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(REVISED) #34

*file
script*

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

MAY 21, 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" -- 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!

"Should I tell you I love you"

ORCH: SELECTION ... FADE FOR:

ANNCR: Now that the weather's warmer, naturally your doors and windows are apt to be open while you work in the kitchen. That brings up a little cleaning problem because dirt and dampness do come in to soil your kitchen linoleum. Of course, it isn't a problem if you have JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your floors. You just whisk away the dirt and moisture with a cloth and right away your linoleum comes up smiling. That's one of the many nice things about JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. It not only gives linoleum a beautiful polish and makes the colors bright and fresh, it also forms a tough protective wax film that wards off dirt and spilled things. Naturally, this wax protection makes linoleum last longer, too. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is wonderfully easy to use. There's no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry -- that's all there is to it. GLO-COAT shines as it dries, never streaks. In only twenty minutes, your linoleum and other floors are shining beautifully and ready to use. Try it, won't you? Ask for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: THIS IS A GREAT DAY IN WISFUL VISTA! THE DAY OF THE BIG BASEBALL GAME BETWEEN THE ELKS AND THE ROTARIANS. AND GUESS WHO IS PITCHING FOR THE ELKS! YES SIR! THE FELLOW WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE FANNED MORE MEN IN HIS DAY THAN SALLY RAND, FIBBER "FIREBALL" MCGEE, OF --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: My goodness, I certainly will be happy when this day is over, McGee. For the past week, nothing but baseball, baseball, baseball.

FIB: My gosh, I'll be glad when this game is over. I'm as nervous as a bee-keeper with the hiccups.

MOL: What are you so worried about? I thought you said you could pitch against those Rotarians blindfolded and with one foot in a bucket of cement.

FIB: I can, too, if I can get in form again...I.....I just don't seem to have the control I used to have.

MOL: That's what Doctor Gamble said. He said you wound up like a dollar watch and delivered like a punch drunk mailman.

FIB: YAHHH, WHAT DOES THAT TONSIL SNATCHER KNOW ABOUT BASEBALL? HE THOUGHT RUTH WAS A GIRL TILL I TOLD HIM DIFFERENT. HE STILL THINKS A POP FLY IS AN INSECT'S FATHER.

MOL: He's catching for you, isn't he?

FIB: Yeah...and don't think that's the least of my worries. The only way he can work behind a plate is to put meat and potatoes on it.

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MOL: Well, I don't know what you're nervous about. After all, you did used to play a little professional baseball, didn't you?

FIB: A LITTLE professional baseball! My dear girl, I was the sensation of the Three-Eye League for many a year. I had a fast ball that come in like an aspirin tablet and had a hop on it like a jumping bean on a hot skillet. DIDN'T YOU EVER READ THAT NEWSPAPER CLIPPING ABOUT ME....THE ONE I CARRY IN MY WALLET?

MOL: Yes, I have, dearie. You mean the one with the picture of Wilson's inauguration on the back of it?

FIB: Yeah. YOU KNOW WHAT GABBY HARTNETT ONCE SAID TO ME?

MOL: No, what did Gabby Hartnett, ^{once} say to you?

FIB: He says, "DON'T BOTHER ME NOW, SON, I'LL AUTOGRAPH IT FOR YOU AFTER THE GAME." That was back in about....

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. And how are you today, Arthur?

FIB: Whaddye mean, Arthur?

DOC: A professional abbreviation for arthritus. Or does that stiff elbow of yours come from patting yourself on the back, prematurely?

FIB: DON'T WORRY ABOUT MY STIFF ELBOWS, YOU MUSCLEBOUND SULFA HUCKSTER! YOU JUST WEAR TWO PAIRS OF SHIN GUARDS TODAY, THAT'S ALL. I GOTTA FAST BALL THAT WOULD BREAK THE LEG OF AN ELEPHANT. EVEN AN ELEPHANT YOUR SIZE!

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MOL: If you think I'm strong enough to take it, doctor, just what are the Elks' chances of winning the game today?

