The one from the downstairs hall here is a valyble
antique...don't you realize that? I jest tightened that
up and waxed it. I'll bring it up later. HEY, AIN'T
LUNCH ABOUT READY?

ORCH: "MAKE MINE MUSIC" FADE-FOR

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
APRIL 16, 1946

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: It's great, isn't it, getting all set for the sunny days to come -- shining up your golf clubs, buying a new hat, planning your garden. That's fine, but don't forget to give a thought to the appearance of your car. JOHNSON'S CARNU and a little of your time will turn your old bus into a car you'll be proud to drive. Of course, I don't mean CARNU will make it look quite like that new one you're waiting for, but it sure will give it a beautiful polish. CARNU is the famous wax-fortified liquid cleaner that both cleans and polishes in one easy application. Just apply it, rubbing only hard enough to loosen the grime and road dirt. In a few minutes, CARNU dries to a white powder, and when you wipe this powder off, oh man! how that finish shines. Dirt and dullness disappear like magic and your car looks practically new again. Better still, you won't be all tired out ... there's no hard rubbing with CARNU. Try it, won't you? JOHNSON'S CARNU... spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(SECOND REVISION) -27-

TAG

MOL: McGee, I'm sorry I went all to pieces like that. But I thought Salvador had ruined my beautiful antique table!

FIB: Me too. I should of known he knew what he was doing. Fixin' up furniture is pie for him.

DOOR OPEN:

SALV: Pie for me, you say?

FIB: YOU'RE DARN RIGHT, BOY!.....ANY KIND YOU WANT!
GOODNIGHT!

MOL: 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.
Goodnight!

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

(SHIMES)

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