DOC: Frankly, Molly...unless the poor man's Bob Feller here - the Dizziest Dean of them all - develops a little better control, we haven't got the chance of a brewery horse in the Preakness.

FIB: WELL WHADDYE EXPECT, DOGGONE IT? MY GOSH, I HAVEN'T HAD A BASEBALL IN MY HANDS FOR 20 YEARS, TILL THIS WEEK!

DOC: That's quite obvious, Gas-Jet. You've been throwing that apple like a nervous newlywed tossing her corsage to a bridesmaid.

FIB: CUT OUT THAT KINDA TALK IN FRONT OF MY WIFE, GAMBLE!

MOL: It's all right, dearie. A corsage is a bouquet.

FIB: Eh? It is? Oh. Excuse me.

MOL: Incidentally, doctor, how about you? Are you in shape for the game?

DOC: For your private information, my dear, I'll have to lie down for three innings after I struggle into my chest protector. When a man of my age and weight takes up baseball, he's begging for the kind of trouble for which I charge people ten dollars a visit.

FIB: Set your curly little mind at rest, Fatso. Just hold your mitt out and I'll smack 'em into it like a letter from home.

MOL: Pardon me for pointing, gentlemen, but aren't you wasting a lot of good breathing with all this yatata-yatata? Why don't you go out in the driveway and do some more practicing?

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FIB: GOOD IDEA, MOLLY. COME ON, DOC...I'LL FLING 'EM SOFTLY
SO IT WON'T BLISTER YOUR LITTLE FAT HANDS.

DOC: JUST MAKE IT EASY ON YOURSELF, SHAD ROE! I'VE GOT MY
CATCHER'S MITT RIGHT HERE. COMING MOLLY?

MOL: No thank you, doctor. I'll just watch you out the
window. I sat on the front steps yesterday and lost
seven dollars worth of bobby pins ducking wild pitches.

FIB: Come on, Doc.....our last chance to practice.

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE: FOOTSTEPS DOWN OFF PORCH ONTO SIDEWALK

FIB: (CALLS) STAND OVER THERE WITH YOUR BACK TO THE GARAGE
DOOR, DOC. THAT'S IT. NOW THEN...YOU READY?

DOC: (OFF MIKE) I don't have to get ready to catch one of
your pitches, Kucklehead. I could write a letter to my
mother while it was coming in.

FIB: YEAH? WELL TRY THIS ON YOUR THUMBNAIL, WINBAG! (GRUNTS)

SOUND: LIGHT SMACK OF BALL IN GLOVE

DOC: What kind of a pitch was that, Weakling? I could have
caught that one in my teeth!

FIB: You'll catch plenty of 'em in your teeth before I get
through with you, WISE GUY! I was just limbering up on
that one.

DOC: Try throwing one overhand, Genevieve. Who do you think
we're playing for - Wellseley?

FIB: OKAY, SMART BOY...YOU ASKED FOR IT!! NOW I'M GONNA GIVE
YOU MY OLD FIRE BALL! BRACE YOURSELF!! (GRUNTS)

SOUND: GLASS CRASH

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FIB: Oh my gosh....WE BROKE ONE OF MCGEE'S WINDOWS, DOC!!
LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

DOC: THIS WAY, MCGEE!!..AROUND THE BACK AND TERU THE ALLEY!!!

SOUND: RUNNING FEET

FIB: (OVER RUNNING) ANYBODY COMING AFTER US, DOC?

DOC: (OVER RUNNING) I DON'T SEE ANYBODY!! LET GO OF MY
COATTAIL!!!

FIB: WELL, KEEP RUNNING!!..IF MCGEE EVER CATCHES US, WE'RE
...HEY...WAIT A MINUTE....

FOOTSTEPS OUT:

FIB: WHAT ARE WE RUNNING FOR? MY NAME IS MCGEE!

DOC: How do you do. My name is Gamble.

FIB: Glad to know you, Bud. Whatcha breathing so hard for?
Asthma?

DOC: No, that's passion. I just fell in love. With the
idea of giving up baseball!

ORCH: SELECTION: *Cozy me a little bit*

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED)

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FIB: Hey, Molly. I'M worried.

MOL: YOU'RE WORRIED! Did you see Doctor Gamble's face when he left? He said the only way you were going to get the ball over the plate this afternoon was to put it in a wheelbarrow.

FIB: My gosh, I don't seem to have any control at all! If I lose this game, I - HEY WHAT DOES THE PAPER SAY?

MOL: I was just reading it, dearie. (RATTLE PAPER) It says: "PITCHER'S DUEL EXPECTED AS ELKS PLAY ROTARIANS TODAY."

FIB: Duel is right. It'll be butcher's knives at two paces if anything goes wrong! I'll be gored by every Elk in town. What else does the paper say?

MOL: It says: "FIBBER MCGEE, ONE OF THE GREAT SPEEDBALL ARTISTS OF HIS DAY..."

FIB: Gee, does it really say that?

MOL: Yes, it does.

FIB: Read that part again. I like that!!

MOL: "FIBBER MCGEE, ONE OF THE GREAT SPEEDBALL ARTISTS OF HIS DAY"...I think that was very kind of them, McGee.

FIB: What was?

MOL: They didn't say what day. "FIBBER MCGEE, ONE OF THE GREAT SPEEDBALL ARTISTS OF HIS DAY"...

FIB: That's darn good reporting, ain't it? I remember when Paul Waner was voted ^{the} most valuable player in the National League in 1930, I was -

MOL: Excuse me, dearie. Paul Waner got that vote in 1927. There was no award in 1930.

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FIB: Eh? Oh yeah. That's right. Anyway, the longest game ever played in the National League, between Brooklyn and Chicago was -

MOL: Excuse me.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: The longest game played in the National League was between Brooklyn and BOSTON. On September 1st, 1906, and was called on account of darkness after 26 innings. Pardon me for interrupting. My goodness who am I to be telling YOU about baseball!!

FIB: Well, don't feel bad about it. Wimmin ain't expected to know very ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello there, Mrs. Carstairs. So nice to see you.

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

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. YOU GOIN' OUT TO THE BALL GAME THIS AFTERNON? I'M PITCHIN' FOR THE ELKS AGAINST THE ROTARIANS, YOU KNOW.

CARST: I know you are, Mr. McGee. And I must say that my husband was almost delirious with joy when he heard about it.

FIB: Eh? Oh yeah. That's right. Anyway, the longest game ever played in the National League, between Brooklyn and Chicago was -

MOL: Excuse me.

FIB: Eh?

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FIB: Well, don't feel bad about it. Wimmin ain't expected to know very ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello there, Mrs. Carstairs. So nice to see you.

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

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. YOU GOIN' OUT TO THE BALL GAME THIS AFTERNOON? I'M PITCHIN' FOR THE ELKS AGAINST THE ROTARIANS, YOU KNOW.

CARST: I know you are, Mr. McGee. And I must say that my husband was almost delirious with joy when he heard about it.

MOL: Is he a baseball fan, Millicent?

CARST: No, -- a Rotarian.

FIB: OH, HE THINKS I'M GONNA LOSE, EH? That's a laugh!! THEM ROTARIANS ain't got anybody on their team that don't think a squeeze play is an accordian solo.

MOL: Oh I don't know about that McGee. There are some pret-ty smart business men in the Rotary club.

FIB: THAT CUTS NO SHORTCAKES, TOOTSIE. THE BIGGEST TYCOON IN THE WORLD WOULD LOOK PRETTY SMALL SLINKIN' BACK TO THE BENCH AFTER I STRIKE HIM OUT.

CARST: Do you...er...expect to pitch the entire nine outings, Mr. McGee?

FIB: THE WORD IS "INNINGS", MRS. CARSTAIRS.

CARST: Really? My husband says it will merely be an outing for the Rotarians.

MOL: Well, it's differences of opinion that makes horse racing, baseball and loose teeth, I always say.

FIB: You can tell that running mate of yours, Carsty, that the Elks will not only beat the Rotarians, but we'll beat 'em so bad that from now on their insignia will be a flat wheel!

CARST: I'll be only too happy to tell him, Mr. McGee. If I can get him to stop laughing long enough.

MOL: What seems to be amusing him so much, Millicent?

CARST: He and a friend walked past here a short time ago and saw Mr. McGee pitching to Doctor Gamble. He came home practically in hysterics,

FIB: OH HE DID, DID HE? (REVISED) -12-

CARST: Yes. It seems his friend wanted to know which of you was Olsen and which was Johnson.

MOL: Maybe you didn't know, Millicent, but himself here used to play professional baseball.

FIB: You betcha! Wasn't it the Cubs that sent the scout after me that time, Molly?

MOL: No, dearie. It was the Scouts that sent a Cub after you, when you were about nine.

FIB: Oh yeah. Anyway, Carsty, I played sand-lot baseball ever since I was a kid.

CARST: You must have, Mr. McGee. The papers said you were one of the grittiest players they had ever seen. WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, "MAY THE BEST TEAM WIN." And of course, we shall. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Does Mr. Carstairs play on the Rotarian team, McGee?

FIB: I should say not! There's too many guys in this town with spikes on their shoes that would be praying for him to slide into ^{and} first base. He'd get up lookin' like a punch board!

MOL: Really? I thought Mr. Carstairs was very well liked by everybody.

FIB: Oh he's a nice guy, all right. But who's gonna pass up a chance to kick a millionaire?

MOL: Well, there's that, of course. Although I never would have --

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

(2ND REVISION) -13-

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Know anything about our national pastime?

WIL: You mean criticising the administration? Sure, a little. My uncle Big Claghorn Wilcox is a congressman and ----

MOL: NO, MR. WILCOX...HE MEANS BASEBALL!

WIL: Oh. Baseball. Sure....I used to play on our High School team in Omaha. I was longstop.

FIB: You mean shortstop.

WIL: I was tall for my age. But what is all this, Pal?

MOL: He's got to pitch for the Elks in the big game this afternoon, Mr. Wilcox, and he's worried about his form.

FIB: IT'S REALLY NOTHIN' SERIOUS, JUNIOR, THOUGH THERE'S A COUPLE THINGS I GOTTA IRON OUT.

WIL: Such as what?

MOL: Such as where is the ball going after he throws it, for onething.

P

WIL: Hello, folks.

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FIB: IT'S REALLY NOTHIN' SERIOUS, JUNIOR, THOUGH THERE'S A COUPLE THINGS I GOTTA IRON OUT.

WIL: Such as what?

MOL: Such as where is the ball going after he throws it, for onething.

WIL: Gee, Pal. Now you've got ME worried...all us Elks are depending on you, you know. ~~The only pitcher we've got.~~

MOL: Are you on the team, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: No, but I'll be out on the diamond during the seventh inning stretch.

FIB: WHAT DOING?

WIL: I drive a car out into center field and give a demonstration of Johnson's Car Nu. GEE...IN FRONT OF 8 OR 10 THOUSAND PEOPLE! I HOPE I GIVE A GOOD PERFORMANCE!

MOL: Oh I'll bet you will, Mr. Wilcox! LISTEN...WHY DON'T YOU BORROW ONE OF THE JOHNSON COMPANY'S BIG VANS, AND DRIVE IT IN BACKWARDS? THAT OUGHT TO GET ATTENTION.

FIB: Why would it?

MOL: Everybody would think of Van Johnson. Or would they?

WIL: No, I want to show people how to beautify their own cars. And how easy it is with Johnson's Car Nu. How they can give their pre-war cars that postwar look! I'll show 'em how simple it is to apply Car Nu, let it dry and wipe it off with a soft cloth. CLEANED AND POLISHED IN ONE SWELL POOP!! Then, as the game is called again, I unfurl a big banner and drive off the field.

FIB: What does it say on the banner, Waxey, inquired little Fibber, fearing the worst?

WIL: The banner? Oh it says, "PLAY BALL WITH YOUR AUTOMOBILE! GET SOME CAR NU RIGHT OFF THE BAT, AND SEE WHAT A HIT IT MAKES WHEN YOU GET HOME!" You like it, Pal?

FIB: No, but I haven't got time to re-write it, Junior. I gotta get this arm limbered up.

MOL: Just tell the Elks not to worry, Mr. Wilcox. Himself here is just like a criminal lawyer...he always comes thru in a pinch!

FIB: You gotta go now Junior? You haven't got time to play a little catch with me?

WIL: Sorry, Pal. I've got to get down to the sign painters and pick up that banner. I want to be sure they spell GARNU - C.A.R. N.U. BUT LOOK...STOP WORRYING ABOUT YOUR FORM.

FIB: You...you think it'll be all right?

WIL: SO WHAT IF YOUR FORM ISN'T PERFECT? WEAR A GIRDLE! NOBODY WILL KNOW! GOOD LUCK WITH IT, BOY!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Look, McGee...would you like to throw me a few pitches... and see if you can't limber up that arm a little?

FIB: Gee, if it was anybody else, baby, I'd say YES in a minute. But the way I'm pitchin', I'm dangerous.

MOL: Oh, I think I'd be safe, dearie. You didn't come anywhere near Doctor Gamble, when he was catching for you.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, THAT'S JUST MY TROUBLE...EVEN MY OLD KNUCKLEBALL IS GONE...AFTER IT LEAVES MY HAND IT LEADS IT'S OWN LIFE. Boy, I'M scared!!!!

MOL: NOW YOU JUST KEEP YOUR TREMBLING LITTLE CHIN UP. DEARIE! THIS WILL ALL WORK OUT. YOU'VE BEEN IN BAD SPOTS BEFORE.

FIB: Yeah, but...but,.....well, yes, I have, haven't I?

MOL: Of course. You've been in worse spots than this one.

FIB: CERTAINLY!

MOL: ABSOLUTELY!

(PAUSE)

FIB: When?

(PAUSE)

MOL: I can't remember. But I'm sure there must have been a --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, folks!

DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: Hello there Mr. Wimple!

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp. You gonna go to the ball park and watch me pitch for the Elks today?

WIMP: Yes, if I can sneak out of the house, Mr. McGee. Sweetface...-that's my big old wife - is still a little angry with me.

MOL: Oh heavenly days...what for this time, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: It all came about because of a little baseball practice at home, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Baseball practice, Wimp?

WIMP: Yes...(CHUCKLES). She caught me stealing home at midnight, and tagged me out with a floor lamp!

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MOL: Well, I do hope you can get out to the ball game, Mr. Wimple. It ought to be very exciting. Himself here used to play professional baseball, you know.

WIMP: Did you really, Mr. McGee?

FIB: *Sporting news* You betcha. Never forget the first writeup I had in the sports pages. They said I was one of the greatest shoestrung catchers they'd ever seen, and if I could ever learn to catch something besides my shoestrings, there might be some hope for me.

MOL: - and then he turned out to be a really hotshot pitcher, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Sweetface used to ~~referee~~ *umpire* softball games, once.

(LAUGHS) Oh I'll never, never forget that!

FIB: Why...what happened, Wimp?

WIMP: Well, every time she'd make a decision, somebody would yell "KILL THE UMPIRE"! (CHUCKLES) and one day she recognized my voice!

MOL: Try and get out to the game if you can, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Oh I hope I can, Mrs. McGee. I'll wear my old uniform and bring my fielder's glove,

FIB: Do that, Wimp. And bring your old bat along too.

WIMP: OH SHE'LL BE THERE, ALL RIGHT. (SNICKERS) Well, goodbye now and -

MOL: NO, MR. WIMPLE...NOT THAT DOOR...!!

FIB: THAT'S THE HALL CLOSET WIMP! THAT'S THE ----

SOUND: CLOSET EFFECT. BELL TINKLE: PAUSE:

FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet one of these days!

ORCH: "CASEY AT THE BAT" KINGS MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -18-

CROWD MURMUR: (BASEBALL RECORD?)

FIB: My gosh, Molly....look at this crowd! Look at that bloodthirsty mob...waitin' for us to start.

MOL: How do you feel now, dearie?...got a little more confidence?

FIB: No. My right arm feels like it was made of concrete! It's gonna seem like five miles from the pitcher's box to home plate! I wish I'd never---

MOL: Look, McGee....one of the teams is coming out onto the field!

FIB: Yeah....

MOL: Why are they marching around in a circle?

FIB: That's the Rotary Club. Look at 'em! There ain't a one of 'em that weighs under two hundred. THEY'LL MURDER ME! They'll....OH HIYAH, LA TRIVIA!

GALE: (FADE IN) Hello, McGee. Hello, Molly.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor. Are you playing today?

GALE: No, they've asked me to umpire the game.

FIB: Well, let's shake hands then, La Triv. Looks like the end of a beautiful friendship.

MOL: If they made you the umpire, Mr. Mayor, you must know quite a lot about baseball.

GALE: Yes, I almost made a career of it, Mrs. McGee. In fact as a boy of 16, I struck out from home and --

FIB: WHERE ELSE WOULD YOU STRIKE OUT FROM?

GALE: How was that?

MOL: You said you struck out from home. You would hardly strike out from first base, would you?

GALE: (LAUGHS) In this case, Mrs. McGee, "striking out from home" is a term that means -

FIB: WE'RE FAMILIAR WITH THE TERMS, LA TRIVIA! AND YOU DON'T SAY "STRUCK OUT FROM HOME"! You just say, "I STRUCK OUT".

GALE: When I said I struck out from home, McGee, I didn't mean I struck at the ball....

MOL: WELL WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU STRIKE AT? NOT THE UMPIRE I HOPE.

GALE FIB: *Please I said nothing about* Any player that would deliberately strike at an umpire, La Trivia....

GALE: (GETTING ANGRY) I DID NOT STRIKE AT THE UMPIRE! THERE WASN'T ANY UMPIRE!

MOL: What? No Umpire? What kind of a bush league were you playing in, anyway, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: I WAS NOT BUSHING IN A BALL PLAY....I MEAN PLAYING IN A LEAGUE BUSH...ER....GAME-PLAY....I SAID....THIS WAS MERELY A - WHEN I SAID I STRUCK HOME FROM OUT....ER.... OUT FROM LAST....ER...FIRST....YOU SAID....IT WAS JUST A....A....A....(PANTS) McGee.

FIB: Yes, La Trivia?

GALE: I don't think I'll act as umpire of this game, after all.

MOL: Why not, Your Honor?

GALE: BECAUSE IF I STOOD BEHIND THAT PLATE WITH MCGEE PITCHING, I'D SAY ONE WORD SO OFTEN IT WOULD MAKE HIM. -

FIB: Make me what?

GALE: BALL! GOODBYE!!

CROWD MURMUR UP AND FADE FOR

FIB: Well, I guess I better be gettin' out onto the field, kiddo. Wish me luck!

MOL: Oh I do, dearie, I certainly do. You'll be all right!

FIB: What time is it?

MOL: Almost half past.

FIB: MY GOSH...I BETTER GET GOIN'! ... SEE YOU AFTER THE GAME, MOLLY.

MOL: IF NOT SOONER, SWEETHEART!

P.A.VOICE: YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...HERE ARE THE BATTERIES FOR TODAY! ON THE MOUND FOR THE ROTARY CLUB, TOM FADEAWAY FIZDALE. FOR THE ELKS CLUB, FIBBER FIREBALL MCGEE. CATCHING FOR THE ROTARIANS....

ORCH: "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME OR SOMETHING" ... FADE FOR

P.A.VOICE: YES FOLKS...IT'S STILL THE FIRST HALF OF THE FIRST INNING. AND THIS SO CALLED FIREBALL MCGEE HAS HIS FAT catcher running around home plate with a butterfly net trying to snag his wild pitches. So far, he has walked the bases full without putting over a single ball that the batter can swing at. ~~They've been murdering him!~~ It looks like -- wait a minute! Something unusual is going on out there - a woman is running out to the mound. The umpire has halted the game. ~~Listen to the crowd here while we find out --~~

CROWD SWELLS IN

GUY: (WAY OFF) Get the dame outta there!

WOMAN: (WAY OFF) Play ball!!!

MAN: (OFF) Kill the umpire!

(2ND REVISION) -21-

ANNCR: Just a minute, folks, we're getting a report on this interruption. The lady is -- yes, it's Mrs. Fireball McGee! She whispered something in his ear and now she's leaving. He looks surprised - he's winding up and here's the pitch! It's a STRIKE! (CROWD CHEERS) That ball went down there so fast it almost left a trail of smoke! And now he's winding up again...here comes the next one - it looks like-----WOW! STRIKE TWO! (CROWD CHEERS) I couldn't even see that pitch, ladies and gentlemen, McGee seems to be settling down out there now. He goes into his stretch and.....

ORCH: BRIDGE SNEAKS UNDER

OUT OF BRIDGE

WOMAN: (OFF) Hold 'em Fireball! Mow 'em down!

MAN: Chunk it in there, McGee!

MOL: (EXCITED) Strike him out, McGee! Yoo Hoo! Burn it in there, dearie! KILL THE BUM! Er - fan the gentlemen!

ANNCR: Ah...Ladies and gentlemen, this McGee is a powerhouse on the mound. It's the 9th inning - 2 away - and here's the pitch! Strike three, swinging! AND THAT DOES IT! FIREBALL MCGEE AND HIS ELKS CLUB TEAM WIN BY A SCORE OF---

DROWNED OUT WITH CHEERS AND YELLS

MOL: (FADE IN) Yoo Hoo, McGee! Let me through, please! Let me through! I'm the man that just won this ball game singlehanded's wife! McGee!

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MAN: (FADE IN) Mr. McGee, I'm the sports editor of the Gazette! That was a great exhibition!

FIB: Shucks, it was nothin' any redblooded American boy wouldn't have done if his wife told him what my wife did.

MAN: Here, let the lady through, Right here, Mrs. McGee!

MOL: (BREATHLESS) Oh, McGee - that was wonderful!

FIB: Well, natch!

MAN: And now, if it ^{isn't} wasn't too personal, Mr. McGee - just what did your wife whisper in your ear when you were pitching so wild in the first inning?

FIB: Nothing personal at all, bud. She just reminded me that I was always used to pitch LEFT handed!

ORCH: PLAYOFF *Here comes Heaven Again*

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Somebody said to me the other day, "I have a wonderful slogan for JOHNSON'S WAX. Floor beauty is Wax deep." That's a pretty good slogan, at that. It's certainly true that even the first application of JOHNSON'S WAX makes almost any floor more beautiful. Even old floors that have dulled with constant use acquire a soft, mellow sheen that highlights your entire home. This shining coat of JOHNSON'S WAX does wonders for your furniture, too. Tabletops look richly polished, when you wax them regularly. Chairs and sideboards glow and sparkle. Wax-polished ornaments and picture frames and other things also add immeasurably to the charm of your home. And think how much easier it will be to keep everything clean and bright -- because dirt and dust don't readily cling to a smooth waxed surface. And remember that JOHNSON'S WAX protects these lovely surfaces against dirt, wear and spilled things. Why don't you try protective housekeeping with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX ... Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

FIB: (GROANS)

MOL: More linament, Lefty?

FIB: Yeah - thanks! Boy oh boy is my arm ever sore! Right after the game it tightened up so's I could hardly lift it.

MOL: It was worth it, McGee - and I was very proud of you.

FIB: Yeah, but how come you didn't notice I was throwing wrong earlier?

MOL: I did.

FIB: Why didncha tell me then?

MOL: What? And ruin that good left wing before you ever got to the diamond? What kind of a trainer do you think I am?

FIB: Oh. Good night.

MOL: Good night, 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).